

THE OREGON MIST.

U. S. and County Official Paper.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Young Author—"You have no idea how fluently I write, when I am describing some object like—something fairly dote on."

Travers—"You have actually sent a bill with my clothes. What insult! What infamy!"

"I've lost my position," said the man who had made application for assistance.

A story at hand, describing a love scene between the hero and heroine, says: "He wooed her with a will."

Give the average man three days' work to be done in three days and he will boast the first day, loaf the second, and show the amount of work he has to do to prove that he is working to death on the third.

"Did you enjoy it in the country, Jimmie?" "Did I? Had a bully time. I used to get up before anybody in the hotel and change all the boots and ring the fire-alarm, and I broke nine pans of glass in one week."

Colonel Greyton—"Miss Uptown, I would like to introduce an old friend of mine—a soldier—one of the Balaklava Six Hundred."

"What, my child! You danced last night with the Colonel? And he goes to balls while he yet wears mourning? What a light man he must be!"

Mr. Ticks—"Adam was certainly in great luck," Mr. Wickles—"How was that?"

"The difference between an embezzler and a Napoleon of finance is practically nothing."

Bilkings—"Behold my piano next door, eh? Well, I have a dog which always howls when my wife plays the piano—howls so that she has to stop—and I'd let you have him if it wasn't for one thing."

"Charlie, dear, what is a monopoly?" she asked, looking up tenderly, as she rested submissively in his arms while her dainty head nestled against his coat-collar.

"Yes," said he, "we must conduct our affairs in a business-like manner. Wife will be my private secretary; my daughters, Emilie and Agnes, will direct my mail; our two sons will be obedient little pages—and every one shall be paid a salary."

"The Elephant's Taste for Delicacies." One favorite food of the African elephant is the tender, juicy roots of the mimosa tree.

"When an elephant finds a young tree of this sort, it is not difficult, as a rule, for him to get at the roots especially if the surrounding soil is moist and loose, as is often the case after it has been soaked by the heavy rainfalls of the tropics."

"If the tree is loose the elephant, knowing his strength, winds his trunk firmly round the tree and plucks it from the earth, a feat which is no harder for him than the pulling up of a flower is for a child."

But the elephant does not stop here; experience has taught him the most comfortable way of enjoying his prize, so without relaxing his hold, he turns the tree completely over and stands it with its upper branches thrust down into the place where the roots were. Then the earthy roots, now replacing the branches, remain within easy reach of the strong and dexterous trunk.

African travelers tell us of great tracts of country almost covered with these inverted trees. Seeing the dry trees turned upside down one would be more likely to think a wood had been reversed by mischievous fairies than to suppose hungry elephants had been feeding there."

Sometimes an elephant will find a tree which defies his greatest efforts and absolutely refuses to be uprooted. But the elephant does not give it up. Not at all. He either brings another elephant to help him—a thing they often do when the work is too much for one—or, if he can not find a friend, he sets his own wits to work. He makes use of his tusks as levers, thrusting them as if they were crow-bars deep under the roots and prying away slowly and steadily until the tree is loosened; and then with a great wrench he completely uproots it and it goes toppling over, leaving the clever elephant victorious.—St. Nicholas.

Cowhide Horseshoes. In England and on many parts of the continent they have been for a long time using a horseshoe made by compressing common cowhide. It is compressed through three thicknesses of the cowskin pressed into a steel mold and then subjected to a chemical preparation. It is claimed for it that it is much lighter, that it lasts longer, and that split hoofs are never known to horses using it. It is perfectly smooth on the bottom, no calks being required, the shoe adhering firmly on the moist fleshed surface. Its elasticity prevents the horse slipping.

A FAMOUS WAR SONG.

HOW "ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC" CAME TO BE WRITTEN.

The Remarkable Career of Lamar Fontaine, the Hero of Many Hard-Fought Battles.

"Yes, Fontaine was a most remarkable character," said General Charles P. Mattocks, of Portland, Me., as he handed me a package of letters and other data.

"When I was a prisoner in the Confederates' hands at Charleston, S. C., a movement was started to exchange me for Fontaine, whom our troops had captured. Each of us held the rank of major at the time. But the scheme miscarried, and he was exchanged for Major Harry White, of Pennsylvania."

"This man, Lamar Fontaine," continued the General, "is famous through the South for two things. It was he who, in May, 1863, undertook the seemingly foolhardy, but, nevertheless, successful, exploit of carrying a supply of percussion caps from the Confederate General Loring's headquarters at Jackson, Miss., to the beleaguered General Pemberton in Vicksburg, when that commander was entirely out of caps, and consequently could not fire a gun."

