

ALASKAN MILITARY SERVICE.

The War Department has just made public the annual report of Brigadier-General George M. Randall, commanding the Department of Alaska. General Randall lays much stress on the rigors of an Alaskan winter. The cold, he says, is intense, and continues so from November to April, with severe and frequent blizzards. There is no dockage for ocean vessels at the supply port, Fort St. Michael, and all supplies must be lightened from ships in the open. If the weather is rough the work of lightening becomes impossible.

Owing to the isolation of army posts and to the lack of facilities for instruction in drill and for convening court-martial, General Randall says, troops left to serve there for several years must deteriorate in military efficiency. He therefore recommends that troops stationed in Alaska be relieved every two years, and that only men with more than two years to serve be ordered there.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA AGRICULTURE.

There are 269 farms in the District of Columbia with an aggregate of 8,489 acres, of which 5,934 are improved. The farms contain 22.1 per cent of the 88,400 acres of land surface.

The incomes derived from many of the farms are insufficient to meet the operating expenses and interest upon capital invested. The owners, when their lands are used for agricultural purposes, are generally content with small present incomes, as the steady advance in values insure adequate future returns. There are thirty-three floral establishments and they are notable exceptions, yielding handsome returns. Washington society uses immense quantities of flowers.

EPISCOPALIANS AGAINST DIVORCE.

The Episcopal convention in San Francisco has prohibited their ministers performing the marriage ceremony where either party has a living husband or wife. The text of the canon is as follows:

No minister shall solemnize a marriage between any two persons unless or until, by inquiry, he shall have satisfied himself that neither person has been, or is the husband or the wife of any person then living; unless the former marriage was annulled by a decree of some civil court of competent jurisdiction for cause existing before such former marriage.

The Portland assessment is twelve or fifteen million dollars less than a few years ago. This doesn't speak well for the assessors in that growing city.

Merchant Shumate, of Waltherville, shows the proper spirit. He is loyal to every interest in Lane county. Business men and property holders in Eugene should take a strong hint.

Every State Press Association included in the original Oregon Territory has endorsed Albert Tozier, president of the National Editorial Association, for press agent of the Lewis and Clark Centennial and American Pacific Exposition.

The Boston Herald remarks that "the most interesting item of the Billion Dollar Steel Trust's semi-annual statement is the \$7,600,000 for interest on its bonds, all of which are held by Andrew Carnegie and his numerous beneficiaries."

The Springfield Republican says: Mr. Roosevelt is entirely justified in being proud of the value of his medals in the Confederate navy, and everybody else ought to be glad that the president of the United States had medals in the Confederate service of whose personal qualities he could be proud.

Eugene should raise every cent of the \$8,000 bonus next week.

Wisconsin skunk farmers are forming a combination. That should prove a trust so strong that competition will give it a wide berth.

The great waste of prunes has led to experiments as to its value for the manufacture of vinegar with the result that it proves equal if not superior to the best cider vinegar.

Talk up the woolen mills. It means a large pay roll. When the committee calls subscribe liberally. Stores, shops, etc., never made a city. Manufacturers build up and create cities. Remember this.

It is about time a cyclone or destructive storm was reported from the East. Western Iowa had an unwelcome visitor Thursday, crops being destroyed while about a dozen towns received more or less damage.

Oregon orators appear to be in demand in the Ohio campaign. Gov. Geer and Congressman Tongue have already accepted invitations to stump the Buckeye state for the Republican party, and now W. S. Dunaway has been asked to give a hand.

Albany Democrat: Geo. H. Williams is being mentioned for Governor on the Republican ticket and is receiving many nice bouquets; but they are only bouquets, for there is no intention at all of running Mr. Williams. Timothy T. Geer is the real thing.

Nothing has yet developed in the Schley court of inquiry to indicate that Admiral Sampson got even a whiff of the gunpowder odor that filled the air while the Brooklyn, Iowa, Oregon and Texas were sending the Spanish vessels to the bottom of the sea.

It is a curious kind of speculation, that of buying firearms and ammunition and shipping them to West Indies and Central American points, to be held in readiness for the revolutions that are bound to occur in some one or more of the South American countries. Then they will be disposed of at a big profit.

A Canada man figures that Canadian forests are capable alone of furnishing the pulp wood of the world for eight hundred and forty years on the basis of present production. There is little value to such an estimate as no allowances are made for timber cut for lumber and fire-wood, besides the vast quantities that will be destroyed in clearing and by forest fires.

U. O. NOTES.

First Meeting of the Laurean Society, Picnic Party, Etc.

An impromptu meeting of the Laurean Society was called last evening in Laurean-Eutaxian Hall. The president and vice president having not yet returned to school, the secretary, Mr. Merritt, presided. The work of the evening consisted mainly of discussion, by members, of the plans for the year, and also nomination of officers for the coming term. Every effort is being put forth to begin the new year with renewed vigor and enthusiasm that literary work may take the place it deserves in student life.

