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that of all others. In the matter of discipline one sees it in this show at its best, and although rigid and strictly enforced, it is done quietly and effectively, and is never disobeyed. In the way of performance it stands equally as much alone. Every year the additional improvements are of the most extensive, novel and meritorious kind, and this year are better and grander than ever. There is a most wonderful performance in three rings, and a most varied and stupendous grand aerial display by no less than 50 of the greatest experts, and an equal number of male and female jockeys are seen upon the race track in desperate struggle. Three elevated stages are constantly occupied by an army of acrobats, who are succeeded again by the three circus companies in a spirited exhibition of somersaulting and leaping. This again is followed by a grand equestrian tournament, and exhibition of high jumping horses. One hundred acts are thus shown, all of which contain some startling or wonderful novelty, aside from the tricks of twenty different kinds of clowns. Nor is this all in the way of performances, for there are highly trained horses and six unparallelled acts of a death defying character, specially engaged in Paris. To these again must be added the characteristic performances of the midgits, musiciens, vocalists and dancers, the giant, etc. In the entertainment in the menagerie. Seven open dens of performing wild beasts, three herds of educated elephants, two flocks of camels, a herd of giraffes, the tiny elephant, and many others, all give evidence of having received the best instructions possible, and show their accomplishments at various times, all of which goes to make portions of the grand, general performance. When the odd and curious sights of the menagerie are added, it comes to be longer a wonder that this show captures the hearts of all classes. It is truly a most wonderful institution. All this will be here in its entirety on August 25th.

FOUR DROWNINGS IN PORTLAND

Fred and Madeline Steffensen, brother and sister, were drowned in the Willamette at Portland last evening. They were rowing in a small boat, when it was overturned. The boy was aged 20 and the girl 16.

Eric H. Rigelow, a young man, was drowned in Mock's slough in Portland while swimming with a friend yesterday afternoon. He was recently from Chicago.

Floyd David, aged 17, was drowned in Guild's Lake at the exposition grounds yesterday afternoon.

FOR SAVING WE ARE IT

A Kohler and Campbell piano, such as is usually sold at from \$275 to \$350 by other dealers in Eugene can be bought of us for \$165. This is how they save you from \$25 to \$100 on each piano.

ELLERS PIANO HOUSE,
Per E. A. Rankin, Mgr.

THE GIRL NEW FARMERS' 'PHONE LINE

The farmer in the vicinity of Hendricks' Ferry are busy constructing a telephone line from there to connect with Eugene. They are stringing three wires on the poles. This is separate and independent from the main line, which goes past there to Leaburg.

Society Events

On Saturday afternoon the members of the W. R. P. L. journeyed to the Kerns summer home on the banks of the Willamette and held their regular business session, followed by a social time at the Chambers' bungalow and on the river. The afternoon's program was in excellent hands and many literary pieces were contributed for discussion. Mrs. F. W. Osborn read a paper on "Reminiscences of Oregon," Mrs. Wm. Preston a paper entitled "Woman's Life in China," and Mrs. S. F. Kerns contributed an excellently written eulogy entitled "A Nation Mourns John Hay." Late in the afternoon dainty summer refreshments were served to the guests by Mrs. Martha Chambers, aided by Mrs. P. E. Snodgrass and Miss Etha Snodgrass. The guests of the club included Mrs. Malendy (Boston, Mass.), Mrs. Whitting (Amherst, N. J.), the Misses Ella Hayes (Worcester, Mass.) and Grace Holden.

Mr. Rankin's Reply

F. A. Rankin's reply to H. E. Morris' article in Saturday's Guard, being too lengthy for today's issue, will be printed tomorrow.

THE CRIMSONING OF THE HIGH SEAS

Concluded from a Saturday's Guard

"He must be 'loony' on the subject," said the skipper. "It's the safest place on the whole ship."

While this little conversation was proceeding the commander never ceased watching his own deck, the other vessels and the enemy's fleet from the various silts and eyeholes of the conning tower. At frequent intervals he also had occasion to manipulate some one or other of his various instruments.

