

Daily Eugene Guard

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CAMPBELL BROS Publishers



Calendar grid for December with dates 1-31 and corresponding numbers.

WEATHER BUREAU

PORTLAND OREGON, December 21, 1899-3:30 a m
Weather Forecast for Eugene, Oregon:
Tonight and Friday: Occasional rain.

All Business Letters to this office should be directed to THE GUARD instead of either of the proprietors personally. CAMPBELL BROS

THURSDAY - - - DEC 21

WITH 38 CENT WHEAT AND 6 CENT HOPS.

The oil combine has advanced the price of coal oil 35 per cent, and the price of gasoline 33 1/2 per cent.

Brooms, buckets, tubs, clothes baskets, chairs, washboards and rope, all trust products, have advanced in cost 25 per cent.

The Match Trust has notified dealers that there will be an advance in the price of matches on the first of the year of 20 per cent.

A close investigation into the question of Federal taxation will reveal the fact that nearly all the tax money comes out of the bone and sinew of the nation and the strugglers after bread.

SOME LUMBER CARRIERS.

Oregon Timberman: "The Pacific Export Lumber Company of Portland, which has floated more big cargoes of lumber than any other company in existence, is still extending its business. It has under charter for Portland loading at the present time two steamships, the combined cargo of which will total 6,500,000 feet. One of these steamships is the mammoth turret steamship Guernsey, which has just left Portland with a 3,500,000 feet cargo aboard. The other is the turret steamship Elmbranch, which is coming to Portland to load after discharging a 3,000,000 foot cargo of lumber shipped from the Sound by the Pacific Export Company to a Japan port."

The immense carrying capacity of these tramp steamers, that do business wherever it can be found, will be appreciated when it is considered that a log scaling 1000 feet is a large one, about three feet in diameter when sixteen feet long. The large steamer mentioned above would carry the products of thirty five hundred such logs. The Eugene mill, with a capacity of probably twenty thousand feet a day when working long hours, would require about a year's time to fill such an order.

The Sumpter mining district in Baker county is undoubtedly very rich in gold, but the imagination is somewhat staggered by a dispatch of Dec 20. It says: Reports of a tremendously rich

strike in the lower levels of the Bonanza mine have gained currency in this camp within the past few days. A workman brought in the lowest workings of the mine, a six inch streak of almost pure gold was struck. The mine qualified this astounding statement by admitting that the streak carried a little quartz.

Capt Clark of the battleship Oregon will have to go without a presentation sword from the people of Oregon else, accept one with little ornament and few jewels. It has been many months since the Oregon, fleet alone, destroyed the Spanish fleet at Santiago de Cuba. The hero who does not get his reward on the spot generally waits a long time—perhaps never is fittingly remembered in life.

The News express, the Nugget express and dog teams are the general winter transportation service of the route from Dawson City to Cape Nome. There are stopping places and wood camps all along the river. Parties ought to bring their stoves and tents. Provisions can be bought many places along the route.

The Bank of England seems to have a pretty good credit, while the Bank of Russia is well supplied with the needful. The forty-million dollar loan from the latter to the former is an unusual transaction even in an age of large financial transactions.

The Hollanders are not only collecting money for their brethren in the Transvaal, but are urging their young men to join them. They should be good soldiers as their country has been the battle ground of Europe.

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Ten Lost Years.

Figure it for yourself. From the age of fifteen to that of forty-five a woman gives one-third of her time to the suffering incident to the recurring periodic function. Ten years of suffering! And this condition of things is popularly accepted as natural, and endured as a feminine disability for which there is no help! Is there no help? There is help for every woman and for almost every woman perfect healing in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It restores regularity, drives the drains which weaken women, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It is a temperance medicine—non-alcoholic and non-narcotic.

"I was so weak I did not have breath to write my own name," writes Miss Miller, of New Providence, Calloway Co., Ky. "My periods occurred too often and the hemorrhage would be prolonged and the loss of blood very excessive. I also had spells which the doctor said were fainting fits. I did not gain strength from one monthly period to another. I was very weak and nervous all the time. Was confined to my bed for three months and the doctor told me I would never be any better. I lived in this way from sixteen years old to twenty-three. I was at last advised by a kind friend to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which I did, and before I had taken two bottles of it I could work all day. I took in all six bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' and about five vials of Dr. Pierce's Pellets, used as directed. I have never had a return of this trouble since."

PLAYED OUT.

Dull headache, pains in various parts of the body, sinking at the pit of the stomach, loss of appetite, feverishness, pimples or sores, are all positive evidence of impure blood. No matter how it became so, it must be purified in order to obtain good health. Aaker's Blood Elixir has never failed to cure Scrofulous or Syphilitic poisons, or any other blood diseases. It is certainly a wonderful remedy and we sell every bottle on a positive guarantee. For sale by W. L. DeLano.

