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CAMPBELL, JON

AMUSEMENT BRO'S Publishers

THE EUGENE GUARD

CALENDAR

1900

JANUARY

SUN MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT

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

WEATHER BUREAU.

(Daily Report.)

PORTLAND, OREGON, January 2, 1900-9:30 a.m.

Weather Forecast for Eugene, Oregon: Tonight and Wednesday, Occasional rain.

TUESDAY - - - JAN 2

LABOR IN SOUTH AFRICAN MINES.

Black labor is to be had in any quantity, under proper conditions, and the best of it is excellent in quality, says John Hays Hammond in the Engineering Magazine for January. The trouble is that conditions have been so bad that none but the lowest element of the Transvaal, and even these hardly at all except under pressure of absolute necessity. Abuse, extortion, enforced labor on the farms without pay, trickery, robbery of their accumulated earnings by Boers—these have not attracted the negro to the South African Republic.

No doubt the regulation of political conditions as between the two races is a difficult one, but the Boer of the Transvaal has not even approached it. Oppression of the blacks has ruined the labor supply of the Witwatersrand, and the least benefit of a good, honest, and just government will be the amelioration of conditions in this respect.

A "hut tax," by which the negro is made to supply some share of the support of the government, and in return for which he receives protection of law, seems to be one of the most successful methods of raising the standing and increasing the responsibility of the native.

A HARD-LOOK STORY.

"Note and Comment" column in Sunday Oregonian.

An unfortunate tramp clothed in rags and tatters, while coming into the city from the west yesterday, was seized with a desire to be more decently clad, and, casting his eyes around for some place where he would be likely to secure a gift of some second-hand clothing, saw a sign of Dr. —, on a house. The prosperous appearance of this place influenced him to try his luck there, and he accordingly rang the bell. A woman came to the door, to whom the tramp stated his case, saying that he was not a drunkard nor a loafer, but that he had been overtaken by misfortune, and very much desired some clothing, and he would be under obligations to her if she would lay his petition before the doctor, and say if he had a pair of worn-out trousers which he would part with, he would be doing an act of charity. The woman shrunk away from him, and exclaimed in a horror-stricken voice: "Unfortunate man! I am the doctor."

The tramp staggered back, threw up his hands, and fell in a dead faint. A policeman who was passing, imagining the man was drunk or had a fit, pounded him on the soles of his feet till he recovered his senses, but then mumbled him off to the city jail and entered a charge of disorderly conduct against him. On being arraigned before Judge Hennessy he explained the circumstances which led to his arrest, and was promptly discharged.

Germany, making a tremendous struggle to establish colonies all around the world, but the experience of the last year is rather discouraging. She has paid, to assist colonies and protectorates, \$3,697,000 in subsidies, and \$300,000 paid to steamship companies. She has spent a good deal of money on naval stations, postal routes and telegraph service, and still her total imports and exports between the colonies and Germany have amounted to only \$3,591,000. As a colonizer, she is either not a success, or she picks out poor regions in which to plant her colonies.

Several years ago the GUARD commenced printing the current monthly calendar and the daily weather report in the DAILY issue. Another coast paper furnishes its readers the convenience. The National Printer Journalist has this: "The Walla Walla (Wash.) Union prints the month's calendar at the top of the editorial column, followed by the official weather forecast. The people are always interested in the weather, and the day of the month, and the moon's changes."

The other day the Chicago Tribune printed two significant pictures under the heading "The return of the horse." The first was a reproduction of a photograph taken in one of Chicago's parks a year ago, showing hundreds of men, women and children on bicycles only. The second, taken at the same spot during the balmy days of last November, shows a similar collection of persons on horses and not a single bicycle to be seen.

Three Meals a Day.

How many years of her life does a woman spend over the hot cook stove getting those three meals a day? Back-aching, head throbbing, nerves twitching, it's all the same, there are three meals a day to be prepared. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cannot lighten woman's labor, but it can and does increase her strength. It cures those diseases of the womanly organs which undermine woman's vitality.

