THE AUTHORS' .....ROMANCE.

"The thing that gives me most pleasure in the matter," said Mary Bell that evening, "is that I shall almost certainly meet Helen Hepburn. You know I have spoken to you about her stories a number of times. She writes about the very things that I would choose to write about if I had the power and in the way that I would like to do it if I could. Sometimes when I read what she has written it seems to me that I must have written it myself. It will be a happy day for me when I meet her. I expect to take a satisfaction in her acquaintance that I never have in the society of any one else."

All the way to Clinton Mary Bell's heart beat merrily. She was an author going to an authors' convention. How little the woman who sat in the seat next her guessed it! How far from suspecting it the young man who came in and took a seat beside her! He was a pleasant young man who looked like a commercial traveler. He had a handsome leather case with him—a dressing case, though Mary Bell did not know it—which contained without doubt, so she said to herself, his samples. His large, round head with its close clipped hair, his hearty laugh and frank, direct manner and his rough tweed suit marked him somehow as a knight of commerce.

"Could anything be more modern or more commercial?" observed the young authoress to herself. "How different the ideas he will offer me from those I shall get from Helen Hepburn when we meet!" And with a view to enjoying the contrast she kept up a vivacious conversation with the young man. Mary Bell had not had much social experience, but she was possessed of a natural sense of politeness, so she endeavored to talk about things which would interest this engaging Philistine. She discoursed about her aunt's stock farm and about the relation of trade to politics and defended imperialism and sympathized with those who had to live on railroad trains and at eating houses.

"I once read a touching and beautiful story about a commercial traveler and a little boy. I think it was called 'The Nomad,' and it was written by a fellow of the name of Bryant Hawley. I always think of that story when I hear any one sympathizing with the commercial traveler," said the young man. Mary Bell flushed with exquisite pleasure, for of course the story was her own. She endeavored to show her gratitude in a practical way by talking with the young man about his calling.

"What line do you carry?" she asked.

"I—I beg your pardon?" stammered her companion.

"What house do you travel for?"

"O—ah-h-h—a pencil house. But, speaking of pencils, I don't know any writer today whose pencil I would rather hold than that of the same man I was speaking of—Bryant Hawley. I am convinced that if we were to meet we would prove the best of friends."

Mary Bell covered up her delighted embarrassment with a hasty remark.

"Do you sometimes feel that way about people too?" she inquired. "Now, that is just the feeling I have about a certain woman unknown to me at present, except through her beautiful work. I hope to have the great privilege of meeting her this afternoon, and I am ardently dreaming that she will like me as well as I like her."

"Ah!" said the young man, much interested. "Do you like to tell me her name?"

"Indeed," cried Mary Bell, "I would rather speak her name than not. It is a distinguished one. It is Helen Hepburn."

For some reason that Mary Bell could not surmise this remark appeared to discomfit the young man exceedingly, though he did not look displeased, but conversation flagged between them. It seemed almost as if they had suffered some sort of misunderstanding. At Clinton Mary Bell got her belongings together and held out her hand to her companion as the train moved into the station. She desired to depart good friends with him. He was certainly a delightful young man. "What a pity," she thought, "that we cannot keep within our knowledge the people we meet and choose."

Some one came bustling up, evidently a member of the reception committee.

"Are you Miss Duncan? I thought so. Where's Mr. Denslow? We expected him on this train."

Mary Bell's companion raised his hat.

"That is my name, madam."

"So glad! Did you two travel down together? But perhaps not. Allow me—Miss Duncan, otherwise Bryant Hawley, Mr. Denslow, better known as Helen Hepburn."

The two bowed stiffly. They were distinctly embarrassed. They both blushed. Then they laughed.

"Please get in this carriage," said the bustling lady. "I believe you are both to be entertained at the same house."

This was the beginning of a lifelong romance.—Chicago Tribune.

Discovered.

"Ordered your breakfast, yet, sir?" asked the affable waiter.

"No, I haven't," said the guest. "I've been looking for some one to take my order. You may bring me two soft boiled eggs and a piece of apple pie."

"Yes, sir. How were things in Boston when you left, sir?"—Philadelphia Press.

Prudent Pa.

Briggs—Clingstone said when he married Miss Foxey that he thought her father had money to burn, and he was right.

Griggs—What did the old man do?

Briggs—Burned up the checks he gave them for a wedding present.—Life.

AN AGENT OF THE DEVIL.

