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B, and Mrs. C.)-Did you ever hear the like? She lunches down town, ahe sits most of the time, and dou't do any writing. I gave here half a dozen chances to say what she does do, and I call it decledly suspicious that she should be accertive about it. Perhaps— Mrs. C.-If the girl isn't more careful, the like there is the shear of the bar of the shear of t

But the idea of letting that— Three ladies together ins the sound of a heavy fall a crash ard a shriek comes from the floor above)—Heavens and earth! Lucy has broken my beantiful vese, my lovely clock, my dear little bust.

(Diring-room empties rapidly as the bourders rush upstairs to investigate the damage wrought by the carelessness of the chambermaid.)

### At the Restnurant.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox in What To Est. sweet little bird lying silent and dead, With sprays of green water-cress tossed on hk

bed. Two glasses of tears of the fruit of the vine, "Tis the grief of the grape pute the rue in th

wine); A table for two, and a rosente light

And an orchestra playing somewhere out sight.

A table for two, and the two at the table Without the rude racket of carriage and cable, Within, buzzing voices, and clinking and clat-

ter of glasses and silver-but what does it matter? The two are alone in a land love has made, Where a tropical paim (in a pot) casts its shade.

This table for two is a sea-begirt isle. The room full of people who chatter and smile is only a gay summer ocean that plays About the green coast of the two castaways. Love makes its own solltude. Here in 2210

throng

# Two hearts are alone and all life is a song AT THE HOTELS. AT THE HOTELS. THE PORTLAND. The Miller, Chicago Mrs Miller, Chicago Miss Miller, Chicago Miss Miller, Chicago Miss Samuels, Chicago Miss Samuels, Chicago Mrs Miller, Chicago Miss Samuels, Chicago Miss Samuels, Chicago Miss Samuels, Chicago Miss Lang, Chicago Miss Lang, Chicago Miss Lang, Chicago Dr Vinters & W. L. Miss Chicago Miss Chicago Dr Vinters & W. L. Miss Chicago J Davis, Batta Brownson, Jower Jand Cal Brownson, Jower THE PORTLAND.

Columbia River Scenery. Regulator Line steamers, from from Oakstreet dock, daily, except Sundays, The Dalles, Hood River, Cascade Locks, and return. Call on, or 'fone Agent for and return. Call of further information. THE IMPERIAL. C. W. Knowles, Manager C W. Knowles Minnager. M E Hendrick McMin T E Wibite, Amily R E Hubbard, Albany L Finlayson, Ska-mokawa Mrs Finlayson, Go L D Frin, San Fran J L Smith, Tacoma G W Metcealf, Berkeley Mrs D P Mason, Al-bany J W Maxwell, Seattle F D Kuettner, Astoria Jane B Smith, Storia Jane B Smith, Astoria Jane B Smith, Storia Jane B Smith, Storia Mrs Goularias, Vaney Mrs G H Baker, Gol-dendale W H Burnhart, Spokn Abel P Henriot, Cowilly Mrs J E Perguson, As-toria John J Ballersy, Pen-deton THE ST. CHARLES: W Zoop, The Dalles Mrs Corlial, Tacoma M E Hendrick, McMin|Thomas A McBride

Nuptials of Governor Geerand

WAS A NOTABLE SOCIETY EVENT

Simple Ceremony Took Place at the Presbyterian Church, of Astoria,

ASTORIA. Or., June 14.-Governor T. T. Geer, Oregon's Chief Executive, and Miss Isabelle Trullinger, were married in As-toria this afternoon, under circumstances as happy and surroundings as pleasant as could be desired. The weather did not promise well, but resulted in a beautiful sumset as the bridge party started sunsot as the bridal party started away on their special car, amid a shower of rice. The crremony was performed at the First Presbyterian Church, by Rev. Henry Mar-

the bride hardly rendered such arrange-ments possible. Astoria's wealth of flow-ers was levied upon, and the church was a perfect bower of white roses, arranged by the hands of the bride's friends.