"The thing, who then, as now, was a Mississippian—had horses shot under him, and many quantities of bullets fired at him, making numerous holes in his clothes and equipment, beside other frightful dangers in that terrible experience. He is the hero of twenty-seven hard-fought battles, and came out of the war minus a leg and bearing other evidences of his war experiences. He is still living in his native State, where at the age of 60, he works hard at his profession of surveyor and civil engineer."

"The other thing for which he is celebrated is as the real author of the popular war song, 'All Quiet Along the Potomac To-night.' To be sure, that fact is disputed, but I notice in a book of war songs recently published he is given the credit which to him rightfully belongs."

"But it is not my purpose to go into the discussion of a question in which the public is little interested; what I do care for is the deeply interesting narrative of a war-time episode in connection with the poem, as told in a recent correspondence with me. These are the letters. Read them yourself."

"Thank you, General." It appears that not long after the first battle of Bull Run, in which Fontaine, as a private in Company K—the Burt Rifles—Eighteenth Mississippi Regiment, took part, he was transferred to the Second Virginia Cavalry, and at the time of which this narrative deals he was doing picket duty just above the head of an island near the Seneca Falls on the Potomac. This was in August, 1861—one month after Bull Run.

It was here that Fontaine and another private named Moore formed a close friendship. Moore was a married man, and fairly well liked his wife and their two beautiful young children. Moore and Fontaine were together, whether on picket or guard duty. They clung to each other. They bought little hand-books of poems—Byron, Burns, and others—and together they would sit in the cool shade of trees or hanging rocks that lined the Potomac above the Falls of Seneca, and read aloud to each other passages from their favorite authors.

At this section of the two army lines the pickets on either side of the waters, Federal and Confederate, had come to an understanding and agreement that there should be no firing at each other while on picket duty. And but for a treacherous violation of this contract by a dastardly soldier, the incident herewith related would not have occurred, and "All Quiet Along the Potomac To-night" would never have been penned. I give the story in Fontaine's own graphic words:

"We had to stand on a post six hours at a time. That night I took my stand at 6, and Moore retired to rest. The night was chilly, and we usually kept some fire burning. There was a small spring of water close by, and a large fallen pine tree that I used to sit on and rest at times, after walking my beat, and I have frequently stopped at the spring and bathed my face when the dreary monotony of the still night had a tendency to lull me to sleep. As soon as I found that midnight had arrived I stepped to the fire and threw on some pine knots, and roused Moore to take my place."

"He rose slowly, picked up his gun, stepped to the fire and stretched himself, as a sleepy soldier will, and gaped and yawned; and while his arms were extended, and his hand grasping the barrel of his gun, there was a flash across the river, and the whizz of a bullet, and he sank to the earth, with a hole just above his eye on the left side, from which flowed a dark, crimson tide. Not a word, not a groan escaped him."

"I removed his remains from near the fire where he had fallen. And as I did so my eyes fell on the telegraphic column of a newspaper, and it was headed: 'All Quiet Along the Potomac To-night.' And, oh, how truthful it was! It was certainly all quiet with me, and with him whom I loved as a brother."

"I could not help shedding a tear, and my thoughts reverted to his home, his wife, and his children, and to the falsehood told by those whose gun he had been, and whose treachery had caused his death, and they grew bitter, and a demon of vengeance rose in my heart, which was not stilled until the white dove of peace had spread her stony pinions over the whole face of the land and the bombshell rolled across the sward the plighting of a child."

"When morning dawned the words in that newspaper were burned in my brain. They rang in my ears, and were painted on every scene that met my view. I put my friend's effects together—his letters, sword, hat, all—and expressed them to his wife, with a true and perfect description of his death. And while I stood beside his cold form and gazed at his marble face and glazed eyes in the unbroken silence of my lonely watch I felt what few mortals ever feel in this shadowy vale. I penned the outlines of the poem then and there, but not as they now appear, for the first were biting and sarcastic. I read the crude copy to Orderly Sergeant W. W. Williamson (who was a fine critic) and Lieutenants Graham and Deppitt, of my company, and Williamson suggested that if I would only make it more pathetic, instead of sarcastic, it would take better."

"I did so, and on the 9th of August I Point cadets fall on mental examination.

MISSING LINKS.

It was in Italy, after Flanders, that the highest poetical genius of the sixteenth century, Ferraro appears to have been the most ancient and most important manufactory in Italy.

Lord Tennyson has recited "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington" into a phonograph, so that the sound of his voice may be heard "in summers that we shall not see."

Nearly 7,000 pounds of star of roses were exported from Turkey last year, worth \$350,000. Essence of geranium has been employed for adulteration, and the Turkish government has now forbidden the importation of this essence.

