

Daily Eugene Guard

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



SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
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29	30	31				

MOON'S PHASES.

First quarter.....January 4
Full moon.....January 11
Last quarter.....January 18
New moon.....January 25

WEATHER BUREAU.

(Daily Report.)
PORTLAND, OREGON,
January 27, 1900-9:30 a.m.
Weather: breezy, foggy, Oregon.
Tonight and Sunday: Continued cooler.

SATURDAY - - - JAN 27

Voters ought to register early. There is going to be a big rush toward the last and some are liable to get left.

The author of "The Man with the Hoe" says he knows a woman with one hundred pairs of silk stockings. He should now write "The Woman with the Hoe."

In Vienna poker has been declared a game of chance. The authorities would change their minds if they stacked up against the right sort of players.

The Boers shoot fast. A British infantry officer who was engaged in the battle of Colenso, writes that the bullets fell like "a severe hail-storm on a tin roof."

It seems really providential that whenever an inferior race—like the Boers and Filipinos for instance—needs looking after, a superior race always turns up to undertake the job.

The Dallas Itemizer says "lots of people are wondering what will be the next development in the Plummer-Geer penitentiary case. The general impression is that if the governor lets the matter rest as at present it will result in his political undoing."

The circuit court in Portland has decided that parents cannot interfere by habeas corpus proceedings with the custody of children committed by the county courts to the Boys and Girls Aid Society. The county court has exclusive jurisdiction in the matter.

Roberts of Utah was not present in the House when the debate on the question of his admission was in progress. Much was said about polygamy, in all its phases, but the main chance was missed in not inviting Roberts to give his experience. That would have attracted a full house.

President H. L. Boardman of McMinnville College is soliciting funds for the college, the Baptist Board of Education of New York having agreed to give \$50,000, provided \$20,000 is raised in Oregon, payable in five years. He is meeting with flattering success wherever

he goes. The Baptist denomination now has ninety-nine educational institutions in the United States.

A car trust rather even things up in public estimation by giving the brassy fee hunting sleeping car conductors a squeeze. An immediate sequence of the consolidation of the Pullman and Wagner car companies is the issuance of a circular in which a reduction in the wages of sleeping car conductors is announced. The amount of the cut is said to be, in many cases, as much as 20 per cent. There is nothing in this, however, tending to impair the super-human powers of the Pullman car porter.

Street Commissioner Scott did good work today hauling mud from the line of the street car track along the business part of Willamette street. The street committee should now dress the track, and street near the outside of the rails, with fine crushed rock. Nothing in the way of proper improvement can be expected from the street car owners. The city is responsible for the street and should not allow it to again get into the horrible condition that obtained last winter. The people will commend their officials for such work. But it should be done promptly.

The borax trust, protected by a tariff, and organized to rob the people, has advanced the price of borax to seven and one-quarter cents a pound in the United States, but pays the freight across the ocean and sells it in Europe for three and one-half cents. The steel and wire trust, which advanced the price of nails one hundred per cent in the United States, sells those products in Europe forty per cent below the price extorted from our people. Such plain robbery will convince plain people that Bryan should have their votes in preference to McKinley when a voting chance again occurs.

The Golf Girl

Is the type of the modern woman at her healthiest and best. She walks with an easy grace. She is a picture of perfect womanhood in the springtime of life. But generally the golf club is laid aside with marriage. A physical languor oppresses the once athletic girl. Exercise makes her back ache. She tires easily. Usually she accepts this condition as a natural thing, but it is unnatural. Marriage should add to woman's happiness, rather than subtract from it. If women understood how intimately the general health is related to the local health of the womanly organism, they would appreciate the fact that there is no need to suffer from weakness and backache. The use of Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong, sick women well. It regulates the periods, heals inflammation and ulceration, cures female weakness, and puts the body in a condition of sound health.

Mrs. H. A. Albrook, of Austin, London, Co., Ark., writes: "After five months of great suffering from female weakness I write for the benefit of other sufferers from the same affliction. I doctored with our family physician without any good results, so my husband urged me to try Dr. Pierce's medicines—which I did, with wonderful results. I am completely cured. I took four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, four of his 'Golden Medical Discovery' and two of his 'Pleasant Pellets.'"

