"M'LGUGHLIN AND OLD OREGON"-A CHRONICLE.

Eva Ennery Dye's Vivid Narrative of Pioneer Life in Oregon-A Story That Will Live.

BUTTE, Mont., Oct. 3.—(To the Editor.)
-So much history is written with pages wherein skeletons stalk amid a conglomerate of facts, or lie like mummles swathed in dust, that the reader hesitates to begin Eva Ennery Dye's Chronicle, lest he shatter the image which his own imag-ination has constructed out of that com-mon knowledge that descends to postheroic times. But "McLoughlin and Old Oregon!" The name thrills the heart of the pioneer like old wine; a marvelous panorama unrolls before his mind. Read-ing, what do we find? Here comes Dr. John McLoughlin, with kingly mien and eagle eye, a man who "held patent of nobility from Almighty God," born to command, but with a heart tender as a man's; a man who could sacrifice British gold and the opportunity to be Gov-ernor of a new realm easier than turn from his door needy immigrants of a rival nation; rival, be it remembered, for an empire of untold wealth. After him come striding-more heroes! What a stage this is, and what a mighty game to being played, truly titanic in its propostions, extending from Athabasca on the north to the old Spanish missions in Bouthern California, with England's Prime Minister a curtain-raiser! It was well played, too, but the encores were slienced by John Bull's shrewd notes of disapproval (for Uncle Sam's benefit), as the slapped his thigh where he had just placed the proceeds of the last million-dollar cargo. Vast as the stage is, there seems to have been no lack of stars: English lords and gentlemen; daring Canadian voyaguers; Indian chieftains, tacturn, fearless, but faithful to a promise; Tankee sallors, smiling and persistent awainst misfortune; missionaries whose against misfortune; missionaries whose courage and self-sacrifics words fall to express, and scores of pligrims who tramped 2000 miles and suffered untold hardships, to save the fairest land on the Continent to the flag of the Union. These heroes and beroines state builders clothed in the various habiliments of lite society, the rude life of the trapper, the picturesque costume of the indian, and the tatterdamalion garb of stranded immigrants, give to these pages the glow of real life. We see scenes of flove, joy and suffering; their glad songs fill the canyons of the Columbia, their blood fertilizes the soil of an empire. The cries of women in the pangs of child-birth, the groams of the dying, the prayers of the saintly Whitman, and the pledges of love's young dreams, ascend multaneously from the plains of Watt-

Even that great corporation of English capital, the Hudson's Bay Company, that wrested millions of wealth from these boundless forests, plains and teeming waters, lives again in its pristine glory. arousing admiration for its discipline and for its magnificent conquest, with the cance and dog sledge, of the vast regions between Montreal and Fort Vancouver. The annual voyage to the fort with the Winter's catch of furs and the departure of the express were occasions long to be remembered, and, having their counterpart nowhere else in the world's history are subjects to challenge the highest skill of the artist.

The thrilling story of Dr. Whitman's ide to Washington and his interview with Webster, so often told, ever new, is sketched with remarkable self-restraint, and with a simplicity almost Homeric-We see him bid adieu to his wife and be-gin that perilous ride across the mountains, swimming the icy torrents of Grand River, against the warnings of his companions, then on and on, until his iron will having outworn Lovejoy and the Indian guide, he dashes on alone to Washington, as though the fate of the Nation and not the possession of a remote land lay in his keeping. Perhaps with prophetic eye, looking shead to the 20th century, he realized that it was the fate of the Nation. Truly, there were heroes

In the following passage descriptive of the entrance of Dr. Whitman's immigrant train upon the lower Columbia, after their perilous experiences at the Cascades, there is that which reminds one of the loud voice of Ossian:

"The overloaded boats rocked on the empestuous river; cold, brown clouds wrapped the hills, wheeling eagles shricked and screamed, the Winter rain beat in their defenceless faces. Mothers wrapped their babies in their shawls, and fathers, with lips set, as the Pilgrims of 1620, looked toward the blast."