The time set for the wedding was 4 o'clock this afternoon. The bridal party entered the church exactly at the hour designated, and six minutes later they were in a carriage, starting for the home of the bride's parents, where the reception took place. The ceremony itself was a simple one, and only in the benediction could be noticed any deviation from that

broke entered the church on the arm of her farther, Mrz. J. T. Boss enag the first verse of Bohm's "Still as the Night." Dur-ing the cercmony, Mrs. H. C. Thompson played "Oh. Promise Me" on the organ. As the Governor and Mrs. Geer left the

J. C. Trullinger, reached the chancel she was met by Governor Geer, who was at-tended by Grant Trullinger, a brother of the bride. Preseding her were the little nephew and neice, Pope Truilinger and Teresa Mack, who acted as flower-bcarera. The bride was attired in a tailor-made traveling gown of dark gray broadcloth, with a hat to match the suit. It was plain, but had a very handsome effect on the fall and stately woman. Her bridge-maid war Miss Downlog, of Salem, who was dressed in pink chiffon, with a picture but to match

Trullinger, Arthur C. Callan and Jack Allen

Following the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, to which only the families of the bride and groom were invited. Through the courtesy of Superintendent McGuire, of the Astoria & Columbia River Raliway. a special car was attached to the even-ing train for the exclusive use of the bridal couple. Their wedding trip will be of about two weeks, and will extend to Puget Sound and British Columbia. A large crowd of friends of the newly married couple assembled at the station to see them off, and wish them the graviest of happiness in their married life. Rice and happiness in their married life. Rice and o'd ahors were in abundance, and the plat-form rearmbled the effect of a snow storm after the train pulled out with the Gov-ernor and Mrs. Geer waving their hand-herchiefs. A number of the bridal party accompanied them as far as Goble, return-ing on the night train. "The presents received by Mrs. Geer were numerous and from some protocol of the

numerous, and from many parts of the country, from her friends and from those of her husband, and represented wealth and artistic taste. They included a large amount of solid silver plate of all descrip-tions, from a spoon to a tea set, and came from neighboring states, and from the East, as well as from Oregon. Mrs. Gen received many choice pieces of decorative art, painted by her artist friends, with whom she had worked. One artist of National fame, L. B. Bischoff, of New York, sent as a gift a small piece that Mra. Geer had painted and presented to him, and on it was painted his name, thereby

ing hundreds of dollars to its money walue. -

# \$1000 FOR A LOST GRAVE.

### How It Was Obliterated in a Night on thePlains.

Denver Republican.

There is \$1000 reward waiting for who ever can find the body of a young man buried on the plains of Northeastern We d County, 15 years ago. In a marble mausoleum near Chicago, there waits a niche for the bones of John Lilly, who died alone on the range in Colorado. In the vault are the bodies of his parents and of his two brothers, and when the bones of the young man are recovered the doors will be sealed, for he was the last of his will be scaled, for he was the last of his line. Tom Minninger, a Wyoming cow-boy, who rode the range for many years in this state, was in the city vesterday. There were men all through the bunch. In this state, was in the city yesterday and told again the story of the lost grave. "It was 15 years ago last August," he

declared, after a process of reckoning, which included all the big svents of range life for many years. "This feller Lilly was the only dving son of an old man in Chicago that owned most of the hash-knife' cattle running at large on the range morth of the Piatte. The boy had been kind of delicate, so the old man scatt him out with a letter to Jim Taylor, the foreman of the mach to the band, and swung them off a lit-

The kid was a nice enough young fel-iter, and the boys give him a good time

all through the Summer. He got so's he could ride a gentle horse pretty well and then the beef round-up came along. We went up across Cow Creek, and down Owl Creek, and then we struck across by the Chalk Bluffs, where we met the State of the poty, and once a horn scraped along rain had turned to a cold drizzle, but I. found myself on the edge of the bunch all through the Summer. He got so's he then the beef round-up came along. woni up across Cow Creck, and down Owl Creck, and then we struck across by the Chalk Bluffs, where we met the found myself on the edge of the bunch and not beil a mile from camp. The and not beil a mile from camp. The cattle had been all around and through through to the river, gathering beef as we went, so as to have about 20 train-loads to ship all at once, as the pound-ups would be over, and the cowpunchers ouid go on to Chicago, with the cattle in the cars. The first camp before we in the cars. The first camp before we the big flat could go on to Chicago, with the cattle in the cars. The first camp before we got to the Buttes was in the big flat where 'Wild Horse' Jerry's dugout used to be. It's a great hig flat, hollowing a little to the center, and in the middle there's springs, and over beyond there's a lake. "The cook was late hitchin' up the grup wagon that morning, and the kid got started just being told how to go to the neat camp, keeping the point of Rig Par-

