

Geo. W. Dunn and wife are in the city. K. Kuhl, of Jacksonville, is in Eugene. Ed Test will return from Portland tomorrow. John Stewart paid Junction a business trip yesterday. The Lambert brick on 8th street has been completed. Miss Stella Rowland went to Turner on the local this morning. Dr. D. A. Paine made a professional visit in Linn county today. Prof. Mark Bailey returned from Monmouth this afternoon. A. C. Auten and children are visiting at Creswell this afternoon. Chas. Mayhew went to Portland this morning to remain a few days. Dr. M. M. Davis, of Yaquina City, came up on this afternoon's train. Henry Fisher went to Colfax yesterday where he intends locating. The street car line is doing a good business this commencement week. Misses Baltimore and Hewitt of Albany are visiting friends here this week. Attorney W. S. McFadden, of Corvallis, is in the city in attendance upon court. Tillamook had a disastrous fire on June 19th. Loss, \$75,000; insurance, \$10,000. John Carson, ex-member of the class of '93, is up from Portland, to attend commencement. C. W. Lamson, formerly of Junction, but now of Forest Grove, spent last night in Eugene. Mrs. R. S. Bean and son, of Salem, came up on the local this afternoon and are visiting relatives. Rev. C. M. Hill and family of Portland, are in the city attending commencement exercises. Numbers of immigrants are arriving from the east and have the appearance of making thrifty citizens. Sheep from outside counties are being driven into the mountains of Grant county by the thousands. Miss Frances Carson of Portland is visiting her sister, Prof. L. C. Carson, and attending commencement. Prof. Reid and son left on the overland last night for a week's visit at Klamath Falls, in southern Oregon. Mrs. S. S. Train of Albany is visiting at the residence of G. M. Whitney and attending the university exercises. Miss Alice G. Friedlander, editor of the Portland "Student" is visiting friends at the residence of Chas. Laurer. Considerable amusement was created through the John Green trial which has taken up the time of the court today. I. L. Campbell of the GUARD, returned home from a trip to the world's fair and Chicago last night. He reports having had a pleasant visit. Mr. Close counted those in attendance at the exercises of the conservatory of music, held at Villard Hall, last evening. The number present was 1,360. The sprinkling of Eleventh street to the university is an action of our city council which meets the high approval of the crowds who attend commencement exercises. Mrs. W. H. Matthews and Miss Jennie Craig will leave Friday night for Monterey, California. Mrs. Matthews will remain there for about three weeks, then visit her brothers, Geo., James and Robt. Scott, at Show Low, Arizona. Richard Carlisle of Hillsboro, while walking on a log carrying a double billed ax, fell, striking his head upon the ax and cutting a frightful gash. The unfortunate man nearly bled to death before he could reach a house and receive assistance. The governor yesterday appointed Benjamin Schofield and A. Noltner as regents of the normal school at Monmouth. They will serve a term of six years. Benjamin Schofield is a well-known farmer of Cornelius and Mr. Noltner is Tony Noltner of Portland. B. Brown, a Wahkiakum county farmer, objected to his neighbors building a public road across his farm. When he put up a fence they tore it down, and when he got in their way they took hold of him, rolled him in the mud, blacked both of his eyes, and then had him arrested for obstructing the highway. Probably the most picturesque 4th of July celebration yet planned in the state is to take place on the historic grounds of old Fort Klamath this year. The principal feature will be a sham battle between Co. D, of Ashland and Troop R, of Klamath Falls, against a band of Modoc Indians from Klamath reservation. Brigadier-General H. B. Compton, Major James Jackson and Captain H. E. Mitchell, son of the senator, will be present. Captain O. E. Applegate will deliver the oration. Rev. Jesse Kirk, the Indian, will deliver the address.

**ANOTHER BARK "BUCKER."**  
A Benton County farmer floated out of \$1,200.—An Old Trick.  
Special to the OREGON.  
ALBANY, Or., May 28.—Yesterday Wm. Abrams, a wealthy farmer across the river, made arrangements with two alleged Portland bankers to sell his farm and also buy another. As a part of the arrangements he placed thirteen hundred dollars in cash, with \$700 of their money to make up \$2000 needed in the matter in a tin box to keep until morning, when the transaction was to be completed. The box contained bricks this morning. The men have fled.  
**The Body recovered.**  
PORTLAND, Or., June 18.—The body of Miss Carrie Barker, who committed suicide last evening, was recovered this morning by Hugh Brady, a short distance from the place where she sank. Unrequited love appears to be the cause of the rash act.  
**LAWN PARTY.**—The Misses Hollenbeck gave a lawn party to about thirty-five of their young friends at their residence 1 1/2 miles north of this city last Saturday evening. Light refreshments were served and all had an enjoyable time.