"This fiendish thing that I am going to tell you is an episode in the life of the only woman I have ever cared for, my cousin Daisy, who married Ted Borradaile.

"It was in March two years ago, and she and Ted had gone out of town for a couple of days. It was Saturday afternoon, and they had lunched with friends. When they got back to their hotel, it wanted an hour or so to dinner time, and she fell asleep in her bedroom chair. Suddenly she woke up trembling and with the tears pouring down her face. She called out, and Ted came in from the next room to know what was the matter. Of course he laughed when he heard her story and suggested that the crumpets were not the most digestible things in the world. Daisy was crying and rubbing the third finger of her left hand. She had dreamed that some one with a cruel, handsome face had crept close to her and bitten off her wedding ring finger. That her finger and its ring were safe and unhurt was little comfort to her. She kept on rubbing the place dolefully and declared it had given her a shock, and she was pale and unnerved all the evening after. Next morning, however, she had apparently forgotten the occurrence till, as she and Ted were crossing the wood, a carriage advanced toward them. Ted looked at the lady. 'Such a handsome woman!'

"But Daisy was shaking and quivering all over, for the other occupant of the carriage had the face of the woman who had bitten her finger in the dream.

"Now, note this: Ted had not noticed the other occupant. He was looking at the lady and was full of her remarkably good looks, her golden hair and beautiful complexion. When he found that Daisy was distressed at something she had seen, he had wanted to turn back and meet the party again, but Daisy was quite upset at the idea and would not hear of it. Indeed so utterly had it spoiled her enjoyment that after lunch she confessed to her husband that she wanted to go back to town at once. She hated the place where they might meet that face at any time, and finally they returned home by an afternoon train that very Sunday.

"Mind you, Daisy isn't a fanciful creature at all; she is a healthy, happy natured girl—at least she was then—no more given to supernatural fiddle de dee than you are, and the hold that this thing took on her was directly opposed to her ordinary character. She told one of my sisters the story with shuddering and disgust, as if she were speaking of some horrible, unclean thing. She did not tell it to me till long afterward.

"In the following autumn she was taken ill—a chill and pleurisy which became very serious. She had never been ill before in her life, and Ted was frantic about her, wanted to nurse her himself and could hardly be got out of her room. But, of course, the doctor would not hear of that and sent in two nurses. Daisy was delirious, and the night nurse had a hard time of it. It was a case which just depended on the nursing, they said, and it was an awful strain for us all. One night they told us she was conscious, but sinking fast. I was at the house and my sister Clara, who had always been Daisy's great friend. Somehow Clara insisted on being admitted to her room and found that she knew her. 'For God's sake, give me something to eat! Nurse is killing me, starving me,' she whispered. 'You know who she is—the woman from Tarrytown who bit off my ring finger!'

"Well, Daisy recovered, thanks to my sister Clara taking forcible possession of the sickroom, discharging the night nurse and keeping a strict watch upon the other. Ted Borradaile was the most difficult person to manage. To her astonishment, he championed Nurse Seamer, and it was only when Clara told him straight out that he was conniving at his wife's death that he gave in, and very, very slowly our poor little Daisy was brought back to life. Sometimes I think she had better have died, for the week that she was really pronounced convalescent and fit to be moved into another room Borradaile went off to Europe without a word of farewell to his wife and with Nurse Seamer as his companion.

"No, you cannot explain these things. I can't even blame Borradaile as he deserves, and Daisy won't hear of divorcing him. She declares that some day he will come back to her and need her help and her forgiveness, and I know if he does he will have them. She regards this whole business as a phase of infernal possession, and Nurse Seamer, with her cruel, dark face, as a direct agent of the evil one. When she told me the story, as she was obliged to do to explain her own attitude toward Ted, she said simply, 'My husband had never seen that woman till she came into the house when I was delirious and could not warn him against her. I knew that whenever we two met she would injure me with all her power. Ted was not a free agent, but a tool all through in her hands and her master's. You and Clara must not ask me to take any steps against my husband, only to wait till he comes back to me.'"—American Queen.

Parson's Poor Fun.

Minister—How much have we in the poor fund now, deacon?

Deacon—About 30 cents, sir.

"That is a poor fund indeed."—Yonkers Statesman.

Murdering Things.

"Don't you think that girl at the piano has a talent for execution?"

"Oh, yes, and so has the butcher, for that matter."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

SEDALIA.

