APPOINTED REGENT.

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

Daily Guard, May 22. H n D P Tnompson, 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 McArtnur.

The appointment is a very satisfactory one. Mr Thompson has long been closely identified with the development of the state, and has always taken slively interest in educational affairs He served as a deputy surveyor for many years and no inconsiderable portion of the public lands of Oregon was hat tipped far back from his forehead and surveyed by him. He served a term his hands deep in his pockets, looking out surveyed by him. He served a term at the green campus. Before the door the broad tar walks, marked with countless and was afterwards engaged in the boot heels, stretched away like the spokes banking business at Portland.

Mr Ti:ompson is a self made man in every sense of the erm, having carved out his fortune and position in life solely by his indomitable will and energy. He will bring sound practical business judgment, so far as he is concerned, into the board to which he has been appointed.

Commissioners Court.

L D Scarbrough, medical attendance on pauper.....\$14 00 J TCallison & Son, supplies for pauper Eakin & Bristow supplies for pauper..... 5 50 J H McClung supplies for pauper..... SA Halin supplies for pauper... 7 3; IK Peters supplies for pauper, claimed \$4.10, allowed. HC Hunter supplies for pauper 5 30 T B Anderson, supplies for indigent soldier (Spencer) 10 45 W T Kayser, pauper supplies 5 30 S L Kline, pauper supplies 11 45 W L Bristow, pauper supplies... 6 40 SH Friendly, curpets, assessor and superintendent. 16 90 S H Friendly, pauper supplies... 5 00 Henderson & Linn, pauper suptiles..... L'T Harris, deputy district attorney, State vs Knispel...... LT Harris, deputy district attorney State vs Vance L T Harris, deputy district attorney State vs Newman... 5 00 TJ Duckworth J P precinct

jury list Elmira...... J T Taylor assisting precinct jury AE Wheeler J P state vs Edwards..... A E Wheeler J P state vs Kaispel...... 9 80

W T Kayser, assisting precinct

jury list, Eimira...... 3 00

A E Wneeler J P state vs New-Sidney Scott constable state vs Sidney Scott constable state vs Sidney Scott constable state vs Newman 11

DEStratton, witness state vs Kuispe!..... 1 90 A Webber witness state vs Knispel...... 1 60 G Bettman interpreter state vs

Knispel...... 1 50 Joel McCornack juror state vs Knispel...... 1 00 LR Livermore juror state vs Knispel..... 1 00 Calvin Hannah juror state vs

War Exists in Cuba.

Kuispel..... 1 00

The United States senate by a vol of 41 ayes to 14 nays recognizes the beligerency of the insurgents in Cubs. It passed the Morgan resolution which reads as follows:

"Resolved, etc., That a condition of public war exists between the govern ment of Spain and the government proclaimed and for some time main tained 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 tights 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 Kubli has been engaged to train the U of O athletic club for the state field day meet. This is a mistake. Mr Kubli says that under the rules laid down by the faculty he would not think of attempting the training of the team, and that he bestances will be certain. He thinks, for me. I never pany. however, under rules - imilar to those enforced by leading Eastern colleges, that the U of O boys could win with more certain with it before me. "hands down." Kap goes to Portland in the morning.

New York City at 4.30 yesterday afterboon from cancer.

THE AUTUMN OF HOPE.

Where are the flowers gone? Dead and bare, They are only the ghosts of their former lives.

So, for the roots and seeds are there,
so, for the roots and seeds are there,

Kept safe and sure till the spring arrives. Where are the birds gone! Not to die,

But south to a warmer, sunnier clims, Where they soar and sing in a tropical sky. Till they follow back our next springtime

Where are our hopes gene? Blasted and dead, Have we wept o'er their garves as the false and the vain? Then learn from nature this truth instead—

the birds and flowers, they shall live

-Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE FRESHMAN.

The sophomore stood at the window beside the big door at the end of the hall, his of a wheel from the hub, and across them the tall trees threw doep shadows. Behind him the bail ran back until it ended in another big door with another dusty paned window on each side of it. Its walls were chipped and marked and its floor worn in to uneven hollows by the passing feet of vanished classes. It was almost empty. A few homestek looking individuals sat on the radiators, drumming their feet against the iron latticework of the sides, or examining the bulletin board, on which the notices of last year's final examinations were still posted. Twenty-four hours later the hall would be noisy with greetings and a very valley of the shadow for embarrassed freshmen, but at present its only occupants were a few early stragglers, who had reached town before the opening of the semester.