wagon that morning, and the kid got started just being told how to go to the next camp, keeping the point of Big Paw-ree straight ahead until he came to the That was about 7 of the morning, came driving his six horses to the wagon across the prairie on a trot, had to be in camp and have something to eat ready by 11, and behind him came all the other wagons. They always let our Billy pick the way, because he was an old campaigner. Along with the wagons came the horse herd, eating and running, and cating and running, the wran-gier favoring them along over good feed, because they'd have to have their belies when it came time to change mounts at noon, and then thme the domen great ravvies of steers. 300 or 1000 in each, great wild Texam, ful as hogs and ready to run at the drop of the hat, brought along "The executors of his estate have been out here since looking for the grave, but it's not been found, and I don't think it ever will be. The reward of \$1000 is still good." chreful, so as not to lose a bit more beel on the road than could be helped. I tell you in those days a round-up left its mark when it massed over. On the edge of the flat Bily saw the kid down by the water, sitting on the

ground, kind of bent over, while his horse

help hold the cattle. By the time I got out to the herd they were moving, restless and uneasy, and lowing a little. The night herders said they han't got them to ile down once. Then we heard the roar of rain coming, half an hour before it reached up. It came in bucketfuls, and hall like bullets. The first gusts struck the steers, but they held all right, when we heard the crack-crack-crack of a sixshooter down the wind. Something had started a bunch of cows and calves we were taking to their range south of the Platte.

"They came shorting and bawling, into the first bunch of steeps, and these came smash into the next bunch, and in 10 minutes the whole push was mixed into one keeping their horses up, and trying to work out to the edge through the thin spots. It was as dark as pitch, except when it lightened, and then you could see

it looked like miles and miles, all moving cattle "There were three or four bunches of

the decision of the Board of General Ap-praisers assessing a duty of 35 cents per pound on 100 bales of leaf or filler tobacco.

> -NEED FOR DOMESTIC SCIENCE The Public Schools Should Teach It

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## to the Girls.

CORVALLIS, Or., June 12-(To the Ediior.)—The public school as a creation of the state has always manifested a deep interest in the intelectual advancement of the child. To make an 'Inteiligent being yet more intelligent" has been her sole aim. Impelled by this determination, hands that were originilly stretched out lightly and firmly in mental blessing have scome leaden under the accumulating weight of school curricula. In her desire to "Hellenize" (may the shades of the Greeks forgive us), she has caught at the bare value of knowing, and emphasized that, while the beautiful spirit, the graceful drapertes of thought that should clothe her naked limbs, are far enough away as yet, over the sea. Nor can she at this late hour, though fleets and galleys were

things he gave it up. "We met the old man three days later. at her command, recover her lost estate, for a new spirit, the Roman one, is at nur doors; a spirit which looks for the accomplishment of visual results, which demands the app leation of ideas to every-"We met the ald main three days later. He fired Jim Taylor out of hand for not leaving the cattle, leaving everything, and bringing his boy to the station. Then he put another man in charge, and took all of us who had been at the burying back to look for the remains. But, Lord, there wasn't one of us that agreed on the place to within a 100 yards. It all looked alike where the cattle had been, but we dug around there until Winner drove us out day, material life. It has found its way into literature. Our magazines and pa-pers are expressing well-formulated ideas on the subject of teaching domestic science in our public schools. It has already passed the experimental stage in the Eastern schools. Here are some thoughts on the subject around there until Winter drove us out. The old man declared he was coming back in the Spring and keep up the hunt until he found the grave, but he never lived that long. I guess that boy was about all he lived for, anyhow.

