

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

Last Resting Place of the Patriot Dead Striven With Floral Offerings.

Upon my bosom lies A knot of blue and gray; You ask me why. Tears fill my eyes, As low to you I say: I had two brothers once, Warm-hearted, bold, and gay; They left my side. One wore the blue, The other wore the gray.

One rode with Stonewall and his men And joined his fate to Lee; The other followed Sherman's march Triumphant to the sea. Both fought for what they deemed the right, And died with sword in hand; One sleeps amid Virginia's hills, And one in Georgia's sands.

The same sun shines upon their graves; My love unchanged must stay; And so upon my bosom lies, The knot of blue and gray. The one day of the 365 set aside by the legislature for paying tribute to the memory of our patriot dead, a day when the nation mourns and the republic bows her head in grief, was kept sacred to the purpose of its dedication.

The sad to see a grave whose name is known; its sadder still to see an unknown grave. With cheers for the living and tears for the dead, the citizens of Oregon City formed a mighty procession, and keeping time to muffled drums, like one great surging monster, they moved solemnly to the burial grounds, where floral tributes paid homage to our country's dead.

An attractive parade of the G. A. R., W. R. U., U. V. U., Second Oregon Volunteers, fraternal societies and school children headed by the Southern Pacific band of Portland, started promptly at 10:15 o'clock from Main street and moved to Shiveley's hall, where the following program was admirably rendered to an immense throng of people.

Selection..... Southern Pacific Band Reading of Orders..... Adjutant Prayer..... Rev. A. J. Montgomery Song..... Mrs. Clark Ganong Song..... Pupils of St. John's School Oration..... Hon. Gordon E. Hayes Song..... "America" Pupils of St. John's School and Audience Song..... "Taps"..... Miss Ino Harding

At the cemetery the following exercises took place: Dign..... Band Address, Ritual, page 7..... Com. Williams Address of Lincoln at Gettysburg..... Francis Galloway Prayer, Ritual, page 8..... Chaplain Doremus Crowning Monument..... Officer of the Day Dauchy Selection..... Southern Pacific Band Response..... "Our Unknown Dead"..... E. S. Bollinger Prayer, Ritual, page 11..... Chaplain Doremus Salute..... Company A, Third Regiment U. S. G. Roll of Honor of Taps..... Harry Emken Decorating Graves..... Grand Army Mrs. Mattie Draper, Accompanist.

The general committee is composed as follows: G. A. R.—George A. Harding, chairman; C. A. Williams, secretary; F. H. Beach, C. H. Dauchy, J. Doremus, C. F. Horn, Capt. M. E. Willoughby. W. R. C.—Mrs. Mary L. Stafford, president; Mrs. Mary L. Bradley, secretary. Executive Committee—Mrs. Millie Shadle, Mrs. Olive Albright, Mrs. Pauline Metzner, Mrs. Jennie Sullivan, Mrs. Minnie Potter. Commander and Staff—J. R. Williams, commander; J. U. Campbell, grand marshal; C. H. Dauchy, officer of the day; C. A. Williams, a lieutenant.

Special sale of Milk Pans, Butter Moulds and Milk Strainers at the Golden Rule Bazaar. Campaign Speaking. The candidates for county offices on the Citizen Ticket will discuss matters of interest to the taxpayers of Clackamas County, at the following places on the dates named in June: Damascus..... Friday 1, 2:00 p m Milwaukie..... Friday 1, 8:00 p m Oregon City..... Saturday 2, 8:00 p m Experience is the Best Teacher. Use Ayer's English Remedy in any case of coughs, colds or croup. Should it fail to give immediate relief money refunded. 25 cts., and 50 cts. Geo. A. Harding, agent.

Novelties in Fans Just received at the Golden Rule Bazaar. Nasol Catarrh quickly yields to treatment by Ely's Cream Balm, which is agreeably aromatic. It is received through the nostrils, cleanses and heals the whole surface over which it diffuses itself. Druggists sell the 50c. size; Trial size by mail, 10 cents. Test it and you are sure to continue the treatment.

A LAUGH IN CHURCH.

She sat on the sliding cushion, The dear, was woman of four, Her feet, in their slippers, Hung dangling over the floor. She meant to be good—she had promised— And so, with her big, brown eyes, She stared at the meeting house windows And counted the crawling flies.

