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SATURDAY - JUNE 8

DESIRABLE COLLEGE HONORS.

Commenting on the winning of a scholarship at Yale by John A. Van Goss, and at Princeton by Claude R. Fountain, both of the University of Oregon, the Oregonian has caustic comment in a leading editorial on the preference of an education that brings such results in comparison with the tendency of the times to give athletics and oratory undue prominence in college work and in the bestowal of honors. The gist of the editorial lies in the concluding paragraph, which we quote:

We like this news, therefore that young men of Oregon have achieved such a record in study as to be found worthy of admission to scholarships in Yale and Columbia, against the very severest competition the country could afford. In our humble opinion it beats rowing, boxing, football and flutist oratory.

THE ONLY WAY.

He—Well, I'll admit I was wrong. She—That won't do; you must admit that I was right.—Tid-Bite.

The problem of how the cakes of what has heretofore been called beeswax came to be deposited in the sand on the coast near Tillamook has at last been solved—maybe. The borers for oil have decided that they are not beeswax at all, but simply paraffine which has exuded from deposits of oil along the coast. R. J. Hendricks, the well-known Salem editor, is said to be a strong advocate of this theory. When attention is called to the Spanish letters on some of the cakes, the theory is advanced that these have been cut in the cakes to mislead the public. The finding of the oil deposits from which the paraffine exuded will be about the best proof of the correctness of the new theory.

The Corvallis Times says "the little stock-fly that came to the country two or three seasons ago and has since been so pestiferous in corrals, barns and pastures, has again made its appearance. It disappeared as usual during the fall, and reappeared in countless numbers two or three days ago. It is about half the size, and otherwise resembles the common house-fly. It swarms in multitudes about domestic animals and almost distracts them. The pest is supposed to be an importation from the stock ranges of some of the western states."

The trials of preachers for heresies, that are happening occasionally, stand out in strong contrast with those of former days. Then it was rack or fire, without much investigation. Now it takes weeks to settle a case and the preacher only loses his job.

A Chicago deputy coroner is entitled to the medal for fake performance of duty. A young woman died under suspicious circumstances and the deputy official reported an inquest, with a verdict from natural causes, forging the names of jurors. Of course a crime had been committed and the deputy was a party to the attempt to cover it up.

The record duel as to time and results thereof was fought at Paris yesterday. The combatants, if they could be so designated, fought two and one half hours with swords without either getting scratched, when the duel was adjourned till today. They should try brickbats, dead cats, any old weapon.

An important antiseptic discovery has been made in an Ann Arbor, Michigan laboratory. It is fatal to all bacteria, and can be taken internally in large doses without deleterious effects.

"A cent and a half dividend upon the common stock of the American Snuff Company is not to be sneezed at."

"That's right; it's snuff."

Saves Two From Death.

"Our little daughter had an almost fatal attack of whooping cough and bronchitis," writes Mrs. W. K. Haviland of Armonk, N. Y., "but, when all other remedies had failed we saved her life with Dr. King's New Discovery. Our niece, who had consumption in an advanced stage, also used this wonderful medicine and today she is perfectly well." Desperate throat and lung diseases yield to Dr. King's New Discovery as to no other medicine on earth. Infallible for coughs and colds. 50c and \$1 bottles guaranteed by W. L. DeLano. Trial bottles free.

For Sale.

A fine-bred Short Horn bull, 14 months old, cheap. Apply at GUARD office or Lock Box 117, Eugene, Oregon.

Come in and rubber at our garden hose at Griffin Hardware Co's.

Never trust tinware is liked better than ever because it is better known. Try some F. L. Chambers has it.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of Dr. H. H. Plummer.



If young girls would look ahead it would sometimes save them from serious collision with the men they marry. It is here that ignorance is almost a crime. The young husband cannot understand it when the wife changes to a peevish, nervous, querulous woman. And the young wife does not understand it herself. She only knows that she is very miserable.

