SLEEP, SOLDIER, SLEEP.

(This touching Memorial day hymn was written by Capt. Jack Crawford, the poet-scout. Capt. Crawford is known in Salem quite well, having spent several days in Oregon a few years ago when recovering from injuries sustained in the memorable Lake Labish wreck.)

Sleep, soldier, sleep, thy warfare is o'er,
War's dread alarums shall wake thee no more,
Sleep, calmly sleep, 'neath the flowery sod,
Waiting the reveille sounded from God.
Over thy resting place bright flowers we twine,
Gratitude's emblems on loyalty's shrine,
Fruits of thy valor we gracefully reap,
Union and Liberty, sleep, sleep, sleep.

CHORUS.

Beautiful flowers of spring
Loving hands hither bring,
Sacred thy memory ever we'll keep,
Under the grassy sod,
Waiting the call from God,
Sweetly and peacefully sleep, sleep, sleep.

Rest, soldier, rest, thy peace thou hast earned,
On the red fields where the battle fires burned—
Rest, sweetly rest, for weary wert thou,
Winning the laurels that circled thy brow.
Soon will the trumpeter wake thee again,
Sounding assembly on heaven's bright plain.
There with thy comrades in realms of the blest,
Through all eternity, rest sweet rest.

Captain Charles King.

CAPTAIN KING had been appointed a member of the board of visitors to West Point the year I graduated. I remember that the corps took more interest in him than in any other member of the board that year, not excepting General Lew Wallace, the author of "Ben Hur." We had a personal fellow feeling for the man who had done so much to make people understand that there is an army, especially we of the graduating class, who expected within a week to be scattered to every state of North America, and some even to Europe. We would probably never have a chance to meet him again, so we made the best of the chance we had.

We read his novels from "The Colonel's Daughter" straight along as fast as they came out. To most of us his army was the army.

When we joined our regiments later, at the remote frontier posts we found there pretty nearly the things he had taught us to expect.

One evening, while sitting out a dance in the reception room during one of the large hops, I overheard a conversation between a Vassar girl and a first class man about Captain King's latest novel.

Said she:

"It's dashing, exciting, absorbing, and a capital story; but if it has the true color a man must hold life rather cheaply to follow the life of an officer. Don't you think he overdraws?"

Said he:

"Oh, no. He's our own army writer. There's no velvet and down cushions about it. He's been on the war trail himself, and he tells it the way he saw it. It's most all hard roads and hungry riding."

The young fellow gave his honest opinion, and it is worth something, because it is a sample of the opinions of the class, yet at the time he spoke he knew as little of the army from real experience as any man in the corps. From reading Captain King he gathered the idea that he knew something about the army, just as by reading Bayard Taylor you get to feeling like a traveler when you have never been on board a steamer in your life.

He must have arrived at West Point that time late in the evening, for we saw him for the first time at reveille—6 o'clock in the morning. He came out of the angle of the barracks with one of the tactical officers and stood at the railing of the porch of the barracks while we were sleepily falling in and answering the roll call.

He was a small man, which rather surprised us, for the perusal of his writings would lead you to look for something of a giant. Though not taller than 5 feet 6, his figure was scrupulously erect, and his bearing dignified and graceful even to courtliness. He wore gold-rimmed glasses, a stylish gray sack suit, patent leather shoes, and a straw hat with a brim having considerably less acreage than one sees nowadays. Altogether he was what you call a dressy man, neat, but not gaudy.

Afternoons we saw him in a blue diagonal frock coat, with the Loyal Legion button in the lapel; a pair of trousers in which you could detect a delicate invisible stripe, very elegant at the time; and the same natty white straw hat with a black band.

One very hot afternoon he appeared in the white flannel uniform of the army, which amused some of the wits and gave them a chance to make remarks about "the captain's showing his shape." He was a credit to his tailor. Even Poole would have been proud to own him.

Captain King had kept up his military walk better than most old graduates. Even the unlearned "plebs" who met him on the walks stood attention and saluted, knowing him to be some officer in civilian garb. Many an ambitious drum-major, who makes a business of his gait, is sighing today because he cannot attain that step that Captain King cannot get rid of.

