SATURDAY AUGUST 28

Wal er Safley of Florence, is in Eu-W W Haines went north on today's

local train. J D Scharff, the old time drummer,

is in Eugene, Dr J W Geary of June ion City was

in Eugene today. T Logan and wife of Prineville are

in the city today. The postmaster at La Grands, Rev.

A Leroy, has resigned. Theo Bernheim, a Portland hop buy-

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er, was in the city today. A drummer was here today wanting

a contract for dried prunes. W T Cochran and family, of Browns-

ville are visiting in Eugene. The Mill Company shipped several

car loads of wheat to Portland today. J R Cartwright, of Harrisburg, al-

ready has 17,000 lbs of hops in the bale. J M Ke ney of Jasper and M Wallace of Natron were in Eugene today.

Palmer Ayres completed hauling his ter. early hops in today. He had 49 rales. The Evangelical church at Waterloo, Linu county, is to be sold at sheriff's

Wheat is raising again in the Eastern market. Yesterday it reached \$1.03

A marriage license was issued today by County Clerk Jennings to George Layng and Carrie E Darreus.

Judge E O Potter has returned from viewing the McKenzie wagon road. He reports it in good condition.

Frank L Chambers and his mother, Mrs J B Chambers, will leave Foley Springs for Eugene tomorrow.

Hal D Patton of Salem, returned from Foley Springs last evening and went home on today's local train.

Bruce Gray and Mr Booth, of Crook county, are here making preparations to enter the university when it begins.

M V Harrison, who clerks in Frank & Sons store, returned from a business trip to Eastern Oregon this afternoon. The Salem Statesman charges Gov-

ernor Lord with being a chronic drunkard and a panderer to base poli-Hon and Mrs H R Kincaid and son Webster, will leave Sunday for Yel-

lowstone Park where they will remain several weeks. Salem Journal Thursday: Mrs E E

Cleaver, who has been visiting Mrs M C Ferree, left this afternoon for her home at Pendleton. Francis Hempy and Lynn Alexa-

der are "touring" though the state of Washington. When last heard from they were at Scattle. Thursday's Portland Tribune: The

three-year-old son of Attorney John Ditchburn strayed from his home yesterday and trace of him has not been

Yesterday's Albany Democrat: Eu-'Hop Pickers Wanted" notices appear in yesterday's GUARD. 30 cents a box is offered.

Mrs H E Ankeny and children re-Ankeny went to Portland but will return in a day or two.

Oregon City Enterprise: Prof F G Young, of Eugene, was in town several days last week, collecting historical data of the pioneer days of Oregon. He returned to Salem Monday.

Supt S C Hunt who has been makin his home for a year past with Mr and Mrs S Handsaker will go to keeping house in a few days in a residence

The Oregon congressional delegation which has been holdling sessions in they agreed to no appointments. A lack of harmony is said to exist.

Portland was badly excited yesterday over an announcement posted on a bulletin board by some wag that the steamer Portland had arrived at Seattle with \$7,500,000 Klondike treasure aboard. Of course it was a canard.

Lebanon Advance: Straw hauling for the paper mill is over for this year. The big stack is 460 feet long, 75 feet wide and 73 feet high and contains about 3000 tons. The straw costs the company about \$10,000 each year.

Salem Journal, Thursday: Drs D A state insane asylum, accompanied by Friendly, of Eugene, left this morning for an outing in the Nestucea country.

A C Dilly, chief of police at Salem,. returned from Foley Springs last even ing and went to his home on this forenoon's local train. He says many of the campers at that popular resort will leave for their respective homes to-

Hon U F Abshler, of Silver Lake, hack, via the Military road. He says water system and brought pure ly, to tell his wife what he had beard and that thoroughfare is quite bad in places He drove over, the distance being about 180 miles in two and one-half

FRIDAY AUGUST 27.

Truckmen are all busy these days. Everybody is busy now that want to work.

An average Saturday crowd was in town today. The commissioners court held a brief

session today.

The late D S Tuthill, of Portland,

carried \$19,000 life insurance. Rather a light business Saturday

Farmers busy with barvest. Boys are already killing pheasants and grouse in violation of the law.

Main's circus secured \$1500 damages from the Yreka branch railroad on which one of their cars was upset.