For a month the sophomere 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 eld acquaintance he had come across was the short, red faced keeper of a cigar store, and as a conversationalist "Rosey" was a fail-ure. The combination of dread and soli-tude had brought him to a realization of the fact that the duliness of a college town during the wecation was no chimera, but a stony fact, which long before his time had driven unfortunates to drink and profanity.

One of the figures near the farther door slipped down from the sent on the radiator James Parvin, pauper supplies 8 00 and came slowly through the hall, stepping softly and seeming to fear the holl echoes in which the walls shouted back the sound of footsteps. By this sign the sopho-more 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. The freshman stopped at the sophomore's elbow. "Can you tell me where I can find out about the entrance examinations in mathematics?" he asked, with the usual fresh-

man manner, which becomes familiar to those who see much of the species-not hesitatingly, nor yet diffidently, but as one who has the fear of being laughed at always before him, and with much the same expression on his face as comes when, before a group of unkind critics, he tries to open one of the big doors of the hall the wrong way.

The sophomore did not turn his head. "Entrance Math. Exam.?" he said. "K. Top floor." The freshman looked at the nearest door

and saw a big black letter painted on it. "Room K?" he asked.

The sophomore did not answer him, and the freshman turned away. The sophomore listened to his footsteps as they sounded down the hall and creaked on the

The sophomore nedded without looking "It's locked," said the freshman. "Are

you sure it's the right room?" "I don't know anything about it," said the sophomore calmly. "I lied."

He turned toward the freshman without the sign of a smile on his face, and as he did so his eye fell on a slender, smooth faced young man who occupied the window on the other side of the door. "There's some one who can tell you,"

he sald. Then an ominous twitching came over

the corners of his mouth.
"At least he looks like a freshman," he added carelessly.

The freshman turned to this new source of information. 'Can you tell me where I can find out

about the entrance examinations in math-ematics)" he asked. They take place at 9 o'clock tomorrow

morning in room M," said the young The freshman sat down on the window

sill beside the stranger. 'Are you going up to them!" he asked. I'll be there," said the young

man, with some surprise. The sophomore at the other window smiled gently. "I rather thought that we belonged to

the same class," said the freshman.

The sophomore tipped his hat down over his eyes and sat down suddenly on the sill of the window by which he stood. From the corner of his eye he watched to see how the young man would take this remark. The surprise on the face of the stranger became open amazement. Then the amazement evaporated and its place was taken by a look of amusement, which wrinkled the skin at the corners of his eyes and

twitched the corners of his mouth. "I'm glad to meet some one who has just come here," said the freshman. "It seemed as though every one but myself knew exactly what to do and where to find everything. Where are you from?"
"I live here in town," said the young

man. The freshman turned and looked out of the window. The sophemore crossed the hall, and behind the freshman's back raised his hat to the young man, who nod-

ded and smiled amusedly. Then I suppose you do know all about said the freshman reflectively.

He's doing his best to learn," said the 'Are the examinations hard?' asked the

"I find them very easy," said the young "He always takes his book with him,"

The young man laughed.
"I find it easier to use the book," he

"I don't really need it, but I feel "I should think you would," said the Dien,—Judge J R Bryson died in

New York City at 4.20

The young man's face took on a sesse-

spective look as though he were struggiting to lift the shadows from half forgot-

"Not all of them," he said hesitatingly. It must be easy to puny here," said the

Thank you," said the young man. "Oh! I don't mean that you couldn't her have done it otherwise," said the fresh. N man, "I mean that it must be easy if there's so much of it.

It is very easy," said the sophomore, watching the young man's face, as though afraid of going too far. There are so many ways. You can keep notes on your watch or on your cuffs or pinned to sides of your socks, so that you can turn up your trousers and look at them, or rolled on two matches with a rubber band around them. It's so easy that it's hardly worth while."

What do they do if they catch you?" asked the freshman. "Nobody is ever caught," said the sopho-

The young man looked inquiringly at

him, and the sophomore became red. "That is—not very often," he added. "I'm not very well up in my math."
said the freshman reflectively and with

seeming irrelevance. The young man turned his head away suddenly, and the sophomore checked with difficulty an explosion of laughter.

"You'll have to pass high if you've go ing to enter college," he said.

The freshman was deep in thought, "I wouldn't like to pony," he said. But I've got to enter college,"

"There's nothing wrong in it," said the sophomore. "Or at least, if there is, you do it not for yourself, but to save your parents from disappointment.

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

The freshman looked thoughtfully down "My father would feel bad if I didn't

he said slowly. The sophomore gurgled delightedly. You may spell your future by neglecting to take the precautions that others

he said. "I suppose," said the young man, "that by precautions you mean formula pluned

The sophomore smiled. They all do it," he went on.

to your socks."

