

HON GEO E CHAMBERLAIN.

In an editorial on the governorship the Portland Daily Telegram, republican says among other things:

"Then, while there promises to be a very determined; not to say a desperate struggle in the Republican convention over the nomination for the head of the ticket, all Democrats, of whatever class, condition or opinion otherwise, seem to agree upon one man as their choice for the gubernatorial nomination. He will make no effort to obtain the nomination, is not desirous of it, but it is presumed will not decline it. He will go into the campaign with the prestige of unusual if not unprecedented popularity and political success. Ten years ago, though the state was then heavily Republican, he was elected Attorney-General, and in 1900 he was elected Prosecuting Attorney of the district, which was Republican on National issues, by 5000 majority of the votes cast in this county. It is quite natural, therefore, especially since the duties of his present office have been faithfully performed that the Democrats should unanimously turn to Mr Chamberlain as their nominee and only hope next June. Whether there is any reasonable ground for such a hope can be better judged after the conventions have been held. A large number of Republicans have voted for Mr Chamberlain before, and might do so again, especially if the factional feud reached the vendetta stage.

COUNT TOLSTOI'S SUCCESSOR.

The young Russian novelist, Maxime Gorky, is causing the representatives of the czar no little concern. The history of Gorky is most romantic. He was born in 1868, the son of a poor upholsterer, and lost both father and mother while yet a child. He became assistant to a mechanical draughtsman, garden laborer and turnspit on a river steamer. It happened that the steamer's cook was a bookish person, and from him Gorky imbibed his first literary impulse.

Later his misery was so extreme, almost as a common tramp, that he attempted suicide. He tried for the army, but was rejected as physically unfit. At last he found a patron who made him his secretary. He had traveled from Bessarabia to Tiflis, suffering unheeded of privations and consorting with the most unfortunate of the earth.

At this time he was putting his sorrows and his deep knowledge of the woes of his native people into gems of literature. These rapidly won the public heart, and have made him the most dreaded influence with which official Russia has to contend.

HANGING DEMORALIZATION.

The Oregonian makes no mistake when it says "executions should be conducted at the state penitentiary." They are demoralizing. Lane county had an example not many months ago when even women and children loitered about the inclosure where a human life was being taken—murder itself, in a degree, even though accomplished through a form of law. We opine there were few homes in Eugene where the particulars of that fateful scene were not discussed that night.

Take hangings to the penitentiary—anywhere to get them away from the communities where the murder, the trial, the sentence, the preparations for hanging, all have been discussed in the family circle on the streets, in the newspapers, until the public nerve is tense with excitement. While the world is better off without the criminals, they harm public welfare even in their last fateful moments. Get them out of public mind as much as possible! Hang them at the penitentiary!

The Greeks crop but half their tillable land in any one year, the other half going fallow.

Oregon people are entitled to the protection of Oregon forests during the dry season. The rangers should not be replaced by eastern dudes who do not know a fir tree from a pack saddle.

Portland hung Wade and Dalton just two months and ten days after they murdered James Morrow. They were tramps. Other as cold-blooded murderers with money and friends have gone free in the Oregon metropolis.

Many people pronounce the President's name wrongfully—that is the way it is spelt, the first syllable like "Rose." It should be like "Rose"—Rose-e-velt. The President, himself, is authority for this pronunciation.

The new British army uniform is somewhat similar to the German, also the new postage stamps in color and design. Tolerant patriotic Englishmen who do not like the idea of becoming a tail to the German kite passionately declaim.

Duluth, at the extreme west point of Lake Superior, the westernmost of the "Great Lakes," gets hard weather. When a Swede was asked about Duluth climate he replied that "Duluth, Minnesota, has nine months of winter, and three months of summer late in the fall."

Nearly every town in the state makes monthly collections on Monday when the first day of the month falls on Saturday, as today. It would be much to public convenience if Eugene people would adopt the rule. They usually have to finish the work Monday, so all the work might as well be done then.

Professor Pearson of the Northwestern University, Chicago, who was responsible for such a furore through pointing out Biblical inconsistencies says he believes "in Christ, in prayer, and the power of the Holy Ghost." Yet that is not enough and he will have to go. The world moves, even though Galileo was forced to recant.

ALWAYS THAT WAY.

"What's the nature of your husband's disposition?" asked the judge of the complainant. "Well," said the unfortunate woman "when he's drunk he's"— "But," interrupted the judge, "I mean when he's sober." "I don't know," she slowly replied.—Sun.

LOVE LAUGHS AT DOGS ALSO.