**As the evidence indicated Lizzie Borden has been acquitted.** It is probable that the real criminal is safe from capture after this lapse of time, making his escape sure while the police were making every effort to fasten the crime on the unfortunate young woman.  
**The increase during the past year in the number of bicycle riders reminds us that it will not be long before they will be a power in favor of good roads.** Nearly one-half of the riders are old enough to vote, and every rider of the wheel will act intelligently in favor of road building. This has been exemplified in the East, and some of the best pieces of roadway in the United States are due to the efforts of wheelmen.  
**The path tread by royalty is not always a pleasant one.** For instance, Maliteoa, of Samoa, is so hard up for finances that he solicits washing for his wives. It is lucky for him that polygamy prevails in that country, for one woman could not support him in royal style. In this favored country it is often the case that the wife must work very hard to sustain the tired husband in the necessities of life, such as tobacco, whisky, etc.

**There is not the least excuse for alarm over the financial situation in Eugene.** The capital and property of the gentlemen who control the banks represent very large amounts above the liabilities, and their ability to pay is unquestioned. Of course like all others they feel the financial stringency that now affects the whole country, the world in fact. To the credit and good sense of depositors there has been little excitement. The good estimation in which the proprietors of the Lane County bank is held is shown by the fact that no one of the depositors has commenced suit, being willing to allow them time in which to resume business. The other two banks have done about their usual business, an evidence that depositors have confidence in their soundness.  
**After all Oregon makes somewhat of a show at Chicago.** In horticulture, wheat and forestry she has been all right. Now she is taking a lead in the fisheries exhibit. An 82-pound salmon frozen in a cake of ice is the center of attraction. A bull fin seal weighing 1500 pounds, caught off Elk City, also attracts attention. A Chicago paper says: The various state exhibits at the world's fair form an eminently useful object lesson as indicative of the material resources of the several states and the progress made by their citizens in art, sciences and manufactures. Not the least attractive of these displays is that made by the state of Oregon. Covering an extensive territory which enjoys every variety of climate and temperature, possessing a remarkably fruitful soil, traversed by many rivers, having a diversified coast line with many harbors, Oregon possesses in herself everything necessary to make her a rich and powerful community.

**Australia has too much mutton and too little money for the number of banks trying to earn interest on it.** This year a drouth is afflicting New South Wales, and pasture is scarce. On one range things got to such a pass that 2500 sheep were offered to anybody for nothing, but without an acceptor. The thrifty owner had taken care to shear his sheep and they were not worth a cent for any other purpose. In other parts of the country the flocks are being bled down. After clipping about half a dollar is a fair price and the buyer has no great margin of profit. Things are going to the bad with almost as much bang as in the Argentine Republic, where the skin is worth more than the carcass. The Australians are very hopeful that times will flourish once more, but they must expand in their industries. Wool and meat exporting is not sufficient, especially as both show tendencies downward. Many of the sheep runs are no longer rich as a gold mine.

**Battlefields Made by Women.**  
In olden days, when armies went forth to battle all in their armor dressed, the flag they carried in the forefront of their ranks was worked and embroidered by the hands of fair ladies at the court, who thus visibly signaled to every man who carried sword or halberd the hopes, sympathies and good wishes of those whose limbs were unfit for the rough experience of the war. It is a custom which in modern days has nearly gone out of fashion. Recently the Andrea Doria, an Italian battleship, was presented with colors worked by the ladies of the city of Genoa, and the hoisting of the symbol to the mast was made the occasion of great rejoicing.  
**A correspondent in the Queen asks why something of the same kind should not be done in England.** It is believed that no ship of the British navy has ever left port carrying an ensign worked and presented by the ladies of England. And yet it would be difficult to imagine a more appropriate flag for any vessel, whether entering into battle, liberating slaves from terrible cruelty or carrying a message of peace and protection to the oppressed, than one made by the hands of women at home. The correspondent suggests that ladies should bestir themselves in this direction and make a beginning by presenting to a battleship a silk ensign worked by themselves.—London Telegraph.