Yet his manner and facial keenness are even more soldierly than his walk. His eyes, clear, blue, and piercing; his nose, straight, regular, and gracefully molded; his blonde mustache, carefully trimmed, twisted at the ends, and jauntily turned upward; an even, firm mouth and small chin; a head full and massive above the ears, prominent behind and held well back; a high forehead in which the lines of thought and study have not assumed a surly curvature; all combine to make him an agreeable person to look at. He is elegant, graceful, charming, but not pretty.

That morning at reveille he seemed to be as lively as a boy who has just reached home for the summer vacation. He asked many questions of the tactical officer, and once leaned far out over the railing to look at the adjutant, thinking no doubt of the days when he stood in the same spot in '66.

We were thinking about that, too.

One winter's day in '66 a cadet was accused of stealing certain moneys from the cadets in barracks. After some crude detective work, in which, as cadet adjutant, Charles King had been prominent, Cadet Orsemus Boyd was settled upon as the guilty person and sentenced to be drummed out of the corps. With the winter wind blowing the dead leaves and snow around the dreary area of barracks, in such fierce gusts as to almost drown the sound of the drums playing "The Rogue's March," Cadet Boyd was marched up and down the length of the battalion with the placard "Thief" on his back and then driven from the reservation, leaving behind no comrade's heart warmer to him than the wind of that December day.

A subsequent official investigation failed to attach any guilt to Cadet Boyd, so authorities permitted him to return, but the corps believed him guilty, and "cut him dead," for it is considered scandalous for a cadet to associate with a thief or a liar. Until graduation, and for many years after, until his manly qualities and brave heart had overcome outside prejudices, the ostracism of his classmates made his life a living hell.

Then the truth came out.

An officer on his dying bed confessed that he knew the thief to be Cadet Casey, who had been accidentally killed by a soldier at drill within nine months from his apparently honorable graduation. Casey had contracted a clandestine marriage which if known would have caused his dismissal and blasted his hopes in the army. He had stolen the money to send to his wife, and had caused circumstances to point to Cadet Boyd as the thief. This he had confessed to his classmate in a moment of delirium while lying in the cadet hospital during the following January, and this classmate, to befriend him, had done a greater wrong, and kept the secret in his bosom to his dying day.

The classmates of Cadet Boyd could not do enough to relieve the burden of their regret for the great injustice done him. Captain King had been most zealous in punishing him as an offender. He was even more zealous in his efforts to exonerate the man he had wronged. In 1886 Captain Orsemus Boyd, Eighth cavalry, died in the field from an illness contracted in the line of duty. It was then that fresh laurels were twined in memory of his patience and bravery under the shadow of a cruel wrong.

A pamphlet containing the facts was distributed among the members of the corps, cautioning them against the evils of "snap judgment." There was no name signed to it, but we know the authorship to lie between Captain King and Colonel Richard H. Savage, of the class of '68. Which of them it was we never knew; but we remembered the words and the cruel wrong which had brought them forth—and that morning when we saw him we took a long look at the adjutant of '66.

During that ten days with the board of visitors he seemed to be trying to live a few days of cadet life over again. He was everywhere, looking at everything, the most enthusiastic member of the board. He slept in barracks, dined in mess hall, did everything but march with us in ranks, and of course made friends of us forever.

One evening he met a few of the graduating class in the dialectic hall, myself among them. Of course he had his bit of good advice to give.

"By all means keep a diary," said he. "I kept one almost the entire time I spent on the plains, and it has been worth $20,000 to me. Without it my books could never have been written. And above all things never enter your commanding officer's office without being sent for, and don't forget to give your superiors the first salute."

"What started you out in literature, captain?" asked someone.

"Circumstances, chiefly. I wasn't long in finding out that keeping a family on retired captain's pay is a beggar's business. I had to go to work, so I took to writing." Then he told us about his little family and afterward some of us went up to the hotel to see them.

"What was your first book, captain?"

"'The Colonel's Daughter.' I wanted to call it 'Winning His Spurs,' but Hamersly, the publisher, thought that would not do, so we made a change and put that in for the subsidiary title."

"We all think that your best book, even if it was the first."

"Do you? I'm sorry. I think I have done much better several times since, but that's all a matter of taste anyhow. I can never write another first book."