"Ah, ha! They're opening up in regular order," he muttered as a puff of smoke followed by a very fair report came from the headmost of the enemy's ships.

A small black object hurtled across the water, cutting the top of the waves in its progress and sinking in a white smother of foam near at hand.

"Trying distance with their six inch rifles," laconically observed the youthful officer. "I should call it not much over two miles."

Both fleets were now rushing toward one another as fast as their mighty engines could take them, and the fighting soon became general. The main fighting line of each, composed of the battleships and heavier armored cruisers, moved forward in regular column of attack. Upon meeting they would pass between one another's intervals and exchange volleys from their huge broadside and turret rifles at murderous short range. The lighter craft of either side, such as unprotected cruisers and commerce destroyers, hovered upon the flanks, ready to participate in the easy victories of a rout or to engage in a duel with such of their own class as might offer.

"The big fellow is swinging his fore turret around to train on us," remarked Mortimer quietly.

With a roar like that of a lion when about to jump at his prey, Lieutenant Beresford slammed down hard on a lever and shouted a dozen orders through as many speaking tubes. Almost instantaneously the whole fabric quivered as the ship increased her already high rate of speed and fairly leaped ahead of her comrades.

"Are you ready there, Brownson?" called the captain through the tube that led to the forward main battery.

"Yes, sir," came back the reply. "But the vernier!"

"D-n the vernier!" was shouted through the tube. "You don't need any funder at this range. Let them!" But the rest of his speech was lost in a roar as if a whole magazine had exploded; the ship reeled and staggered like a sore stricken man, and two cigars with their ends bitten off lay rolling from side to side, unnoticed, upon the floor of the conning tower.

"A lucky shot indeed! They've spoiled the working of our main battery in great shape!" howled Beresford, with bloodshot eyes and lips foaming in rage. "Let her go, Brownson!" he yelled again.

Scarcely were the words well out of his mouth before the ship again reeled, only this time it was in recoil from her own discharge.

"Turn about is fair play, my bullies!" laughed Beresford discordantly. "That shot must have found its way somehow to her very vitals. Looks as if her machinery had suffered, the way her steam is blowing off."

In half a minute the action had become general. The reports from the mighty ten and twelve inch rifles, the concussion of which often bursts blood vessels in strong men's heads, were roaring and resounding upon every hand. The by no means insignificant secondary batteries served to fill in the gaps, and the cannon and rattle from the small arms were completely indistinguishable. Now were to be seen the full results of scientific warfare.

A huge battleship of the enemy blew up, scattering death and destruction among friend and foe alike within her compass, and one of the American armored cruisers went down beneath the concentrated fire of two black monsters, with her guns still being served and Old Glory floating defiantly at the masthead. The air was poisoned with the dust and fumes from the various chemical explosives, and the soot and smoke from the overtaxed boilers lay like a pall over the scene of carnage.

There was a slight lull after the deeds had so passed through one another and were rounding up, preparatory to repeating the maneuver. Not a single one of the surviving ships had come out of the first attack unscathed. Their superstructures were practically demolished, and great rents and gaping holes were visible everywhere, in unprotected surface and armor plating alike. Moreover, several of them were floating hulks with both engines and guns smashed out of all usefulness, piled knee deep with scarlet horrors, and the few left alive upon them unable to do more than hope for the chance of rescue before they were swallowed up by the remorseless sea.

But there were still left a number of ships upon either side with the more important engines intact and many of their great guns capable even yet of surpassing their previous performance. These ships, reckless and ugly, with human blood coursing from their scun-

pers and madmen at their helms, were now bearing down upon one another. Among those of them flying American colors was the Rhode Island.