I cannot praise Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription too highly as a tonic for tired, worn-out women who are afflicted with female weakness," writes Mrs. Ira W. Holmes, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. "It has helped me very much and a skillful physician once said to me in answer to my question as to its efficacy, 'I know of cases where it has really worked wonders.'"

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets do not react upon the system. They are a good thing to keep in the house. One 'Pellet' is a laxative, two a cathartic dose. The medicine for every woman.

Brave Men Fall

Victims to stomach, liver and kidney troubles as well as women, and to feel the result in loss of appetite, poisons in the blood, backache, nervousness, headache and tired, listless, run-down feeling. But there is no need to feel like that. Listen to J. W. Gardner, of Indianapolis, Ind. He says: "Electric Bitters are just the thing for a man when he is all run down, and don't care whether he lives or dies. It did more to give me new strength and good appetite than anything I could take. I can now eat anything and have a new lease on life." Only 50 cents at Linn's Drug Store. Every bottle guaranteed.

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FRANK J. CHENEY.

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

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public

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F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

AN INCORRIGIBLE.

"Cousin Percy has returned from his wanderings," announced Mrs. Brandenburg, laying down her paper. "I do wish, Mortimer, that he would marry and settle down. But I fear he's incorrigible."

Mr. Brandenburg laughed. "I suppose you've already picked out the girl, and Percy will have her for dinner and tea, for ball and luncheon, as she'll have to give in from sheer helplessness and marry her."

"I fall to understand you, Mortimer," said his wife crossly.

"Come, now, don't get angry, Floss; but you know you love nothing half so well as making a match for people who are too stupid to arrange one for themselves. But you must confess there are just two people you cannot do anything with, Percy and Virginia Trelton."

"Go away, Mortimer, and don't be so silly. I tell you they were made for each other, and I am only doing my duty in bringing them together," said Mrs. Brandenburg, tossing her head defiantly.

"Gang yer own gait, missus," replied her husband smilingly, "and meet with defeat. But I'll wager that is all you'll meet with."

"What'll you wager?" queried the little woman briskly.

"The price of your portrait painted by Chatran," he responded, confident that he would never have to pay it.

"Done! And I intend to win," Mrs. Brandenburg cried gleefully just as, by a strange coincidence, the door was thrown open and Virginia Trelton was announced. Mr. Brandenburg cast a quick glance at his wife as she escaped from the room, but she was already embracing her dear old Virginia and did not notice him. Miss Virginia was a rather stately young woman of eighteen or twenty, handsome, accomplished and very wealthy; but, having been raised by a maiden aunt who had met with a disappointment in love in early life and had in consequence turned into a veritable man hater, Miss Virginia had been led to believe that men at large were untrustworthy creatures. Besides, she was constantly haunted by a fear of fortune hunters and was almost unapproachable to all unmarried men.

Flossy Brandenburg, who was very fond of her, had made several unsuccessful attempts to make her happy by marrying her to some venturesome suitor, but Virginia fought shy of all such well meant aid.

When, therefore, her friend began to recount the many attractions and virtues of her cousin Percy, Virginia listened but coldly. Finally, being rather hard pushed, she turned at bay.

"Look here, Flossy," she said, energetically, "please say nothing more about men and marrying to me. I'll have none of it!"

"Marrying?" exclaimed Mrs. Brandenburg tartly. "Why, Virginia, pardon me if I say what seems uncomplimentary, but Percy Pentacost would not marry you nor any other woman under any consideration."

"And why not, pray?" demanded Virginia, quite baffled.

"Because," her hostess replied solemnly, "Percy has just as intense a loathing for matrimony as you have. I never knew a man so insanely opposed to anything as he is to marriage. And it's a shame, too, for Percy is so companionable, enormous in wealth, has traveled the world over, paints, plays divinely; in short, I know of nothing that he is not master of."