THE DAMSEL—Oh, Harold! I've been so frightened for you. Papa has bought a great big savage bulldog, and—

THE SWAIN—That's all right, darling. I've bought a dog, too. He will endeavor to keep your father's dog busy while you and I saunter down to the parsonage.

AFTER THE PROPOSAL.

HE—Do you think your mother will be surprised?

SHE—Yes, indeed. She was saying only this afternoon that she didn't believe you'd ever get up the courage to propose.—Judge.

THE BOY KNEW BETTER.

PRENOLOGIST—Boy, you have a remarkable memory.

BOY—Please, sir, write it on a slip of paper for me not to forget it.—Fun.

IN TIME OF NEED.

BROWN—You never know the worth of a wife until some great trouble befalls you.

MERRITT—Yes it's so nice to lay the blame on her.—Tit Bits.

BY COMPARISON.

Portland Telegram. It is suspected that the preacher who said Manila is a moral city had lived in Seattle before he went across the Pacific.

THE GAMEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER

Pretty Maribel Weise leaned against the stile by the lodge, a smile playing about her cupid bow mouth, whereon the kiss of Captain Lurt of the dragons was responsible for the charming blush which framed so sweet a smile.

Brier-Bonnet shambled along the hedged and tree arched highway.

When he reached the lodge gate, he deliberately sat upon the fender rock.

"Why, Brier," exclaimed Maribel, turning quickly to return to the lodge, "where did you come from?"

"From home, Maribel, and a purpose to see ye," soberly replied the simple farmer. "I've heard ye have been receiving attentions from a soldier."

Maribel laughed merrily and blushed.

"Ye has a guilty look, Maribel, and I fear what I hear be true. But ye must not encourage those chaps, Maribel, for ye know ye are promised to me."

"I am promised to you, Brier? Why, you must be mad! And when, pray, gave I such a promise?"

"It was not ye, Maribel, as gave the promise. It was yer father told me ye should be mine."

"Look to my father, then, to fulfill the promise!" exclaimed the quick tempered Maribel, casting a glance over the dust had risen, then turning and walking quickly up the avenue toward the lodge.

Brier-Bonnet looked puzzledly after her, but he neither called her back nor manifested chagrin.

He dragged his corduroy cap from his glossy black head and twirled it in his hand, his eyes fixed on the turf reflectively, until Herr Weise came along homeward from the village.

"What do ye here, Brier?" called out the jolly gamekeeper.

"Sit a minute, Herr Weise," called out Brier, straightening up. "Did ye not tell me I should have Maribel for me wife?"

"I did. Why?"

"An hour ago I came up the road from the place to pass an hour with Maribel. As I turned the bend of the road beyond I saw the girl and a soldier."

"Captain Lurt?"

"The same. I stopped just beyond the stile to wait for them to separate. I heard the soldier ask Maribel to be his wife. She gave him her promise, and, Herr Weise, they sealed it with a kiss. Now, Herr Weise, never has Maribel honored me with a kiss!"

"And ye saw this, Brier?"

"With me own eyes."

The sturdy, gray bearded gamekeeper strode up the gravelled avenue toward his lodge.

Brier shambled off down the road.

It was a stormy interview that took place between the father and daughter. The motherless girl pleaded her love for the dragon.

Her stern father swore she should wed in her rank and that his wish was that she become the wife of Brier-Bonnet.

The same blood flowed in their veins. Their quarrel increased until the dark browed parent, goaded by disobedience and love's obstinacy, threw open his door and bade his high spirited child leave his sight forever.

"Yes, here was the very spot. Do you remember, dear?"

"As if it were yesterday. Come here, Myrtle, I want to show you something."

A tall, beautiful young woman approached the gray mustached, florid, portly man, upon whose arms leaned the graceful, well preserved lady who made the first remark and who was regarding an old broken down gate with peculiar interest.

"Myrtle," said the gentleman, "it was at this very spot that mamma promised to be mine."

He looked into the bright eyes of his daughter as he added:

"Just here we sealed our troth with a kiss."

Then he took the face of the contented looking lady in his gloved hands and said:

"And mother doesn't regret that first kiss, does she?"

The response was not in words.

"What were you then, papa?" asked the girl.

"A captain, my child."

"And you, mamma?"

"A gamekeeper's motherless daughter, Myrtle. This is the first time I have been here since your grandfather drove me from home because I was in love with your father."

"Where is grandpa, mamma?"

"Dead, dear, years ago."

"And was he gamekeeper here?"

"Yes. Yonder in the trees was our lodge."

"Who is the gamekeeper now, mamma?"

"There is none, my child. The estate has been closed years since. Let us walk up under the old trees, and I'll show you where your mother's childhood days were passed."