Then he asked if any of us were going into his favorite arm, the cavalry.

There was one vacancy that year, and as I had decided to take it, I said "Yes."

Then he told me a little of his old regiment, the Fifth cavalry, with which he had served as adjutant to General Merritt, and went on to speak a few words eulogistic of the general. He wished to know if I did not think him a model soldier.

Now General Merritt had just the year before closed his term of office as superintendent of the Military academy. He was a firm disciplinarian, and had been sent to break up the practice of hazing. He broke it up, but in doing so he did a good deal of promiscuous breaking in other directions. He broke up bad practices, he broke cadet officers who wouldn't obey orders, he broke into a few old worn-out academic ruts, and he broke up customs that were not good for young soldiers. His stern, unbending, stalwart justice had stirred up a feeling of soreness in the hearts of the corps that was painful to see. Without comparison with others, his administration is the one that the shade of General Sherman is singing about in heaven today. But at the time we graduated it was worth several friends for a man to say he approved of General Merritt.

When Captain King put his question, although I remembered some extra tours I had walked equipped as a sentinel, I stammered out something which sounded like approval. My heart was probably more loyal to the general than my words.

That was the beginning of my acquaintance with Captain King. We had sympathies in common. He said a man who could smile over six hours of extra duty had the seed of a soldier in him. We shook hands and he promised to keep an eye on my progress in the army. I told him he had better buy a microscope, but I could see at the time that the name of his old chief was about as near to his heart as anything outside of the bible.

We watched him living his old life over again as the days passed and graduation drew near, and someway got to feel well acquainted with him, so that we were not afraid to step up and speak when we met him on the walks.

Captain King rarely spoke of himself, but one day, in answer to a question about his first service, he said he had entered the army as a drummer boy at the first outbreak of the civil war, and for gallant and meritorious drumming the president sent him the next year to West Point. We knew, however, that Rufus King had been the name of his father, and his grandfather and his great-grandfather before him, and that each of them had distinguished himself in the army and foreign diplomatic service. We knew, moreover, that Captain King has been retired from active service for wounds received in the line of duty.

One evening Captain King was talking to a group of us at the north sally-port. "Boys," said he, "you don't know now how much you love this old academy. It's a hard, stern, alma mater. When the band plays 'Home, Sweet Home,' at your last parade, and you feel yourselves spending your last night in gray, you may have a bit of a lump in your throat, but you'll soon get over it. You'll even go away talking about shaking the West Point dust from you feet. But when you come back after a score of years, with a few gray hairs and perhaps a scar or two, then you will look on these spreading elms, and that green level plain, and those sheltering mountain tops like dear old friends, and you'll come back to them as you do to your mother, and you'll want to sleep in barracks again and turn out at reveille, as I did a week ago."—(This narration of reminiscence was written by the late Lieut. Alvin H. Sydenham, who was well known in Salem, where he was stationed for several months a couple of years ago, being in charge of the recruiting station of the U. S. A. located here at that time.)

DENOUNCES LYNCHING.

The Crusade of a Colored Woman in England.

Miss Ida Wells, "journalist," and M. A. of a colored university, is in England on a mission in behalf of her black and mulatto kinsmen in the south. She is engaged in denouncing the practice of lynching negroes. Her crusade has led to many unfavorable comments in English newspapers on the treatment of the negro in this country. Miss Wells states that out of 200 lynchings last year 158 of the victims were negroes, the balance being made up of half-breeds and whites. She also declares that many black victims are innocent of the crimes for which they are lynched, and adds that she herself once narrowly escaped lynching for speaking on this subject in a paper which she then ran in Memphis.

IDA WELLS.

SHE PLAYS CAVENDISH.

A Woman Admitted into the American Whist League.

Miss Kate Wheelock, who is now on her way to London to play Cavendish, is the first and only woman ever admitted into the American Whist league. In England she is called the whist queen. Miss Wheelock is a most successful teacher of the game. From the Atlantic to the Pacific her profession carries her, and before long she intends visiting the Sandwich islands, where a number of pupils are patiently awaiting her. Miss Wheelock is a Wisconsin woman, and she followed her novel calling for eight years, yet she says she has not mastered the game; that a life-time could not reveal its possibilities. Miss Wheelock is a small woman, with quiet manners, a soft voice and a colorless face.