If ever there is a time when nature needs help it is when the young girl is adjusting herself to the new conditions of life. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong and sick women well. It promotes regularity, dries debilitating drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free. All womanly confidences are guarded with strict professional privacy. Write without fear or fee to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

"I will drop you a few lines today to let you know that I am feeling well now," writes Miss Annie Stephens, of Bellevue, Wash. "I feel like a new woman. I took several bottles of the Favorite Prescription and Golden Medical Discovery. I have no headache now, no backache, and no pain in my side any more. No bearing-down pain any more. I think there is no medicine like Dr. Pierce's medicine. I thank you very much for what you have done for me—your medicine has done me so much good."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure biliousness and sick headache.

BLOOD

We live by our blood, and on it. We thrive or starve, as our blood is rich or poor.

There is nothing else to live on or by.

When strength is full and spirits high, we are being refreshed, bone muscle and brain, body and mind, with continual flow of rich blood.

This is health.

When weak in low spirits, to cheer, no spring, when rest not rest and sleep is not sleep, we are starved; our blood poor; there is little nutriment in it.

Back of the blood, is food—keep the blood rich. When tails, take Scott's emulsion of cod-liver oil. It sets the whole body going again—man and woman and child.

Back of the blood, is food—keep the blood rich. When tails, take Scott's emulsion of cod-liver oil. It sets the whole body going again—man and woman and child.

HOPKINS' YOUNGSTER.

By Edward Jack Appleton.

She was a very pretty child, with the customary bright yellow hair—which would turn brown in a few years—and blue eyes that were very clear and becoming gray. But, though she undoubtedly resembled Hopkins in many ways, she was but a child. Her mother and father had both died one winter in the south more than a year ago, and Hopkins, being the child's uncle on its mother's side, had taken it for his own because there seemed to be no one else to take it. All Hopkins' people were dead also or abroad for indefinite periods, and remembering with a shudder the cruelty of the child's father's relations, Hopkins knew that his sister would never let her go. So he did a queer thing as he was more than apt to do, and took the little girl to bring up himself.

Not that he attempted the thing single handed; that would have been too wild an undertaking even for Hopkins. He simply brought her home, and his faithful housekeeper, and his daughter took the little one in hand, while he treated her as if she were his daughter and consequently was not bored by her presence a great deal.

She was 3 years old when she came to him, and inside of six months she was calling him "papa" quite as if she had never had another such relative. And Hopkins, having a lurking fondness for children, rather encouraged her to do so, though pretending to himself that it annoyed him. He wished in truth she were his daughter and that Katherine—But here Hopkins smiled and stopped thinking.

He was in love, of course. There had never lived a Hopkins in all the generation after generation of Hopkins that had not been in that condition during the greater part of his life. But Hopkins was quite sure that, though his ancestors had been ardent lovers all, none of them could have cared for their chosen one as he cared for Katherine—a fact which he imparted to them one night as he sat in the library and mused on the subject after the youngster was safely put to bed. And the only answer those respected ancestors made was to let a quiet smile spread over each and every one of their beaming and aged faces and broaden in the freighting of glowing.

But, though their descendant was not ordinarily a coward and quite as self-possessed as most young men of his set, when it came to saying those same fervent words to Katherine himself he found it just a little more than he could master courage to do. The actual possibility of failure stared him so constantly in the face that if he did not tremble in his physical knees when he thought of it he undoubtedly did so in his astral counterparts. Yet whenever he went around the square to see her, as he did very regularly, he invariably started and dodged with steps with the firm determination to ask her and have it over with, and he invariably came back with that strong resolve done up in splinters, as it were, and a feeling of self-contempt, mingled with self-pity, imbedded in his mind.

But one night—it was one of the nights when he did not go to see Katherine and which had been spent with the youngster in an extremely noisy and romping but entirely happy manner—a great idea came to him, and the idea bearing upon the subject always uppermost in his mind nowadays, he began the next day to develop and nurse and enlarge it, and get ready to make it of use to him.

