

DESIRABLE COLLEGE HONORS.

Commenting on the winning of a scholarship at Yale by John A. Van Goss, and at Princeton by Claude R. Fountain, both of the University of Oregon, the Oregonian has caustic comment in a leading editorial on the preference of an education that brings such results in comparison with the tendency of the times to give athletic and oratory undue prominence in college work and in the bestowal of honors.

We like this news, therefore that young men of Oregon have achieved such a record in study as to be found worthy of admission to scholarships in Yale and Columbia, against the very severest competition the country could afford.

NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS.

Lord Millner has been overwhelmed with honors for his part in South African British affairs. A London dispatch says: The elevation of Lord Millner to the peerage created a number of new records in that line.

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THE ONLY WAY.

He—Well, I'll admit I was wrong. She—That won't do; you must admit that I was right.—Tid-Bits.

The problem of how the cakes of what has heretofore been called beeswax came to be deposited in the sand on the coast near Tillamook has at last been solved—maybe. The borers for oil have decided that they are not beeswax at all, but simply paraffine which has exuded from deposits of oil along the coast.

The Corvallis Times says the little stock-ily that came to the country two or three seasons ago and has since been so pestiferous in corrals, barns and pastures, has again made its appearance.

In the book written and published by Queen Victoria, she expressed the belief that she was a lineal descendant of King David.

"A cent and a half devoted upon the American Standard Company's list to be secured at \$1.50."

A census of that portion of the Samoan Islands that fell to the United States gives six thousand native population and one hundred whites.

Sumpter, up in the Baker county gold belt, had a big boom several years ago. According to the Baker City Herald it stayed.

Twenty tons of amorphous powder is burning at the Merz Island, California, navy yard. It is only half a mile from the city of Vallejo, yet no apprehension of danger exists.

The weather is rather cold for the first week of June. The Portland weather says conditions will not change for several days.

If the contention of the state's attorney-general is maintained in the courts—that the State School Board is responsible for the appointment of an appointee—who would want to be governor, or even president?

The trials of practitioners for heresies, that are happening occasionally stand out in such contrast with those of former days.

A Chicago deputy coroner is entitled to the medal for performance of duty. A young woman died under suspicious circumstances and the deputy official reported an inquest, with a verdict from national causes, forging the names of jurors.

The reward for information leading to the discovery of the assassin of President McKinley is \$100,000.

An important case is being tried in Michigan before Judge Campbell.

RAMBLERS AGAINST THE U. O.'S THIS AFTERNOON.

A spirited game of football was played on Friday noon the afternoon between the Ramblers and University of Oregon.

U. O.'s DEFEAT RAMBLERS.—The University baseball team again defeated the Ramblers yesterday, this time by a score of 10 to 9.

Mrs. Pease of Lawrence, Kan., has been unable to leave her bed in seven years because of kidney and liver trouble.

THE HIGH SCHOOL.

First Graduating Exercises Held Last Night.

The first commencement exercises of the Eugene High School held at the Christian church last night were largely attended, every seat in the auditorium, gallery and lecture room being occupied.

The exercises began at 8 o'clock. On the program were several papers read by students, including one by the author of the play 'The Boy'.

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SEVEN YEARS IN BED.

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HOPKINS' YOUNGSTER.

By Everard Jack Appleton.

She was a very pretty child, with the customary bright yellow hair—which would turn to brown in a few years—and blue eyes that were even on their way to becoming gray.

Not that he attempted the thing single handed; that would have been too wild an undertaking even for Hopkins.

She was 8 years old when she came to him, and inside of six months she was all his.

He was in love, of course. There had never lived a Hopkins in all the generation after generation of Hopkines that had not been in that condition during the greater part of his life.

But, though their descendant was not directly a coward and quite as self possessed as most young men of his set, he came to saying these same fervent words to Katherine herself he found it a little more than he could muster.

"My liege lady, I would not dare to breathe a word of disrespect against one so good and beautiful. Believe me, I would die to save you one moment's agony."

"Nay, is life so utterly valueless?" "Utterly for its only charm is lost."

"Impossible," said the queen softly. "You have much to live for—fame, wealth and doubtless love are yours."

"Nay, but one—forgive me, liege lady, but one. She cannot be mine. She is lost forever to me."

"Nay, you are mistaken. She is mine. I have done for her what you would do for me."

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AN AMBASSADOR'S LOVE A LOVERS QUARREL.

By Mabel Quiller-Couch.

There was a bridal in the palace, the bride of the eldest and most lovely princess—a girl in the bud of life, the spring-time of existence, a beautiful creature, radiant in smiles, exquisitely graceful—and a powerful alliance had been formed.

Her dress was thick with gold and jewels, the long silk veil fell to her feet and a crown of gold surmounted by a jewel of orange flowers rested on her brow.

The ambassador slowly knelt down, averting his head from the guests, and the princess followed his example, seemingly unconscious of the presence of the court.

"What! in tears?" said the empress kindly, when her daughter, overpowered by her concealed emotion, sobbed violently on her mother's bosom.

"I trust your majesty will pardon me," said the ambassador, hurriedly retreating on beholding the queen of Germany alone, for the empress had retired.

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Bob Jamieson stamped around his room, dropped his favorite pipe, and something untranslatable and picked up his cap.

He paused for a beat of breath, his eyes flashing, his nostrils dilating—with contempt, it is to be supposed.

"No, my dear Dolly, I dare say you will be expecting me to come and apologize and implore you to come and stay with me, but you'll have to send for me first."

She told herself this last piece of information was for the benefit of the servant in case she required to know.

When he comes and finds me gone, he will be furious. I will take my canoe and stay out till quite late. I'd love to frighten her thoroughly."

Miss Parsons' bright brown eyes flashed a little. A faint flush appeared on her pretty cheeks.

And all the time she knew that she dared not let her anger cool, for a horrid, absorbing pain would fill her heart at once and a wretched feeling of loneliness and depression, and she hated to be unhappy.

She paddled on and on until the other boats were all left behind. She was tired, but she would not stop. Her mind was made up on one point—she would frighten Bob Jamieson into an appreciation of her worth.

It was almost twilight when she turned to go home. The river seemed to her to have suddenly become lonely and depressing.

"Look ahead!" came too late. She screamed with alarm and missed her stroke.

"Bob! Bob! Help!" But before the cry was past her lips Dolly had gone under.

In a second Bob had sprung into the water after her. A striped face rose above the surface and two hands struggling wildly to clutch something.

"How canst thou tell that?" said the queen, her cheeks turning lividly white at the warmth with which she spoke.

"Forever farewell! Why, dearest lady, why? Say in aught I have offended you. Forgive me, I implore. Part not in anger with me; turn and look kindly on me again."

"Did I understand you to say that artist was also a literary man?" "No, I said he was a wonderful word painter. He never produces any pictures really worth mentioning. He merely talks about them."—Washington Star.

"I am fortunate in one thing," said Mr. Meekion. "My wife is one of the most economical women in the world."