\$175 cash, \$1880 in notes and a watch. The safe was ruined.

up the road yesterday evening. The train was made up of an engine at d 33 flat and freight cars, nearly all the lat-

The gentlemen of the Eugene Social and Dancing Club gave a very pleasnight A very fine time was had by

A foot bridge has been built across the old river channel, a short distance above the Eugene bridge, for the convenience of hop pickers who may go to now after office hours, unless he goes out the Day island.

be held in Cincinnati. J P 8 Gobin of Lebanon, Pa., is the new com' mander-in-chief. Oregon has 61 posts at the bottom of this 2 o'clock business, with 1916 members.

Ashland Tidings: Miss Hulin, a bright student of the University of Oregon last year, will enter the Junior Merkle. year of the Ashland Normal School. which I don't advise when a man is only She will board with her grandfather, on salary, show him what you find, make Albright.

Hon E P Coleman of C oburg is in the city. He informs us that he will remove to his farm below Coburg Monday; and also states that that barn one George Fisher says has collapsed is still in good condition.

A famous man passed through Eugene Tuesday night. It was ex-Representative Breckenridge of Kentucky, made notorious on account of the Madeline Pollard case. Miss Pollard holds a judgment against him for \$15,000.

Corvallis Union: Here is wheat that can't be beat. A Chinaman sowed two bushels on S N Lilly's place last fall, and this week Mr Lilly threshed 121; bushels of the finest wheat we ever saw from its yield. It was grown on river bottom land.

Medford Mail: J H Ward of this city received word f om his father-inlaw, T C Keizner, stating that he, (Keisner,) had sold his mine near cash. The mine is in the Bohemia gene is quite a hop center. Twelve district and was located three years

The Rev William Bartlett, a preacher who lives near Kamiah, Idaho, sur- away with old Aunt Sarah one of the rendered himself to the sheriff Tues- days, but she can't make my Dory believe turned to Eugene from Jackson county day. He was charged by Alec Robon this morning's early train. Mr erts, of Waha, with horse stealing. He to mag her unfortunate spouse, and Doris heard of the warrant b ing out, and sat before her own fire with her feet on the surrendered himself. He admits taking the horse, but claims he thought i belonged to a friend.

Superintendent Hubbard reports eggs have been taken at the Upper Clackamas hatchery, being about twice love with Owen, and jealousy is always as many as were taken last year there, and the work is practically ended. The roe h s already begun hatching at owned by Mrs J F Amis on West 6th that station, but the last of the young fish will not be turned out before Jan- like Jack's beanstalk.

E D Shattuck, appellant, vs Harrison Oregon, respondent, today filed in the lonely, but neglected and injured. supreme court their petition for a rehearing of the case which was decided ate Judge C E Wolverton writing the way."

railroad from Eureka Calif., to Grant's Pass has been accepted by the citizens of the first named place. The promoter asks the people of Humboldt county to subscribe \$375,000 and ten acres Paine and W T Williamson, of the cata, and the free right of way from Eureka to Arcata, in return for which their families and Miss Rosalie they are to receive \$375,000 in first mortgage bonds of the road. Harp And Owen, whose conscience was as clear claims to represent capitalists who will push the road to completion.

The health of Portland is excellent. Pure water from the mountains is credited with improved sanitary conditions. Portland never did a better thing than when arrived in Eugene last evening in a she discarded the Willamette river water from the Cascade mountains. It cost money but has saved doctor days. He will remain here a week or bills, much suffering and many how his hours were spent. That would be

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setter to laugh than to ery

When crying will do no good.

And laughing will?
Better to live than to die.

When living the life that we should And dying won't "fill the bill?"

As we go on our way up to heaven Or down to the regions of sheel, where angels and saints and saints.

Keep account of the false and the real, is it better or worse to avail blessing or

keep account of the false and the real, is it better or worse to await blessing or curse And die from weariseine waiting? Is it not better to go than to stay where robbery, selfishness and greed have the

way, e "might" is the right and wrong has the

Is it not better
To break the fetter?
If not, why not?
—Uncle John in Good Housekeeping.

A JEALOUS WIFE.

'Out every night until 2, and you be Burglars blew open a safe at Hood feve him when he says it is business!" River yesterday morning. They got said Mrs. Merkle, pursing up her lips. 'Ab, well, you are an innocent lamb, Doris Moore.

"But, Aunt Sarah, why shouldn't I be-An extra heavy freight train passed lieve what my husband says when he always tells the truth?" said young Mrs. Moore indignantly.