"That argument is aldermanle," said the young man. "Besides," said the sophomore, "what right have the professors to try to make

you learn -"They're paid to," interrupted the young

"They're there to teach," said the sopyomore. "It's your own fault if you do not learn. But they've no right to stand over you with an ax. That one is anarchistic," said the

What's the best way to do it?" asked the freshman.

The sophomore looked at the young man, and both smiled broadly. "I should advise a roller pony," said

the sophomore. The freshman looked up with a question in his eves.

A strip of paper on two matches," the ophomore explained. "Hold it in the palm of your hand, and when you want to hange the place, rub your hand down the side of your trousers and it moves along like a panorama:

The freshman studied the matter quietly for a moment. "I believe I'll do it," he said at last.

"I would," laughed the sephomore. The young man rose, looked at his watch, and, nodding to his companions, opened the door and went out. Through the window the sophomore watched him as he went down the walk until he disappeared behind a corner of one of the build-

ings.
"He's a good fellow," he said half to Then he turned and went un the hall

leaving the freshman by the window. the farther end of the hall be paused and came slowly back. "Out of the kindness of my heart I've come back," he said. "I'm too good for

earth or I would never have done it. ought to let you go on and make an ass o yourself-it seems to be your forte guess you've done enough in that line. The freshman looked up in surprise.

"Don't get a pony ready," said the soph-omore. "You'll not need it." This sudden change of front was too much for the freshman

Why not?" he asked. "That was the man who'll give you the exam, tomorrow," said the sophomore. The freshman sank weakly back on the window sill and flushed a flery red. sophemore stood looking out of the win-Then he delivered himself of a re-

markable statement. Some of them," he said reflectivelymeaning by "them" instructors in general "some of them-the young ones they get into a rut, are just like other folks."-Chicago Tribune.

More Huddhists Than Christians.

Missionaries, more particularly, are sorely tempted to guess the number of Buddhists and Mohammedans as small, that of the Christians, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic, as large. It is all the more creditable, therefore, to the Roman Catholic missionary societies that they should openly admit that, so far as they know, the number of Buddhists is as ye the largest. They claim 420,000,000 for Christianity, but allow 423,000,000 to Buddhism. Of these Christians, however, they claim 212,000,000 for themselves and allow only 208,000,000 to the reformed churches, while the Mohammedans follow very close after, with about 200,000,000. I attach very little value to these statisties, still less to the conclusions drawn from them. Truth fortunately is not settled by majorities. You remember the saying of Frederick Maurice, when he was told that, in his views about eternal punishment, he was in a minority, or, is the same, unorthodox. "I have often been in a minority." he said, "In this life,

and I hope I shall be so in the next." If we have been beaten, we have lost thing. On the contrary, the fact that Buddhism counts as yet 8,000,000 more than Christianity may prove an incentive to our missionaries. Nor need the reformed churches despair when by this time they count 4,000,000 less than the unreformed churches. Here also there are worlds still to conquer, as the son of Philip used to say.—Max Muller in Nineteenth Century.

The True Cosmetics. A Daily Reader asks about the quipine bath which "complexion specialists" smmend. This is merely a wash of al cohol in which a little quinine has been dissolved. It is said to "tone up" the skin and increase its ability to throw off im-But much better for the skin can the use of any tonic of this kind are denty of fresh air, a good digestion, a half bath and no end of fine pure scap.— New York Tribuns.

DUE TO A DOG.

"I hope you will thoroughly enjoy your thoughtfully at the slender figure before

Norse Villiers turned away with a smile worn and tired she looked, for "12 months" hard labor," as she laughingly asserted, "leaves its mark on the fairest face," but the three weeks' rest would soon chase away the lines of care and bring back the hus of health into the thin cheeks.

I am lucky," she thought, "to have dear old Betty to fall back upon. papa died and left me a homeless orphan in the old vicerage, I little dreamed that in little more than a year I should be so farm. I wonder if I shall meet my fate at Brambleton? Fairy tales are out of fash-

"Yes, Miss Evs, 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 her Well, we haven't seen him yet, dearlo. I have came quite unexpectedly into the property. He was a distant cousin of old Genera and they say he was very poor. Beyond that we know nothing of him

Half an hour later a pretty picture met the eye of a wandering squirrel, who look tree in surprise at the sight of a visitor Nurse Villiers was seated on a mossy bank, with her head against the trunk of a fallen she read.

