

NEWS ITEMS FROM LOWER SIUSLAW

Two Bad Accidents Reported Within Last Few Days—Personal Notes of Interest

Glenada, Aug. 14.—Charles E. Harwood is glad to get back to the Siuslaw again after spending several months in Portland.

W. Goodwin met with an accident Monday morning, while at work in Hard & Co.'s mill. He made a quick jump in the doorway to get out of the way, missed his footing and fell several feet, bruising his face and breaking a small bone in his wrist. He was taken to his home in Glenada and attended by Dr. Edwards, who informs us it will be some time before he is able to run the planer again.

We are sorry to hear that Mrs. Emmons met with a very serious accident while up the river to meet her daughter Clara, who had been out to the teachers' examination in Eugene. She fell from the sidewalk on the way to Mrs. Workman's, where she was going to visit, spraining her shoulder, breaking her arm and otherwise injuring herself. She was attended by Dr. Edwards and moved down to her home in Florence on the boat, where he could give her more attention.

George H. Coulter left for the cape last Wednesday with L. H. Campbell, engineer of the Oregon Coast Eastern Railroad and expects to be gone a week or two.

Mrs. Coulter and family spent Sunday at the home of Charles Vanderberg of North Fork. Had a very enjoyable time and was much pleased to see the improvements along the river especially the dyking. There seemed to be miles of it.

Master Dale Harwood left Monday for Eugene to visit his relatives there. Quite a crowd of young folks went down the river on the tug L. Roscoe to go over the bar Sunday.

Leon Harklerod came back from Washington today said he enjoyed his trip and had all the work and money he wanted in that state.

O. R. & N. THE BEST TIME SAVER

Franklin was right when he said: "Lost time is never found again."

The O. R. & N., in addition to giving you 200 miles along the matchless Columbia river, saves you 17 hours to Chicago. It is the

Short line to Lewiston.

Short line to the Palouse country.

Short line to Spokane.

Short line to the Coeur d'Alene country.

Short line to Salt Lake City.

Short line to Denver.

Short line to Kansas City.

Short line to Omaha.

Short line to Chicago.

Short line to all points east.

Three trains each day, 9:15 a. m., 4:15 and 8:15 p. m. The "Chicago-Portland Special" is as fine as the West. Every comfort of home.

For particulars ask any agent of the Southern Pacific Company or write,

A. L. CRAIG,

General Passenger Agent,

Portland, Or.

A Mystery Solved

"How to keep off periodic attacks of biliousness and habitual constipation was a mystery that Dr. King's New Life Pills solved for me," writes John N. Pleasant, of Magnolia, Ind. The only pills that are guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction to everybody or money refunded. Only 25c at W. L. DeLeon's drug store.

Storage! Storage! Storage!

Public and private. Storage of all kinds of goods and material, etc., at reasonable prices. Goods receipted for. Hop storage solicited. Parties having hops to store will do well to see

GEO. T. HALL & SON.

Hop Pickers Wanted

Hop picking will begin at Miller Bros. hop yard September 1. Pickers are wanted.

Longing house, up-to-date, electric lights, good well and city water; papered and painted up in first-class style, for rent. Close to Central school. We want a good, first-class renter that will stay one year or more.

WILLIAMS & CARTMELL.

CASITORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Beck's

The President

Donald Hibbard, a young professor in a college for deaf mutes, determined to spend his summer vacation in company with another member of the faculty, Maurice Dexter, in Europe. In order to be free from the cares of traveling the two friends joined one of those touring parties the managers of which send people off like children in care of a nurse. They found it convenient during their travels when speaking on subjects in which they desired not to be overheard to use the sign language, with which, of course, both were perfectly familiar; not that they were obstructive in this respect, for they were careful not to thus converse with their fingers in company, only using it when no one was very near them.

One day on the steamer going out they were walking the deck. The weather was rough—they were moving against a strong northeaster—and very few passengers were in their steamer chairs. The wind interfered with their hearing, so they naturally fell into "finger talk." Hibbard was speaking:

"I suppose all of us unwedded men have our ideas of marriage so far as it pertains to us individually. In my own case I consider it dependent upon two things—first, I would know the girl I would marry on sight; second, propriety—that is, I must be thrown a good deal in her company."

"Did you ever decide on sight that you would marry a girl?"

"I have already met with such a case. Do you see that girl over there reading a magazine? Well, as soon as I laid eyes on her I felt that I could pass my life with her happily."

