

THE OREGON AT HOME.

The famous battleship Oregon again reposes in the waters of her baptism, in San Francisco Bay after fifty-five thousand miles of cruising.

Up, up she swept grandly on the breast of the flood tide, this huge gun platform, this floating fort, this colossus, this mighty 10,000-ton projectile, capable of driving a blow at a velocity of thirty feet per second!

With the huge thirteen-inch muzzles projecting from the forward turret like the uncovered fangs of a vicious bulldog, she barked the requisite thirteen times to the Admiral's flag on the Iowa, received the return, and passed on.

THE OREGON AT ANCHOR.

Swung full around, with nose to sea and tide and sun and wind, the great anchor leaped into the bay and clenched its stout grip on the muddy bottom.

EMPEROR WILLIAM AGAIN.

William of Germany has dipped his trenchant pen into ink again. This time he attempted theology in a telegraphic message of congratulations to the Y M C A Jubilee at Boston.

Commencing June 15th, and monthly thereafter, Genesee, Idaho, will have a sale day. The object of the day is that anyone having farm implements, cattle, horses, hogs or any article can have it offered for sale at auction without cost to the seller or buyer.

Those people up in Eastern Oregon, who voted for a tariff on wool now admit that there is something wrong with the protective tariff when it allows the price of wool to sneak down to eight cents a pound.

Why will people dance with such an illustration before them as that in Lamberton, Minnesota, Tuesday night, when the granary in which a party of young people were enjoying a social dance was hurled against a barn by one of those delightful eastern storms and broken up?

A Portland justice-of-the-peace court has a weighty problem to solve. A barber-shop patron sues the barber for damages sustained through getting the barber's job in his shop.

Mr Tillman, governor of South Carolina, has refused to drink with Mr McLaurin, United States Senator from the same state.

The modern will meet the ancient in Greece with electric cars whizzing from Athens to Piraeus! And the cars and electric fittings will come from America, that fabled Atlantis of the ancient Greek.

A Portland man escaped from the pethouse and ran to his home in the city with his smallpox. He refuses to return, and the city keeps a policeman constantly on guard at his residence to prevent persons from entering or leaving the house.

New York anarchists will have a picnic on Long Island tomorrow. Among other diversions their riflemen will blaze away at wooden dummies representing kings. To make the scene more realistic they should have hangmen and headsman-executing dummy king-killers.

Lieutenant-Commander Tilley, Governor of the American portion of Samoa, arrived in San Francisco the other day and was not there long until he tried to view the water front. Only "tried" to view it, for he had but fairly started when things punched him into unconsciousness, and took his gold watch and chain and money.

The New York Chamber of Commerce announces that "for the last three years the exchanges of the New York Clearing-House were very much in excess of those of the London Clearing-House.

A peculiar occurrence was noted last week in South Omaha. A carload of fat cattle was shipped to a commission firm in the stock yards there from Nebraska, and when it arrived it was discovered that somewhere on the journey it had caught fire, which had destroyed eight of the steers and then gone out.

State Game Warden Quimby is kept in hot water through complaints about his subordinates. Some of the deputies out in Southern Oregon are charged with violations of the game law, probably truthfully.

One of the longest and perhaps the most important cable of the world is the British Pacific cable which is to connect the Dominion of Canada with the Australian Confederation. It will be 5,934 miles in length—the longest ever constructed—and will be transported and laid by one ship, which is now being built for that purpose.

Why not spend the vacation at Yaquina Bay, where can be had excellent fare, good fishing, good boating, safe bathing, silencing rides and rambles? The courses and exercises at the summer school of 1901, at Newport, will afford great variety of instruction, diversion and entertainment.

A riding pony was auctioned off on the street corner this afternoon for \$13. Chas N. Kell, editor of the Jacksonville Times, is at Buffalo, N. Y., and the Times is at present under the management of Rev J. S. McCain, of Medford.

PERSONAL.

Daily Guard, June 16. Henry E. Ankeny is in the city again.

Mrs J. H. W. Under has gone to Burns to join her husband.

Mrs Emma Thompson has returned from a visit in Portland.

John Van Gross left for his home at Corvallis this afternoon.

Louis Dodge, student, left for his home at Ashland today.

Student I. L. Grider left this afternoon for Northern California.

Capt G. A. Sachs is laid up with a big carbuncle on his left hand.

Chas Cochran went to Cottage Grove this afternoon to spend Sunday.

Miss Florence Hudson, student, went to her home at Tangent today.

Miss Madge Battee returned last night from a visit in Portland.