**Lode Fuller Likes Corsets.**  
Lode Fuller refutes the argument of the dress reformers that grace is incompatible with corsets by announcing, as the result of her own experience, that a well made corset fits the body exactly and supports instead of confines it—in short, a help rather than a hindrance to grace. "I do not think I could dance without a corset or a boned waist," she says, "and I am quite sure that I could do all of my dances in the snugest street gown I own. It is nonsense to suppose that grace and well fitting gowns cannot go together. It is easier for a woman to be graceful if her dress fits her than if she is wearing a loose rag of a dress." She says, too, that the day is past when women could walk and dance better without heels. The foot has been trained for generations to walk with a heel and without it is badly strained across the instep. For dancing purposes she recommends a plain satin slipper because it gives to the foot and foot without ornamentation makes the foot look small.

**Mrs. Marshall's Demonstration.**  
Mrs. A. B. Marshall of London is at the head of what is probably the greatest cooking school, pure and simple, in the world. Recently in her class she gave a demonstration of a ball supper for 100 guests, and herself prepared everything in the elaborate menu of nearly 40 dishes. The process occupied 6 hours, and 190 interested women, with a small sprinkling of men, looked on from start to finish. It is a testimony to Mrs. Marshall's other than cooking talents that she is reported not only to have riveted their attention through the long object lesson, but by her energy and good humor "kept them in capital spirits the whole time."  
**When the dishes were ready, they were set out on a fully decorated and furnished banquet board, thus illustrating the complete process.**—Exchange.

**The Woman Who Attracts Attention.**  
The ebullient are now worn quite behind the waist. So runs the latest fashion mandate, which isn't as absurd as it sounds, for so universally recognized is the fact that a fine carriage is one of the essentials of a prepossessing appearance that the smart woman carries her head high, her chest well thrown out and her elbows necessarily fall well back out of the way. This is particularly true of city women, who realize that the woman who makes the best effect is always the woman who carries herself well. On closer acquaintance the pretty face be-gins to tell, and somewhere between the two dresses comes in for a share of attention as to details with men.—Exchange.

**The Artistic Girl's Latest Fad.**  
A fad of the artistic girl, who would once have called herself aesthetic, is to "walk down Piccadilly with a sunflower or a lily in her medaival hand," but to stroll up the avenue with a single rose of pink or dark red, pink preferred, in her delicate grasp. This she does if her street gown happens to be of pale gray or fawn or any other shade which the flower would serve to enhance, rather than to wear it attached to her person, where it would soon become unpleasantly wilted.—Exchange.

**Chicago Girls at the Theater.**  
It is form now in Chicago for girls to take off their hats at the theater. At the Duse performance one Saturday afternoon the audience was intensely fashionable, and at least 10 women in the parquet removed their hats, placed them in their laps, patted their locks in a manner not unlike the great Duse herself, and then sat in placid contentment, assured that they were attracting much attention and had carried out the latest fad.—Exchange.

**A Mother's Will Found a Way.**  
Although she had neither money nor friends and her 3-year-old baby was dead, Mrs. George Loganza of West Hazelton, Pa., did not despair. She made a nest shroud of her own garments for her child, and then built a rude coffin from some old lumber which she found in the cellar of her neat but unhappy home. Two weeks ago her husband left her, presumably to seek work, and nothing has since been heard of him.—Chicago Women's News.

**The Lamp Fad Carried Too Far.**  
Lamps are the present means of lighting, but why turn our rooms into lamp shade? I know a young married woman who glories in the awful fact that she has 14 lamps in her drawing room. Each of these lamps is shaded with an abnormal dromostreity in the way of paper balletskirts, rag flowers and other trash, until art is killed with vulgar quantity and confagration imminent.—Boston Traveler.