"And nothing could induce him to marry? Are you sure, Flossy?" Virginia inquired cautiously.

"Quite sure," was the decided response.

"Then," said Virginia, drawing a breath of relief, "you may introduce him, Flossy."

Mrs. Brandenburg seemed suddenly to lose all interest in Cousin Percy. She stifled a yawn before replying carefully: "I will if I ever get a chance, but Percy so seldom goes out. But perhaps I could arrange it," doubtfully.

Miss Virginia's features were ruffled.

She colored up angrily. "Pray don't put yourself out on my account. It's not the slightest interest to me," she said stiffly, and then plunged abruptly into a discussion of the new play. But when she had taken her departure Mrs. Brandenburg laughed aloud as she said to herself: "Point one scored."

The day was an eventful one for Mrs. Mortimer Brandenburg, for Mrs. Trelton had hardly left the house when Percy Pentacost ran in to pay his respects.

"You came just too late to meet one of my most interesting friends," his cousin said as she greeted him warmly, after which she broke into praises of Virginia and kept it up until Percy interrupted her sarcastically.

"In fact, she's a perfect female paragon, I suppose," he said.

"No," returned Mrs. Brandenburg, looking sad. "Far from it, Percy. She would be if it were not for the unnatural antipathy she has for marriage. I wish it were possible for you to suggest to Percy, for you have so many congenial tastes and pursuits, and you would be perfectly safe in her society and could enjoy it freely, knowing that even if you wished she could not be induced to marry you."

"You wish it were possible. What do you mean by that?" demanded Mr. Pentacost, stung into interest at last.

"Oh, Virginia has built such a Chinese wall about herself that she's almost inaccessible," she replied.

"It's scaled and pretty high walls and broken through many others," Mr. Pentacost said rather sulkily, "and if I wanted to make myself agreeable to any woman I would do so, whether she would or not."

"You're game, Percy, my boy, but you'll not likely be tempted in Virginia's case, as you'll probably never see her." And then, having accomplished her end, the wise woman changed the subject. When her cousin left her, he was pleased to attend a small dinner the next week, which she gave in his honor, and, singularly enough, he took Miss Trelton in to dine.

"Mortimer," said Mrs. Brandenburg to her husband two months after her dinner party, "you'd better arrange with Chatran for my portrait."

"What?" cried Mortimer, jumping up in surprise.

"I'm sure I could do it," said his wife, dimpling with delight. "There are more ways than one to gain an end, my dear. Virginia writes to announce her engagement to Percy. She fears I am shocked and surprised. I am, dreadfully!" And the fair plotter broke into such an irresistible peal of laughter that her husband, defeated as he was, had to join in.—Chicago Herald.

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PIANO LESSONS.—W. Gifford Nash, Voice culture, Miss Marguerite Hansen, For terms, apply to music rooms in Dormitory.

Mr. J. Sheer, Sedalia, Mo., saved his child's life by One Minute Cough Cure. Doctors had given her up to die with croup. It is an infallible cure for cough, colds, grippe, pneumonia, bronchitis and throat and lung troubles. Relieves at once. Vincent & Co. Corner Drug Store.

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DIRECTORS: F. W. OSBURN, D. O. PAINE, W. E. BROWN, D. A. PAINE, J. F. ROBINSON, J. B. HARRIS, W. W. BROWN.

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Meats delivered to any part of the city Free of charge

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7:40-8:10-8:40-9:10-9:40-10:00 a.m. City hall hour.

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E. J. COYLE, A. G. P. A., Vancouver, B. C.

OREGON & N. CO.

Depart Time Schedule Arrived

Fast Mail 6:45 p.m.

Spokane Flyer 8 a.m.

8 p.m.

4 p.m.

6 a.m.

4:30 p.m.

6 a.m.

3:30 p.m.

6 a.m.

4:30 p.m.

6 a.m.

3:30 p.m.