A merry crowd of students set out on foot early this morning to spend the day picnicking on Spencer's Butte. Luckily the day was fair and the atmosphere clear, affording an excellent view and jolly time for the young collegians. Those composing the party were: Misses Virginia Clever, Estelle Melrath, Margaret Bannard, Mabel Smith, Hazel Bickers; Messrs. Condon Bean, Seth Kerron, Harvey Desmone, Ralph Fenton and Harry Deigh.

Three new members were taken into the Sigma Nu Fraternity last evening, namely: G. W. Eyre, of Walla Walla; A. D. Leach and Seth Kerron, of Portland.

THE BALL DRESS.

I was happy till the question of Mrs. Cheswick's ball came up. There was nothing with which to purchase a suitable costume. My brother Ned had been to college one term and was struggling for means to pay for another. I paid my grandma a visit, who kindly offered me the wherewithal to buy a dress. I thought of Ned's condition and made up my mind to turn the money over to him.

"Grandma," I said, "pray excuse me, but if you will allow me to do as I please with this money I'll send it home to Ned."

"And what do you propose wearing at the ball?" demanded grandma.

"I shan't go to the ball," I said, chucking down a sob.

"Oh, yes, you will," she replied. "I've accepted Mrs. Cheswick's invitation, and you shall not offend her by staying at home. You must go."

"Very well," I answered. "I shall be obliged to wear my old white muslin. I've nothing else."

"Grandma, don't you think I had better send an excuse to Mrs. Cheswick? I ventured to suggest at last. 'I really don't care to go to the ball.'"

Grandma only laughed and shrugged her shoulders in her own peculiar way. "It will have to be the white muslin, after all, I fear, child," she said, with a sigh.

And the white muslin it was. The glitter of the ballroom and the sound of the music and the sweet gentleness of Mrs. Cheswick's manner soon reassured me and quite put to flight my misgivings. Before I had been at Bloomington two hours I had danced not only the first set with Major Cheswick, but half a dozen others. He took me out to supper, too, and when he bade me good night at the carriage door he picked up a withered confidante that fell from my hair and fastened it in his buttonhole.

"Well," questioned grandma when we met at breakfast next morning, "what about the ball? How did you like it?"

"Oh, grandma," I cried, "it was the happiest night of my whole life!"

"In spite of the old white muslin?"

"Oh, I didn't think of it, grandma—no one! I was so delighted with the ball that I forgot all about myself."

All this happened in October, and that very day I had to leave for home, where I found that Ned had already gone to college, having had to start earlier than he had expected.

"We would not let you know," said papa, "lest you should miss the ball."

It was growing dusk when I returned home from my usual afternoon's ride a few weeks later, and a cheerful light gleamed from the sitting room windows.

Papa did not, however, come to meet me as usual, so I cattered around to the stable, put up Beauty and then went in by the back way and hurried up stairs to change my dress.

"I suppose the dear old lady," I said to myself, "is busy and does not hear me."

When I had finished my simple toilet, I hurried down stairs and burst into the room, saying:

"Here I am, safe and sound, papa, and I've had such a grand gallop, and there's a letter from Ned, and I hope you haven't let the muffins burn."

"I am afraid I have, my dear," he answered, "for I have company. Major Cheswick is here. I believe you are already acquainted with him?"

I looked around and now, for the first time, saw that another person was in the room.

"I beg pardon, Miss Gladys. I trust you haven't quite forgotten me, but I fear you have. But I am, I assure you, Major Cheswick, and I thought I would just run down and see how you are all doing over here," said he.

Major Cheswick spent a week in the neighborhood, and every evening found him our guest.

"Such a pleasant time I've had," he said one afternoon, standing beside me while I arranged the autumn leaves he had gathered. "But it is over. I must go home tomorrow."

"Tomorrow. Shall you miss me just a little? Don't say no. Don't take back the sweet confession your eyes have this minute made. I love you, Gladys. This is why I came. I fell in love with you the night we met at my mother's ball."

A STUDY IN COWARDICE

"We picked up our lion tamer in a little out of the way village in Ohio."

The speaker was the manager of the Drew menagerie in his room at the hotel the day after the tragedy.

"His history I never fully learned until today, after the—accident. It reads like a romance."

"John Hawets was an easy going young fellow in the little village of Leland, Ind. He was fairly well off and possessed a good business. But there was a weakness in his make up which made him—well, to put it mildly, not popular. He was the most ardent coward in the world."

"From earliest boyhood he had loved a village schoolmate, Jennie McDuff, a sort of rustic belle, but when the show down came and he proposed he was rejected with scorn. Jennie told him plainly that she would not marry a coward."