"Which have late y failen under my eye: "The housekeeper of the future, as well as the trained domestic worker, must be educated at school." "Without the home there is no real nation. The spirit which is born in and emanates from the happy

home is the spirit of national life. To save itself, then, the state must make happy homes." In general, does the pub-lic school tend to make, or try to fit Provision must be made acqually in the Boston public schools for 2500 addi-tional pupils. lic school tend to make, or try to fit that no one can throw o its men and women students for this, out hitting Mr. Bryan.

other countries are concerned, but so far as the Constitution of this country is con-cerned, is a foreign country, and that the United States can govern it without subjecting it to the burden of National subjecting it to the burden of National taxation, and that the status of the in-taxation, and that the status of the in-thabitants will remain unchanged until Congress shall determine it. The desirent of Julke Townsend affirms edge on the part of the embryonic house wife that there shall be to her judiclous work necessitates their absence from home buying of meats and vegetables, proper cooking of the same, with further knowl-edge of housekeeping, such as shall make the home a safe haven of life, this certainly is as important for her as the knowledge of many things taught, even though they be dead languages and

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the higher mathematics. Since the object of all endeavor is to get wealth, as an economic question can we afford to allow the thousands growing up anord to allow the thousands growing up to parallel in their housekeeping "the waste of small coal in the mining regions and the wholesale destruction of forests in the garbage pail"? In the husbanding of time and strength which is now spent of time and strength which is now spent in passing to and fro 10 times in the ac-complishment of work where once would serve, as applied mechanics it has not been the province of the schools to teach; but I believe the time is not far away, even in the Oregon public schools, when the household and its management will be one of the mest important factors in its advectional system as it is now the its educational system, as it is now the most vital in National prosperity. MARGARET C. SNELL.

# Bryan Not Entitled to All Credit.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Bryan's visit to Oregon is not entirely responsible for the increased Republican majority. Some of Carl Schurz's anti-expansion speeches were ckculated in the state as campaign documents.

# The Ones Who Bear the Burden.

Boston Herald. There's a good deal of solemn truth in Uncle Solon Chase's remark that about all these labor disturbances fall heavier on men in overalls than on the capitalists.

# Mr. Bryan Is the Whole Thing.

Montgomery Advertiser. One thing about the Chicago platform should be fully understood, and that is that no one can throw chunks at it with-

of California couples who have married at Reno. Nev., within the past two years, under the belief that a marriage outside of this state nullified the law, inasmuch as the marriage outside of this state nullified the law, inasmuch as the marriage ceremony was not peris the marriage ceremony was not per-formed within the jurisdiction of the courts of California. "Cupid" Danforth, the marriage license clerk of this city, stated today that he had refused licenses to over 600 divorced people within the past two years, and of that number 500 past two years, and of that number 300 were married in Newada, in order to evade the law of this state. Over 1350 California couples have been married at Reno since the enactment of the law. How many were married at Virginia City and other towns in that state is unknown, but the number is considerable. In the isnguage of Judge Belcher, "all of those couples who now suppose themselves murrled are holding meretricious relations toward each

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pression to equally generous thoughts upon poetry in an article entitled The Poetry of a Machine Age," in the June number of that magazine. According to Mr. Lee's liberal definition, a poet is one who loves his work, and-

So long as the thing a man works with is a part of an inner ideal to him, so long as he makes the thing he works with express that ideal, the heat and the glow, and the iuster, and the beauty, and the unconquerableness of that man and of that man's delight shall be upon all that he does. It shall sing to he It shall sing to all on earth who over to heave

that so long as the church workings the infor-er's God, but does not reverence labor, there shall be no religion in it for men today, and none for worsen and children tomorrow. I only know that so long as there is no poet amongst us who can put himself into a world, as this man, my brother, the engineer, is putting him-self into his engine, the engine shall remove

And, of course, I couldn't think of be-Ing seen on the street with any of them. I've seen and heard enough in the halis to make that impossible, but, thank heaven, I'm no goreip. I'm glad they are gone, though. Did you ever see such a show as that hat Annie Jenkins has been

Mrs. C.-What does Jenkins do? Mrs. C.-What does Jenkins do? Mrs. B.-I don't know. Mrs. Pry tried her best to invectigate after those stories were told, but every member of the family were told, but every member of the family as much as said it was none of her business. And she was simply trying to set them right with the other boarders. Mrs. Pry thinks he is either a book agent or a faro dealer. She saw him shuffle the cards with only one hand, and Mise Orchardson, whose room is next to theirs, has often heard the sound of chips in their room. You know, if you leave your closet door open you can hear almost everything that's going on in the rooms on either side of-Mr. Wearyworld (in an angry whisper)-