**Working for the Queen of England.**  
The absence of Queen Victoria in Florence has spared her the pain of reading in the London newspapers the ungrateful declaration of a man employed as a carrier on her Windsor private estate. The man was defendant in a civil action involving the payment of money and pleading poverty. The queen, he said, paid no better than other people, and her people had to work harder. His wages were 10 shillings a week and lodgings found, which did not leave him much to spare after feeding himself.  
"Ah," said the magistrate trying the case, "you should think of the honor."  
The defendant sturdily replied, that the amount of much honor to be got out of 10 shillings a week.  
It would seem from this case that the queen pays her farm laborers and workmen generally on her private estate from 2 to 4 shillings a week less than the average wages in the district, which is not at all surprising to those who know her frugal, not to say parsimonious mind; she would not in any case read the indignant comments of the radical press, because she reads only the Tory Times, Morning Post and Whig Daily Telegraph when at home, and not one of these would venture to hurt her feelings by referring to such a matter. During her stay abroad she sees only the Times, which of course is absolutely safe reading.—London Cor. New York Sun.

**Young Men in Politics.**  
Mr. Chauncey M. Depew has written for Donahoe's Magazine an article in answer to the question, "Should young men go into politics?" Mr. Depew answers no—that is, he strongly advises young men not to adopt politics as a career.  
But this answer is based upon present conditions—upon the low estate in which we find American politics today. How the tone of public life is to be raised unless young men of strong and conscientious patriotism and unselfishness enter it and strive to improve it he does not tell us.  
Talking things as they are, however, this passage from Mr. Depew's article is admirable:  
"Every young man should be interested in politics and take as active a part in the political affairs of his neighborhood as the time at his disposal from his business will permit. He should belong to some party and understand its principles. He should attend its caucuses and do such party service as he can. He should never fail to vote on election day, when there are movements on foot for reforms necessitated by corruption or to put bad men out of office, he should be on hand and ready to fight for the redemption of his city, town or state."

**Chicago's Motley Crews.**  
Sixteen races, with features built on all the lines of facial architecture, rode side by side in a World's fair smoker last evening. The collection was so speckled and mottled in disposition and color that a census was taken. There were two gibbering Zulus, who had come with African diamond dust; three sad Turks, with fezzes and scimitars; a group of Chinese actors; a penate Spaniard, with scabbard; a begoggled Englishman, who divided a strap with an Arab; a brace of Frenchmen, all angles and points; a high bred and long whiskered Russian, a bronzed Greek, a Kansas farmer; just-over Germans, who crowded a mild mannered man from Ceylon; a handsome Viennese; two Egyptians, with bare legs; four Venetian gondoliers in citizen's clothes, and a Norwegian commissioner.—Chicago Herald.

**The Biggest Fresh Water Cargo.**  
The new steamer Selwyn Eddy, the largest freight carrier in the world floating on fresh water, was loaded recently for her initial trip. She carries the largest cargo of wheat ever shipped on the lakes. A close estimate places her exact capacity at 150,000 bushels or about 35,000 bushels more than the largest cargo ever carried on the lakes.  
An ordinary freight car carries about 500 bushels of wheat, and the Selwyn Eddy's cargo is equal to 300 carloads. A train containing 300 cars would be about two miles long. Twelve engines would be required to draw such a train. The cargo of the Eddy, if ground into flour and made into bread, would feed 20,000 people for one year.—Detroit Tribune.

**A Plague of Butterflies.**  
Millions of butterflies are drifting about the Arkansas valley, and it is feared that they will do great damage to fruit. The butterfly itself is harmless, but it deposits eggs in the blossoms which, when hatched, produce worms that feed upon the developed fruit. Fruit growers, to protect themselves from the dire results that follow the visits of these beautiful pests, resort to spraying their fruit, which effectually destroys the egg germs.—Kansas City Times.

**Good Seasonable News.**  
In the long run there is no such tonic as the open air of spring. Any apparent feeling of languor is not a sign of debility. It is the first symptom of recovery from debility. In most sicknesses when a man begins to feel lax he is on the verge of recovery. The "extreme tired feeling" that comes with spring is not ill health. It is convalescence from winter.—Boston Globe.

**An Indian With Sense.**  
A pretty but foolish Long Island girl recently escaped the vigilance of her angry parents and eloped with an Indian medicine man belonging to a traveling company. But the Indian was evidently the more sagable of the two and deserted the girl before they had taken the train to leave town.—New York Ledger.

**Horrible Customs of New Guinea.**  
There are many savagities in gloves this spring, but as always happens they are chosen by the best dressed women. There could be no more low and disgusting fad than the one of the hands in brass green gloves, a trifle more hideous than those in royal purple.—Brooklyn Eagle.