"Then why not try to get her? Your first requirement has been reached, and the second is likely to be realized. You will probably be together on this trip for two months."

"That is exactly what I propose to do."

The two men soon after adjourned to the smoking cabin, passing the girl in question, who still had her eyes glued to the magazine. Hibbard soon after secured an introduction and began to pay her occasional attentions. These she received calmly, as she would those of any one she might meet traveling and did not expect to meet after the trip was finished. Nevertheless she never shunned them, and Hibbard found in her a great storehouse of food for conversation. He never wearied when in her company, and his friend Dexter found him quite dull when he was not with her. Indeed, before the vessel reached the French coast Hibbard and the lady were at least boon companions. They made a tour of Switzerland and northern Italy, and on reaching the steamer for their return were considered by the other members of the touring party to be engaged.

That they were not was no fault of Hibbard's, for he had proposed at Chamounix while the highest peaks of the Alps looked down on them. The young lady had not refused him; she had simply declined to give an answer until after their arrival in America. Whether this was because she had not made up her mind that she loved him or wished to make inquiries about him or doubted the constancy of his feelings for her she did not tell him, and he remained in ignorance of her reason. The voyage homeward was naturally a period of profound suspense to Hibbard, but no reasoning or pleading would induce the lady to alter her resolution, and he was obliged to suffer.

They returned to their respective homes, Hibbard to New York and she to Albany, where she lived a part of the time. At parting he endeavored to persuade her to fix a date for him to go to her and receive his answer, but she declined to give him any satisfaction. When they parted he did not know that she would ever send for him.

Hibbard, being dependent on a small salary, concluded that the lady feared he might not be able to give her a living except on the borders of poverty. But this was a surmise. He reached home a month before his college duties were to commence and two weeks later received a letter from an institution in Boston similar to the one in which he taught offering him a much larger salary than he was receiving. He took a train for Boston the same evening and in the morning was ushered into the office of the president of the institution that had made the offer.

A woman sat writing at a desk with her back to him. Presently she arose and turned.

Hibbard saw the girl with whom he had made the tour.

She came forward, a tinge of red in her cheek.

"The president?" exclaimed her lover.

"The president. I have built and endowed this institution. I had a sister who was a deaf mute and thus became interested in this work."

"And you used the sign language in your family?" exclaimed the professor, remembering with horror the words he had spoken in finger talk to his friend more than two months before.

"Yes, and your proposition was known to me the first day I saw you. You but interpreted my own resolution with regard to yourself."

She spoke the last word with averted head, and Hibbard, advancing, took her in his arms.

Hibbard, having been accepted by the president, accepted the president's offer. It was not long, however, before the president came under the orders of the president and resigned her official position in favor of her husband, and she continued to supply the needs of the institution from her ample fortune.

ELEANOR FERROLD.

THE MODERN TORPEDO.

Its Wonderful Mechanism and How It is Operated.

The principle of the torpedo is the placing of a very large charge of high explosive in a steel case fairly all with mechanism and so ingenious that the missile fired from a tube with a small charge of cordite or gunpowder will automatically direct itself to a given target and there explode. The Whitehead torpedo of today is a steel cigar or automatic porpoise shaped weapon or projectile from twelve to seventeen feet long and eighteen inches in diameter at its widest. When ready for firing even a small one will weigh over half a ton. They are delivered in five sections, which contain upward of 2,000 pieces of machinery.

The wet gun cotton in the "war head" is inserted in slabs, each with a hole in its center to receive the core of dry gun cotton directly connected with the detonating primer, which contains fulminate of mercury and a percussion cap. In front of the primer is screwed the water "nose"—a very sensitive nose—which operates automatically when the weapon strikes and sets off the whole charge.

Behind the war head comes the chamber containing the compressed air that drives this singular projectile through the water. Into this chamber is pumped the air at a pressure of 1,500 pounds to the square inch. And this escaping through the valve leading to the little engines provides the motive power. Next comes the mechanism which automatically regulates the depth of the torpedo during its run. This ingenious apparatus has been kept a great secret and sold in turn to the various nations of the world. Not far from the tail of the torpedo are placed the driving engines.

There is also a controlling valve, which can be arranged so as to close automatically after the weapon has run a certain distance, thus obviating a futile explosion in the event of the torpedo missing its target.

At the end of the tail comes the rudder, which keeps the torpedo straight. But the most remarkable piece of mechanism is the gyroscope, like a child's top. It is set automatically by the release of a spring moment or two after the torpedo is shot from its tube. It is the duty of this little device to correct the torpedo's course if it deviates in the slightest degree from its instructions.

