

I. L. CAMPBELL, Publisher.

Published every evening of the week, Sundays excepted. Address all communications, and make all remittances payable to the EUGENE GUARD, Eugene, Oregon.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

(DAILY.)
Delivered by carrier, per week..... \$ 15
Delivered by carrier, per month..... 50
By mail, one year (in advance)..... 6 00
Six months..... 3 00
Three months..... 1 50
Single copies..... 5
Will not be sent by mail to any address, for any length of time, unless paid in advance.
(WEEKLY.)
One year (in advance)..... \$2 00
Six months..... 1 00
Advertisements rates made known on application.

Entered as second-class matter at the Eugene, Oregon, postoffice.

EASTERN OFFICE—230 to 234 Temple Court, New York City

SATURDAY - - MAY 1.

UNITY DESIRABLE.

It ought not to be difficult for the reform forces to unite their strength says the Salem Journal. Two congressmen and in all likelihood, a senator, are to be elected in Oregon next year. The one way for the people to have their wishes carried out is to get men into congress who will vote for the policy desired. Those elected from Oregon next year will have three votes in shaping the financial policy of this country, and they will be either for or against the gold standard. If the reform forces want these three votes to go for the gold policy all they have to do is to refuse to work in harmony, and the republicans will do the rest.

Japan is angry because Hawaiian authorities refuse to allow the landing of Japanese contract laborers and makes threats against the little island republic. Japan had better keep quiet. It is not probable the present administration will allow any foreign power to lay hands on our island neighbor. This is not a Grover Cleveland administration. At least we hope it is not of that type, but rather of the Jackson-Grant order in its dealing with foreign affairs.

Harold M Sewall, of Maine, has been selected by President McKinley for minister to Hawaii. Young Sewall gained considerable prominence during the late national campaign by reason of his advocacy of the republican ticket and platform, although his father was the democratic candidate for vice president. This was the appointment that Judge N Denny of Portland was after.

The Dallas West Side says the Oregonian and Statesman have discovered the Pennover specter looming up in Oregon politics again. They say that the Portland mayor is laying his political wires to catch the democratic nomination for governor next year. Well, if this is true we don't wonder that our contemporaries are scared.

Uncle Benjamin McKinley wants the San Francisco postoffice. If qualified there should be no objection to his appointment. The cold blooded sentiment that would compel a president to ignore allies of blood and kindred in making appointments should be disregarded.

Prospect of passage of the Dingley tariff trust bill has already raised the price of several articles "protected" by the trust arrangement. We have yet to hear of any raise in the financial ability of purchasers.

It is announced the Czar and Austrian emperor are determined to maintain peace in Europe. That is right. Compel those turbulent Turks and Greeks to keep quiet, even if it is necessary to lick them to enforce obedience.

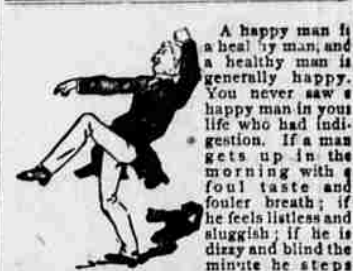
Mary Walker is pushing the new woman idea for all it is worth. Her trousers are creased, her tan shoes are of the latest hue, and her colored shirts recognize only the rainbow as their esteemed contemporary.

Bob Ingersoll is quoted as saying that "it gives him pleasure to hear of the Sunday laws being violated." Pagan Bob ought to be the happiest man in America for the Sunday law is continually being violated.

Now is the time for our citizens to clean up their yards. A rake and a bucket of whitewash intelligently applied make wonderful changes for the better.

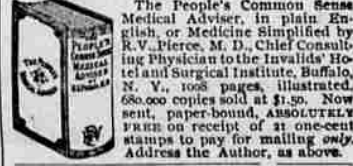
Pagist Fitzsimmons is reported to be the possessor of a very sensitive nature, so weak indeed that at times the sight of blood unnerves him.

Greeks rushed pell mell into war, got defeated, and blames her king and the government. A fickle populace.