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation and its consequences.

A Night of Terror.

"Awful anxiety was felt for the widow of the brave General Burnham of Machias, Me., when the doctors said she could not live till morning," writes Mrs. S. H. Lincoln, who attended her that fearful night. "All thought she must succumb to pneumonia, but she begged for Dr. King's New Discovery, saying it had more than once saved her life, and had cured her of consumption. After three small doses she slept easily all night, and its further use completely cured her." This marvelous medicine is guaranteed to cure all Throat, Chest and Lung diseases. Only 50c and \$1.00. Free trial bottles free at Linn Drug Co's drug store.

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Lane.

Gertrude M. Thomas, Plaintiff,
vs.
Harvey S. Thomas, Defendant.

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF Oregon, you are hereby notified to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled Court on or before the 17th day of March, 1900, and if you fail to answer, for want thereof the plaintiff will take a decree against you dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, and also that plaintiff's name be changed from Gertrude M. Thomas to her maiden name, Gertrude M. Davidson, and such other relief as to the Court may seem equitable. This summons shall be, by order of said Court, published for six consecutive weeks, and the first publication thereof is in the issue of the Eugene Daily Guard of January 13th, 1900. And the date of the order of publication of this summons is the 13th day of January, 1900.

This summons is published in the EUGENE DAILY GUARD by order of Hon. E. O. Potter, Judge of the County Court of Lane County, Oregon, made in chambers the 13th day of January, 1900.

E. R. SKYRHOFF, Attorney for Plaintiff.

HERE'S GOOD LUCK.

The touch of a hand, the glance of an eye Or a word exchanged with a passerby; A glimpse of a face in a crowded street, And afterward life is incomplete; A picture painted with honest zeal, And we lose the old for the new ideal; A chance remark or a song's refrain, And life is never the same again.

A friendly smile, and love's embowering spark Leaps into flame and illumines the dark; A whisper, "Be brave!" to our fellow men, And they pick up the thread of hope again; Then never an act or a word or thought But that with unguessed importance is fraught; For small things build up eternity And bless the ways for destiny.

—Answers.

THE DRUMMER AND THE DRUMMER

A Story of War and Peace.

BY CHARLES H. DAY

I.—WAR.

"Why, you're a Yankee, aren't you?" That was what Gladys Clayton, a little southern girl, said one morning to a small boy dressed in blue who upon her approach had half risen to a sitting posture beside a patch which led both to a spring and a negro cabin, within hailing distance of the spot where the reclining uniformed figure was gazing in open eyed wonder on the vision of juvenile loveliness.

"Yes, I'm a Yank," replied the boy, instinctively saluting. "You can tell that by my blue." Then he paused for a second and said hesitatingly, "Of course you are—are a—"

The boy in blue blushed, and the little maid, with a twinkle in her eyes, said:

"A little rebel. Do you surrender?" "Hardly," replied the boy, making an endeavor to take his feet, but failing back until he supported himself upon his elbow. An expression of pain swept over his face which startled the child as she exclaimed in sympathetic tones:

"Oh, dear, what a pity! You are wounded, and only a boy!" Then, as a reassurance, she added: "You needn't be afraid, Yankee boy. I won't hurt you, and all the gray soldiers are gone away."

"Where am I?" asked the drummer boy. "You are on the Clayton plantation, Yankee boy. My mother says that it is 20 miles from nowhere and the last place that was made."

"There's been a big fight," said the boy. "Which liked?" "Mother says that she reckons they both got all they wanted and then withdrew in good order," answered the girl.

"Where is your father?" "Licking Yankees," was the reply, with a great deal of energy thrown into the words.

"Oh, ho!" exclaimed the boy, and then, in spite of himself, he permitted a groan to escape his lips.

"Oh, dear!" said the girl, coming close up to him. "Are you hurt much, little Yankee boy?"