Miss Julia Hill, class of '98, U. O., arrived from The Dalles this afternoon.

Mrs R. B. Bean came up from Salem today to attend commencement exercises.

Mrs L. N. Roney is still very ill, being somewhat worse this afternoon, we are sorry to state.

Miss Nina Wilkins, who has been in Moscow, Idaho, for several months, returned home this afternoon.

Mrs Dr. Vanduyke, of Grants Pass, is in the city visiting her son Ed Vanduyke, the well known student.

Miss Gertrude Longmore, one of the teachers in the Creswell public schools, came down on the afternoon train.

Mrs A. Fain and Miss Amy Adams, of Portland, are guests of Mrs. Adams, corner Fourteenth and Alder streets.

Forest Grove Times: Misses Edna Groves and Mabel Davis are spending commencement with Eugene friends.

Mrs Whittlesey, mother of Walter Whittlesey, who graduates at the U. O. next week, came up from Portland today.

Miss Rose Coleman, who has been visiting for some time at the residence of Mrs. Church, left this afternoon for Salem.

Miss Ina Craig, of Portland, and Miss Gussie Giesy, of Salem, are the guests of the Misses Ada and Ruby Hendricks.

Mrs E. R. Bryson and child came up from Corvallis today to spend commencement week with Prof and Mrs I. M. Glen.

Rev B. C. Miller, of Oakland, Oregon, has been called to the pastorate of the Springfield Baptist church. Rev Cook, who formerly held that pastorate, is now at Cambridge, Idaho.

Oregon City Enterprise: Mrs C. E. Loomis, who has been visiting Dr Loomis in this city returned to her home in Eugene Monday morning.

Mrs Alex Martin and son Jerry came up from Portland today to spend commencement week in Eugene. Mrs Martin is a sister of Geo H. and Dick Smith.

Mrs Win Hays returned home to Portland today after having spent a few days with her sister-in-law, Mrs Phil Miller, who has been quite ill but is now improving.

Mrs J. E. Haines and daughter Frances, of Plymouth, Indiana, arrived in Eugene last night and will spend the summer with Mrs Haines' niece, Mrs Geo Houck.

Medford Mail: Eugene J. Rhinehart left Tuesday morning for Eugene, where he will visit relatives for a few weeks, after which he will go to San Francisco, where his parents reside.

Hon C. H. Baker, of Waltherville, was in Eugene today and called at this office. As before announced by the GUARD Mr Baker has been appointed postmaster of Waltherville to succeed F. M. Dotson, deceased.

The Boston Bloomer Girls, the ladies' baseball club, traveling through the country, are billed to play in Eugene, at Kincaid field, Monday, June 24. They played here some three or four years ago. They will play the Ramblers this time.

Oregon City Enterprise: Miss Mary Case left Wednesday for Portland, where she will be joined by Mr and Mrs George M. Miller, and the party leave next week for Alaska, via Seattle. Miss Case will return in the autumn and while in Alaska will give recitals at Skagway, Juneau, Dawson and other towns.

Oregon City Courier: Frank Loomis, of Eugene, who has been attending the agricultural college at Corvallis for the past year, arrived Monday evening and will accept a clerical position in the Willamette paper mills. He is the son of Dr C. E. Loomis, special government agent of the land department.

John T. Ware, of Burns, arrived here Wednesday from Idaho, having come overland across the mountains. The gentleman thinks he has a cancer on his face, and will take treatment for the same while here. He is a native of Lane county, and moved to Eastern Oregon 12 years ago. This is his first visit back since he left and he remarked that Eugene had outgrown his knowledge.

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THE LITTLE SCHOOL-MA'AM'S STORY.

They were sitting before the big fireplace in Uncle John Watson's kitchen, an interesting and interested group. There were several neighbors who had just strayed in—men who had faced the privations of early pioneer life in the mountains and men who had rushed to the Mecca of fortune or failure in the Pennsylvania oil regions.

They were listening to Uncle John's stories of the early days. As he sat before the fire his strong features and angular form were outlined sharply against the glowing logs. From stories of early hardships the conversation naturally drifted into a recital of hairbreadth escapes, the turning point being a bear story in which Uncle John figured as a hero.

"I was walking down the road one evening, when I met a bear strolling along as if it, too, enjoyed an evening walk," his story began. "I had played with the Injun boys long enough to learn something of 'bear natur', so I jes tuck off my hat, held it afore my face and yelled for all I was worth. The bear turned and walked back into the woods 'dignified' as a judge, an I cut fer home. I might hev made a square meal fer the bear, but the Lord hed otherwise ordained."