There was calm in the coming of Sedalia. There were balm and healing blessedness. There was the boon of peace. Domestic affairs emerged from their chaos of disorder and moved with rhythmic regularity. After feeling upon our necks the stiff reins of many a maid of all work we discovered that those Sedalia wielded were silken and that she was gentle on the bit. Indeed, we were apt to get our metaphors mixed when we spoke of Sedalia, for, while it was the aspiring young lawyer of the family who reproved the sporting individual for such a phrase, it was the daughter of the house who likened Sedalia to a great rock in a weary land.

The first day that Sedalia bent her eagle eye upon the bachelor, Mr. Alexander Trimmerth by name, that individual perceptibly winced.

He looked up from his delectable breakfast in slightly nervous apprehension.

"You—you spoke to me?"

Sedalia continued to regard him with judicial gravity.

"No—I didn't. But I will—if you don't mind. How's your liver?"

Mr. Trimmerth gasped. He hastily set down his coffee cup.

"My—my"— he faltered. "My"—

"Your liver," repeated Sedalia. "It doesn't seem to me that the whites of your eyes have got a real healthy look. They are kind of yellow"—

That was the time the small boy distinguished—and disgraced—himself.

"If the whites are kind of yellow, Sedalia," he ventured, "why don't you call them the yolks?"

But Sedalia was not to be disconcerted. Although her interest in each and every member of the household was unusual, it was Mr. Trimmerth whom she was apparently most anxious to keep in perfect health. To tell the truth, he rather resented her solicitude, and as weeks went on this resentment deepened. He spoke of it to the head of the house with something approaching consternation.

"Why, she moved the hot biscuits out of my reach this morning, as though I were a child," he gasped; "said they were real short—I suppose she meant rich—and said they might bring on another headache."

"You have not been having so many headaches lately," he was gently reminded.

"N-o. I dare say she's right in the main, but I can't say that I like her everlasting supervision."

"She's a capital cook," declared the landlady.

"I'm not denying that. But she's too conscientious. She takes an interest in me because she thinks she ought to. That's the trouble with her—conscientiousness. Now, I'm old enough to take care of myself."

He certainly was, as his silvering locks proved, although he did not look within ten years of his actual age.

"Do you wish me to speak to Sedalia?"

"Well, it wouldn't hurt. But, anyhow, the next time she attempts to give me advice I won't take it."

This declaration of independence was put to the test the next morning. It was a bleak spring day. Rain had fallen in the night, and a raw east wind was blowing. Mr. Trimmerth came down stairs with a new spring raglan on his arm. Sedalia eyed it scornfully.

"You'd better not wear that," she said. "It isn't but half as heavy as the one you always wear, and this wind is going to do damage. Put on your winter overcoat."

Mr. Trimmerth ate his breakfast in stony silence, but there was a resolute glare in his eye. The meal ended, he ostentatiously donned the raglan and without even buttoning it went off rebellious and victorious with his head in the air. But that evening came Sedalia's revenge, for the boarder came home with a touch of fever, a headache and a racking pain in his side. By the time the hard siege of pneumonia was over and he was—thanks chiefly to Sedalia—on the convalescent list he was surprised how pleasant he found it to have the deep chested and comely young woman around. What a pretty throat she had! How neat she always kept her dark brown hair! And there was a fine look of loyalty in the gray blue Irish eyes.

"Sedalia," he asked one day after a prolonged and thoughtful silence, "why have you never married?"

"May yet," said Sedalia laconically. "Don't think I will, though. I don't like to be taken care of. I'm more used to taking care of people, I am."

"So I see," he said dryly. "Was it habit only, then, that induced your interest in me?" He sipped at her excellent broth and watched her narrowly.

"You needed more looking after than the others," she explained. "You had no one else."

Man's inborn dependence on the maternal love of a good woman conquered Mr. Trimmerth. "Sedalia," he begged, "will you take care of me—always? Will you marry me?" Sedalia smiled, but she also blushed. "Perhaps," she said, "if you'll promise to wear the coat I tell you to!"

Mr. Trimmerth suddenly set down his cup. "I will—oh, I will, Sedalia!"—Chicago Tribune.

One on Nobbs.

Bobbs—Good joke on Nobbs.

Bobbs—What?

Bobbs—He went to look on at a masked ball. Committee saw him and gave him the prize for wearing the funniest mask.—Baltimore American.

No Discordance.

"So they sent your poem back," said the sympathizing friend. "It's too bad."

