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...EUGENE GUARD...

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MOTHER EARTH.

Grateful it is on the warm earth to lie,
While purple shadows o'er the far hills pass,
Watching the light shod wind bear down the grass,
Watching the clouds, the pilgrims of the sky.
The breath comes sweet from fields of mellow,
And now the soul of Siegfried's magic note
Rings full and clear from a wood thrush's throat,
And life's sad stress and burden are forgot.
O mother, genesitic mother, when
I shall have lived my little human space
To take me to your nourice lap again
And spread your homely apron o'er my face
As sleep, not dying, to my thought it seems,
With dreamless waking in the dream of dreams.
—Marguerite Merington in Scribner's.

A TRAGIC DUEL.

Last year I went to Besancon to attend a friend's wedding. His bride was the daughter of one of the wealthiest and best known families in the city and the affair was a most brilliant one. When we were about quitting the table after the wedding feast, I felt a hand upon my shoulder. I turned. Before me stood a young captain of dragoons, a handsome, dashing fellow, with curly blond hair.

"You do not recognize me," said he, smiling.

"In truth," said I, hesitating, "I cannot remember"—

"I am Gustave Raisant, your old chum. Why, I remember well the first day you came to the school. You advanced toward me as I stood in the playground and said, 'Lend me some marbles.' I lent you some, and we became fast friends at once, and our friendship lasted for three years."

I grasped his hand warmly, and we at once began to talk over old times together. It is always with a certain degree of pleasure that one meets an old chum of school or college. So we exhausted the subject of school days and took up our present prospects. Gustave told me that his were excellent; he would soon have a commission as major, a lucky advancement for so young a man. When I prepared to leave, he accompanied me to the station, and after a cordial farewell we separated.

Months passed, and I heard no more of Gustave. Finally one morning I saw his name in the Journal Officiel and noted with pleasure that he had received his expected promotion. With his commission he had received orders detailing him to a garrison at Maubeuge, on the Belgian frontier.

One August evening I was taking a stroll in the Champs Elysees. It was a little after 9, and around me was the usual gay crowd of a summer night—promenaders by the hundred; merry people seated at the little tables in front of the cafes, smoking, drinking and chatting; to the right a cafe concert, its front hung with colored lanterns. Before me the long Avenue des Champs Elysees extended, its hundreds of lights glimmering like glowworms in the dark. Suddenly I saw a familiar face by the light of a street lamp. It was Gustave Raisant.

"Hello, major!" said I, extending my hand. "Well met!"

"Ah, is it you?" said he languidly. "I am glad to see you."

His tone struck me. I looked at him attentively. He seemed to have aged much since I had seen him before. Already there were gray hairs showing around his temples. Linking my arm with his, I said:

"Come, let's take a stroll."

"Willingly."

After we had walked some little distance I gave up attempting to make him converse. He seemed entirely destitute of interest in any topic that I might bring up, and plunged into melancholy.

"Come, come, Gustave," said I, "you have something on your mind, haven't you?"

He hesitated a moment, but finally replied:

"Yes."

"A love affair, I'll be sworn."

He was silent, and I repeated my somewhat brusque remark. There are some wounds that will not bear probing.

Suddenly he spoke.

"Listen," said he, "and I shall tell you the cause of my melancholy. Perhaps I am wrong to chafe under it as I do; perhaps you may give me some good advice. In any event, I shall tell you my story. Since I last saw you there has been a tragical event in my life. Oh, you have heard nothing of it. Thanks to the people at headquarters, the papers were silenced, and I won't bore you—my story isn't long, and," he added bitterly, "I think it is interesting. But it is old—the old story of the parents' sins being expiated by the children."

He knocked the ash from his cigar, and then he slowly told his story:

"Last June, as you may know, the reserve forces were ordered out for their yearly service. We had some of them at Maubeuge, where I had been stationed with the Fifty-sixth for a month. One morning I was about to start for Lille, on regimental business, in company with a brother officer of my regiment. We stepped into a large eating house to take a chop before the train left. It was a very large establishment, with marble tables around the room, and at one end was a long bar, where those with light purses were allowed to take refreshments. Our table was near the bar, and at the time we seated ourselves there was a long line of private soldiers and laborers drinking there. We talked of various matters, and my companion said:

"'Have you the son of any celebrity among your recruits?'