A few suggestions of presents: Knives, razors, shears, carving sets, nut pickers, saw or hammer, nickel-plated tea or coffee pot, tea kettle, roasters, baking dishes, kitchen scales, shovel, step ladders, wall paper. F. L. Chambers can fix you, easy.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss. FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, county and state aforesaid, and that said firm will pay ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATABRICH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1899. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers purify the blood, clean the liver, invigorate the system. Famous little pills for constipation and liver troubles. Vincent & Co, Corner Drug Store.

HER LIFE FOR HIS.

From the door of a cabin in Terrapin mountain issued a lass. "I wonder of Cap'n Earle is here?" she muttered, as she placed the pall she had been carrying on the ground. Shading her blue eyes from the rays of the now risen sun she peered into the leafy darkness of the far-reaching chasm. "He said he'd come if he could get away from his men. The cap'n he'd better be pulling up sticks and getting out of here, 'cause dad's mad an' Jim Hefflin's mad too. An' when their air two git mad at a revenue man that's sho to be trouble. Jim Hefflin an' dad hed jus' as well put 't in their pipes an' smoke it, too, for the cap'n ain't goin to git till he ketches 'em. Dad's done got the revenue men down on him fer makin' moonshine. That's goin to be trouble roakin' Terrapin moonshine yit."

"Talking thus to herself, she started, blushed and turned quickly, as she heard a low whistle. A tall, fine-looking young fellow stepped out into the clearing around the spring.

"Good morning, Mary, you are looking as fresh an' as proud as that little mountain pink. What new?"

"The girl blushed to her ears as she faced him, but looked him steadily in the eyes.

"That's goin to be trouble roakin' here tonight, cap'n, an' dad worse last night he was goin to kill you fer smashin' his still on 't other mornin'. You better keep both eyes open.

"Is that all?" he asked, as he came closer to her.

"No, Mary, I am not afraid of his threats. I fear your pretty face and blue eyes more than do moonshiners."

"Well, Mary, I can't run from them. That would be cowardly. Besides, I have this protector," slapping his Winchester rifle. "That is good for 16 men."

"Promise me, cap'n, if you stay on the mountain you won't leave Silas Coombs' cabin. Promise me! Promise me!" Her voice pleaded with him by her accents alone.

"I'll be careful, Mary." And turning, he walked rapidly away. Reaching the entrance to the gorge, he waved his hat to her as he disappeared in the thick undergrowth. Mary Mason sighed and returned to the cabin to find the door open.

"That night, while getting supper in the little shed in the rear of the cabin, she heard her father and Jim Hefflin talking in low tones in the main room. Creeping near the door, she listened to their plan for waylaying and murdering Jack Earle. With a heart thumping with terror she served their supper in silence. As soon as supper was finished the two men shouldered their guns, got on horses and started away. It was a dark and starless night. The wind moaned and sobbed through the echoing pines.

"O Lord, God Almighty, I never said a prayer but this once. O Lord, give me grit 'nough to git to him before dad an' Jim does."

Out of the cabin she rushed, dashing madly over the rocks that formed the bed of a winter torrent, but now gone dry. With every muscle in her supple young body strained to the utmost, her breath coming with painful sobs, her eyes staring into the pitchy darkness, her lips breathing fervid appeals to heaven to allow her to reach Silas Coombs' before the men did, on, on she ran, clutching in her haste even the briars that she clambered up the mountain side. Faster she ran, now falling headlong, but only to arise again and rush on. At last she gained the plateau of Terrapin, where she stood the cabin of Silas Coombs. Down the declivity she dashed. As she gained the cabin, turning, she saw her father and Jim Hefflin riding to the house as the great, round, silvery moon appeared over the peak.

"Open the door, open the door, for God's sake, cap'n! Git on your horse and go, go like sartin was arter you!"

Earle rushed out. Grasping her with one arm, as he saw she was faint, he turned and faced old man Mason and Jim Hefflin.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"We want you, cuss you," replied Hefflin, as he made a dash at Earle. Earle released his grasp of Mary, and the two men clinched in a deadly struggle. Over and over they rolled on the "gallery," each striving to disengage his pistol from his belt. At last Hefflin drew his arm, aiming it, would have batted the foot with Earle's brains had not Mary, with a scream of anguish, thrown herself between the pistol and Earle. But 'twas too late. The ball went crashing through the poor girl's breast. Hefflin started to each striving to disengage his pistol from his belt. At last Hefflin drew his arm, aiming it, would have batted the foot with Earle's brains had not Mary, with a scream of anguish, thrown herself between the pistol and Earle. But 'twas too late. The ball went crashing through the poor girl's breast. Hefflin started to each striving to disengage his pistol from his belt. 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