Ben Billings told how he had been left under a bench—somewhat disturbed mentally, but otherwise unharmed—by a boiler which made a hasty exit from the engine house and landed 300 feet away. Jake Brown told of his wind up in the bull wheel. "One more turn, an I'd hev been dashed ag'in the cross-piece. The driller saved me. He allus was the coolest feller I ever saw, was Bill Kaney."

"I don't s'pose you've lived long enough to hev any close calls," said Uncle John when the little school-ma'am's turn came.

"Oh, yes, I have," said she. "It happened when I was teaching over at Sprink Creek and boarding at Squire Loomis. I had a good three miles to walk every morning and evening and was always glad of a lift. One morning a good looking young fellow, with a spanking black team and a light spring wagon came along. He stopped and asked me if I cared to ride. Of course I preferred to ride under such favorable circumstances. It was a June morning, the air full of sweet scents and sweeter music, and we were soon talking as agreeably as if we had been old acquaintances. Of course he knew people that I knew, and that broke the ice. We felt quite well acquainted by the time we came to the D. A. V. rail-road crossing. On the ties a big milk snake lay sunning itself. The horse shied and cramped the wagon in such a manner as to catch the hind wheel between two rails. The young man turned white as ashes."

"Get down and run for your life!" he said. "The morning express is due, and this is a load of nitroglycerin. I must unload these cans. You may be able to get away before anything happens. Run, run! Be almost sh'iked."

"But I had no intention of running away. I helped him to carry the cans, two at a time, to a safe distance from the track. It was terrible work. A false step or the jarring of one can against another and all would be over with us. I gritted my teeth and worked like a machine. Every step was taken in the agony of fear. After the first moment he was as cool as a cucumber and handled the cans with wonderful dexterity. You see, he was used to it, and I wasn't, and I was dreadfully afraid of dropping a can from sheer fright. In a short time we had them out but one, and that was under the seat. A dull rumble, and an engine rounding a curve blanched our faces and made our hearts stand still."

"You get that can while I try to tag the train!" he cried hoarsely. "I climbed into the wagon. It seemed an age before I could reach the can and an eternity before I landed with it and had placed it with the others in the field. And then?"

"You fainted, of course," said Uncle John, with a twinkle in his eye. "No, I didn't," said the little school-ma'am. "I turned and saw that the engine had stopped not two feet away from the wagon, and the people were crowding out of the train to see what was the matter. They looked scared enough when they found out how narrow an escape they had had. The train soon rumbled on again, and I helped him to load the cans. He said a good many complimentary things, but he didn't ask me to ride on to school, and I preferred walking."

"He ort to hev fell in love with you in genuine story book style," said Uncle John. "There ort to be quite a romantic end to that episode. He should be a rich young feller who axed you to marry him an took you off to Europe on a wedding tour."

"He was rich enough," said the little school-ma'am, blushing prettily. "but one can't hev more than one romance at a time. Uncle John. His father owned the factory and made a mint of money out of it. The young man did not quite like his calling on me, and Jeff thinks he has the best reason in the world for objecting."

And the little school-ma'am glanced shyly down at the turquoise ring on her plump third finger.

A PHILOPENA. "Calamity Jane."

Copyright, 1901, by Vanita Seibert. John Armstrong took Miss Harlowe out to dinner, and neither the dinner nor the diners received any of his attention, for it was entirely occupied by Miss Harlowe.

"Will you eat a philopena with me, Mr. Armstrong?" asked Miss Harlowe. "What's a philopena?"

"Oh, you cannot accept anything from me, and I cannot accept anything from you. If one of us does and the other cries 'Philopena' the unfortunate is obliged to give a pawn."

"Those are very hard conditions—altogether unfair," said Armstrong. "Eat it!" Miss Harlowe commanded imperiously; then she looked down at her plate. "There is always a way to get around the hardest conditions," she said softly.

"Philippa carried on as usual this evening," remarked the hostess to her husband when the last guest had gone. "I declare, that girl is simply dreadful. She is the dearest, prettiest thing, but she seems to think that all men were created solely for her amusement."

"My dear," said he, "John Armstrong is able to take care of himself."

Philippa was sleeping the sleep of the just. Probably it was the sleeplessness of the unjust that John Armstrong was experiencing.

He had been warned. "She is as beautiful as a picture and with about as much heart," said Travers.

"She is beautiful, and she has a heart to match her face," replied Armstrong. "You fellows have never been able to reach it, that's all. She isn't a woman to be lightly won, and I like her for it."

"Lightly won! Good heavens! That's just it—she doesn't want to be won. She only wants to be wooed. John, my boy, I admire your delicious self conceit and your stubbornness, but I tell you she is just playing with you."