"'Yes,' said I, 'young Myrian, son of the well known painter, is in my command. And you?'

"'Well, I have the son of a celebrity, too, but of a different kind. It is young George de Ferisset.'

"'What, not the son of Mme. de Ferisset—pretty De Ferisset?'

"'The same.'

"I laughed heartily as I said:

"'Well, well! So De Ferisset has a grown up son, has she? How the time flies! I was dreadfully in love with the woman once, but another fellow won her not undivided favors.'

"'And I, too,' replied my companion, 'I was a little spoony on her. But, then, you know, I always had scruples about married women.'

"'Oh, you were wrong,' I replied. 'She was well worth the trouble. And, then, poor De Ferisset! The type of an unsuspecting husband! She had 20 lovers to my knowledge, and he never knew it.'

"I had scarcely finished speaking when a stripling soldier quitted his comrades and advanced toward me. His face was as white as a sheet. His emotion was so great that he trembled as he walked, with his saber clattering at his heels. When he reached our table, he glared at me for a moment with wild yet indecisive eyes and then raised his hand to strike me. There was a hurried movement, an outcry, and several of the soldiers around leaped upon him and held his hand. He struggled for

Vicious both, but never had she been known to show fear. She had broken in the mustang which formed the whole equine stock of the Slades.

The decline of her heart for the last six months of her life was to ride a horse belonging to a Garry, and for it a record of one man killed, three broken legs and a fractured skull, which last he had achieved for his rider by balking with him through a low barn door. Minta longed fiercely to try her hand on this animal, a huge blue gray with a white rolling eye, and in the end she did ride him and kept her seat, slipping off only when he crouched to roll over on her, and swinging herself up by the pommel of the huge Mexican saddle as he recovered and started to run. George Garry, the eldest son of the man who had offered to horsewhip Minta, stood in the road and applauded.

"But mind," he said sharply as she finally got off, flushed with joy and thanked him, "don't let this get to my father's ears."

This, however, is exactly what happened—impossible to say just how. Garry heard that "that Slade girl" had ridden his horse, spurring him till the blood came, and he grew wild with rage. After a violent scene with George he went out to vent his temper on the Mexican hands, for, as it chanced, his oranges were to be served with water that evening. He drank a glass of whisky before he left the house and carried a flat bottle in his pocket to counteract the chill of the water. The men said afterward that he was half out of his senses with drink and anger, and, in fact, he admitted later that he had been drinking through the day.

As usual, he was "looking for trouble," one of them said, from the Slades. When the water was running on his land, and he had exhausted his vocabulary of abuse upon his neighbors, nothing would convince him that they were not at that moment stealing but a personal inspection of their water gate and ditch.

He went stealing along in the shadow of the trees, out of the red, flickering flare of the lanterns reflected in the shallow flood. A moment later the men whom he had left behind heard a pistol shot, and a hoarse cry from Garry. They dropped their tools, caught up their lanterns and ran. He was standing by the Slades' water gate, the smoking pistol in his hand, looking stupidly into the ditch, where something flopped about in the few inches of stolen water.

"Look here, boys, I swear I didn't know it was a body down there!" he cried. "I saw the gate was slid up a little—durn 'em, I knew they were up to it—and then I saw something move, and I thought maybe it was—well, I shot before I had time to think, that's a fact. I never aimed to hit anybody, I swear—only to frighten 'em."

Some of the men drew out a limp, quivering, wet figure and laid it on the bank in the light of the lanterns. It was Minta, draggled with mud and breathing hard through her open mouth. Her right hand fell at her side and clutched feebly the handle of a knife.

"Hey, what's this?" shouted a voice from over the ditch. The ranchero gave his horse the spur and leaped, with a jingling of silver chains. The superb black brute landed four feet from the body of Minta and stood, glittering in his silver mounted housings, while his master put a series of quick questions.

"Don't you be hard on me, senor," pleaded Garry shakily. "I'm goin to give myself up straight. But look there, she'd broken the gate, and the water's been running in here—you can see. And then, look—she had a knife! Look there, she's got it in her hand. You know what these people are."

The Mexicans stood silent, with hardly a glance at one another. The ranchero, after a short pause, said slowly:

"Well, of course, you'll have to take your chances. Still, Mr. Garry, there are certainly some circumstances—provocation—which will probably tell in your favor. And, as you say, the girl has a knife—yes, really sharpened, too—certainly murderous looking!"—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Good Story of Tom Reed.