Mr. Wearyworld (in an angry whisper)-Here somes the March girl. I suppose she'll try to sit at our table. I'll bet she's got her poodle with her, too. Mr. W., Mr. Younglooks and Miss March (speaking all together, the latter bowing to Mrs. Catt and Mrs. Busytalk as ahe passes their table)-Why, how do you do? Good morning. So glad to see you. Mrs. C. (shrilly)-She's only been here two weeks, and here she is taking the seat

Mrs. C. (shrilly)-Bha's only been here two weeks, and here she is taking the seat next to the window at the head of the table. I'm gind she isn't-Mrs. B.-Mrs. Pry says she's a model at one of the big dry goods stores. I'm not sure about it, though, for I tried on cloaks at almost every store last week and could not locate her. I suppose her poodle-Mrs. C.-Ien't it awful the may she are Mrs. C .- Isn't it awful the way she car-

ries on about that dog? I called it into my room the other day and she sent for the elevator man and had him telephone for the police before I knew she had missed it Mrs. B .- H's not a thoroughbred, any-

way. Wasn't that a queer-looking fou-lard silk she had on at church yesterday? I had samples almost like it, but, heavens! "m glad I saw hers first.

Mrs. Pry (entering the room and taking the vacant pince at the table with the two men and Miss March)-Good morning, Miss March. Good morning, gentlemen. All ready for another week's work. I sup-You don't come home to lunche pose. You do Miss March?

Miss March-No. I lunch down town. Mrs. P-Ion't your work exhausting. Miss March?

Miss M.-No, not particularly. Mrs. P.-But don't you get tired stand-ng so much of the time? Miss M .- Oh, but I sit most of the time. Mrn. Busytalk (her shrill voice striking

Minh Burytain ther minin voice scrinking a higher key)-And silk stockings and a dozen pair of white gloves, and a new bonnet and two pairs of shoes. I saw them all delivered this afternoon. I s'opped the delivery boy in the hall, for I thought he might have something for me. How do they ever do it on \$1500 a year?

helleve-Mrs. C.-Her laundry came to my room by mistake jast week, and I opened it, of ourse, before I realized the error. Well, of all the extravagant women I ever heard of 1 There were actually ten-Mrs. Pry-Writing is such hard work.

Miss March in? it? Miss March in? it? Mism M.-I don't write much. Mrs. Pry-I didn't mean with a pen. my dear, but do you find that a-Miss M.-I don't write with anything.

Excuse me, please, I must hurry down

Mrs. Pry (leaving table and joining Mrs.

Abon J Ballioray Per-dieton THE ST. CHARLES. W Zopp, The Dalles C R King, Yoncalla Chas Euon, Westhon Thilamook S J Ross, South Bandi E Sector, Westhon Thilamook S J Ross, South Bandi E J Boss, South Bandi E J Boss, South Bandi E J Boss, South Bandi E J Ross, Ban Fran C Thompson, Sam Fran C Thompson, Sam Fran C R Allison, Grass Vy N Talima Miss McDanleis, M Yalima Miss McDanleis, M Y Fallson, Grass Vy A Fallso

Hotel Brunswick, Seattle, Suropean; first class. Rates, 75c and up. One block from depot. Restaurant next door.

Tacoma Hotel, Tacom fcan plan. Rates, \$3 and American plan.

Donnelly Hotel, Tacoma. European plan. Rates, 50c and up.

Brakemen, though seemingly prosale men, love a railway as Shakespeare loved a sonnet, says Mr. Lee, and if there even was a post the engineer is one. The feeling that the latter has for his machine is made up of pacelon and devotion, and poetry and such centiments ought to put the mechanical arts on a level with the fine arts. Mr. Lee says: I only know that so long as the fine arts, in an are like this, look down on the mechanical arts, there shall be no fine arts. I only know that so long as the church worships the labor-

other.' We Are All Poets. Chicago Tribune. Gerald Stanley Lee, who recently expressed such optimietic views of journalism in the Atlantic Monthly, has given ex-