For the moment the boy in blue had forgotten himself as he asked in anxiety:

"Please, little girl, have you seen my drum?"

The girl looked up and down the path on either side, and at length she discovered the wreck of the martial instrument.

"Here it is, little boy," said the girl, with much dignity.

"Thanks, miss," said the soldier boy. "The rebels have shot it full of holes, and it's no good. Throw it away."

"What can I do for you?" asked the girl, somewhat perplexed at the situation.

"I'll tell you," replied the boy. "And I want you to do it right quick. I want you to get me out of this 'right smart' for a scouting party of rebels might come riding this way and capture me—or worse!"

"Yankee boy, my mamma would have a fit if she saw you in that blue suit. She hates you all! Let me see—let me see!"

Then she clapped her hands and exclaimed:

"I know what I'll do. I'll go to old Si, down at the cabin. He and auntie are the only ones of all the slaves who have not run away to follow the Yankees. Si will do anything for me. He is as patient as you can while I am gone, for it won't be long."

It was not long that the lad had to wait, but when the people returned with the two colored people he was quite faint, and gasped:

"Bring the gourd from the spring!" commanded auntie, who had arrived in advance of her rheumatic husband.

The labors of years and perfect health had given the black woman immense strength, and the drummer boy was little more of a burden to her than an infant.

Gladys ran on ahead to the cabin. Auntie stood on, taking such immense steps that her husband, in a vain endeavor to keep up, was taken with a fit of coughing and was obliged to take a long rest by the wayside. When he did arrive at the cabin, the boy in blue was snugly hidden away in its privacy and receiving the kind offices of the colored woman, who had had many years of experience in nursing.

Now that the wounded drummer boy was made as comfortable as possible, auntie closed the cabin door and said as impressively as if she were reciting one of her best ghost stories:

"You hear me, Miss Gladys, an you, ole man? You both done keep yer mouth shut 'bout this 'ere young un. You both all know that the missy at the big house is jest pined on the Yankees, for all she's a droffin' good woman."

II.—PEACE.

"Lines," said the head of the house to a favorite commercial traveler who had just returned from an extended tour, "do you know anything of the south?"

"A little," was the reply. "How far south have you been?" "Richmond."

"Ah!" exclaimed the head of the house. "Long getting there?" "Pretty near three years."

"First time that I ever heard that you were in the 'late unpleasantness,'" returned his employer. "Never heard about your adventures in that line."

"Well," interrupted the salesman, "you see, I am the only man engaged in the civil war who is not writing for the magazines."

"In many battles?" asked the managing partner.

"Yes."

"Wounded?" "Twice: once in the leg and the other time in the heart."

"Recovered from the effects of both wounds?" "Recovered from the shot in the leg; the wound in the heart is still open."

"Um!" was the finale of this running conversation.

The salesman nodded, and then the converse became "strictly business." The desire of the firm was concisely this—to renew a southern trade previously held by the house which had been interrupted by the civil war and never regained; never regained because the house had never made an effort to resume business relations with that section.

"Walter," said the senior partner, becoming familiar, "we must win all that trade back again. I not only want the city houses, but those remote plantation stores at the crossroads which carry such big stocks of our very lines. And as for the salary and commission, the house will guarantee that your trial trip in the new section shall be no loss to you."

When the day for the salesman's departure for Virginia came, the head of the house at parting said:

"Well, you are advancing on Richmond this time under somewhat different circumstances."

"Not so very different," interrupted the salesman, with a quiet chuckle. "I was a drummer then, and I'm a drummer now."

Just at dusk one night he drove up to the store on the Clayton plantation and walking into the establishment announced himself and his business by presenting his card, as he said:

"I want supper, feed and keep for my horse, lodging for myself and will talk business later."

A young man behind the counter replied:

"That'll be all right, Mr. Lines. The proprietor will be here in a moment." Then he ordered a lounging dandy to "take the horse round to the barn."

The drummer was just going to ask the condition of trade when a woman entered.

"Miss Clayton, the proprietor," said the clerk, introducing the newcomer.