**When the old gentleman saw her coming into the office he smiled, for she was petite and plump and fair to the eye.** "Is this Mr. Harry Hartley's father?" she inquired, addressing him.  
"It is, miss," responded the old gent, rising and offering her a chair, with a bow.  
"Then I came too see you, sir, about your son," she said simply.  
"My son?" and the father looked disturbed.  
"Yes, sir; your son Harry. It is concerning a matter in which I am personally interested."  
"What," glowered the father, "has that young rascal been?"  
"I beg your pardon," she interrupted. "Harry is all right. I love him and he loves me, and I have asked him to be my husband. He has agreed to it and now I am here to get your consent to our union. Do I get it?" and her tone had the ring of determination around it.  
It was fifteen minutes before Harry's father recovered consciousness, but when he did he kissed the leap year damsel and she went away rejoicing.—Detroit Free Press.

**Smithers—How old are you?**  
Miss Randolph—Oh, I don't tell my age any more—as old as I look.  
Smithers (with deep feeling)—Not—Harper's Bazar.

**An Urgent Case.**  
"Milkman, please stop a moment!"  
The lady came running down the front steps in great haste, and the driver of the milk wagon stopped his horse.  
"I see you have 'Jersey milk' painted on your wagon," she said. "Is it from pure Jersey cows?"  
"Yes'm. We make a specialty of keepin' nothin' but pure Jerseys."  
"Do you have some cows that are better than others?"  
"Yes'm."  
"Some that give better milk than the rest?"  
"Yes'm."  
"Do you keep their milk separate?"  
"Yes, we keep the milk from our freshest and best cows in a separate can."  
"And charge more for it?"  
"Why, it's like this, you know. We have regular customers that's been takin' milk from us for years, and if they want the milk from that can, why, of course we—we let 'em have it for about the same figure as the other. Some of them are particular, you know. There's folks that have babies, for instance. They generally want—"  
"Yes, I know. But where they have a very young baby—a very delicate baby—don't they sometimes want the milk from one choice cow, unmixed with any other?"  
"Yes'm."  
"Can you supply such milk as that?"  
"Yes, but that costs considerable more than the other milk. We only do it to accommodate. It makes a good deal of trouble, and we have to keep it in a glass jar that holds about two gallons that we got made especially to order."  
"I don't care how much it costs! Can you supply me with a quart of that kind of milk every day?"  
"Yes'm, but—but a baby can't possibly use a quart of such milk a day to save its little!"  
"I only want it for the cream. I shall skim that off and throw the milk away."  
"But such rich cream as that for a little baby, ma'am!"  
"It isn't for a baby, sir! I want it for my dear little Fido."—Chicago Tribune.

**Groundless Fears.**  
It is not so very long since a lady living in Harlem rushed into the house of one of the most fashionable families and said to the lady of the house, "I have just heard that your son has been doing something terrible."  
"Merciful heavens! What is it?"  
"Oh, is that all? How you scared me! I was afraid that he had been eating meat during the lenten season."—Texas Sittings.

**Time Enough.**  
Mrs. Bingo—Are you going to the theater in your dress suit?  
Bingo—Of course I am.  
Mrs. Bingo (wildly)—Then why don't you put it on? Dear, dear, I am almost ready and you haven't done a thing.  
Bingo—Don't worry, dear. I have ample time to put it on while you are seeing if your hat is on straight.—Clothing and Furnisher.

**The Professor at the Dinner Table.**  
He is discovered deeply absorbed in calculations as to the next appearance of a comet. To him enters the house-keeper with the inquiry, "Please, sir, when have I to serve up the dinner?"  
Professor—On the 27th of September, 1918.—Gesellschaft.

**An Appropriate Heading.**  
City Editor—We ought to get a "new heading for the weather column."  
"Local Forecasts" is about played out.  
Assistant—How would "The Unrespected Always Happens" do?—Life.

**A Change of Implement.**  
Twyann—Barbers don't do leeching now as they used to.  
Triple—No. They do their blood letting with the razor instead.—Detroit Free Press.

**It Couldn't Be.**  
Winks—I hear that De Chappie fell in a fit on Broadway today.  
Minks—Impossible. He had on a suit of English made clothes.—New York Weekly.



Pretty Far Gone.