MISS K. WHEELOCK.

NEW RAPID TRANSIT.

Dr. Adams of Chicago Has a New Electrical System.

Dr. Wellington Adams, a Chicago electrician, is the originator of a new system of rapid transit, which may revolutionize railroading in America. A road is now being constructed between Chicago and St. Louis, and it is believed that when it is completed the journey between the two cities, which now takes all day, can be accomplished in three hours, thus making 100 miles an hour. The line will pass over all railroads, and the country roads will be thrown over the tracks by means of bridges. It will be operated from four electric power stations, each located at the mouth of a coal mine owned by the company, and situated along the line. Dr. Adams is also general manager of the scheme. He is well known throughout the West to financiers and railroad men.

DR. W. ADAMS.

EARL OF JERSEY.

He Is a Delegate to the Ottawa Conference.

As British delegate to the intercolonial conference at Ottawa, Ontario, the Earl of Jersey is just now a very interesting personage. This conference is one of unusual importance. Victor Albert George Child Villiers, seventh earl of Jersey, was governor general of New South Wales from 1890 to 1893. He was born in 1845, and comes of a long line of men distinguished in British affairs. The present earl has held a number of offices under the queen. He was a lord in waiting to the queen in 1885-'87. In 1872 he married the daughter of Lord Leigh, the present countess. They have five children, two sons and three daughters. The earl is very affable; in appearance he is rather tall, somewhat slender and has reddish side-whiskers. The earl and his wife and daughter, Lady Margaret Villiers visited the World's fair at Chicago last summer.

EARL OF JERSEY.

A DARING GIRL.

Grace Howard's Mission Among the Sioux Indians.

A noble mission is that of Miss Grace Howard. Nine years ago she left a richly appointed home in New York for a lonely house on the plains of South Dakota, among the Sioux Indians of the Crow Creek reservation. Her purpose was to establish a school for Indian children, and her success has been most gratifying. Miss Howard is the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Joe Howard, the veteran newspaper man. In the fall of 1885 she obtained her father's consent to go West and establish her school. Since that time her experiences have been many and varied. At one time, in order to amaze the Indians with a Christmas tree laden with beautiful New York trinkets, she drove seventeen miles to the nearest railway station, when the weather was 28 degrees below zero. Needless to say, she possesses extraordinary courage.

GRACE HOWARD.