"Great Caesar's ghost!" howled Lieutenant Beresford in wild desperation. "What's the use of fighting expensive battles with cheap stuff? Here we are just at the second waltz and not a decent rifle on board. Those cursed castles in the carriages must have been full of air bubbles. Contract work! Ugh! What do we have dockyards and government machine shops for anyway? They'll save a few dollars and lose all before they finish! Morry, my boy," and his voice softened noticeably, "I'm going to ram that big fellow who knocked our rifles to pieces. He seems to be unmanageable and can hardly get away from us, but his guns are as bitter as ever. It's a case of must. One of us will surely have to go to the bottom inside of three minutes. The speaking tubes are knocked sillywise. Steam I must have, and I want you to see that I get it!"

Below deck the young lieutenant found a startling contrast to the scene of riot and confusion above. The various mechanics were stoically performing their prosaic duties just as if they were on voyage, several others were dodging hither and thither with their long necked cans among the ponderously moving pieces of machinery, and the chief himself, with his gold braided coat thrown to one side, was carefully wiping off a brass mounted reversing lever with a bunch of fresh waste.

"We're all right here so far, Mortimer," he chuckled in reply to the young officer's hurried explanation of the coming move, "but the boilers don't seem to be making steam as they ought."

Without waiting for more the lieutenant darted toward the mainhold from which an iron ladder descended to the furnace room still farther down. He reached it just as his ship received another discharge from the enemy's big guns, and the shock threw him the whole way to the floor beneath. Half stunned, he lay in a dark corner, utterly unable to move or speak for several minutes.

Upon either hand were rows of ruddy furnace doors. All about lay coal, clinders, grate bars, rakes, buckets, shov-



The firemen rushed for the ladder.

els and even men—if any reliance could be placed upon the light furnished by the few electric bulbs which still remained intact.

"Ain't ye ashamed of yerselves, ye lazy sents!" a tall Irishman was shouting. This forceful speaker was naked to the waist, with whatever was the natural tint of his skin completely disguised in a mixture of coal, ashes and perspiration, but nevertheless in strange incongruity he had the remains of a red flannel shirt wrapped tightly around his neck. Without pause he continued: "Thryin' to stave up on deck it is ye're after, wth ye ought to know that it's nather the captain in his cudgy hole, nor the gunners in their chance boxes, nor yit the engineers wth their gould lace caps, that be the rale lads of a fightin' ship-o'-war in these days. Come out o' that, Dutchy Brown, and throw the stuff into number noine. Begorry, she nades it bad enough. Fur the love of hivin', byes, kape out of me way and moid your fires like decent min."

All the while he was thus addressing them he kept whirling a huge rake around his head, and several quiet bodies lying near seemed to show that he was as fluent with actions as with words.

"Git out o' way, Patsey!"

"To — wild de foires!"

"The ship's a-sinkin'!"

"We're not going to stay here and be drowned like rats in a hole!"

These and many another like comment the mutinous firemen were shouting. But they could not seem to outargue the swinging bar of steel which defended the only available means of exit.

"Stoke up!" continued the red neck clothed giant, whom one of the others

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had addressed as Patsey. "It's shame and not towards this ship makes, Stoke up," he repeated in furious tones, "or I'll brain ye one by one. Paix, ye'll drown anyway, above or below, if the ship goes down, so ye might as well run your chance here and save me usin' up my strength in puttin' the bit of stale on ye. Stoke up, hys! It's better to die workin' than— Whist! Who's callin' me?"

"Patsey!" once again feebly ejaculated the sadly battered Mortimer.

"Howly murther! 'Tis one of the officers makin' a social call on the folks of us!" cried the big stoker.

"Hould yer hush, byes, while I converse wid him."

So saying and still keeping a watchful eye upon the little knot of badly stamped coal heavers, Patsey came and stooped down alongside of the prostrate lieutenant.

"Roight ye are, sir," he replied to the hurried whispering of Mortimer. "It's yerself that!"

The rest of his sentence was lost in another lurch of the badly mauled ship, accompanied by the reverberations of the heavy cannonading, increased a thousandfold by the conductivity of the steel decks overhead.

"Niver mind the coal, byes!" shouted the giant exuberantly, yet making no move toward relinquishing his formidable weapon. "In wid the murgency shuff!"