"This story," says the Washington Times, "is told in relation to the recent visit of the Hon. J. D. Edgar, speaker of the Canadian house of commons, to Speaker Reed. After Mr. Reed had escorted his distinguished guest through all the interesting portions of the house end of the capitol, on the gallery and house floors, they descended to the basement, explored the different departments and even went down under the terrace. Leaving the terrace they clambered up the stairs, instead of going back to the elevator.

"'We will now enter the rotunda,' said the speaker, 'and go from there to the senate, for I want you to meet Vice President Hobart.' To this the guest acquiesced. Gaining the rotunda, Mr. Edgar expressed a desire to look at the pictures, and in doing so they made a half circle of the place, and, preoccupied with thoughts of entertaining his guest, the speaker did not notice that when they entered the corridor it was the one leading to the house. This fact did not dawn on him until he stood directly in front of the main door, which a messenger opened to admit him. Gazing about in amazement, the speaker exclaimed, 'Bless me, if this isn't the house,' and, turning with a conical twinkle in his eye to Mr. Edgar, he added: 'It's no use. I've been trying to get to the senate for 20 years, and I fall down each time.'"

The Reward of Valor.

Perhaps the most dramatic reward Lord Charles Beresford ever got for valor was a few years ago. One bitter cold night, when his ship was off the Falkland islands, there was a cry of "man overboard." The sentry had disappeared beneath the floating ice. Though clad in heavy garments, Lord Charles instantly seized a coil of rope and leaped into the sea. "I went down and down and down," said Lord Charles when relating the incident, "until I began to think that the other end of the rope was not fastened to anything. At last I grasped my man, the rope became taut, and I began to ascend. The ship's corporal helped us both out."

Fifteen years afterward Lord Charles was speaking at a political meeting in support of Lord Folkestone's candidature. The hall was packed and suddenly there was a scuffle at the back. "Chuck him out!" cried some one, but Lord Charles invited the man to come up to the platform, and they would listen to what he had to say. The man struggled forward in great excitement. He only wanted to shake hands with his rescuer. He was the sailor who had been saved by Lord Charles from the icy sea off the Falkland islands.—St. James Gazette.

Love a la Mode.

He (indifferently)—I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll toss a coin, and if heads come up I'll marry you.

She (by no means indifferently)—Don't! Heads might come up.—Harlem Life.

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NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Estate of Louisa H Hanchett deceased.

Notice is hereby given that D E Loveridge and B J Hawthorne executors of said estate have filed their final account for settlement of said estate; that Wednesday June 15 1898 has been set by order of the court to hear objections to the same.

D E LOVERIDGE,
B J HAWTHORNE,
Executors

GEO B DORRIS,
Atty for Estate.

O R & N CO.

Depart For	Time Schedule. From Portland	Arrive From
Fast Mail 8 p m	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St Louis, Chicago and East	Fast Mail 7:20 a m
Spokane Flyer 2 p m	Walla Walla, Spokane, Minneapolis St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago and East.	Spokane Flyer 10:15 a m
8 p m	OCEAN STEAMSHIPS All sailing dates subject to change For San Francisco Sail July 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 28.	4 p m
7 p m	To Alaska— Sail July 19	5 p m
8 p m Ex Sunday Sat 10 p m	COLUMBIA RIVER STEAMERS To Astoria and Way Landings.	4 p m Ex Sunday
6 a m Ex Sunday	WILLAMETTE RIVER Oregon City, Newberg, Salem and Way Landings.	4:30 p m Ex Sunday
7 a m Tues, Thur and Sat	WILLAMETTE AND YAMHILL RIVERS Oregon City, Dayton and Way Landings.	3:30 p m Mon, Wed and Fri.
Lv Corval's 6 a m Mon, Wed and Fri.	WILLAMETTE RIVER Portland to Corvallis and Way Landings.	Arr Portl'd 4:30 p m Mon, Wed and Fri.
Lv Riparia 1:45 a m Mon, Wed and Fri	SNAKE RIVER. Riparia to Lewiston	Lv Lewiston 5:45 a m Sun, Tues and Thur

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7:20 p m	Ar	McMinnville	Lv 5:50 a m
8:30 p m	Ar	Independence	Lv 4:50 a m

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