"That's what the editor said."—Philadelphia Times.

A PREMATURE BLAST.

Three Men Killed and Several Wounded.

KALAMA, Wash, June 21.—A premature explosion occurred at 10 o'clock this morning on the new Washington & Oregon railroad killing three men and injuring six others. The scene of the accident was in a rock cut half a mile south of Kalama. The exact cause of the explosion will perhaps never be known, as the men who were working at the drill hole were instantly killed.

About 25 men were working in the cut and from the survivors it is learned that Thomas Graham and Hugh Jamison, both of Portland, were loading a 12 foot drill hole with No 2 giant powder and had put in about 100 sticks. It is supposed that they had just begun tamping the powder with an iron bar as they had sometimes done before when the explosion occurred.

Jamison's head was blown off. Graham was blown almost into a jelly, and "Scotty" Heeney was blown up on top of the cut, a distance of 15 feet. His injuries are fatal although he is still alive His chin is blown off, skull fractured, arms and legs broken, and holes blown through his body. While six other laborers were more or less injured it is not thought further fatalities will result.

DOUGLAS MINES.

Myrtle Creek Fast Becoming a Mining Town.

Special to the GUARD.

ROSEBURG, June 22.—The development and progress now being made in operating the mines near Myrtle Creek tend to show that the little Douglas county village will, in the near future, be on the roll of Southern Oregon's most prosperous mining towns.

The promising and encouraging outlook is based on recent discoveries near that place and the subsequent finding of large bodies of ore that assays at a profit-bearing figure, the continual report of additional "luck," the confidence and opinions expressed by experts who have seen their prophecies rewarded by an increased swarm of prospectors into the mountains, all bearing directly their own special share toward verifying the oft told saying, "coming events cast their shadows before." The simple illustration of a quiet boom has been set forth from time to time by the reports from that vicinity, and ere many days the expectations of the fortunate operators may be realized to the fullest measure, and if to judge by their expressions and labor, as reported, we may consider the following as a fair example:

"The ore in the Martha Randa mines is showing up fine, and the development work is going on with a full force of men. A mill test on the Continental ore gave a return of $873.91 per ton, and a sample of the Bowman and Kurtz mine is estimated to bring $1500 per ton, which breaks the record for high grade ore in Douglas county. The mountains are being overrun with prospectors, many going out nearly every day from Myrtle Creek into the hills. The Gold Ridge Mining Company's tunnel is 144 feet in fine looking ore. Hall and Cummings are pushing their work on first extension to the Continental. Oatman and Robinson are increasing their work on the Legal Tender, a second extension being made to the Continental. Nearly every day some new find is made."

BAKER COUNTY'S WOOL CLIP.

Will Aggregate 1,500,000 Pounds for the Present Year.

Special to the GUARD.

Baker City, June 22.—Prominent warehousemen of this city estimate that the wool clip of Baker county for the present year will aggregate 1,500,000 pounds. Of this amount much of it is already in the warehouses, ready for shipment. A few sales have been made recently, and prices are showing a tendency to improve. One large firm refused 10½ cents for 200,000 pounds now in the warehouse here and expects to receive eleven cents before long. There has been about 50,000 pounds sold here during the past week. In a period of two weeks sales will aggregate over 200,000 pounds.

Lee Bros, one of the largest growers in this county, have stated that they would take a band of 6000 sheep into Idaho this season for a new range, as they regarded this section well crowded.

A BARGAIN.—646¾ acres of land; 100 acres in cultivation; rest in open prairie, well seeded down; plenty of running water year around; timber abundant; 9-room house, and barn that holds 103 tons of hay; place 2 miles from depot postoffice and good public school; $12.50 per acre; for further particulars inquire of I L. Campbell. GUARD

MAD DOG OUTBREAK.

Twenty-five Persons Bitten by Mad Dogs in Chicago Today.

ATTEMPT TO BLOW UP A CHURCH.

Special to the Guard

MANHATTAN KASAS, June 22.—Saloon men of this city attempted a reversal of the usual saloon-blowing up that has been more or less prevalent in this prohibition state. They attempted to blow up the First Methodist church edifice last night.

Bitter attacks on the saloon men by the pastor led to the outrage.

THE DEADLY TORNADO.

Special to the Guard.

OMAHA, Neb, June 22.—Nine persons were killed here today by a tornado that swept a portion of the city.

TERRIBLE MAD DOG PANIC.