The greeting of the two was so hearty that the clerk almost fell over the counter.

"Why, Walter?" "Why, Gladys?"

That clerk was a jewel. He knew his business. He hurried out of the store to feed the drummer's horse.

In closing an order for a large bill of goods on the ensuing day, the drummer in a communication to the head of the house wrote:

"I have entirely recovered from that wound of the heart. In Miss Gladys Clayton I have found an old acquaintance, a new woman of the new south, whom I shall have no trouble in bringing into the Union. At present her mother is rather a hopeless case, but I am quite sure that she, too, will become thoroughly reconstructed in due season."—Charles H. Day in Home Magazine.

Probably She Meant It.

"When she will, she will, you can depend on't," is a line which many men have quoted of many women. The saying is often unjust, and the woman is often justified, but now and then the cap fits perfectly.

Not long ago a fast express was bowling over the sands of Arizona. Just how it happened was frequently explained and never understood, but as the train sped along the side of a parched river it suddenly left the rails, rolled down the bank and landed in three feet of muddy water at the bottom of the river bed.

Within the cars there was some natural confusion. Men, women and lunch boxes were thrown into a heap, and not an umbrella or parcel was left in the racks.

One by one the occupants of the rear car extricated themselves from the mass and sought for means of escape while stanching various wounds caused by broken glass. Every exit was jammed tight. Just then, in the midst of the doubt and confusion, rose a woman's voice in emphatic demand:

"Let me out! Let me out! If you don't let me out, I'll break a window!"—Youth's Companion.

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O R & N CO.

Depart	Time Schedule	Arrived
Fast Mail 8 p.m.	Salt Lake, Denver, St. Paul, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East	Fast Mail 6:45 p.m.

Spokane Flyer 3:45 p.m.	Walla Walla, Spokane, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago and East.	Spokane Flyer 8 a.m.
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8 p.m.	OCEAN STEAMSHIPS All Sailing dates subject to change. For San Francisco Sail Dec. 8, 13, 18, 23, 28 and every 5 days.	4 p.m.
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Daily Ex Sunday 8 p.m. Sat 10 p.m.	COLUMBIA RIVER STEAMERS To Astoria and Way Landings.	4 p.m. Ex Sunday
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6 a.m. Ex Sunday	WILLAMETTE RIVER Oregon City, Newberg, Salem and Way Landings.	4:30 p.m. Ex Sunday
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7 a.m. Tues, Thurs and Sat	WILLAMETTE AND YAMHILL RIVERS Oregon City, Dayton and Way Landings.	3:30 p.m. Mon, Wed and Fri.
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6 a.m. Tues, Thurs and Sat	WILLAMETTE RIVER Portland to Corvallis and Way Landings.	4:30 p.m. Mon, Wed and Fri.
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Lv Riparia 1:20 a.m. Daily	SSAKA RIVER Riparia to Lewiston	Lv Lewiston 8:30 a.m.
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L. L. Stevens, Agent, Eugene. W. H. Hurlburt, Gen. Pass. Agt. Port. Or.

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H. McMurphy, General Agent, Eugene. (Opposite Gifford's office.)

A. L. CHAMBERLAIN, Asst. Gen'l. Pass. Agt. 255 Morrison St., cor Third, Portland.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878. Notice for Publication.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, ROSEBURG, OREGON.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act to provide for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Nevada, and Washington Territory," Sidney Scott, of Lane County, State of Oregon, has filed in this office his sworn statement No. 753, for the purchase of the S. W. 1/4, Sec. 34, T. 12 N., R. 17 E., and will offer proof to show that he is entitled to said land for agricultural purposes, and has a claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Eugene, Oregon, on Friday, the 23rd day of March, 1900.

He names as witnesses: W. L. Bell of Eugene, Oregon; F. B. Bell of Eugene, Oregon; B. W. Rowland of Eugene, Oregon; L. E. Lean of Eugene, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adverse title to the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 23rd day of March, 1900.

J. T. BRIDGES, Register.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878. Notice for Publication.