A curious art imposition has been discovered in Paris. An ingenious person stole bronze and marble busts from the cemetery of Montparnasse, Paris, touched them up and sold them as effigies of famous heroes, statesmen and orators.

Graphite has been discovered near Santo Espiritu, Cuba, and the owners of the mine intend to commence work immediately in connection with some American capitalists, as the mineral, which is as good as that of Siberia, can be advantageously disposed of in the United States.

The Brady-Martins, of New York, have set a fashion which will possibly find imitators among other rich Americans. Instead of spending the winter in New York or Florida they have secured a palace at Cairo and will give some sumptuous entertainments in true oriental splendor.

Gov. Francis T. Nichols of Louisiana, who made such a fight against the lottery in his state, is dismembered to a remarkable extent. He has lost a leg and an arm and is blind in one eye. He lost his leg at Chancellorville and his arm was carried away by a cannon ball at Winchester.

The hop vine is said to be sinistrose because it twines with the motion of the sun, that is, from right to left. Beans, morning glories and all other species of climbing plants, with the exception of one of the honeysuckles, twine in the opposite direction to the apparent motion of the sun, or from left to right.

King Humbert of Italy is a man of unusual will power. After having for years smoked to excess, he suddenly and completely renounced the habit. When his physicians advised him to abandon the use of the weed, it is related that he pondered a moment and said: "On my kingly honor I'll never smoke again!" and he has kept his word.

A very interesting book will shortly appear. It is Fanny Kemble's "Last Days," a sequel to "Recollections of My Childhood," which most persons have read and enjoyed. Mrs. Kemble must be over eighty now, but her memory is still unclouded, her intellect clear, and she is full of anecdotes of the interesting persons she has known.

Mrs. Burnett is said to stand at the head of our authors just now in her literary earnings. The London Daily News says that she has received for her American rights on the play of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," no less than £17,000 (\$55,000), and that if we were to add her similar profits in England on "enormous sales" of this novel the amount earned out of the book would be "quite startling."

Oliver Thorne Miller has completed two new books, both on subjects in the treatment of which she is happiest— one on outdoor studies of birds; the other studies of pet animals in the home. The bird lover maintains a regular birdroom in her cozy Brooklyn home, and this is Mrs. Miller's study, where she often sits quietly for hours watching her birds and gathering material for her delightful books and magazine articles.

Hunting the Gorilla. From a recent lecture by Paul du Chaillu at Bryn Mawr College: "I continued my travels all alone from one tribe to another, learning their languages," which carried me through a couple of tribes, when I would have to sit and learn another language. I finally got to the cannibal country, the land of the gorilla. I here heard some startling stories about this man-ape, but could not at first get any of the natives to go with me to hunt the gorilla. At last I gave three cannibals as many beads as they could carry to go with me. On the night before we started they lanced the blood of the idols and rubbed the blood over their hearts. They then scurped the bones of their ancestors and swallowed the scrapings, under the belief that it would get into their blood and make them brave. We then went into the forest. The silence was wonderful. Not a sound broke the stillness. We sat under the moonlight for an hour. I was about 100 yards ahead of the party when I heard the sound of a branch breaking. I gave the signal of danger. The others came up to me and we heard the noise again. The branches of the trees near us were loaded down with red berries. My heart was beating and I was forced to stand still to calm myself. I waited for a few minutes, and there was no sound. Suddenly the noise was repeated and a huge monster stood before me. He had a black face, short legs and body covered with hair. His deep-sunken gray eyes looked at me, as he sat twelve feet away. With a howl he was getting ready to come for me when I shot him through the heart. This was the first gorilla killed by a white man in 2,000 years.

"This beast measured 5 feet 11 inches, and the spread of his arms was 9 feet 4 inches. The circumference of his chest was 7 feet. He seemed to be constructed of bones and muscles of wires."

Disgrace in Ireland. She is an Irishwoman, bright, witty, entertaining, as an educated Irishwoman cannot help being. She was telling me of a gathering in a certain hotel parlor in the Green Isle some time ago. One of the periodical articles among the Irish people against land system. In mentioning certain facts regarding the persons present at this meeting she spoke of the imprisonment of this one or that as a matter of course. I remarked that it was a strange condition of affairs—that in which the prison had lost its taint. "Faint!" she cried. "Not to have been in jail is a disgrace!"—*Victrola Century*.

Dundee boat-builders get 7 pence per hour.

KAISER WILHELM.

He is Fond of the Girls and Likes to Play Practical Jokes.