France leads the world with her torpedo flotillas. Great Britain possesses about 110 torpedo boats of the first class, 114 "destroyers" 110 second class boats and 20 submarines built or building. Every nation is giving great attention to its torpedo boats. Even China has 44 of the first class and 50 second class torpedo craft. Exchange.

Passing of the Period.

"What has happened to our old friend the period?" remarked a man who observes little things and has a habit of reading advertisements. "It seems to have dropped out of use almost completely in the setting up of advertisements lately. And to any one who pays attention to punctuation the absence of the full stop puzzles him a good deal."

"Here's a book ad., for instance. Reading it as it is punctuated, it gives you reason to believe that in addition to the author saying several complimentary things about his own story he asks you if you've read it, advises you to read it and tells you what its price is. Of course I know they want you to buy their books, but I never saw one doing this in an advertisement before."

"Printers tell me it's the latest style in composition to omit the period. If it is it's the silliest fashion I've observed in a long while, and I'll bet that when that particular author sees that ad. he'll think so too."—New York Press.

Kongo Punishment.

A missionary recently returned from the region of upper Kongo, in Africa, says that he saw there a curious platform thirty feet high erected in front of the head center's house. The latter informed the missionary that it was a large stage from which to shoot leopards, but natives told him that it was a torture platform. Unfortunates who did not bring in sufficient quantities of rubber were first beaten, sometimes almost to death, and then taken to the top of the structure and compelled to gaze at the sun until relatives brought the necessary amount of rubber as redemption.

Sarasate, Who Never Practices.

Sarasate, the great violinist, is in one respect very fortunate among musicians. He knows nothing whatever of the drugstore and weariness of practicing. Most well known singers and great executives go on practicing with more or less regularity all their lives. Not so Pablo Sarasate. He takes up his violin for his own amusement, but his fluency and facility are such that he can dispense with the irksome daily task of playing to keep his hand in.

Tainted Money.

The really unwholesome money, our greasy paper currency, tainted with a tangible and offensively pungent taint, has long been a fertile subject for the pens of public sanitarians and hygienists. The carriage of infectious diseases by these omnipresent and ubiquitous microbes stages, the dollar bills, is far more than a possibility.—New York Globe.

The American Jew.

Says Jacob H. Schiff of New York, the eminent Jewish philanthropist: "It is my conviction that the crossing of the different types of Jew, particularly of the Russian and the German Jew, now beginning to go forward in this country, is destined in the course of the next fifty years to produce the finest type of all times—the American Jew."

A Doctor's Weapon

The country doctor in a sparsely scattered region, being obliged to ride often over a wild country by night as well as by day, meets with a great many dangers. In the early part of the nineteenth century, when Kentucky was being settled, Dr. Eben Kirk was called upon one night to see a very sick patient some twenty miles from his home. As usual, he took his rifle and a dozen rounds of ammunition, threw his saddlebags containing his medicines over his horse and started. It was at the close of a hard winter, when the ground had for several months been covered with snow, though it had melted so far as not to interfere with travel. At such a time the wild animals of a virgin country, made hungry by the difficulty of obtaining food, are especially fierce, and the doctor realized that if he came in contact with any capable of attacking a man he would have to fight for his life. Fortunately it was bright moonlight, and he could see about him.

He had made one half of his journey when he heard a distant barking and knew that wolves were abroad foraging for food. The barking quickly drew nearer, and, realizing that he would have to fight a whole pack, he hurried on, but had not gone a mile before he heard wolves directly behind him. As they came up he turned and fired, killing their leader. This gave him a little time, while the wolves devoured the carcass, to reload.

When they came up again he sent another bullet among them, but his horse was terror stricken, and the doctor could not bring down any special wolf. After firing six bullets in this way at the pack he determined that he must sacrifice his horse. So, dismounting, he left him, taking thought to remove his saddlebags, and ran on. The horse darted wildly away in one direction, while the doctor took another. A part of the pack followed the horse, while the rest followed the man.

Coming to a little eminence protected on the flanks he mounted it and took position to defend himself. He had six bullets left and must use them to advantage. He killed two of his enemies, missed a third and killed a fourth. He had now but two bullets with which to save his life, and there were still half a dozen wolves attacking him. With one bullet he seriously wounded one of them. Then there was a slight respite, while they devoured the dead wolf, but as soon as this was done the others came at him again, and he fired the last bullet. But he was in such terror that he missed every remaining wolf.