The next day but one, that idea having been made the most of, he came home early in the afternoon, and, instructing Mrs. Higgins, the housekeeper, to put on the youngster's best bib and tucker, he ran up stairs to his room, where he found his own clothes properly laid out by his faithful man. In the course of an hour he reappeared, and at the foot of the stairs found the youngster waiting for him, looking exceptionally pretty in a dainty little gown he had not seen before. "We will be back in an hour or so," Mrs. Higgins, said as they went out the door.

They found Miss Katherine alone, and as she came into the room and Hopkins rose to greet her she ran quickly by him, with a little nod, and, falling upon her knees in a very girlish but pretty fashion before the smiling youngster, she cried: "Oh, this lovely child! And she is really yours, Mr. Hopkins?"

Then Miss Katherine took the youngster under her lap—the prettiest picture he had seen for months was that—and they fell to talking of other things, while the child, with her big blue eyes upon Miss Katherine's face, listened thoughtfully to it all and wondered why her "papa" looked so happy. And Hopkins' idea of a home life with Katherine at his head meanwhile grew strong and waxed exceedingly great.

Ten minutes passed, and then, as Miss Katherine was asking the little girl about herself, the youngster suddenly straightened up and, looking at her thoughtfully, said:

"Yes, I loves my papa and my dolls and everything. But I loves you too, Won't you be my papa?"

For a moment Miss Katherine's pretty face turned from rose to white and back again, but before she could make answer to the youngster's remark Hopkins had swallowed his fear, and the crisis was passed.

"You hear what the youngster says, Katherine," said he, taking one of her soft hands in his and leaning forward. "I love you, too, dearest, and I want you for my wife. Do you think you could love me and be a 'mamma' to this little one?"

What her answer was is no matter now, but some time later, as Hopkins and his youngster were walking down the street, though how happily only he and Katherine knew, home again, the child looked at him for a moment and then whispered up to him:

"And I said it right, didn't I, papa; 'I love you, too'?"—Waverley Magazine.

A Jewel.

"I am fortunate in one thing," said Mr. Meekton. "My wife is one of the most economical women in the world."

"Yes, I don't like to brag, but she is a marvel. She doesn't let me spend a cent of money foolishly."—Washington Star.

Nothing in a Name.

"He called his vaudeville sketch 'The Vaccination Mark'."

"Yes."

"It didn't take."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Screen fly doors and windows. F. L. Chambers.

Twenty-seventh shipment of the beautiful Snell bicycles just received a Barker Gun Works. These wheels are giving the satisfaction.

We are headquarters for mining men because we carry the only complete line of miners' supplies in the city. Griffin Hardware Co.

Another load of Reine buggies and carriages just received; the good regular buggy and several new and modern jobs. See them at F. L. Chambers.

AN EMBASSADOR'S LOVE.

There was a bridal in the palace, the bride of the eldest and most lovely princess—a girl in the bud of life, the spring-time of existence, a beautiful creature, radiant in smiles, exquisitely graceful—and a powerful alliance had been formed worthy of a princess so lovely.

Her dress was richly decorated with jewels, the long silk veil fell to her feet and a crown of gold surmounted by a chaplet of orange flowers rested on her brow. At the altar stood the priest, surrounded by the emperor and empress, the ambassador and court, waiting with eagerness the coming of the bride.

"Ah, my daughter," said the emperor as the princess approached, "thou hast delayed coming!" And he led her forward.

The ambassador slowly knelt down, averting his head from the guests, and the princess followed his example, seemingly unconscious of the presence of the court. Suddenly her eyes met those of the ambassador fixed upon her, and, turning deadly pale, she made a sign for the ceremony to commence. The ring water poured upon her finger and her small white hand rested for one moment in the ambassador's, the blessing was pronounced, the heads of both were meekly bent, and, glancing timidly at the still kneeling bridegroom, the princess rose and knelt to her father. He raised her in his arms and, turning to the empress, presented to the court the youthful queen of Germany.

"God bless her! May she be happy!" was the thrilling exclamation as the bride party left the altar, followed by the younger sisters of the bride and the graceful, mirth-loving courtiers.