She looked far up at the preacher, But she thought of the honey bees Droning away at the blossoms That whitened the cherry trees; She thought of a broken basket Where, carried in a dusky leap, These sleek, round pupae with fringed ears Lay smugled and fast asleep.

Such soft, warm bodies to caress; Such queer little hearts to beat; Such sweet, round tongues to kiss; Such sparkling, cunning feet! She could feel her hair curling fingers The touch of the satiny skin And a cold, wet nose exploring The dimples under her chin.

Then a sudden ripple of laughter Ran over the parted lips, So quick that she could not catch it With her long finger tips. The people whispored, "Blame the child!" As each one winked from a nap, But the dear, who women hid her face For shame in her mother's lap.

—Pittsburg Times.

DYING LIKE A GENTLEMAN

A Story of Australian Gold Hunters.

A dozen men sat around a campfire alongside the trail which led from Hope Valley to Woonna Walla.

The trail was 300 miles long and ran up hill and down, over plain and through scrub and now and then crossed a river or climbed a mountain.

The feet of 3,000 Australian gold hunters, accompanied for half the distance by wagons and pack horses, had left such a plain road behind that the next 3,000 could not go astray.

At no point on the trail could a dozen worse men have been picked out than the 12 who sat around Jim Agnew's campfire. They had banded together because they were bad. Had they traveled singly they would have fared badly at the hands of the crowd.

At 9 o'clock at night, with every man ripe for mischief from the liquor he had imbibed, the camp had a caller—two of them.

A man turned in from the trail and passed the fire and halted in the midst of the quarreling gang and dropped a burden from his back. It was a little girl 7 or 8 years old and sound asleep.

He pulled a blanket from under a man and spread it out to make a bed for the child, and he tucked her up with tender hand before he straightened up and looked about him and said: "I carried her on my back from Sydney to Hope Valley, and finding the rush on, I'm bound for Woonna Walla."

"And who may you be?" queried Jim Agnew of the stranger.

"A gentleman, sir, or the wreck of a gentleman," was the reply. "You can call me Scott."

"And is this your child?" "No, sir; daughter of my ex-partner, Mr. Joe Taylor. He was another wreck of a gentleman. She was motherless, and when he died a few weeks ago he left her in my charge. Couldn't refuse to take her, sir—no gentleman could. Very interesting young person; bound to make a lady if properly reared and educated. She'll be waking up directly, and then we'll thank you for a bite to eat."

It was heaving the lion in his den. After two or three minutes the man recovered from their feeling of astonishment, and then there was resentment at the cool and nerry way their camp had been invaded.

The man before them was ragged and unkempt, and disipation was to be read in every line of his face, but yet instinct told them that he was not of their ilk.

No matter what he was now, he had once been a gentleman. There were mutterings and threats, and presently Jim Agnew said:

"Say, I've heard of you! You are Scott, the gambler. You used to hang out at Red Hills."

"Your information is correct, sir. I used to be a gentleman. Then I was Scott, the gambler. At present I am Scott, the wreck of a gentleman and guardian of that child. Quite correct, sir."

"Hang your gentleman business!" shouted Jim as his temper began to boil up. "Say, boys, let's chip in and buy the kid. Mebbe she'll bring more luck than a humpback."

"Yes; let's buy the kid!" shouted half a dozen men in chorus. "Gentlemen," said the gambler as he waved his hand toward the girl, who had been awakened by the shouts, "permit me to introduce Miss Ethel Taylor of Sydney, daughter of Mr. Joseph Taylor, deceased, ex-convict, gambler, sharper and bad 'un generally. In dying he left her in charge of his partner, the wreck of a gentleman, who has now been a day and a half without food, but who wouldn't sell out his trust for all the gold in Australia."

"You'd better take a walk!" exclaimed Agnew after a long look at the gambler.

"After the girl has eaten, sir," was a quiet reply. "The girl stays here."

"Not unless I am dead." The man Agnew backed off a few feet and pulled a revolver from his belt and raised his arm until the muzzle was on a line with the gambler's right eye. The arm rested there, and as his fingers curled around the trigger he said:

"I'll give you till I count five."

"My dear Ethel, good night and good-by," said Scott as he half turned and lifted his ragged cap to the girl.