"This decision had weighty reasons back of it. He had been known to let his sweetheart nearly drown because he was afraid of the water. At another time he had run from a very peacefully disposed steer as the two were crossing a pasture. But why go through the whole list?"

"When Jennie refused him so decidedly, John seems to have waked up to the insignificant position he held in the hearts of his neighbors on account of his inherent weakness and decided to leave Leland. He sold his business and disappeared."

"Departing from Leland, he was mixed up in a wreck over in Ohio as he was making his way to Cleveland. In this wreck he received an injury to the head which rendered him unconscious, and he was taken to the hospital in Columbus, where he remained for three months. He had money with him, the result of the sale of his property, and so was well cared for, but as there was no clew to his address about him his Indiana friends were not notified of his accident."

"Here was the turning point of his life."

"It has become an old story that a blow on the head will sometimes effect a radical change in a man's disposition. It was so with Hawets. He lost his cowardice, also lost his memory. His past was entirely wiped out."

"When he was released from the hospital, still having plenty of money, he wandered around the country for awhile and then fell in with our menagerie. We let him travel with us, as he seemed to have an enormous liking for animals and would have worked for nothing in order to be with them and we were not willing to engage him at an salary. And he was a good man for the work, always careful and fearless, absolutely fearless."

"After a time we gave him more and more confidence, and at last he asked to be allowed to assist the lion tamer to learn the business under him. We did not like to grant his request, but our lion tamer had taken a fancy to John, and so the permission was reluctantly given. Then, when the former received a better offer, John took his place."

"Well, sir, we never had such a lion tamer before, and I doubt if we ever will again. He went into the cages of the wildest and most ferocious animals with a total absence of fear. It seemed as if he actually loved the fierceness of the lions and the tigers. Yes, he even patted their heads."

"After John became our lion tamer we had remarkable success, for he seemed to have an occult power over animals. They easily and quickly learned new tricks and when under his influence became passably tame."

"Then came this affair of yesterday. 'Jennie, his old sweetheart, unknown to him—in fact, he had forgotten her with the rest of his past—was visiting friends in this city and came to our performance."

"She was seated well down in front, and when it came John's turn to enter the cage with the lions she shrieked out in surprise, and perhaps terror, as she recognized him."

"I was standing outside the bars by the gate and saw his face. As the girl cried out he glanced in her direction. He passed his hands across his eyes in a dazed manner, and then there came into them a look of absolute terror as he saw the animals. It was as if he had waked from a dream and found himself in a dangerous position from which there was no escape."

"The sight of his old sweetheart had brought back his memory and with it his cowardice."

"The animals recognized it also and with a bound were upon him. We rushed in with iron bars, always kept handy for that purpose, and beat them off, but before they had given him his deathblow."

"We dragged him out and laid him on the floor beside the cage. The girl came flying down and knelt beside him, calling his name and weeping."

"A few hours later he died in her arms."

"We told her of his bravery during the last three years, and she wondered at it. She mourned because the sight of her, as she thought, had thrown him off his guard for a moment and caused his death."

"As for that returning cowardice, she never knew, but before his death he told me of it. He could not understand how he came to be in the cage, for with the return of his memory all remembrance of the last three years vanished. He had forgotten all his triumphs in the circus and was again fix- ed toward Leland!"

"But his sweetheart never knew this and will treasure his memory to the last day of her life as that of a brave man whose she and his friends had un- derstood."

The Babe of Clearwater.

By R. I. CLEVELAND.

The men were on their way from Flathead Lake to Missoula, passing by Clearwater in the hot of the noon. Rio Grande Bill was in the party and Lasso Mack and several others who had been in Paris with Buffalo Bill. Another of the riders was a tall, heavily built, German looking fellow, with long gray hair.

"The little cavalcade rode hard by the waters of the stream, searching for the ford. Once at the spot, they plunged in, watered their sun baked horses, then pushed for the other side. As they came to the top of the bank, almost in sight of St. Cloud's peak, a man came running toward them, a nondescript man, who held one hand high and said, 'Sh-h-h,' with a pleading gesture. As he was unarmed, the riders halted, and he came up to them, almost breathless."

"My wagon's beyond there," he said, with a nod of his head toward a knoll, "and there's something going to happen. My woman's wrestling sick. Can't you tote by easylike?"

"Yess," said Rio Grande Bill. "But what's going to happen?"

"I think it's a kid," answered the man, wiping the sweat off his red forehead and looking quite worried. He explained that he was a "mover" from the Ravalli country, bound for what is now known as Kalispel. His wife had been taken suddenly ill as they halted for the noon meal. Her sister was with her and aiding her. He thought in a few moments everything might be over and he relieved of his anxiety. He had seen the horsemen coming, and he deemed it best that no outside noise should harass the already strained nerves of "his woman." He apologized for disturbing the gentlemen, but at such times strange things must happen. He had never been a father before, and he really did not know what to do. The German laughed and muttered:

"My soul is full of discord and dismay."