He was now reduced to an empty rifle as a means of defense. For a time he clubbed the snarling brutes, barely keeping them from overpowering him. Meanwhile he was trying to invent some new means of defense. He had some acids in his saddlebags which might burn the beasts if he could get it on to them. Then he bethought himself of something in his coat pocket which might better serve his purpose. That day his wife had asked him to bring from the nearest settlement some ammonia. He had done so, but on reaching home, having to make a hurried departure, he had forgotten to leave the ammonia, which remained in his pocket. He always carried in his saddlebags a large syringe and thus he had a weapon and ammunition which might prove formidable.

At the time he thought of this expedient the foremost wolf attacked him. The doctor, buoyed by hope, gathered his faculties, raised his rifle and brought it down on the wolf, sending the animal rolling and howling down the declivity. Without waiting to see the result of his blow he quickly opened his saddlebag and took out the syringe. Then he drew the cork of the ammonia bottle with his teeth and loaded his gun. He had no sooner done so than a new leader for the wolves came at him. The doctor waited till the animal was about to seize him then gave him a charge of ammonia full in the face. The wolf turned and, howling, ran away.

The doctor having gained confidence in his new weapon determined to assume the offensive. He loaded his syringe, advanced and gave the nearest wolf half a charge and the next wolf the remainder. Both recoiled, and the next wolf being at a little distance, the doctor had time to reload.

At that moment two horsemen came galloping up and, seeing a man advancing on wolves with his improvised weapon, one of them exclaimed:

"Why, it's Doc Kirk fightin' wolves with a syringe! I ails claimed that the doctor's pills were more deadly 'n bullets, and now I know it."

The men raised their rifles, and the remaining wolves were soon either dead or put to flight. The doctor fell in a heap, and it was some time before he could tell them of his narrow escape. One of the men gave him his horse, walking himself till they got him to his destination, but he was hardly fit for duty on his arrival.

The men, pleased with the ludicrous side of the encounter, told the story far and wide how "Doc Kirk had" off a pack of wolves by firing pills at 'em with a syringe," and the joke so pleased the simple woodsmen of that time that the doctor could never meet with one of them without being obliged to listen to some such words as:

"Well, doc, hav' y' killed a 'painter' today with yer pill rifle?" or "Don't fire at me, doc; I ain't sick;" or "Have yer own way, doc; I ain't a-standin' agin yer weapons."

There was something too serious in Dr. Kirk's memory for this continued joking, and after enduring it as long as he could he left the country.

LOUIS D. MARKHAM.

WHO DOES YOUR PRINTING

?



HE best work should go to the best printers. Our job office is the best equipped in Western Oregon. Let us give you an estimate on your work. Every time you dress a job with out-of-date type or send out a job that is poorly done you send out a yellow dog to bark against you. As long as he barks you will lose business. Your business associates and your patrons are apt to form a poor opinion of you if you use cheap and poorly printed stationery. "Cheap" printing is dear in the long run. Our work is artistic and the price is reasonable. When you want any work see us and we will save you money and give you better work than you can get elsewhere in Eugene. If you are "from Missouri" come around and we will "show you." Don't send away for your printing when you can get better work for the same money here at home.

GUARD PRINTING Co (Incorporated.)

Dandies of Pagan.

Even the natives of Pagan have their fine gentlemen, their dandies. To rank in this class the young man is compelled to lace his waist and to have a nose ornament of polished shell. But, as an explorer says, "very few young blades can afford to possess one, and accordingly it may be lent either for a consideration or as a very special favor. The possessor of one of these ornaments could easily buy a wife for it, and sometimes it is paid as a tribal tribute by one should he have to pay blood money or be unable to give the statutory pig as atonement for a murder." Pagan husbands, too, have a primitive way of dealing with their recalcitrant wives. A man named Gedon had a shrewish helpmate whom he attempted to tame according to this method: "He would pick up a billet of wood when she was halfway through a tremendous scolding and give her a terrific blow over the back. Thereupon ensued pandemonium. The other men and women would gather round, jabbering, but they would make no attempt to stop the beating once it had begun."

The Fashionable Dinner.