In the doorway stood an old man.

The lady looked at him steadily for a moment and then gave a little gasp.

The general lifted his hat in response to the salutation of the beggarly looking fellow.

"You live here, my good man?" he asked.

The old man bowed his head.

The general tossed him a piece of money as the party walked away.

The old man leaned against the door frame and watched them until they left the avenue by the gate.

The coin lay unheeded at his feet. Tears stood in the heavy eyes of Brier-Bonnet as he huskily whispered:

"Her father promised her to me."

ONLY LITTLE DRUSA

When John Dering died, he left three daughters to comfort his bereaved spouse, Arabella. The eldest was tall and stately, with a full, well developed form, large, handsome features, black eyes and coarse black curls.

She was the ruling spirit in the Dering household. Passionate and proud, she made, as she herself expressed it, "everybody stand around."

Lavinia, the second daughter, was tall and fleshy, with a plump face, sleepy blue eyes and light brown hair. She was the very opposite of Arabella.

The latter was quick in her movements, with a lively temperament, while Lavinia was lazy and languid.

Drusa, or Little Drusa, as she was generally called, resembled neither of her sisters. She was small and slight, but very graceful, with a complexion as delicately tinted as the heart of a shell, exquisitely chiseled features, great bronze brown eyes, above which was a broad, white forehead, shaded by silken curls, the hollows of whose cheeks seemed dark, while the crests shone like burnished gold.

One day she was startled by a footstep, and, hastily looking up, she saw Carl Ruthven, her sister's music teacher. He was only thirty-two, handsome, talented, with a name well known in all the select music circles in New York city. He had come into the country village to spend the summer and at the time of which we speak was getting up a concert in behalf of a church which needed repairing.

Arabella and Lavinia were to take part in the concert, and he had kindly undertaken to train them. He was on his way to the house when, passing through the woods, Drusa's melodious lay fell on his ear.

He had heard many celebrated singers, but never before had he heard such a voice—rich, deep, clear.

"Excuse me, miss," he said, with a courtly bow—"excuse me for startling you; but, really, I heard you singing, and—"

The sentence was ended with an admiring look.

Then he continued:

"Will you pardon my rudeness if I ask you if you ever took lessons in vocal music?"

"Oh, no, sir," stammered Drusa. "I have only caught up the exercises that Arabella—that my sisters practice."

"Would you permit me to give you some instruction by way of preparing you to sing at the church concert?" Drusa looked frightened.

"I? I, sir? Why, I—I hardly think the rest would like it."

"Why not?" bluntly.

She looked down and said simply:

"I'm only Drusa, you know."

"Well, one thing is certain, and that is that 'only Drusa' has a wonderful voice," he said, with a smile. "And she will not do right if she does not cultivate the beautiful talent the good God has given her."

The night of the concert came. All Brookside was going, and consequently the hall was crowded.

Arabella was supposed to be the best performer and was reserved for the last. Solos and duets were over, and then Lavinia, arrayed in her blue silk, came forward.

She was excited and nervous—faltering and finally broke down.

Much annoyed at her sister's failure, Arabella determined to do her best and, gorgeous in her maize silk, came forward and sang her operatic air in a loud, clear voice. Not a whit embarrassed was this young lady. She was loudly applauded.

"I'm so glad that I was last, for I know I did the best," she whispered to the weeping Lavinia. "Did you see how devoted Mr. Ruthven looked when he handed me my bouquet? I know he'll propose tomorrow. Yes, I'm awfully glad that I was the last singer. I'm sure I made an impression, for I—why, my goodness! Who is that?" looking toward the stage.

For just then Carl Ruthven appeared, looking proud and happy, leading Drusa.

And standing there, with her little hands simply folded before her, she held the great audience spellbound by the magic of her matchless voice, which rang out clear as a silver bell or trilled like a bird soaring to the heavens.

The song ended. With a graceful bow the singer disappeared behind the curtain. Then, with a universal sigh, the audience recovered itself, and, oh, what applause!

Again and again she was encored. It was enough to turn the head of an older person, but Drusa was just as simple and childlike as ever.

As for Mrs. Dering and her two elder daughters, they were overcome with astonishment, but were obliged to acknowledge the superiority of Drusa's wondrous voice.—New York News.

When Knowledge Is Valuable. The faculty of having one's mind pigeonholed is of great value. Some people have their mental bookcases and storehouses piled up with a mass of material, all valuable and piled in its way, but jumbled up and perplexed to get so that when any one thing is wanted it is not to be had without overhauling ten times as much other material, which, however valuable it may be in itself, has no particular use at the moment of search. Other people can by their mental hands on a moment's notice and can keep on pulling out other facts and fancies of the same general character until they have told or found all they know. There is such a thing as an embarrassment of riches in one's mental treasury as well as in matters material.