"Poor Trilby," she said half aloud, "and pour little lillie!" 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. "New, I have a pretty foot, by. I am not had looking, but I cannot sing. Still, my foot is really presentable. on impulse, slipped off the little bronze shoe and silken stocking and gazed with no small degree of satisfaction at the bit of marblelike flesh lying so white against the green moss. Then she slowly drew on the stocking, leaving the dainty hit of bronze leather on the ground at a little dis-

tatice. Her head drooped against the trunk of the tree, and in a few moments she was fast asleep. She did not hear the crackling of the underwood as a large retriever dog pushed his way through the bushes. She did not see him as, with a knowing look at the sleeper, he seized the little shoe between his teeth and made off with it, to drop it some ten minutes later at the feet of his astonished master, Dr. Gilbert Fan-

shawe, the owner of the park. But it was with a rueful face, after much fruitless search, that she limped her way back to the farm, rating herself soundly for the vanity that had caused her disconditure and her unlucky 40 winks.

"Fanshawe, old boy, I'm awfully glad to see your but I'm in an awful fig. Here's my uncle taken suddenly ill and has sent for me in a hurry. The junior house surgeon is off for a holiday, and I can't go at a moment's notice without a substitute! What am I to do? Would you do? Rather! But you wouldn't stay. You would, you say? You always were a brick. They all know you by repute, so there won't be any bother about that. Your treatise on tuberculosis in children has made your name for you here as in London."

And the house surgeon at St. Philip's, Bardsley, wrung his friend's hands in an excess of gratitude.

The two friends went off together, Fanshawe's dark, intellectual face and tall form in strong contrast with his compa somewhat stunted proportions.

That night as Dr. Fanshawe went his midnight round he came upon a vision. In the spot of light thrown by the reflector lamp sat a girl with a child in her arms. Her fair hair was like an aureole round her sweet face, and the look of love and pity in her eyes as she bent over the little ever. She looked up, and their eyes met. In that one glance some of Dr. Fanshawe's Villiers was the happy possessor.

"I never thought one odd shoe would be liams will be glad of it, since her foot was She placed it on her table, amputated."

to be ready for the morning. The sister laughed and went down stairs. A shadow darkened the doorway, and Dr. Fanshawe's voice said:

Then, advancing into the little room, he caught sight of the shoe up the table. "Whose is this!" he said eagerly. "And where is the other?"

"It was mine," answered Eva. "But se to the other I cannot tell you that, for it mysteriously disappeared six weeks ago. His heart began to best rapidly.

"Nurse," said he, "in the story of Cin-derella, the prince, when he found the wearer of the slipper, took her for his bride.

Is it not soft Yes," was the reply. "But I cannot see what this has to do with my shoe

He drew from the pocket of his shooting coat—worn for the first time since his walk in the wood six weeks before—the counterpart of the little bronze shoe and placed it on the table beside its fellow. History repeats itself, we are told, Shall the old fairy tale have a modern equivalent?"

After all, Jenny Williams did not have the aboe. To her great grief, she had a new night nurse instead. And at the wodlarge retriever dog receiving a great amount of attention. His new mistress has changed his name from Rover to Fate. For, "said she, "It was he who brought us together and converted me into 'A Modern Cinderella' "-Forget Me Not.

The Right Man. Visitor-I'd like to get you to take the agency for our antitohacoo preparation. It the track had been cleared. is warranted to cure the taste for tobacco

Bealer-But my business is to sell tobac co in every form. Can't you see this is a olgar share Visitor-Exactly. You come in contact with the very people who need our specific.
-- Pearwon's Weekly.

in every form

The Oldest University. El Azhar, meaning "the splendid," stru-ated at Cairo, is the oldest university in the world. It is the greatest Mohammedan school and has clear records dusting 976.

BODY SNATCHING.

lingering about her sweet lips. A little of the dead millionaire is a talks from use and settlement. business proposition for the In round numbers Lane county perpetrators of the un anny has 4500 square miles of territory. deed. They expect a rich reward Of this about 1700 square miles on and are more likely to get it than the east have been withdraws, from to be subjected to the punishment public use and settlement. Just allotted to the crime, the maxi- think of it! Over one-third of the mum penalty of which three years county denied to settlers to cater thankful to pay a visit to my nurse's old imprisonment in the penitentiary. to the whims of a few eastern im-

intent to commit a crime and in Oregon! Shelsoked cautiously round, and, acting the remains without further noto- stroyed.

DEAR GOLD-CHEAP LABOR.