"What! in tears?" said the empress kindly, when her daughter, overpowered by her concealed emotion, sobbed violently on her mother's bosom. "This is not right, my child. Trust me, you shall hear of us often, and, though absent, we shall never forget you. Let me dry away your tears, for, hark, I hear sounds. Footsteps are approaching—'I trust your majesty will pardon me,' said the ambassador, hurriedly retreating on beholding the queen of Germany alone, for the empress had retired. 'I was not aware your majesty was here. This pavilion is generally deserted.'"

"So it would be now, but I have come here to see the sun set for the last time in mine own land and to listen to the sound of my favorite hand playing beneath these windows. You cannot blame me."

"My liege lady, I would not dare to breathe a word of disrespect against one so good and beautiful. Believe me, I would die to save you one moment's agony."

"Nay; is life so utterly valueless?"

"Utterly, for its only charm is lost."

"Impossible," said the queen softly. "You have much to live for—fame, wealth and doubtless love are yours. Say there is another for whom you would die save me?"

"Nay, but one—forgive me, liege lady, but one. She cannot be mine. She is lost forever to me."

"I pity you," said the queen, tears rushing to her eyes. "Is she wedded? This false one? Is she wedded?"

"Yes, oh, yes, but she was not false. I did not dare to tell my love. I knelt and prayed for strength to wish her happiness. I have asked it for her, but she knows it not."

"Were your situations in life equal?" again said the queen.

"No," he answered; "she was far above me—too good, too beautiful for me."

"Ah, had she not been wedded I could have given you rank, wealth equal to hers and bestowed her on you. Should you have been happy?"

"Lady, she did not—could not love me. Judge my feelings when unrepulsively she gave her hand to another. Lady, you do not know my misery."

"How canst thou tell that?" said the queen, her cheeks turning lividly white at the warmth with which he spoke. "If youth was exempt from trials, how could we feel for others' sorrows? If I had none of my own, I could not thus night weep with you."

"Trials, lady," said the ambassador. "Yes, bitter trials, very bitter; but it is not meet thus to explain the secrets of my heart. Let me bid you be happy and, forever, farewell."

"Forever farewell! Why, dearest lady, why? Say in aught I have offended you. Forgive me, I implore. Part not in anger with me, turn and look kindly on me again." And the kneeling ambassador caught the bottom of her robe. "Believe me, I had not dared to tell you of my love, but when you spoke so kindly to me and told me of wealth and fame what was worth living for when I was losing you?"

"Oh, my God, have mercy! He returns my love! Protect me, pity me, woe, sinful that I am! I whose heart is how can I meet his sovereign? Saying which, the queen fell prostrate to the earth, supported by the ambassador. "Leave me, leave," she said when she raised her eyes. "Leave me alone now, but, oh, do not breathe to a single soul my weak confession of tonight."

"Never, never. It would be an insult to stay to oppress you with professions of love you may not return. I have caused you this unhappiness, but do not reproach me. Spare me, for your anger I cannot bear. Know this as a memorial of one who loved you, one who must ever love you—my first, my last love. Farewell."

The queen gazed at the picture given to her and, drawing from her bosom a cross, placed it in the hand of the ambassador. He pressed the hand that offered it to his lips and, rushing through the corridor, returned no more. On arriving with the youthful bride at the court of Germany he threw up his diplomatic engagement and quitted the court forever, but after the night of their mutual confession he never saw the queen. She lived but a few months and died gazing on the picture of her heart's idol.

Of the ambassador little is known save that a monk of the order of La Trappe requested when dying that masses might be said regularly for his soul and the soul of her who presented to him that small illegible cross.

The Painter.

"Did I understand you to say that artist was also a literary man?"

"No, I said he was a wonderful work painter. He never produces any pictures really worth mentioning. He merely talks about them."—Washington Star.

Self Taught.

"Learning the cornet, is he? Who's his teacher?"

"He has none. He's his own teacher."

—Philadelphia Times.

Bears the Signature of Dr. H. H. Plummer.

FOUND.—A ladies jacket at Williamette and Eleventh streets several days ago. Owner can recover the same at the GUARD office.

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