A Norwegian Legend

There lived in Norway years ago a woodcutter named Swain. He wooed Norna, the daughter of old Petersen, the tailor. Norna's heart had gone out to Rolf Augentoll, a fisherman. The woodcutter was well to do; the fisherman was poor. Therefore Petersen favored the former.

Swain scoffed at the good monks of St. Francis who sang the mass in Drontheim's towers and cursed them all for a lazy pack of shaven fools.

According to the folklore of the north, in every tree within the wood there dwelt a guardian spirit, and the Gnipen, a shadowy giant, was the king of them all.

Not one of the woodmen, with the exception of Swain, dared to venture into the wood to chop without having his ax duly sprinkled with drops of holy water and the sign of the cross made on it, so that the evil power of the wood spirits would be set at naught.

The evil day that Norna had foreseen came at last. The old tailor came home one evening and informed her that he had settled her fate at last by solemnly pledging her in marriage with Swain, and in token of the thing he and Swain had set their thumbs together in the presence of witnesses.

The girl was too full of grief for words. She could not speak, but only sat in the corner and moaned, while old Petersen retired to rest, congratulating himself that the affair was settled so easily.

Norna waited until the old man dozed off in slumber, and then she hurried out into the air.

The moon was shining bright, and the great trees were nodding like so many huge plumes.

Norna hurried into the forest, anxious to find some lonely spot where she might weep her sad bosom empty.

Beneath a huge tree, upon a little mossy mound, she sank, and the tears, falling freely, glistened in the dim light like so many great diamonds.

"Oh, spirits of the wood," she cried, "come and save me from this terrible wrath, who, with his hateful love, wishes to chop down my life as with his sharp ax he destroys your dwelling places!"

And then, as if in answer to the girl's prayer, all the leaves began to rustle, but all in time and tune, making a most strange but beautiful music.

Norna listened in wonder.

Her invocation to the wood spirits had been but the agonizing cry of a breaking heart, not spoken with thought of an answer.

A thin, shadowy vapor was gathering under the huge branches of the oak.

A vaporlike form advanced toward the girl, and as it came nearer Norna saw that there was indeed a human form in the center and that what she had taken to be vapor was but a sort of a fleecy cloak falling from the shoulders of the figure.

"Do not fear," said the strange form, human shaped, but a giant in size and oddly clad in a robe of oak leaves curiously woven together. "I am the Gnipen, the king of all the woodland spirits. Maiden, what is it that you wish?"

Briefly Norna related the terrible fate that was to be forced upon her.

Then the Gnipen mused for awhile.

"I know the woodcutter well," he said at last. "Many of my fine trees have fallen beneath his ax, and often have I hovered in the woodland near, hoping that by some rash word power would be given me to punish this wretch. He fears neither the power of the Master's sign nor the vengeance of the wood spirits, but his own rashness may lead to his undoing. Seek him in the morning, and dare him to fell the old oak known as the Gnipen tree. If he attempts it, perchance you may be freed."

And then the wonderful spirit faded away as rapidly as he had appeared.

In the morning Norna used her woman's wits so well that Swain set out to fell the Gnipen tree.

The first blow that the woodman gave the ax rebounded out of his hand and fell a dozen paces off.

"I wish the devil was here to take that ax!" Swain cried in anger, advancing to pick up the tool.

Then through the wood came a Franciscan monk, all hooded and sandaled, and Swain mocked at the holy man.

"Oh, lazy elf, lay aside thy frock and toll with me!"

"My arm is not weak, though I wear frock," the monk replied, "and I trow I can fell that tree as well as thee."

"If you fell that tree this day, may the gnipen take thy soul to the flames below!" Swain loudly cried.

Up caught the monk the ax and, with a single blow, leveled the oak; then, rising to a form gigantic, sank with the wicked Swain to the flames the woodman had spoken of, for the gray monk was the wood spirit in disguise.

Norna married the fisherman and never forgot at the evening hour to say a prayer for the salvation of the gray Gnipen.

The Term Yankee. There are many different stories as to the origin of the term Yankee. That which is most generally accepted, however, is that it came from the Indian attempt to pronounce the word English or the French equivalent, Anglaise. This explanation would put the origin of the word Yankee at a date in the early English settlement of the Atlantic coast of this country. Another theory is that it was a cant word in eastern Massachusetts nearly 200 years ago which meant very fine, as a "Yankee good cow," a "Yankee good gun," etc. The designation is usually applied to residents of New England. Immediately before and during the civil war it was held to mean a citizen of the northern states as distinguished from a southerner.

