

APPOINTED REGENT.

Gov. Lord Appoints D. P. Thompson of Portland, a Member of the Board.

Daily Guard, May 22. Hon. D. P. Thompson, of Portland, was appointed a regent of the State University, by Gov. Lord, yesterday, to fill the place made vacant by the death of Hon. L. L. McArthur.

The appointment is a very satisfactory one. Mr. Thompson has long been closely identified with the development of the state, and has always taken a lively interest in educational affairs.

He served as a deputy surveyor for many years and no inconsiderable portion of the public lands of Oregon was surveyed by him. He served a term as territorial governor of Idaho, and was afterwards engaged in the banking business at Portland.

Commissioners Court.

Table listing court proceedings including medical attendance on pauper, supplies for pauper, and various legal cases with associated costs.

War Exists in Cuba.

The United States senate by a vote of 41 yeas to 14 nays recognizes the belligerency of the insurgents in Cuba.

Resolved, etc., That a condition of public war exists between the government of Spain and the government proclaimed and for some time maintained by force of arms by the people of Cuba, and that the United States of America shall maintain a strict neutrality between the contending parties, according to each and all the rights of belligerency in the ports and the territory of the United States.

The affirmative vote was cast by 18 republicans, 19 democrats and 4 populists; the negative vote was cast by 12 republicans and 2 democrats.

On Exhibition.

Attorney Woodcock's Mexican hat is on exhibition in a Ninth street millinery show window.

A MISTAKE.—The State Journal says Kap Kubil has been engaged to train the U of O athletic club for the state field day meet. This is a mistake. Mr. Kubil says that under the rules laid down by the faculty he would not think of attempting the training of the team, and that he believes, their defeat under the circumstances will be certain.

DIED.—Judge J R Bryson died in New York City at 4.30 yesterday afternoon from cancer.

THE AUTUMN OF HOPE.

Where are the flowers gone? Dead and bare, they are only the ghosts of their former lives. Not so, for the roots and seeds are there, kept safe and sure till the spring arrives.

THE FRESHMAN.

The sophomore stood at the window beside the big door at the end of the hall, his hat tipped far back from his forehead and his hands deep in his pockets, looking out at the green campus. Before the door the broad, red walks, marked with countless boot heels, stretched away like the spokes of a wheel from the hub, and across them the tall trees threw deep shadows.

For a month the sophomore had been longing for a sight of the familiar campus, but now that the longing was satisfied its place had been taken by a distaste for approaching work. Moreover, the only old acquaintance he had come across was the short, red faced keeper of a cigar store, and as a conversationalist "Rosy" was a failure.

One of the figures near the farther door slipped down from the seat on the radiator and came slowly through the hall, stepping softly and seeming to fear the hollow echoes in which the walls shouted back the sound of footsteps. By this sign the sophomore knew him for the freshman that he was. He remembered the time when the walls of the old building had seemed to cry, "Fresh! Fresh!" at him.

DUE TO A DOG.

"I hope you will thoroughly enjoy your holiday, nurse," said the matron, looking thoughtfully at the slender figure before her. Nurse Villiers turned away with a smile lingering about her sweet lips.

"Yes, Miss Eva, the woods are free to people staying at the farm. We have a sort of right of way through them, and it includes our visitors. They all belong to the owner of the park. Who is he? Well, we haven't seen him yet, dearie. I have heard he was a doctor in London, who came quite unexpectedly into the property.

"That argument is aldermanic," said the young man. "That's a remarkable view of the question," said the sophomore. "It's not an original idea," said the sophomore.

"My father would feel bad if I didn't get in," he said slowly. The sophomore gurgled delightedly. "You may spoil your future by neglecting to take the precautions that others take," he said.

"He's a good fellow," he said half to himself. Then he turned and went up the hall, leaving the freshman by the window. At the farther end of the hall he paused and came slowly back.

"I never thought one odd shoe would be of any use," said Nurse Villiers, holding it up for inspection. "But little Jenny Williams will be glad of it, since her foot was amputated."