The silver question is the storm center in the great battle for monetary reform, that is now being waged. Against silver, the bondholders and money and credit mongers of the two continents have made common cause. Against it are arrayed the owners of the indebtedness of the world, an amount exceeding \$150,000,000,000. They favor the gold standard because it means scarce and dear money. Every fall in the general level of prices means that they are correspondingly enriched at the expense of society.

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?

CONVICT EMPLOYMENT.

Local brick makers of Salem do ion's rublcund cheeks, cheery manner and 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 one stamped itself upon his memory for- refinement of cruelty, and entirely at variance with all accepted theoheart slipped out of his keeping, and Eva ries of best methods of prison re-

These unfortunate men should of any use," said Nurse Villiers, holding not be kept in idleness. Sev it up for inspection, "but little Jenny Wileral southern states employ their prisoners in road making believe this could be done in Ore gon with profit to the state and to "Nurse, how are your patients tonight?" the physical and mental benefit of

> Cdiforma caught a not wave yesterday. The mist reconstruction many Oregon farmers who will reap the tenefit of low freight rates by reason of a wheat shortage in old granny! You have answered California

here. It is a sad reminder to those whose friends and relatives sleep condition.

This fine weather makes good ding every one was surprised by seeing a grass to the very material improvement of all kinds of stock.

> overland due here at 4:19 a m did not "private snapa" even if they do arrive until 2 p.m. caused by a freight build up millionaires. train being ditched at Hornbrook Calif, which it could not pass until

MARRIED -In Eugene, Wednesd.v. May 19, 1897, Mr Joe Cross and Mos Clara Harser, both of Halsey, Linn county, Dean E C Sanderson, of the Divinity school officiating.

ARM BROKEN .- A little 8 year old daughter of George Martin, yesterday Brown was called and set the member. rod and fly are in demand.

CASCADE TIMBER RESERVE.

Oregon has been remarkably free The people of Lane county do not holiday, nurse," said the matron, looking from the crime of body snatching, fully appreciate the injustice which The rifling of the Ladd tomb and has been done them by withdrawcarrying away the remains inglands in the Cascade moun-

Grave robbing is a serious offense, practical sentimentalists, assisted especially when committed with by a ring of lieu land speculators

obtain a reward. It is only excus- We are aware that much of this able when necessity compels medi- land can never be settled. But cal colleges to secure cadavers for there are many locations along the heard he was a decer in London, who purposes of dissection and practical streams where homes may be instruction in the make up of the carved out, and billions of feet of human body. While against the fine timber that should eventually law, its violation for this purpose is be brought into the market and winked at and it is seldom any trou- that too without injuring our own from the branch of a neighboring ble cosues. The men who rob graves timber growth. We have been in in hope of reward for return of the different portions of this reserve and remains deserve good long terms noted where immerse forest fires cak, engerly decouring the last chapter of her novel. Her eyes filled with tears as in the penitentiary. It does not had swept the mountains almost look possible that the perpetrators bare during the past thirty years. of a scheme like this, where several Many of these burns have already persons must have been engaged, been reset with young timber and can long escape detection. The brush, our kindly Pacific winds and only thing that would thwart jus- rains having been instrumental in she thought, "but I could never be a Tril. It co would be the anxiety of the replacing to a considerable relatives of the dead man to secure extent that which had been de-

The lumbering that would naturally be done in this reserve during the next century could have little effect on the volume of timber, taking new growth

into consideration. The topogra-

phy of the country is a certain

NEWSPAPER AMENITIES.

protection to these forests.

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-

The Baker City Republican, the only McKinley organ in that county, has struck good times. It has a three column ad for book beer from

the l'acific brewery Bro Alley has a right to a share of the good fortune, of these piping McKinley times, and we do not know of a more deserving beneficiary among our newspaper friends. We hope that as soon as the bock beer season ends his good advertising friend will not cease his patronage, but will still occupy three columns of space,

PROTECTION A "PRIVATE SNAP."

Can it be possible the Oregonian is sying 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, though operations of the new tariff law, it asks: "Is the policy of sister thate may be the a sation of protection nothing but a private

Why, bless your heart you dear that question so often in the affirmative that we are surprised you Decoration Day will soon be should wish additional affirmative proof to satisfy your doubts on the all important subject. "A private the last long sleep, of the duty to snar!" If it is not why did the keep their resting places in next 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 misguid-DELAYED TRAIN.-The northbound ed people must pay for these

> We do not take any stock in the report that a radical Lane county gold standard man grubbed up all has ilver 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 evening, fell from a fence breaking her some of the speckled beauties. right arm just above the wrist. Dr The season is at hand when the