THE FOREMAN OF THE JURY

BY M. QUAD.

[Copyright, 1901, by C. B. Lewis.] We had been sworn in—twelve good men and true—to try the case of the State versus Thomas Nash. It was a murder case that excited much interest, and as the defendant was a fairly wealthy man and had employed eminent counsel it was expected that it would be a hard fought case. No two men on the jury knew each other before we took our places in the box, but the newspapers were pleased to say that the panel was much above the ordinary in point of intelligence. As it was my first time on a jury I was rather curious, and it was a day or two before I had sized up my fellow jurors to my satisfaction. I was satisfied with all of them except Davidson, the foreman, and just why I was dissatisfied with him I could not explain. He was a real estate agent, stood high in the community as an honest, respectable citizen, and my idea that he would not give the accused a fair show seemed absurd. When Nash was arraigned, I thought the two men exchanged a swift glance and that both tightened their lips and a gleam of hate came to their eyes, but I dismissed the idea as nonsense.

The case against Nash was almost circumstantial. He was a bachelor and a man about town, and it was known that he visited a certain woman who had once achieved quite a reputation as an actress. One morning this woman was found dead in her bed, she having been strangled. She occupied an apartment, and the janitor had seen Nash leave the place at midnight. The people in the adjoining apartment had heard angry words and recognized Nash's voice. Nash had entered his hotel at midnight in a rather excited state and when first questioned about the murder had told conflicting stories. There was no doubt in the minds of the detectives and the reporters that he was guilty. He was a jealous, hot-headed man, and the woman had done something to arouse him to desperation. When the state had closed its case, I was ready to vote "guilty." The jurymen are always instructed by the judge not to talk of a case among themselves until they reached the jury room for a final decision, but nevertheless each juror has a pretty fair idea of how the panel stands at almost any stage of the game. In our case when a good point was made in favor of either side it was passed along in a whisper. I sat next to the foreman, and from the first to last in a trial lasting fourteen days I knew that he was inimical to the accused. All other jurors knew it as well, and I won't say it didn't have considerable influence when we came to take a ballot.

Nash made a wretched showing, and the trial was spun out by legal squabbling. I don't believe there were three people in the courtroom who believed him innocent. When the case finally closed, my conscience would not have permitted any other vote but "guilty." Five minutes after we were sent out by the judge we took a ballot. There were eight slips marked "guilty" and four blanks. There are always jurors who wait for the majority before committing themselves. After the ballot had been taken Davidson asked if there was any point in the case not made clear, but no one sought for further information. Then he said, and I thought he said it with suppressed satisfaction:

"Gentlemen, there is no doubt as to the result of the next ballot. Nash is guilty without the shadow of a doubt, and such will be our verdict. For decency's sake, however, we must use up at least an hour's time."

We had been sent out at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. After the ballot we smoked and talked and killed time for an hour. During the last fifteen minutes of this hour I was talking with the foreman on a matter quite outside of the case, but somehow as I studied his face it seemed to me that he was exultant over the fate of the prisoner. I was going to vote for "guilty," but yet I pitied the man. As we continued talking I happened to notice what big hands and strong fingers the foreman had, and I found myself saying that he would make short work of a man if those fingers once got a grip on the throat. Soon after 4 he rapped for order and said that he would take another ballot. The slips were prepared, and on each of the twelve was the fatal word. Word was about to be sent to the court that we had agreed, and there was a gleam of triumph in the foreman's eyes, when he suddenly raised his hand to his heart, turned white as death and sank down in a chair. We gave him water and worked over him for a few minutes and were about to send for a doctor when he rallied and said:

"Do not send for any one, but listen to me. It's a case of heart failure, and it's bound to take me off. We have just convicted Nash of murder, but I want to tell you that he is innocent. I am the guilty man!"

"He's out of his mind!" cried three or four in chorus.

"My mind was never clearer," he answered. "I called on the woman after Nash left. No one saw me as I entered, and after I had choked her to death I left by the rear fire escape. I broke one of the rungs of the iron ladder in descending. Before God I am the guilty man. I hated Nash and admired the woman and would have seen him go to the gallows without a word. Call the clerk and have him take—take down—"

But it was too late. He died before he could finish the sentence. His confession had been made to eleven men, however, and that was more than sufficient to clear Nash, who had been told by his lawyers that he would certainly be convicted. He left the courtroom a free man, and others left it with white faces and whispered to each other of the judgment of God.