"Hecause he is a man," said Mrs. Merkle, nodding her head. "I've had three husbands-Thompson was the first. He was a good provider, but he provided for two, and I got a divorce and alimony. Then I married Maxwell. I caught him ant little hop at Meriaus Park last kissing hired belp and began my investiation. The same old story. However, e died, and that ended it. As for Merkle, gation. I have my thumb on him, but I got it by searching his pockets. Men are such idiots they leave their love letters anywhere. When I'd collected a pack, I read them aloud to him one evening. He stays home business letters. He is old, you know, The next G A R encampment will and a deacon wants to keep up a reputation for respectability. But your young husband-what would be care if people talked about him? I'll warrant you.'

"Why, Aunt Sarah, how dare you?" cried Doris, stamping her foot.

"Rummage your husband's coat pock-ets and you'll find I'm right," said Mrs. 'And unless you want a divorce, scene and end it early."

'Why, you talk as if you knew some thing about Owen, Aunt Sarah," said Doris

'I know he's a man," said Mrs. Merkle. "Hullo!" cried a voice at the door, which opened at this moment. "Here is Aunt Sarah, talking against men as usual. What has poor Merkle done now? I thought he had sowed his wild oats." "Look out for your own crop, Owen

Moore," replied Mrs. Merkle. "I don't set up for a saint and never did," cried Owen, "Give me a kiss, Doris. I'm as hungry as a hunter, and I must sat and run. It's all night again, Doris. Well, so much more in the savings bank, and indeed we've no reason to be sorry. "I miss you very much, Owen," Doris, as she brought a hot dish from the oven and set the chairs at the table. "I'm

as lonesome without you as a kitten without its mother " "I keep thinking of you, too, Owen. "Oh, indeed, I den't like it a bit, but I say a dollar put by for a rainy day

may keep us from the heartache, He ato his suppor in a burry, laughing and talking the while; then kissed his wife, shook hands with her aunt and took up his hat again. Out on the stairs he paused a moment. Aunt Sarah's shrill voice was lifted once more.

(Keisner,) had sold his mine near Cottage Grove, Oregon, for \$25,000 repeating. "All very well, Doris, but look cash. The mine is in the Bohemia his coat pockets."

Owen, who heard; but, like the good natured man that he was, he only laughed as he ran down stairs. "The devil will fly

any ill of me, that's one comfort."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Merkle had gone home hearth and thought overall she had heard,

Aunt Sarah was a very unpleasant person, who always made trouble wherever she went, but she had the reputation for being very sensible, which such people are more apt to gain than cheerful, amiable that a few more than 5,000,000 salmon folk, and what she said she really believed, for she had no good thoughts of a man or

close at hand where love is strong. In vain Doris tried to convince herself that Owen was too much in love with her to think of any one else. The little seed of suspicion had been planted, and it grew

It was lonely there in the little upper flat at night, and Doris had been used to Col N B Knight and A C Woodcock, a large family circle before she left her Portland has adjourned but rumor says attorneys for respendent in the case of country home to share Owen's fortunes in the city

After awhile she found berself crying-R Kincald, as secretary of the state of she hardly knew why-feeling not only

"Owen ought not to have left me, even for business," she said. "He used to come every night when he was courting, though against them on the 9th inst., Associ it was an hour's journey by rail each

And from this she went on to asking The offer of C A Harp to build a could be right. New York was such a wicked place. There were such bold, audactous women to be met with. Owen was so handsome. Oh, could Aunt Sarah have any grounds for her suspicions!

Owen, waking early one morning, caught his wife turning his pockets out, reading the bits of paper she found there, of land for a depot site at Eureka, a A note from his consin John, who had desufficient ac eage for a terminus at Ar. sired to borrow \$5; a typewritten circular, recommending Stump's restaurant; a letter from his mother telling him of the doings at home.

Nothing but what she had seen before, as man's could be, was not in the least

Doris might read all the letters he ever received, all he ever had received, for the matter of that. But he did not like to think that she would watch and spy upon him, that an old woman's prattle make her suspicious of him.

He had heard the advice that Mrs. Mcrkle gave his wife as he stood outside the door of his little dining room, and be was very sorry that his Doris should take it and search his pockets.

what he had seen, and to assure her that his story of night work was true; to take her with him to the great plano factory a serious way of making all right. But suddenly an idea popped into his jolly

"I'll turn it all into a joke," he said to himself. "I'll make Dory well ashamed of herself, the darling. I'll write a love letter or two, and put them in my pocket and let her find them. Then there'll be a row, and when it's gone far enough I'll out with the truth. A bit of a joke settles things the best way.