In spite of the fact that the young German emperor has a shrivelled arm, necessitating the use of an instrument, which is really a combined knife and fork, or fork sharpened on one edge for cutting purposes, he is, among his intimates, a jolly good fellow, fond of all the pleasures of life and much given to practical joking and nonsense in general, says a correspondent of the N. Y. Sun. His left arm, the shrivelled one, is not only considerably shorter than the other, but is almost absolutely without strength. The only use he can put it to is to remove his cigar or cigarette. However, the right arm is endowed with extraordinary strength and vigor, and this youthful monarch is not averse to putting it to a very noble use at times—to wit, encircling a tape-waist. During the trip to Norway last summer he took great pleasure in ranging about incoer, and one day an officer of the imperial yacht had the misfortune to come face to face with the young emperor when the latter had a very pretty girl by his side. What was to be done? It was too late to turn back. To halt, face front, and salute would put the youthful monarch in a bad fix. Under these circumstances the officer turned his back and pretended to be gazing into a shop window. Suddenly he felt a sharp pinch on his arm and heard a voice whispering: "You did that very nicely. Try to find as pretty a girl as I have. You have leave of absence until to-morrow morning."

The emperor's special chum is Count Eulenberg and the two friends, attired in the style of well-to-do citizens, take great delight in knocking about the streets of Berlin, arm in arm, smoking cigarettes and ogling the girls. Nor is he above the indiscretion of coming to a halt and having a friendly chat when he hears a cocotte cry out: "Oh, look at that handsome bloomer!"

The young German emperor is fond of practical jokes, and scarcely a day passes that some member of his personal household doesn't fall a victim to this penchant for harmless mischief. As the emperor is a great lover of art—being a painter of no mean ability, as is attested by the many excellent pictures which adorn the cabin of the imperial yacht Hohenzollern, one and all his own work—he never neglects to have some artist of acknowledged ability on board when out on a cruise. The business of this artist is to make sketches of places visited, and above all, of fetes, reviews, triumphal entries, etc., in which the young emperor figures as the bright particular star. One morning while the imperial yacht was at anchor the emperor summoned his artist and expressed a desire for a sketch of the landscape. The artist pleaded indisposition for work. The emperor, however, insisted on one half-hour. But no sooner had the artist settled down in his task than William gave the signal to get under way. At first the artist was too intent upon his canvass to notice his landscape was slipping away from him, but suddenly he realized the position he was in, and, turning suddenly about, found his royal tormentor with a group of choice spirits all convulsed with mirth. The painter made a motion as if to stop, but William called out: "No, no; one half-hour was the time set."

"But the landscape, your majesty?" "Will be a panorama," cried William, amid shouts of laughter.

A STORY OF BOSTON CORBETT. How and Why He Tried to Kill D. L. Brown, of Cloud County, Kas.

D. L. Brown, of Concordia, Kas., was at the Union Depot, since his Kansas City Star, on his way to the southeastern part of Kansas.

It was in the latter part of December, 1886, on a Union Pacific passenger train, that an attempt was made by Boston Corbett, the slayer of John Wilkes Booth, to take Mr. Brown's life. Corbett was a superstitious sort of fellow, and believing God had commissioned him to care for the spiritual welfare of the people of Cloud County, they were harassed with his sermons denouncing the horrors of the sulphur regions and commencing everyone to flee from the wrath to come. Forbearance with these good people had costed him a fortune, and the feasibility of incarnating Corbett in the State Insane Asylum was talked of.

At that time Mr. Brown was the Probate Judge of Cloud County and Corbett would necessarily have to be brought before him and his sanity determined by jury before he could be removed to the asylum. Corbett imagined that his oft-consulted friend had at the head of the movement and he resolved to kill him on sight. Accordingly he made sure that his old army Colt's pistol, the one he used in shooting Booth, was in good trim and awaited his opportunity. About that time Corbett received notice from some of the Republican leaders of the state that if he would present himself at the opening of the legislature he would be given an appointment as a doorkeeper. He boarded the train at Concordia one Monday morning for Topeka, on the same day Mr. Brown had decided to pay a visit to the capital. Corbett walked into the coach with his mammoth horse pistol strapped around his waist. Suddenly he saw Brown hurrying coming down the sidewalk. Corbett entered the coach and with a handsome but deadly looking double action revolver in hand awaited an attack from Corbett. The latter endeavored to force his way through the door, but the conductor appearing on the scene finally persuaded him to return to his seat. Corbett kept his hand on his revolver all the way on the journey. The excitement of the session of the legislature and his rehearsals of the killing of Booth almost completely unbalanced his mind. How he adjourned the senate at the point of his revolver is well known.

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