A happy man is a healthy man. A healthy man is generally happy. You never saw a happy man in your life who had indigestion. If a man gets up in the morning with a foul taste and a fester breath; if he feels listless and sluggish; if he is dizzy and blind the minute he steps out of bed; if his breakfast doesn't taste good; if he feels unable to do his work; if he is a pretty sure sign that his digestion is out of order—that his principal trouble is constipation. If he lets this condition run on, there is no telling where it will stop. Nine-tenths of all human sickness comes from constipation. The first thing that every doctor asks when he is called to see a patient is whether the bowels are in good order. It is nonsense to call a doctor for such a simple thing. It is nonsense to let such a simple thing grow into such a serious thing, as it always does if neglected. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. They not only afford immediate and pleasant relief from all the distressing symptoms, but they cure permanently and positively. There are 10,000 medicines that can be taken, to give temporary relief. The "Pleasant Pellets" are the only things that really cure.

There are plenty of druggists who will try to sell you something else. You know just as well as we do that an honest druggist wouldn't do such a thing—that an honest druggist would give you what you ask for. You know that when a druggist insists on giving you something else, there must be a reason for it. We know what that reason is—he makes a bigger profit on the other thing. Any druggist in America will supply the "Pellets" if you insist on it.



To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Brom-Qualine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

We are anxious to do a little good in this world and can think of no pleasanter or better way to do it than by recommending One Minute Cough Cure as a preventive of pneumonia, consumption and other serious lung troubles that follow neglected colds. Corner Drug Store, Vincent & Walton Proprietors.

Central Market, FISHER & WATKINS PROPRIETORS.

Will keep constantly on hand a full supply of BEEF, MUTTON, PORK and VEAL, Which they will sell at the lowest market prices. A fair share of the public patronage solicited.

TO THE FARMERS.—: We will pay the highest market price for Fat Cattle, Hogs and Sheep.

Shop on Willamette St., EUGENE, OREGON. Meats delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

J. L. PAGE, DEALER IN—

GROCERIES

Having a Large and Complete stock of Staple and Fancy Groceries bought in the best markets.

EXCLUSIVELY FOR CASH, I can offer the public better prices than any other house in Eugene.

Produce of all kinds taken at Market Prices.

Eugene Street Railway.

TIME CARD.
After the 4th of Oct. 1895, the street cars will run on the following schedule time until further notice.
LEAVING THE DEPOT.
7:10-7:40-8:10-8:40-9:10-9:40-10:00 a. m. then every half hour.
LEAVING THE UNIVERSITY.
7:25-7:55-8:25-8:55-9:25-9:50-10:15 a. m. then every half hour.
Cars will leave promptly on time.
H. W. HOLDEN.

A BROTHER'S BEARD.

"Joe Rose," said my sister, "there is a tide in the affairs of men which, when taken at its flood"—
"Leads on to glory, my love."
"Yes, you are at the flood."
"But I object to going on to glory just yet, my dear," I said.
"Joe Rose, will you let this chance slip through your fingers? Are you not a widower? Do I understand you to say that you are? I do. Then, sir, I ask, what is your first duty in the present crisis?"

Here my sister paused, but as she discovered that I was unable to reply she continued in the following strain:
"I see you realize, Joseph, that Miss Durang, your daughter's governess, is possessed of excellent qualities of mind and heart. She will grace whatever position she may be called to occupy. But she is scarcely 25 years of age and is surrounded by lovers. Do you know, Joseph, that if only for your daughter's sake I consider it your duty to marry her? Do you know that I should consider it very wrong in you to allow her to marry out of this family?"

I had thought until this moment that my love for Miss Durang was unknown to every one but myself. Now I discovered my mistake.

"Molly," said I, "remember my age. I am 17 years senior. I admit that I love her as man never loved—a love without decay, and my heart—my heart is bright, Molly; but, notwithstanding, I doubt if she loves me, I doubt if she ever could love me, I doubt if she would marry me."
"Molly," I murmured, "I will attempt."
"Then you will succeed."

She might have said more—I dare say she would have said more, with an open letter in her hand, when Molly immediately arose and withdrew.

"Mr. Rose," Fadilla began, "I have a letter here from my brother Roderick, whom you have often heard me speak of. I think I told you that he was the only native I had in the world. He has been in California for the last ten years, and has just returned. He writes this from New York to ask if it will be agreeable for me to receive a visit from him here. You are master of the house. What answer shall I make him?"

I looked up into her sweet face while she was speaking, and then, as a wave of emotion swept across my breast, I took her hand in mine. She made no attempt to draw her hand away.