It seemed such a comical idea that be burst out laughing over his breakfast and nearly choked himself twice in trying to swallow his joke with his coffee. However, he had not time to carry out

his plan until Sunday came.

Then, while his wife was busy over the dinner, he took from its biding place a little parcel of pink tinted paper with a rose at the top of the shoet and concocted three idlotic and extravagant love letters, signed them, "Your best beloved and ever loving Fanny Ann," and put them into velopes and addressed them to himself. He was rather clever with his pen, and sitated a woman's hand very well.

Having first scaled these up, and then cut them open again, he hid them in the ckets of the clothes he wore on holidays, and which he did not wear en working days, and on Monday when he went to work left them hanging in the wardrobe. There they might have remained, for Doris had grown ashamed of her suspicions of Owen and determined never again to ransack his pockets, but that

Aunt Sarah dropped in again after Owen had left the house.
"Out again?" she said, with a nod. Yes, and hard at work, poor boy," replied Doris. "Aunt Sarah, I'm sure that e is as true to me as one angel could be

"I should like to look through his pockets, though," giggled Aunt Sarah. "Look, then," said Doris, throwing open the wardrobe door. "There are his

Aunt Sarah took her at her word, and in a moment more her shrill, vixenish voice cried out:

"Three pink notes, my dear, and all signed 'Fanny Ann!' An hour afterward Dorls sat at the center table in her little parlor sobbing vio-

The light from the shaded lamp fell upon the three pink notes all wet with tears, Owen's compositions as we know, and so absurdly rapturous and idiotic that they would have betrayed the fact that they were jokes to any but a jealous woman Doris, in her woe and wrath, had very little common sense left.

Aunt Sarah, frightened by the storm her own deed had raised, had taken her departure, and Doris had resolved to wait for Owen's return, show him the letters

and at once go home to her mother.

For awhile it had seemed to her that she would find at home a refuge and consolation for all her woes. Then she began to wince with mortification. To tell her mother that Owen was false to her would not be so bad, but that her sisters should know it, her friends, Jack's wife, the whole connection! "Oh, life would not be worth living un-

der such circumstances!" Doris eried out, and then an awful thought crept into her mind and gained strength there. A jeal-ous man or woman is a maniae. Let that be an excuse for Doris when she cried out at last: "Death is the only cure! Death! Death!

And if God will not kill me, I must kill At 2 o'clock Owen opened the door of

his flat and went in. Things did not look as usual. The kitchen fire had gone out, and no little snack had been kept warm for him. The bed in the little bedroom was still neatly made up, and no one had slept in it that night. In the parlor the lamp was yet burning, but Doris was not

As he looked about him he saw doors and drawers open and things scattered about, and a nameless terror began to

"Doris!" he called aloud, but there was answer. He walked to the table. There lay three sheets of pink paper with weight upon them to keep them from blowing away, and beside them another letter, addressed to himself Poor Owen could hardly command himself sufficiently to tear this open and read the contents.

I have read Fanny Ann's letters. Aunt Sarah found them in your pocket. Oh, Owen! I thought you loved me, but your heart has been stolen by that wicked woman. I was not pret-ty enough to keep you true, but now that you are false I do not care to live any longer. I am going to drown myself and leave you free. Your broken hearted Doms.

And this, then, was how his joke had ended. This was what he had brought about. Doris had killed herself. Then he would follow her example. But first he must find her body and pay it the last He caught up his hat and left his desolate home, the tears gushing from his eyes as he remembered how happy he had been there.

When he reached the street, he stood be wildered, asking himself which way he should go, what he should do. Then it came to him that he must report the horrible facts at the station house and have an alarm sent out. The police would know what to do better than he could. and with heavy steps and reeling brain he sought the big brick building before which the great lamps hung, and entered in.

Late as it was there was a little crowd there, gathered about something that lay in the middle of the floor. A herrible thought struck Owen-per-

haps it might be his wife's body on which they gazed.
"What is it?" he gasped, with white lips that could scarcely form a sound. Young woman jumped into the river,'

said a policeman. God!" cried Owen, bursting through the crowd and falling on his knees before the wet figure lying on the floor with a policeman's coat under its head.