THE OFFICIAL COUNTY. Counties.	Treasurer. KINCAID, rep.	McKERCHER, pro.	NICKELL, dem.	WAKEFIELD, peo.	Sec. State. CALDWELL, peo.	DAVIDSON, dem.	METSCHAN, rep.	RICHARDSON, pro.	School Supt. HARFORD, pro.	IRWIN, rep.	JOEY, peo.	REID, dem.	State Printer. LEEDS, rep.	McKIBBEN, pro.	O'BRIEN, dem.	ORTON, peo.	Atty. General. BRIGHT, pro.	HOLMES, dem.	IDLEMAN, rep.	OLMSTED, peo.	Sup Judge. BENNET, dem.	BOISE, peo.	HACKLEMAN, pro.	WOLVERTON, rep.
Baker	839	36	836	892	784	433	889	94	79	675	684	860	858	49	527	859	52	500	724	1029	702	758	33	819
Benton	885	62	660	293	288	670	882	66	89	790	264	755	891	69	668	290	72	688	853	283	671	319	70	870
Clackamas	290	105	668	1740	1709	672	2313	111	122	2109	1662	915	270	118	713	1724	106	677	2312	1709	713	1725	110	2260
Clatsop	158	72	539	555	515	489	1096	75	90	1110	522	571	1147	75	556	530	87	509	1161	538	559	498	80	1144
Columbia	742	12	131	555	549	122	729	18	26	705	529	147	732	17	122	554	18	122	731	544	157	523	20	725
Coos	671	39	347	1048	1028	335	656	48	75	612	1016	374	661	35	363	1035	55	364	629	1045	387	1039	43	635
Crook	520	7	386	134	139	379	501	14	17	489	118	412	511	7	395	130	14	407	500	123	459	128	7	462
Curry	260	5	152	108	112	142	244	11	18	241	95	154	254	11	151	105	14	147	258	104	157	107	10	248
Douglas	695	59	1046	1874	880	1019	1692	81	76	1521	812	1220	1710	63	1003	874	68	1032	1655	874	1079	843	74	1688
Gilliam	459	8	267	144	132	273	457	20	23	441	142	285	465	13	263	142	12	272	450	146	357	116	8	392
Grant	762	16	355	394	346	285	862	27	34	740	363	386	768	15	312	374	10	363	733	408	391	351	18	769
Harney	245	12	281	214	201	250	285	15	14	254	203	285	251	6	283	209	11	283	235	227	287	197	11	255
Jackson	214	59	611	1351	1283	700	1213	67	98	1048	1211	883	1413	58	607	1174	81	729	1146	1266	745	1274	76	1179
Josephine	687	19	332	596	582	310	699	27	28	624	565	404	705	24	296	594	20	310	691	601	325	584	27	694
Klamath	300	8	165	282	271	187	294	7	6	257	268	230	301	7	188	271	3	191	294	279	187	272	4	293
Lake	325	3	221	198	140	156	204	12	11	306	185	241	318	3	230	190	21	255	229	192	244	193	9	307
Lane	195	81	946	1243	1342	1008	2005	96	107	1749	1141	1433	2029	95	1073	1247	107	1086	2017	1268	1072	1285	104	1998
Lincoln	372	14	189	270	276	163	376	18	25	328	237	223	371	9	183	276	17	186	365	272	172	285	17	372
Linn	888	113	1278	1553	1543	1253	1899	136	121	1682	1471	1544	1880	110	1277	1558	109	1514	1859	1529	1244	1520	145	1923
Malheur	325	14	234	230	220	259	323	18	24	298	208	252	314	16	232	225	26	226	303	232	253	219	17	316
Marion	638	184	1258	1376	1396	1268	3690	211	248	3670	1323	1931	3674	192	1299	1373	208	1626	3387	1318	1375	1456	202	3490
Morrow	531	13	258	328	317	266	529	23	27	509	306	281	522	13	256	319	25	266	514	326	322	290	14	508
Multnomah	819	471	3271	3974	3965	2731	9527	442	436	7521	3641	5110	8693	426	3494	3919	356	2918	9488	3882	3525	3843	444	8689
Polk	383	88	796	569	481	807	1384	105	117	1290	454	888	1385	89	802	483	98	836	1348	491	782	486	100	1375
Sherman	293	103	117	198	198	106	305	103	100	293	109	131	292	104	122	197	118	112	280	201	164	186	99	259
Tillamook	508	22	219	284	289	206	506	30	31	478	285	235	501	18	228	296	26	225	497	282	224	295	25	493
Umatilla	581	75	810	1151	1076	779	1514	206	160	1543	1012	1069	1565	74	842	1119	89	856	1475	1150	946	1085	106	1467
Union	403	42	818	1023	950	828	1385	59	99	1241	817	1120	1365	52	868	934	61	856	1355	1025	884	947	69	1357
Wallowa	304	13	150	519	506	153	306	23	12	300	499	164	300	12	149	524	13	128	293	543	174	494	17	298
Wasco	275	51	558	440	391	559	1321	59	61	1250	390	628	1290	41	608	393	73	590	1273	404	905	314	37	1095
Washington	965	71	486	1069	1043	486	1969	93	119	1855	996	567	1938	78	1031	492	97	497	1927	1049	529	1069	77	1918
Yamhill	595	231	816	823	1788	852	1580	240	283	1479	736	918	1583	239	850	801	228	929	1561	810	856	800	239	1578
Total	41125	2108	19001	25368	23680	18124	41609	2555	2776	26608	22345	24616	40957	2138	19991	27211	2289	19490	38449	24151	20847	23492	2312	39875

THE OFFICIAL COUNT.

The Secretary of State Will Canvass the Votes Today According to Law.

The official count will not include the votes for governor, the law requiring that the legislature must attend to that official work. The returns are sent to the secretary of state directed to the speaker of the house and the seals are to be broken only by him when the legislature meets in January next.