She did not rise up nor call out. Agnew meant to kill the man before him

If he did not move off, but after his words to the girl his arm slowly fell. There was silence for a minute, and then the boss of the gang said: "Cuss me, but you've got nerve! Sit down with the gal and fill up."

It was accounted a strange thing with the "rusers" to see a little girl among that band of "bad 'uns," each taking turn and turn about to carry her on his back, and both guardian and ward found themselves among friends.

Indeed before the new diggings were reached Jim Agnew and Scott were accounted "partners." It was stranger yet that little Ethel had a liking for Jim.

At Woonna Walla the child shared the tent or shanty with the two men. Child though she was, Scott treated her with almost as much formality as if she had been a girl of 20.

Agnew treated her as a child, and, though his ways were rough and his speech shocked her at times, he won her heart more than the other.

Disappointment awaited hundreds of the rusers to Woonna Walla. One night, tired and discouraged, the two men sat smoking their pipes in silence for an hour, while the child played about or watched them and wondered if they had quarreled. By and by Scott looked up quietly and said:

"Jim, we are downed here."

"For sure," was the reply. "Let's move on."

"Where?" "Up the creek, down, over the hills, anywhere for her sake. I'm down to stay down, and the end is not far away, but I'd like to make a stake for her."

In the gray of the morning they took their way over the hills, one carrying the packs and the other the girl. Fifty miles away, on the banks of Brawling creek, they made a camp and two hours later were prospecting for gold.

They found sufficient to encourage them to persevere, but not in quantities to rejoice over. On the third day the men left the girl asleep and moved farther down the creek.

She awoke and went searching for them up stream. She had walked for a quarter of a mile, calling as she went, when in trying to clamber up a bank she caught at and uprooted a bush.

With the dirt and stones a nugget of gold rolled down into the stream and lay there like a spot of sunshine. An hour later Scott threw down his pick and said:

"Jim, it's the richest spot on the face of the globe. There'll be a rush here, of course, but we'll have our claims entered first. I'll start for Woonna Walla within half an hour."

In 30 minutes he was on his way over the hills, and in three days he was back again. It would have been no use to try to hide the new find. He had to state its location in order to file his claim, and the very official who made good his papers was at his heels as he made his way back to camp.

"I've got it," he said to his partner after picking up the girl and kissing her. "Here it is—the 'Ethel claim.' There'll be enough for both of you—aye, enough to make a dozen men rich!"

After supper that night the child climbed upon Scott's knee, and he stroked her hair until she fell asleep. For a long time after he had gently laid her down there was silence between the two men. He was the first to break it by saying:

"Jim, the girl is to go back to Sydney and be brought up a lady."

"Yes," replied Jim. "Deal square with her and give her half."

"For sure, but where do you come in?"

Scott sat in the door of the shanty, with his face upturned to the full moon. It was three or four minutes before he replied:

"Jim, you can't understand."

"But we've got gold—barrels of gold!"

"And I'm an old man—a drunkard, a gambler, a swindler, a wreck. Money could only bring new vices—new degradations. Can you understand?"

"No, banged if I can!"

"But you were not born and reared a gentleman. I wanted to make a stake for the girl. I've made it."

"And now what?" asked Jim. Scott knelt down beside the sleeping child and kissed her. When he arose, he held out his hand to his partner and said:

"Goodby, old man; give her a square divide."

"And you—you—"

"Hush! Don't wake her!" He passed out into the moonlight and up to the creek. Next morning they found his dead body half a mile beyond the last campfire.

"Yes, he was my partner," said Jim as they called him to look at the dead man.

"And why did he kill himself?" "Because he couldn't forget that he was once a gentleman."—Philadelphia Press.

Strange Life in Argentina. Professor Lawrence Bruner, who spent the year 1898 investigating the grasshopper plague in Argentina, says that only Australia could match Argentina in the singularity of its life forms. It is a country where everything protects itself.

The trees have thorns, the grasses and weeds are provided with thorns and sharp blades and herbaceous plants are shielded with burs. Forests exist where rains are scarce, and natives say that sometimes when heavy rains fall the trees die from too much moisture. Some birds, belonging to the same order as our waterfowl, avoid water. Many Argentina birds possess spurs on their wings.