'My God, it is my wife!" The next instant he gave a shout of joy, for the great eyes unclosed themselves, the little, trembling hands were outstretched toward him and a faint voice

"Oh, Owen, take me away from this drendful place and all these drendful men! For Doris, though she had really thrown

herself from the end of a wharf into the river, had been promptly fished out by the river police, and though soaked to the skin, terribly frightened and heartily ashamed of herself, was very much alive indeed, and when Owen had whispered something in her car-the story of his joke, which we already know-could only

'Forgive me, Owen; pray forgive me!' "She was a bit out of her mind, you see, with a sort of fever," Owen explained, "and God bless those who saved her to

Then he took his wife home, and whatever else has come to its humble door since that day, the green eyed monster, jealousy, has never entered.-Dublin

BROUGHT TO TIME.

Jerry Sanbern wheeled his shining new tandem out of the wood shed and carefully tendem out of the wood saxs railing. Then the petty politician, he strode across the yard, shading his eyes with both sunburned hands, and peered intently at a snug farmhouse nestling against the neighboring hill.

'Tilly's got home from Sandport. That's her pink gown a flittin in an out of the garden. Now if I can only whoedle her into takin a mornin ride we'll see who's master of the situation. Two years now she's been puttin me off in that bewitchin way of her'n, and I'm tired of it. I hain't been spendin my winter evenins readin up about Napoleon Bonaparte and General Taylor and all of them other determined fellers for nuthin. I've been altogether too meachin. It's high time I put my foot down and made Tilly come to enson, and I'm a-goin to do it!" Jerry set his jaws grimly, sprang astride the saddle, whirled rapidly down

the winding road and soon presented himself, cap in hand, at the door of the Morgan homestead. Tilly herself appeared promptly, her comely face alive with dim-ples and her bright blue eyes dancing with Took a run over to show you this new

machine o' mine," announced Jerry, with a sidewise wave of the hand.

"I saw you coming up the hill," responded Tiliy demurely. "You looked for all the world like a big, long legged grasshopper," with an irrepressible giggle. I only wish you darst try it a bit and

see what an easy runnin concern it is, risky, considerin you ain't used to it," added apologetically.
"Humph! There's never been a colt on
the place that I couldn't bridle and ride,

and 'tisn't likely I'm afraid of a newfangled contrivance like that," replied Tilly loftily. Well, I s'pose you might try it, but I

warn you it's dangerous business,' tated Jerry. "You have to take in sail a bit," with a critical glance at her newly starched gingham. Tilly darted up the stairs and soon appeared in a trim walking skirt, with a jaunty Tam O'Shanter pin-ned securely to her shining brown braids. After a few | climinary failures, she was securely seared and to e tandem glided smoothly along the sandy country road. Tilly sat erect, firmly grasping the handle bars with her plump fingers and thorough-

ly enjoying the novel experience. Pshaw! This is as easy as riding old Roan to plow. Now I'm going home to

finish my troning." "No, you're not, Tilly Morgan, You won't go home until you have given a plain answer to the question I have been askin, off and on, for two years or more, announced Jerry peremptorily, while his heart thumped heavily against his ribs and the roar of the Atlantic seemed surging in his cars.. "Steady there!" as Tilly gave an indignant bounce that threatened to capsize the wheel.

'Jeremiah Sanborn, I'll never speak to you again! There's Uncle Moses and Aunt Debby and Dan out in their dooryard. I'll call for help as true as I live if you don't stop this minute," scolded Tilly.
"They can't catch us," replied Jerry

coolly, gradually increasing speed. Despite her valiant threat, Tilly sailed by the open mouthed trio with flaming lucky year the apostles of price cheeks and downcust eyes. There was a long silence, while the tandem bowled merrily along. The perspira-tion streamed from Jerry's crimson fore-

The sun was mounting higher, the road was up grade, and Tilly was no light-

'Jerry," she faltered at length coaxing ly, "please take me home! You know the condition. Reckon we'll reach Centerville by noon at the rate we're spinning," vouchsafed Jerry uncom-

Another prolonged silence.

**Wells What do you want me to say?

"I want you to name the day when you will come and be mistress of the little home I've had ready and waitin for you for a year and a balf." said Jerry sternly. Tilly glanced about her uneasily. in the distance she could see the glittering church spires of Centerville

This is too ridiculous, Jerry."