So far as the congressional and district officers are concerned the official canvass will show about the following figures:

MEMBER OF CONGRESS.
(1st District.)

Counties.	Hermann, rep.	J. D. Hurst, pro.	Chas. Miller, peo.	J. K. Weatherford, dem
Benton	882	64	267	698
Clackamas	2314	96	1688	672
Coos	917	38	952	191
Curry	307	9	91	127
Douglas	1815	48	814	1004
Jackson	1251	51	1202	443
Josephine	722	21	576	304
Klamath	312	4	267	172
Lake	339	4	174	229
Lane	2120	65	1187	1092
Lincoln	426	10	194	172
Linn	1842	87	1455	1433
Marion	3493	214	1351	1487
Polk	1402	76	449	817
Tillamook	534	16	268	212
Washington	1979	66	948	542
Yamhill	1609	211	737	895
Total	22264	1080	12620	10790

2ND DISTRICT.

Counties.	Ellis, W. R. rep.	Miller, A. F. pro.	Bailey, J. H. dem.	Waldron, Jos. peo.
Baker	754	24	710	834
Clatsop	1139	62	490	558
Columbia	733	13	124	559
Crook	527	10	369	105
Gilliam	457	9	237	121
Grant	784	8	390	353
Harney	267	10	280	199
Malheur	321	15	245	210
Morrow	549	8	216	359
Multnomah	8614	400	3354	4186
Sherman	264	75	102	173
Umatilla	1476	51	950	1125
Union	1357	40	893	1026
Wallowa	283	11	146	531
Wasco	1359	39	513	410
Total	18875	776	9013	10749

THIRD JUDICIAL DISTRICT.

(Dist. Attorney.)

Counties.	McCain, rep.	Montanye, dem.	Dalrymple, peo.	Marcum.
Linn	1915	1225	1550	
Marion	3613	1395	1438	
Polk	1409	809	521	
Yamhill	1613	796	789	271
Tillamook	518	159	354	
Total	9068	4384	4652	271

MEMBER EQUALIZATION BOARD.

Counties.	Gibson, rep.	Gilkey, dem.	Robertson, peo
Linn	1864	1242	1603
Marion	3588	1166	1602
Polk	1482	751	505
Yamhill	1567	932	845
Tillamook	518	226	292
Total	9019	4317	4847

CIRCUIT JUDGE.

Counties.	Hewitt, rep.	Daly, dem.	Stott, peo.
Linn	2108	1201	1486
Marion	3596	1516	1373
Polk	1347	870	512
Yamhill	1642	863	845
Tillamook	489	249	290
Total	9182	4699	450

JOINT SENATOR—13TH DISTRICT

Counties.	Gesner, rep.	Russell, dem	Swank, peo.
Clackamas	2274	688	1899
Marion	3575	1142	1679
Total	5849	1820	3488

San Francisco, July 3.—Judge McKenna, of the United States circuit court has granted an injunction restraining President Debs and other members of the A. R. U. from interfering with the transmission of mails and from hindering interstate commerce on the Southern Pacific lines.

OCCIDENTAL JOTTINGS.

Mehama will have an old soldiers' reunion in September.

The beach of Tillamook county is being piled with drift from the Columbia

The inter-state fair will open at Tacoma August 15th, and close November 1st.

Wasco county has 168,550 sheep. Young & Son come first on the list of owners with 11,000.

Seaside, North Beach and the Yaquina and Tillamook coast resorts are already filling up for the season.

Astoria's latest railroad rumor has not yet arrived, having been delayed somewhere on the road by floods and strikes.

Sherman county has 98,000 acres of wheat, which will yield at the very lowest estimate sixteen bushels to the acre, or 1,568,000 bushels.

Long lines of immigrants are passing through Klamath county from California and Nevada, en route to Oregon and Washington points.

The Franciscan sisters have decided to build a Sacred Heart academy at La Grande, the structure to be completed by September, at a cost of $15,000.

The G. A. R. men of Washington county have decided to hold an encampment in Forest Grove some time in August, to continue two or three days.

At last accounts the grain aphis had attacked the dog fennel, but up to the time of the issuance of the last bulletin both bugs and dog fennel were all right.