It was Rio Bill who suggested that a halt be made in the journey until it be known if the "mover's woman" was safely over her trouble. As Rio Bill was captain of the party, the others acquiesced. They dismounted and stretched themselves on the river's bank while their horses idly grazed. No one talked. The "mover" had gone back to his wagon. Lasso Mack had drawn a deck of cards from his shirt and was dealing solitaire. The German lay on his stomach and poked finger holes in the sand. Rio Bill mended his quilt.

Back in the wagon one woman was bending over another. As for the heat, it came in waves, blistering the stream, baking the land, making dreams of cool mountain waters wild fantasies of disordered brains. The "mover" came back from his wagon carrying a bucket, which he filled with river water. Then he apologetically passed the waiting group and returned to his post. Maybe he was gone ten minutes, but when he again returned there was a note of joy in his voice.

"My woman's all right," he said, with a sweep of his hat which took in not only the group, but all the land. "Her sister says as how you may see the kid, you having been so kind as not to disturb my woman."

Rio Bill let the flicker of a smile go over his face. Mack threw back his long black locks of hair and gathered together his cards. The German rose and began to flick dust from his rough clothing. He drew his heels together, betraying early training in the army. He waited, too, for some one else to take the lead. Rio Bill looked sheepishly at him and then, shaking a spurred boot, advanced. The radiant father was the rube wagon came in view. The front covers were drawn closely, but the father headed for the rear end. A feed box was attached to this. It was filled with packed hay, and on that, sladed from the sun by a bit of tarpaulin, lay the child, wrapped in an old tablecloth. Back of the child and in the body of the wagon could be seen the face of a woman, a pinched, drawn face, but not unhappy. Standing by the feed box was a young woman, the sister.

Rio Bill looked down on the baby, watched its fists dig into its closed eyes, thought he ought to say something, but could not, dove in his pocket for a silver dollar, found it and laid it in the box. Lasso Mack did likewise. The mother put out a brown hand, and they awkwardly uncovered and grasped it.

"I thank you, gentlemen," said she. The baby cried, and her hand went down to its face, and her voice crooned to it.

The German came forward; the man who had once filled the others and made even classic Boston applaud him until ceilings trembled. He, too, looked down on the child and laid a silver dollar by it. But he spoke also:

"Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam."

No one understood him, but he bowed most gracefully to the mother and passed on to where the others were waiting by their horses. He had in a sense christened the child in his own fashion with a word from "Hamlet," and, although the child probably never knew it, this man who stood above it for an instant was Daniel Bandmann, one of the first German tragedians of his day and the first to render Hamlet in German in this country.—Chicago Record-Herald.

It has been suggested that the old house in Raleigh, N. C., which was the birthplace and home of President Andrew Johnson be acquired by the city and made a museum.

GILBERT VANE'S ... BEST MAN.

"What do you suppose has happened?"

"Tell me."

"You know Daisy Forchester?" she began.

"Is that the pretty one?" I asked.

"I suppose she might be considered pretty. But, anyhow, she is very nice. Well, what do you think?"

"She has a new hat?"

"Oh, you are a silly! And you know Mr. Gilbert Vane?"

"I do."

"Well, don't you see what I mean?"

"They were both at the Salamander's."

"Yes, but not that. Oh, you men are dense!"

"You don't mean to say that the young duffers have fallen in love or done anything so silly?"

"Everybody knew that ages ago. However, at lunch Mr. Vane appealed to Daisy for confirmation of something he had been saying, and, in front of us all, in front of the Salamander, he actually called her 'dear.'"

I whistled.

"What have you to say to that?" she asked in tremulous tones, which concealed an infinite scorn for the less intelligent sex.

"What happened?" I asked.

"Daisy blushed!"

"Naturally."

"There was absolute silence. Mr. Vane apologized. Then there was silence again. Then the Salamander coughed—twice—and then some one said that it was a lovely day."

"What did you do?"

"I felt extremely sorry for Daisy, and I watched Mrs. Marjoribanks. Her eyes were like steel, and she scarcely took them off Mr. Vane while we remained at table."

"Very uncomfortable for him."

"You know that she has vowed that she will never allow Daisy to marry him."

"So you have told me."

"She said it again after lunch in the tone of a prophet and with the look of—"

"A salamander."

"Daisy disappeared, and I staid to watch the case in her interests. The Salamander said little more, but she sniffed and sniffed and kept on sniffing. 'The idea!' she said, and then again, 'The idea!' She ejaculated the phrase at intervals and adjusted her glasses again and again to survey the man who had so greatly pained her. He, poor fellow, was playing tennis."