Eight men exclusive of the butler are required to serve a dinner of twenty-four covers, one being allowed for every three diners. Another is stationed in the pantry to "run in" the courses. Absolute order and silence reign among these men, who perfectly understand the butler's cabalistic signs. Electric signals pass constantly between chef and butler. From the seating of guests until the ladies leave not more than eighty-five minutes should elapse, for long dinners are considered bad form. Upon these occasions scarcely a member of the domestic corps escapes some special duty. The housemaid assist the pantry maid. After each course twenty-four silver plates and countless small silver must be carefully cleaned, wiped very dry and then polished with chamols before being put away. Nearly 200 pieces of engraved crystal were must be washed and polished, and it is too costly and brittle to be hastily handled.—Everybody's Magazine.

Surely.

"Tommy is such a sweet child," said a doting mother, "that I often think it will be a miracle if he lives to grow up."

"It will," said the candid neighbor, with a baleful gleam in his eye.

A Coincidence.

Mrs. Janson said to Mrs. Lamms in perfect confidence, "Do you know mine is the prettiest baby in the world?"

"Well, really, now, what a coincidence!" said Mrs. Lamms. "So is mine!"

Here Again.

In the air the kites are flying.
Boys are racing in the grass,
Pulling at the strings and trying
Each the other to surpass.
Here's a scrap; a nose is broken;
Now the victim's on the run.
Yes, I know by every token
That vacation has begun.

Girls are talking of excursions
To the woods to eat their lunch,
While they hourly make incursions
On the pantry in a bunch.
In a corner one is plotting;
Some one says it's all in fun.
Yes, there really is no doubting
That vacation has begun.

On the Quiet.

While kissing between lovers had been so long sanctioned by custom that the makers of the constitution did not think to mention it, yet the antics of the New York youth who woke up the neighborhood saying goodby to his girl would hardly meet the approval of persons of a retiring disposition.

Of course in a big city where there is a constant clamor of noises a lover may have to put on a full head of steam and kiss out loud in order to let the young lady know that something is happening, but he should also have enough judgment to know where to draw the line.

A girl may like to have all of the neighbors know that she was kissed the night before, but she wants to have the pleasure of telling them herself the next morning as a profound secret, and it embarrasses her if wind blows fly up and baldheaded men are excitedly, "Where was the explosion?"

A Tragedy.

"SO FOR THIS BLUE RIBBON!"

I shot an arrow into the air.
It fell to the earth I knew not where;
I thought it was lost, but I found it again,
And my neighbor made me pay for his pen.

Suitor Everybody.

"Hear about that move to change the Fourth of July to the 3d?"
"The idea! What's the idea?"
"So that those who want a quiet Fourth can have it and those who insist on a noisy one can pull it off next day."

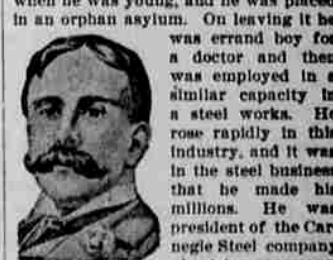
Mrs. Frederick Funston.

Brigadier General Frederick Funston, whose energy in handling the situation in San Francisco during the week following the earthquake elicited great praise, has been captured several times in the course of his career. Once he was captured by the Spanish in Cuba and again was made a prisoner in the very San Francisco which has been the scene of his most recent triumphs. The second time he was captured it was by a pretty San Francisco girl, Miss Eda Blankert, while the regiment he then commanded, the Twentieth Kansas, was at the Presidio awaiting orders to proceed to the Philippines. The latter came before the lovely colonel of the regiment had been acquainted with Miss Blankert a short six weeks. There was no opportunity for a lengthy courtship, so they married at once. Their wedding trip was a walk around the block, and a few hours later he sailed with his regiment.



John G. A. Leishman.

Our representative at Constantinople, John G. A. Leishman, whose post has been raised to the status of an embassy, is reputed a multimillionaire, but he was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth. His parents died when he was young, and he was placed in an orphan asylum. On leaving it he was errand boy for a doctor and then was employed in a similar capacity in a steel works. He rose rapidly in this industry, and it was in the steel business that he made his millions. He was president of the Carnegie Steel company about ten years ago, and it was while he was with that corporation that the assault upon H. C. Frick by Anarchist Bergman occurred. Mr. Leishman was in Mr. Frick's office and helped him to defend himself against his assassin.



Cause and Effect.

"Poor Jones is suffering from melancholia."
"Why, I thought he was the editor of a comic paper."
"He is."

The More the Merrier.

"I want to introduce you to a young lady—a very nice girl—and she's worth her weight in gold."
"Stout girl, I hope."—London Tatler.