Isaac Banta of Albany is the latest inventor of a machine for mining black sand. One of the machines is in operation between Yaquina and Alsea, and it is asserted that 90 per cent. of the gold is saved.

The Oregon state fair will be held at Salem during the week beginning Sept. 17th. The premium lists have been revised and added to and the fair promises to be a success in every respect.

Kinney's cannery, famous the world over for its Chinook brands of salmon, and in which its owner, Marshal J. Kinney, years ago earned the title of "Columbia River Salmon King," is a mass of smoldering ruins. The total loss by the fire is estimated at $60,000, covered fully by insurance.

The last freshet formed a gravel bar below the south end of the Eugene bridge. It extends down the river to all appearances several hundred feet and will likely be bare in low water where heretofore there has been eight or ten feet of water. It may happen that the bar will eventually stop steamers landing at the new warehouse which in that event would have to be moved to some point lower on the river bank.

It is said that since trains have stopped running on the Union Pacific the supply of provisions in Wasco, Sherman, Gilliam and other counties, have been short for some time, and actual inconvenience if not hunger has prevailed. Some places the people have been limited to a small amount of each article of food in order that the stock might hold out. All the smaller towns have been out of supplies for some time, and teams for miles around are compelled to go to the larger towns for provisions. At Heppner the merchants would not sell to any one family more than one dollar's worth of sugar and corresponding amounts of other articles.

Capt. Winant may years ago tried the transplanting of Eastern oysters. They were bought in barrels east and shipped to San Francisco, thence brought here by sailing vessels, says the Yaquina News. The captain planted the oysters in Pool slough; nine of the plants were tied together and put down to see what proportion died, and after ten days the nine oysters were taken up and only one had died. These oysters made a wonderful growth and all were taken up in time, full sized, delicious Eastern oysters. And now a strange thing happened. Uncle Jimmy Brown, long after the original plants had been forged up and disposed of, one day found a cluster of Eastern oysters of various sizes, showing that a few plants had escaped and actually spawned. There is no reason why the oysterman should not raise an abundance of Eastern oysters and realize a handsome profit on the capital invested. All it wants is a start to be made and success will assuredly follow.

A NEWSY HOP LETTER.

Mr. Geer Gives Some Information from Butteville.

In a letter to the Statesman from Butteville dated June 29th J. P. Geer gives some interesting hop news. He says: "Mr. Usborne of London thinks a great deal of harm comes to the growers by the people of each state, or section, bragging about what a large crop they are going to have, and the immense increase in acreage. He says that the brewers get this, and they say there will be enough hops to use, even if England does not have much of a crop. I think the future will see many a man bankrupted by the hops.

"The vine is growing very well, considering the cold weather, but the warm weather that we are sure to have, will send them on in good shape. The new yards will not, as a rule, turn out a very good crop. In my yard the lice are increasing, but there are not enough to cause any alarm as yet. I do not think there are enough to alarm anyone, in any of the yards. It will depend all on the weather whether we are troubled with them to any extent or not. If the weather turns off dry and hot, there will not be much trouble; and, on the other hand, if the weather is inclined to dampness they will increase very fast. Some growers in England say it is folly to fight lice, as, if you save a good crop, the price is pretty sure to be low, and you are out all your extra expense, while on the other hand, if the lice take the crop occasionally stocks will run low, and the grower will get a good price for a crop or two. I think something like that myself. It is a fact that there are more hops growing than the brewers can use when a fair crop is raised all over the world, and if something does not happen to the crop occasionally, the prices will always rule low, and more especially since the brewers have stopped stocking up but buy from hand to mouth.'"

IN ANNUAL SESSION.

Oregon Yearly Meeting of the Friends Church.