"The Right Man. Visitor—I'd like to get you to take the agency for our antitobacco preparation. It is warranted to cure the taste for tobacco in every form."

The young man's face took on a rosy-red tinge. "I don't mean that you couldn't have done it otherwise," said the freshman. "I mean that it must be easy if there's so much of it."

BODY SNATCHING.

Oregon has been remarkably free from the crime of body-snatching. The rifling of the Ladd tomb and carrying away the remains of the dead millionaire is a business proposition for the perpetrators of the unanny deed.

"I am lucky," she thought, "to have dear old Betty to fall back upon. When papa died and left me a homeless orphan in the old vicarage, I little dreamed that in little more than a year I should be so thankful to pay a visit to my nurse's old farm. I wonder if I shall meet my late at Brambleton? Fairy tales are out of fashion."

"Poor Trilly," she said half aloud, "and poor little Billie!" Then, womanlike, she turned to the earlier chapters and read again the description of those wonderful white feet. As a sequence her eye traveled downward to her own daintily shod pedal extremities.

"Dear gold on one hand; cheaper labor and products of labor on the other. Can the masses be much logner hoodwinked into support of the single gold standard?"

Local brick makers of Salem do not appreciate the competition of convict labor in the brick making business. Yet these convicts should be supplied with employment; to keep them locked up without work of any kind is the refinement of cruelty, and entirely at variance with all accepted theories of best methods of prison reform.

California caught a net wave yesterday. The misadventure of sister state may be the occasion of many Oregon farmers who will reap the benefit of low freight rates by reason of a wheat shortage in California.

Decoration Day will soon be here. It is a sad reminder to those whose friends and relatives sleep the last long sleep, of the duty to keep their resting places in neat condition.

MARRIED.—In Eugene, Wednesday, May 19, 1897, Mr. Joe Cross and Mrs. Clara Harter, both of Halsey, Linn county, Dean E C Sanderson, of the Divinity school officiating.

CASCADE TIMBER RESERVE.

The people of Lane county do not fully appreciate the injustice which has been done them by withdrawing lands in the Cascade mountains from use and settlement.

In round numbers Lane county has 4500 square miles of territory. Of this about 1700 square miles on the east have been withdrawn from public use and settlement. Just think of it! Over one-third of the county denied to settlers to cater to the whims of a few eastern impractical sentimentalists, assisted by a ring of lieut land speculators in Oregon!

We are aware that much of this land can never be settled. But there are many locations along the streams where homes may be carved out, and billions of feet of fine timber that should eventually be brought into the market and that too without injuring our timber growth.

NEWSPAPER AMENITIES. Too much jealousy among the newspaper fraternity. Bro Alley of Baker City had no sooner convinced one of his townsmen that it was a profitable business transaction to advertise his goods, which in this instance proved to be wet goods, than the X Ray man of the Salem Journal, which has no such ad, gets jealous and mean, and seeks to deride Bro Alley's good fortune in words and phrases, to wit:

PROTECTION A "PRIVATE SNAP." Can it be possible the Oregonian is toying with its old and long discarded first love, tariff reform? In anguish at the prospect of Portland losing her direct sugar trade with the Sandwich Islands, through operations of the new tariff law, it asks: "Is the policy of protection nothing but a private snap?"

Why, bless your heart you dear old granny! You have answered that question so often in the affirmative that we are surprised you should wish additional affirmative proof to satisfy your doubts on the all important subject. "A private snap!" If it is not why did the trusts and tariff beneficiaries open their purses and throw out hundreds of thousands of dollars to elect McKinley? "A private snap!" It has never been anything else. And the dear misguided people must pay for these "private snaps" even if they do build up millionaires.

We do not take any stock in the report that a radical Lane county gold standard man grubbed up all his silver prunes. It is a fact, however, that when the golden pheasants were being introduced he was very anxious to secure a pair.

Trout fishermen are capturing some of the speckled beauties. The season is at hand when the rod and fly are in demand.