"Fadilla," said I in my falsetto voice (my natural voice is so grim that I should as soon think of singing a madrigal in the tune of "Old Grimes" as of using it in a declaration of affection). "Fadilla, I am, indeed, the master of this house, but did you ever think that the house needed a mistress?"

Her countenance assumed the sad, sorrowful expression that I had noted at our first meeting.

"Oh, my friend, do not trifle with my feelings."

"Trifle, Fadilla!" I cried. "No, never! Believe me, my dear girl, I love you truly, sincerely and would make you my wife."

"Can I trust you, Mr. Rose?" looking into my face so longingly, so lovingly.

"Only do trust me—only say you will be mine, Fadilla. It is all I ask," I returned, drawing her toward me.

"Oh, I do love you, Mr. Rose," she murmured, falling upon my bosom.

"Call me pet names, darling—call me Joey," I whispered.

(I have always been sorry that I could not have had this scene photographed.)

When the first delirium of the moment was over, we returned to the subject of her brother's visit.

"Send for Roderick immediately, my darling," I said. "You might have known that any friend of yours, much more a brother, would always be welcome here."

She was sitting on my knee with one little hand laid caressingly on my shoulder, while her dear head was pillowed against my cheek.

"I know a great deal more than I did when I brought this letter to you," she answered, with charming naivete.

"But when is the wedding to take place?" inquired Durang a day or two after his arrival.

"We have not yet decided upon the day, but I wish it to take place soon. Tomorrow I intend to go to New York, where I shall purchase a few presents for my wife that is to be—a diamond or so; perhaps a necklace of them. I have drawn \$5,000 from the bank, and as I am not a connoisseur of precious stones—and as I dare say you are—if you will accompany me upon this expedition I shall esteem it a great favor."

That evening I spent with Fadilla alone. At 10 o'clock we all retired, Fadilla lingering on the stairs to give me a good night kiss. I remember, after her brother was out of sight and hearing.

When at last I did awake, the bright god of day was glaring fiercely in at my chamber window, and some one was calling Fadilla.

Dressing myself as hurriedly as possible, I hastened down stairs, and there in the hall I found that remarkable woman, my sister, with little Molly and all our servants collected about them.

"Where's Fadilla?" inquired Mrs. Callerton, with an expression of virtuous indignation upon her face, for it seems—as she afterward told me—she had a suspicion that we had been married privately the night before.

"Fadilla? Isn't she in her room?" I asked.

"No, and she did not sleep there last night," returned Molly, her eagle eye boring into the depths of my soul.

With a cry of anguish delivered in my falsetto voice I bounded up stairs and sprang into the room sacred to the beloved of my heart.

It was empty.

"What's this?" cried my sister. She had taken something from the dressing table and now held it up before my eyes. I gazed upon it fondly, but tearfully. It was a set of false whiskers, long and heavy, and there was a note attached to them.

"Read the note," said Molly.

"Mr. Joe Rose, beloved friend, I take this opportunity to inform you that my wife, Fadilla, hearing that it was your design to present her with some valuable diamonds, concluded she would much rather have the money than such useless baubles, and consequently she has taken it."

"I regret very much that our pressing engagements will not allow us to stop to bid you adieu, but I have left my whiskers for your very remarkable sister to wear in remembrance of yours truly, Roderick Durang."—New York News.

A New Test.

A new test of intoxication was recently suggested in an English police court. "How do you know he was intoxicated?" the magistrate asked a witness. "He couldn't ride his bicycle," was the reply.—New York Tribune.

Nourish Him.

That's the whole secret in a word. We can cure no disease unless we can keep up the patient's strength. And there's only one way to do that—feed him. But if the system refuses food? Then use SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites. It goes STRAIGHT TO THE BLOOD, stops the wasting, rekindles the vital fire, makes new flesh and so renders a hopeful fight possible against ANY disease.

Especially is this so in bronchial and lung troubles, in the relief and cure of which Scott's Emulsion has won its reputation. Book about it free.

Scott's Emulsion is no mysterious mixture. It is palatable, non-nauseating and infinitely preferable to the plain oil. The genuine has our trademark on salmon-colored wrapper. Get the genuine.

For sale at 50 cts. and \$1.00 by all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

Notice for Publication.

Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, April 28, 1897.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Joel Ware, U. S. C. Commissioner, at Eugene, Oregon, on June 30, 1897, viz: Levi Holtenbeck on H. E. No 8817, for the $\frac{1}{4}$ sec 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 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