"Will June 15 suit you?" "Perfectly. Dismount and rest in the shade for a few minutes, and I will take ron home at once. Tilly meekly seated herself on a grassy

rock beneath a hugo oak and caverdy watched Jerry from beneath her long lashes. He was apparently engressed in flecking every possible grain of dust from the shining spokes of the tanders, but his eyes shone with a triumphant 11 rbt. The long run home was presented in

Tilly sprang lightly to ber feet. "I think you're just as m-m-meanns you can be, Jerry Sanborn," she sobba into the bouse and slammed ; Safely inside, she hurried to a and peered through the blind a

erect head and shoulders squared. speeding down the bill, his long legs performing most extraordinary gyrations. "My, wasn't he masterful, though! That's all I ever had against Jerry, he was too tame. If I said A, he had to say B, and so on through the whole alphabet. Now I'll go dinner out of the way and

begin hemming my table linen." And with a song on her lips Tilly whisked on a fresh apron, vigorously stirred the fire and darted down the cellar stairs after the potatoes .- Harion E. Pickering in Wheelwoman.

Mental Dyspepsia.

When in life we come to a keen realiza tion of the shortness of time, it is discouraging to reflect how many things we have hood for the sake of a few per per level to real and state of the sake of a few per level to real and state of the sake of a few per level to the neglected to read and study at the proper age to do it.

"But," says a prominent book reviewer. "most people read altogether too much. We leave correctives no time to think our own thoughts or work out and develop our own ideas. We are occupied continually with bolting the ideas and thoughts of other people. And 'bolting' I say meaningly, for the quantity of stuff we pour into our minds, as well as the time we spend doing it, leaves us no room or leisure for digesting what we have taken, still less for assimilating or anjoying it. Mental dyspepsia is about the chronic condition of most of these omnivorous readers who they have read. The man who reads the tru h, but rather a blunt say can boast of the immense number of books opinions of other men upon every subject a numerous individual, but few and far between are the men who have thought of old as bioned idea the office these subjects out for themselves and can distributed for the best interest to us of their own conclusions." speak to us of their own conclusions."-Philadelphia Ledger.

WHEAT AND PROTECTIVE TARIN

The president of these United States should be above the place McKinley does himself no confi when he refers to the increase price of wheat with the claim to it is due to the protective best system.

The veriest schoolboy who take cognizance of passing events as inform him that there is an in mense - wheat shortage, estimate by competent authorities at III. 000,000 bushels, while of etc. food products rye, the princip bread f.od of the lower Europe classes, is short 175,000,000 busses and the potato crop the image amount of 1,000,000,000 bushels.

Many changes have been rung a the blessings of a protective test but our president is the first an to ignore crop conditions and aton ute better prices to artificial in which have no relation whateres increased demands resulting fra crop failures.

The facts are prices would before better if we had a more reasonable tariff. Then the snips that can to our ports would be loade! un commercial products, instant nallast, and the grain group would get the benefit not only reduced freights, but of resulting competition in the manufacture products which he must buy, a it is he must sell in an open mans and buy in a market the is closed to competion, and controlled by trust and combine

sions.

These are stubborn facts and a amount of political redomestic can change them no difference in much soever the citizen may be deceived and ooled. It comes has to the simple proposition that under our high protective tariff laws to farmer sels his surplus profes which regulate and establish a price of all, in a free open mais but is compelled to buy all min factured products in a closed me ket at such prices as may be sublished by the trusts and combintions; and then when he strikes tion pat him on the back and a tempt to deceive him with the transparent lie that it is all is result of protective tariff laws.

SOLELY FOR THE MOXEY

The ordinary man would is deep transitiation in coming but to a position which he had volutarily quit with the intention never returning to the scene former labors. Yet this is what Dr Chapman has done. Afters signing the presidency of the San University he sneaks back, and attempts to pull the resignational of the hands of the regent sit who more was placed. He felds get the position east that he soul and wones back to save the sale of the old place.

West kind of work can the gen :- hope to get out of a must Dr Chapman's position? He cost back to his old place, but doesn't one -uppose he will heritate !! leave it again at the least opport nals? Dr Chapman's usefulness resident of the State University or in any other capacity therein is a thing of the past. Every knows he is her without the less love for the work, without a proper feeling for the people of the merely for the sake of \$3,000 annual salary that sitals to the honorable position.

A man with any self respect with any sense of honor, would at place himself in such an indeline position. He prostitutes his

The Oregon congressional gation met at Portland to const regard to appointments under McKinley administration. resentative Ellis of the Second trict informed a reporter that # ommenda ions would be mederal regard to the "best interested party." That probably is par t. Some people have s st of the country.