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"Resorts and Attractions Along the Coast Line" is a handsomely illustrated folder, giving a description of the health and pleasure resorts on the coast between San Francisco and Los Angeles.

"Shasta Resorts," embellished with beautiful half-tone engravings, describes the scenic and outing attractions of the vast and wonderful Shasta region, the grandest of pleasure grounds.

"California South of Tehachapi" tells all about the charms of that remarkably favored semi-tropic garden spot, Southern California.

A handsome map of California, complete in detail, reliable, skillfully indexed, and full of information about the state's resources. It is the only publication of its kind conveniently folded for pocket use.

"Summer Outings" is a 32-page folder devoted to the camping retreats in the Shasta Region and Santa Cruz Mountains. It appeals more directly to that large and growing class of recreation seekers who prefer this popular form of outing.

"Pacific Grove" is the Chautauque of the West, and this folder not only describes the pretty place itself, but gives a program of the religious and educational meetings, conventions, schools, etc. to be held there this summer.

Other publications are "Lake Tahoe," "Geysers and Lake County," "Yosemite," "Hotel del Monte," "Castle Crags," each brimful of information about the places named, and printed in the highest style of the art.

A Good Cough Medicine. It speaks well for Chamberlain's Cough Remedy when druggists use it in their own families in preference to any other.

"I have sold Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for the past five years with complete satisfaction to Goldsmith, Van Eiten, N. Y. "I have always used it in my own family both for ordinary coughs and colds and for the cough following la grippe, and find it very efficacious." For sale by G. A. Harding, Druggist.

The celebrated stallion Snowden-junior, the finest stallion in Clarkamas county, will make the season of 1900 at the following places and days. At home in Beaver Creek on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday, at Young's Stable in Oregon City every Friday.

HENRY HUGHES, Manager.

Summer Resorts. "To the mountains our people in increasing numbers yearly look for those days of relaxation and recreation necessary to maintain the humane machine in fair working condition. The languorous sloth of the seashore proves very seductive while it lasts, but many have decided that the annual outing should provide not only radical change of air and surroundings, but also such stimulation of flagging energies as will provide brawn and vigor for the return to labor. For this they urge the mountain climb and ramble, the balsam of the mountain pines, and the clear, unadulterated mountain air.

"In this direction the Shasta Route now affords a wealth of attractions. The entire line of road from Ashland to Redding is studded with charming and accessible hotels and camps, where are cheer and comfort and healing at reasonable cost, and where you can hunt, fish, ride, loaf, or play with equal facility."

"Or if you look for healing waters, none better can be found hot or cold, than the springs of Ashland, Coalinga, Anderson, Bartlett, Byron and Paso Robles."

"Before visiting Europe, the people of the Northwest should see the glories of Yosemite Valley, and the wondrous groves of Mariposa and Calaveras, the Parisians are likely to make inquiries concerning those attractive resorts."

Send to Mr. C. H. Markham, General Passenger Agent, Portland, for new booklets on Castle Crags, Shasta Springs, McCloud River, Yosemite, and excursion rates thereto.

A Minister's Mistake. A city minister was recently handed a notice to be read from his pulpit. Accompanying it was a clipping from a newspaper bearing upon the matter. The clergyman started to read the extract and found that it began: "Take Kemp's Balm, the best Cough Cure."

This was hardly what he had expected and, after a moment's hesitation, he turned it over, and found on the other side the matter intended for the reading

MANY A LOVER.

Has turned with disgust from an otherwise lovable girl with an offensive breath, Karl's Clover Root Tea purifies the breath by its action on the bowels, etc., as nothing else will. Sold for years on absolute guarantee. Price 25 cts. and 50 cts. C. G. Huntley the Druggist.

Angel cakes, lady cakes, lady fingers, and macaroon's fresh and the best quality at the Koerten's.

PIMPLES My wife had pimples on her face, but she has been taking CASCARETS and they have all disappeared. I had been troubled with constipation for some time, but after taking the first Cascarets I have had no trouble with this ailment. We cannot speak too highly of Cascarets. FRED WARTMAN, 878 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets REGULATE THE LIVER. Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good. Never Sickens, Weakens, or Grips. 25c. Box, 50c. CURE CONSTIPATION. Starling Candy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE TOBACCO HABIT.

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