"I do not care to discuss Miss Harlowe any further," said Armstrong coldly. And Travers knew that he had said as much as he dared.

Philippa sat in her drawing room waiting for John Armstrong. She was smiling to herself as she remembered that she had told three men she would not be at home tonight.

"He comes out of his shell when there is no one else here," she said to herself. "What a great, noble head he has! And what a will! I will tell him about the other men."

He came directly, and she welcomed him very sweetly, but as she looked in his face she saw a certain firmness about the lips and a steady light of purpose burning in his eyes, and she shivered a little. Like Travers, she knew that she had gone as far as she dared.

She became desperately gay, but Armstrong was in no mood for raillery. He sat silent and watched the play of the light on her hair, the delicate rose color that burned in her cheeks, the quick drooping and curving of her lips.

Then he leaned suddenly over her. He was tremendously in earnest; his straightforward nature could brook no preamble. She certainly understood him by this time.

"Philippa," he cried, "you know that you are dearer than life to me! Do not put me off any longer! I cannot bear it! You are very beautiful, dear, like some exquisite flower, with all your gifts and graces, and I am only an awkward, abrupt fellow. I have nothing much to offer you, but I know I am not worthy of you, but I can give you a heart that is all yours and a lifetime of love and devotion. Will you accept it, Philippa?"

Philippa laughed nervously. Then she furled and unfurled her fan and looked up arrogantly.

"Accept anything from you? Why, you must think I have forgotten your philopena. Besides, if I did accept, you know, I shouldn't have a thing to give you for a pawn."

"Philippa, do not trifle with me." "You are very unreasonable!" Philippa cried, conscious, however, that her eyelashes were falling for the first time. "You ask me to accept a—a gift just as if there never was such a thing as a philopena."

Armstrong rose. His lips were white, his eyes full of pain. He looked down on her a moment, then he said quietly, "Good-by, Philippa," and strode from the room.

He took his overcoat from the hall tree and dragged it on deliberately. "Like many another poor fool, I see that I have endowed a beautiful doll with a soul," he said to himself, with a bitter smile.

He jammed his hat down over his head and slid back the chain of the door. Then he felt the touch of a hand, and he turned and saw what no one had ever seen before—Philippa's brilliant eyes all soft and misty with tears. She laid her cheek against his sleeve.

"John, dear John, forgive me!" she cried, with a little sob. "I do accept, and here—I will give you the pawn in advance."

She drew his head down and kissed him, and Armstrong folded her in his arms without a word.

"You see, dear," whispered Philippa. "I couldn't give you my heart for a pawn because you already had it, long ago."

Celebration. When the goat had eaten the lighted freerackers the boy fell to mocking him with open throat.

"How," queried the boy, "do you like the celebration?" "A bit of gay hunting would help out, I think," quoth the goat.

Suiting the action to the word, the goat did not do a thing to the boy.—Detroit Journal.

She Was With General Custer In His Ill Fated Big Horn Campaign.

"Calamity Jane" has sought an asylum in the poorhouse of Gallatin county, Mont. As a child of the frontier, an army scout in the disguise of a man, a dispatch bearer through a country swarming with a cunning enemy, an Indian fighter feared by the redskins, a mail carrier in the Black Hills, a free rover among the rough characters of the border, a woman in sex but a man in employment and association, "Calamity Jane's" life puts the imagination of the novelist to blush. Her adventures have been the basis of a familiar character of the dime novel, but the lurid pen of the yellow writer has concocted no more desperate exploit than actually fell to the lot of this remarkable woman.

In private life "Calamity Jane" is Mrs. Martha Burk. She owes her nickname to Captain Eagan of the United States army, whose life she saved in a battle with Indians in 1872. She was then only 20 years old, but was already acting as a scout. This is her own story of the incident.

"I was serving under Captain Eagan, and while near Goose Creek, on the site of the present town of Sheridan, Wyo., we had a three day skirmish. We lost six men killed and several wounded. Their own detachment was annihilated about a mile from camp. Captain Eagan was one of the first to be shot during the fight that followed, and, happening to be near him, I was able to reach his side in time to prevent him from falling from his horse. I managed to get him on my horse in front of me and made a dash for camp, which we reached safely. After recovering from his wound Captain Eagan laughingly called me 'Calamity Jane, the heroine of the plains,' and the name has stuck to me through life."