And may the saints in hivy help the man that gets to worruk lash of all!" he added piously.

Partly from habit, a little by reason of shame, but mostly through the desire of evading the certainty of Patsey's terrible blows, the stokers now stuffed their furnaces with that mysterious compound of cotton waste, oil, resin, and what not, known as "emergency fuel." Its effect was at once apparent. The steam gauges fairly leaped, while the intensely hot flames lashed outward in spite of latched doors and licked the metal ceilings for half their breadth.

Once again the ship staggered beneath the shock of the enemy's cannonade.

"What's the matter wid our gun now?" suddenly demanded one of the stout sturdy workers. "They've scarcely fired at all, and we've been takin' rounds by the hundred!"

"It's disabled all our poppers be, dunlitt," cried Patsey joyously, "so we are goin' to ram the bloody odd!"

With a howl like a pack of hungry wolves, the firemen rushed in a body for the ladder of exit.

"Run far all yer worth, byes," commented Patsey, half under his breath, as he leaned upon his weapon and made no further effort toward restraining them. "It's little I care now that the shame be up, fur if she don't sink us—bad cess to her!—we'll do the thrick fur her, and it'll be more by the same token if we don't both of us go to the botham anyhow. Howly murther—that liver I should!"

With the sound of rending plates and crashing superstructures, the ship heeled far over to port, then righted and commenced to roll regularly from side to side. Stokers, Patsey, the injured lieutenant and all the debris of the furnace room were thrown in a single heap with small regard for their personal convenience.

Up in his conning tower Lieutenant

Beresford looked mournfully out through the eye slits.

"It seems cold blooded work, but then they would play ducks and drakes with my rifles," he murmured as he noted the huge rent in the opposing battleship's side, with the water pouring into it like a mill sluice. Then he dashed hastily back through the overlapping passageway that led out of his safe nook and gave the order, "All hands to save life!"

But without boats, life buoys or even ropes this matter was not capable of being conducted very satisfactorily.

"Enemy's flagship has hauled down ensign, and the others are following her lead, sir," reported one of the petty officers.

Not till that instant did Beresford notice the complete cessation of the cannonading. The battle was over, and the American fleet had won the day!

Far different from the trimly painted and polished, spick and span craft which had sailed away from port so proudly and defiantly some few short weeks ago were the cluster of battered and shattered steel hulks tossing and wallowing about in the heavy sea. But the saddest scenes of all were within their ruined casemates and—had best not be described.

"Hello!" remarked Hughes as he picked his way among the dead and wounded. "What on earth has this man got around him?"

"It's Obadiah Todd, sir," replied the orderly, bringing his hand to the salute. "It was his own invention. A bullet proof coat, sir."

"Eh?" sniffed the surgeon grimly. "And a spent piece of shot has ricocheted from the deck and driven some of the body armor into his vitals. If he had only been stripped like the rest it would have been a simple contusion. As it is, the man is practically as dead as a doornail."

Upon the return to port of the victorious American fleet a number of the seamen and marines were made blind drunk by well meaning but rather too enthusiastic civilians. Incidentally this resulted in the dishonorable discharge from the United States service of a red neckerchiefed stoker named Patsey.

James "Bulled" the Market.

A proud mother tells the following story of her hopeful young son of seven:

"James has always had an eye to a bit of money making wherever possible. The other day I was called from home rather suddenly and, being obliged to leave the baby asleep in her cradle, told James that he must keep watch over little sister and promised him 10 cents for his trouble. When I reached my husband's office, where James knew I was to stop, I found a telephone message awaiting me. My young financier wanted me to call him up, which I did. He wanted to know whether I didn't think his job worth a quarter if the baby should wake up. I knew the baby pretty well and felt safe in agreeing to this demand, for she always slept the morning through. Before I hung up the receiver, however, what was my amazement to hear James screaming at the poor little darling:

"Wake up! Wake up, kid! Buddy's going to 'muse you!'"

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