Newberg, Or., June 30.—The Oregon yearly meeting of Friends church was held in annual session here on the 26th inst. The meeting is well represented by delegates from various parts of the state. There are also representatives from California and many of the Eastern states. The work has been progressing harmoniously, and the reports and statistics show that the church in Oregon is in a prosperous, growing condition. While the Friends church has been, perhaps, the last church to be introduced into Oregon, yet its influences are being felt, and it is extending its borders into unoccupied territory. The subjects which have been taken up and considered have been: reports of the condition of the church; the adoption of a discipline for the government of the church in Oregon; pastoral and church extension work; foreign mission; peace and arbitration; education, including reports of Pacific college at Newberg, and the Polytechnic institute of Salem; Sabbath schools, and temperance. The Friends of Oregon are establishing a mission on Kake island, Alaska. They have already sent one missionary to this field, Silas Moon, and they have set apart two other missionaries who will be sent to this field in a few weeks. The reports of Pacific college and the Polytechnic institute show these institutions to be in a growing condition. While the past year has been a very hard year on all tuition schools, yet these schools have gone through the year, and the prospects are that the next year will be more prosperous.

HOW HE DIED.

"Did you ever know just how Sitting Bull was killed?" asked Lieutenant Baker of the Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., of a correspondent.

"I do not think," he continued, "that the details were ever printed. I never saw them, and I was there."

I tell it as nearly as it can be recalled, as the correspondent told it.

Sitting Bull was at his shack with his sons, near Standing Rock agency, when he was sent for to come to the agency. The Indian police were commissioned to bring him in, and when an Indian policeman gets that order, and finds his man, he brings him, dead or alive, unless the man gets the first drop. Sitting Bull was disposed to obey the summons, but one of his sons, as hauty an Indian as ever lived, taunted the old man for his weakness. He called him a squaw, and that epithet to an Indian brave is the cap sheaf of all that is derisive. The old man weakened under the boy's taunt, and the Indian police did the rest. Sitting Bull was all that his admirers claimed for him. When he fell, the boy who had so taunted him crept under the bunk where the old man had slept. He was there when Shavehead, an Indian from the agency, came in. He heard the story. He liked Sitting Bull, and when he was told that the boy had taunted his father and was the cause of his death, Shavehead said the boy deserved death, and he was dragged out from under the bed and killed. These details, Lieutenant Baker says, he never saw in print.—Chicago Post.

ELMIRA, OREGON.

Do You Know Where It Is?

MRS. W. T. KAYSER,

Lives There and tells in the Following Letter of the Wonderful Benefit Received from using Dr. Grant's Medicines.

ELMIRA, OREGON, April 6th, 1894.

DR. PAUL GRANT, President O. W. R. Mfg. Co., Portland, Oregon.

Sir:—I wish to express my heartfelt thanks to you for the great benefit I received from using your medicines. I have been a constant sufferer for

Twelve Years

with spinal trouble and the complaints so peculiar to women. I have doctored with several different doctors, and from some of them I received temporary relief, but from none of them have I received the relief I have from using your remedies. The

Congo Oil,

was particularly beneficial, as it instantly relieves the pain and quiets the nerves, and after using it I can go to sleep and not awaken until break of day. I am very grateful for the relief obtained and will do all I can to encourage the sale of your medicines. I have used one and a half bottles of Congo Oil and two and a half bottles of your Native Discovery for women's diseases, and that is all the medicine I have taken in

Six Months,

and I am in better health than I have been for the past twelve years—weigh more and can work without feeling as though I should

Drop Dead

every minute, and it is due to your medicines that I feel this well; and I am willing that all who are afflicted should know of the wonderful results from using your medicines.

Respectfully,
MRS. W. T. KAYSER.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Congo Oil, price 50c. and $1.00. Native Discovery, price $1.00.

NEAR DEATH'S DOOR FROM Inflammation of the Kidneys

Dear Sirs: I can scarcely realize I was so near death's door, the result of a bad attack of inflammation of the kidneys. My urine was bloody and terrible pains near the spine. I tried several remedies, but got no relief. When I was suffering terribly a copy of your Medical Adviser was received by some one in our household. After reading part of it I sent for a bottle of Dr. Grant's Kidney and Liver Cure, and after five doses I felt relieved. I continued taking until I had taken three bottles, and was completely cured.

Gratefully yours,
J. A. ALEXANDER,
773 Hoyt street, Portland, Oregon.

Price $1 per Bottle

Ulcers Broke Out

SLUGGISH LIVER.

Cured by Using Dr. Grant's Sarsaparilla.

Dear Sirs: I wish to thank D