Mrs. Burk was born at Princeton, Mo., in 1852. Her father, J. Canary, was forced to Montana in 1865 by the hope of "striking it rich" in the new goldfields. During the five months' trip overland, Martha became an expert rifle shot and a daring rider. Shortly after the family reached Montana the mother died, and the father, being disappointed, decided to return to Missouri. At Salt Lake City he, too, died, leaving four younger children to the care of Martha, then but 13 years old. Employment was found for her at Fort Bridger, Wyo., and she continued to ride and shoot until her reputation became widespread.

Her association with the soldiers filled her with a longing to go on the warpath against the Indians, and when General Custer was ordered in 1870 to make a campaign against the Apaches in Arizona she decided to put a desperate plan into execution. She put on the suit of a cowboy, clipped a little off the end of her hair, rode to Eugene, Wyo., and boldly asked to be engaged as a scout. She was accepted, and, though her sex was soon discovered, General Custer let her off with a scolding. She pleaded to be retained, and as she had proved her ability she was retained in which service and continued to wear man's clothing.

It was a thrilling campaign, in which she performed a number of daring missions and had several narrow escapes. Only once did she despair of life. She had been trapped by two Indians, but her marksmanship enabled her to kill one of them and escape. From the Apache campaign she went back to Wyoming to join an expedition under Custer, Miles and Crook. She fought in the campaign against the Nez Percés in 1877, and was in various minor engagements in Montana and Wyoming during the following year. She accompanied General Crook as a scout in 1875 in the expedition to the Black Hills to protect the miners and settlers from the threatening Sioux.

The ill fated year 1876 found the female soldier with Custer, Miles and Terry in the Big Horn country in northern Wyoming, where the Indians were creating trouble. It was in this campaign that "Calamity Jane" forwarded a priceless feat of carrying dispatches through a hostile country. The season was cold and wet, and she had to ford the Platte river near Fort Pottersman. The exposure brought on pneumonia. She was granted an indefinite furlough, and she never saved her life, for a few months later occurred the Custer massacre.

Her next employment was as United States mail carrier on the dangerous route between Deadwood and Custer. It was during this period that William Hickok ("Wild Bill") was assassinated by Jack McCall, a notorious desperado. "Calamity Jane" joined the posse in pursuit of the murderer, and when he was cornered in a butcher shop she brought him to bay with a cleaver. Her love for army life took her back into the service, and she was assigned to the Seventh cavalry. She helped to build Fort Mead, S. D., and in 1878 was honorably discharged. Resuming petticoats, she settled on a ranch near Miles City, Mont., but has since wandered about from place to place in the west.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Whittier's Dog. During one of the last birthday celebrations of the poet Whittier he was invited by a celebrated oratorio singer. The lady asked to sing, and, seating herself at the piano, she began the beautiful ballad, "Robin Adair." She had hardly begun before Mr. Whittier's pet dog came into the room and, seating himself by her side, watched her as if fascinated and listened with a delight unusual in an animal. When she finished, he came and put his paw very gravely into her hand and licked her cheek.

"Robin takes that as a tribute to himself," said Mr. Whittier. "He also is 'Robin Adair.'"

The dog, hearing his own name, evidently considered that he was the hero of the song. From that moment, during the lady's visit, he was her devoted attendant. He kept by her side when she was indoors and accompanied her when she went to walk. When she went away, he carried her satchel in his mouth to the gate and watched her departure with every evidence of distress.—St. Nicholas.

Persistence. With persistence the very odds and ends of time may be worked up into results of the greatest value. An hour in every day withdrawn from frivolous pursuits would, if properly employed, enable any man of ordinary capacity very shortly to master a complete science. It would make an ignorant man a well informed man in ten years. We must not allow the time to pass without yielding fruits in the form of something learned worthy of being known, some good principle cultivated or some good habit strengthened.

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The infinitely large beside faculty, were in assisted of Har- a L. L. rof and 'adlock i which drinks. ULY Natal G, 9.30 n. allowed m. a m. isee in follow- ing, ineed ribant is \$700. ributed icee of b, will r, irigen, att-ma. Orator) Day ne Tab- mney's signa- disease, rance to in some Wilkins, ay that sled at last few here an Mr W of bil and it is spread to cow fo urteenth lay, Jun a, soo. 5, 1901, 1, RS ag- m, lly S

25-1 VN free with se, giving GRAND at the prest fore base one test.

pure FOOD LAWS. Ax Billy Department Store. ending fancy locks, catches, butts, etc., are the finest ever in the city. Griffin Hardware Co. years ago. The people of England united, met the King at Runnymede and forced him the Magna Charta. After the oration President Garfield announced the names of the new members of the faculty appointed by Piano Tickets Given.