Special to the Guard.

CHICAGO, June 22.—Great excitement was caused today by mad dogs that ran through a portion of the city before they could be killed.

Twenty five persons were bitten by the dogs.

TURBULENT COAL MINERS.

Special to the Guard.

MATTEAWAN, W VA, June 22.—An outbreak of the turbulent miners of the West Virginia coal fields is imminent.

A WEDDING OFF.

Special to the GUARD.

NEW YORK, June 22.—The Balfour-Sartoris wedding will not take place as previously announced. No cause is assigned by interested parties.

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD BUILDING.

Special to the Guard.

SEATTLE, June 22.—Jim Hill will extend the Great Northern railroad to the Republic mining region.

NICARAUGUA CANAL.

Special to the GUARD.

LONDON, June 22.—The British cabinet has taken up the Nicaraugua treaty for consideration.

Commissioners Court.

Roads and bridges—

F A Clow roadwork	$ 4 00
J W Starr nails	1 45
John Robins roadwork	80 00
J D Cox use of engine and supervisor	112 00
F May gravel	19 95
J F Schrumpp lumber	9 50
Abe Campbell roadwork	35 00
Marion Harpole roadwork	33 00
Isaac Howard roadwork and wood	53 00
Casper Rickard gravel	1 50
Joe Strome gravel and damage to field	34 00
D McBee crusher work	26 25
M R Henderson crusher work	18 37
O McDole crusher work	34 12

HE SABBITED.—The following is told for a fact: Some time ago a well-known San Francisco attorney, who prides himself upon his handling of Chinese witnesses, was defending a railway damage case. Instead of following the usual questions as to name, residence, if the nature of an oath were understood, etc, he began: "What is your name?" "Kee Lung," "You live in San Francisco?" "Yes." "You sabbie God?" "Mr Attorney, if you mean do I understand the entity of our Creator, I will simply say that Thursday evening next I shall address the State Ministerial Association on the subject of the 'Divinity of Christ,' and shall be pleased to have you attend."

Saves Two From Death.

"Our little daughter had an almost fatal attack of whooping cough and bronchitis," writes Mrs W K Haviland of Armonk, N Y, "but, when all other remedies had failed we saved her life with Dr King's New Discovery. Our niece, who had consumption in an advanced stage, also used this wonderful medicine and today she is perfectly well." Desperate throat and lung diseases yield to Dr King's New Discovery as to no other medicine on earth. Infallible for coughs and colds. 50c and $1 bottles guaranteed by W L DeLano. Trial bottles free.

Better for the Blood Than Sarsaparilla.

For those living in the Malaria districts. Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic.

MARION COUNTY CROPS.

More Favorable Conditions For All Kinds of Crops.

Special to the Guard.

Salem, June 22.—A week of bright warm weather has brought about more favorable conditions for all kinds of crops and the situation in Western Oregon may be summed up in the words, best crop prospects in years. Grain and hay crops will be heavy. Barley is ripe and a great deal of clover and orchard grass has been cut. Hops look well and are making a heavy growth. The prune crop will be unusually heavy and apples are promising to be a fine crop in quality and a larger yield than was expected.

SOCIAL EVENTS.

Special to Guard

Salem, June 22.—The Congregational church ladies gave an unique luncheon Wednesday evening in the form of "A Trip Around the World." Washington, D C, Berlin, Tokio, and Los Angles were all represented in different parts of the city and tourists were conveyed to the different stations by means of tally-ho coaches. At each city the rulers and notables of the nation were present and the decorations and refreshments were served in accordance with the customs of the nationalities represented.

The Northwestern Normal college held graduating exercises this week, there being seven graduates, four in the post graduate class.

Commencement exercises of the Mt Angel Catholic college will be held next Tuesday and this will be an occasion for a large gathering of the friends of this institution.

A Terrible Explosion

"Of a gasoline stove burned a lady here frightfully," writes N E Palmer, of Kirkman, Ia. "The best doctors couldn't heal the running sore that followed, but Bucklen's Arnica Salve entirely cured her." Infallible for cuts, corns, sores, boils, bruises, skin diseases and piles. 25 cents, at W L DeLano's.

FOR SALE CHEAP.—"Columbia" bicycle, 1900 gents $50 model. Inquire here.

AN Dilly Department Store. | two lots. Inquire at this office. | Address, R & A VITUS, Eugene, Or. | the trail. | Piano Tickets Given.