What would one not give today to have mingled with that throng and listened to their talk! Probably there was little said; they had escaped as from the jaws of death, the White-headed Eagle had ored them, and the mighty Columbia was bearing them to a new home, over which, by the grace of God and Whitman, the Stars and Stripes should float.

And the good old doctor welcomed them at the river bank, as though they were lords and barons come to pay tribute, instead of to wrest from him the title to a

The lines above quoted are not the only ones that moisten the eye as the reader is carried with breathless haste from ley Athabasea to the sunny glades of Call-fornia, back through the Douglas fir forest of Oregon to Fort Vancouver, thence to rainy, mist-enveloped Sitka, where the Russian Baranoff ruled in barbaric splendor that wonderful north sea land.

Again we see the chiefs of three or four friendly tribes, with their retainers loaded down with peltries, journeying from the Walla Walla country to Fort Sutter on the Sacramento, to buy cattle. Is history repeating itself nearly 2000 years after the Egyptian sun shone upon that memorable pilgrimage after corn? The pitiful ending to this peaceful quest by the foul murder of Ellish, the educated young chief, the grief of Siskadee, to whom he promised to return when the camas ned again, and the rage of the old warriors, is a picture of events that. fraught with momentous consequences to the little band of settlers in the Wil-lamette Valley, lingers long in the memory; it was the pivotal point in a series of almost epic grandeur.

The author has not dimmed her pages by fatuous philosophy, neither apologies nor censure weaken her graphic pictures of conflict between immigrants and red men; but wherever the mailed hand of war or the velvet touch of diplomacy are seen, there the soft hands of women cheered their lords and plied the domestic peedle. Amid vicissitudes and strug. gles, with the musket in one hand, th plow in the other, the heroic settlers till their fields, build homes, form a provis-ional government and lay broad and deep the foundations for a state. The whole nicle reads like a romance, and yet it is historic truth; beside it, how tawdry the most vivid imagination appears! "A book?" said Carlyle; "why, man, if you out those pages they will bleed." C. H. SHOLES.

A Strang Complaint.

New York Tribune. The Bryanites are now complaining that the instructions to the Philippine Commission and the preliminary report of the paign documents, and for that reason they are criticising and denouncing the publi-cation of them. There has not been an insimution from any source that the instructions themselves were unauthorized or improper in any respect, or that the ort which bears the signature of every per of the commission, is not a uine and truthful document. No such intimation would be admissible, because the instructions were issued by the President is the fundamental issue in the campaign,

A PICTURE OF EARLY DAYS of the United States on the responsibility of his official oath and long before the beginning of the Presidential campaign. and the report was made and signed by all the members of the commission, one of whom, at least, does not belong to the Republican party, on the responsibility of their official oaths. All of them are men of the highest character and integrity, and not one of them is an active partisan. The trouble with Mr. Bryan and his followers is that these documents completely refute and demolish their assertions, both as to the attitude and policy of the Administration in regard to the Philippines and to existing conditions in the archi-pelago. Of course, it is embarrassing and unpleasant for Mr. Bryan and his sup-porters to have their misrepresentations and untruthful assertions exposed at this time, as is shown by the very nature of their unfounded complaints and criticisms. They evidently hold that "the truth should not be told at all times," especially not in a Presidential campaign.

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Garrett, Miss Cora (photograph) A. B CROASMAN, P. M.

Silver Issue to the Front.

New York Evening Post. The widespread and growing tendency among voters to consider the financial issue the immediate one receives a strong impetus from the action of George Fred Williams, the leading Bryanite of New England. Williams has become the ab-England. Williams has become the ab-solute boss of the Bryan organization in Massachusetts, and his orders are every-where obeyed. The Worcester Congres-sional district ordinarily goes Republican, but has been carried for the Democrats twice during the last 15 years by candidates of gerat personal strength-John E. Russell in 1886 and John R. Thayer in Mr. Thayer has made an excellent record, and is ready to accept the renomination which he deserves. He is sound on what the Kansas City platform pronounced "the paramount issue," having earnestly opposed the policy of imperial-ism. But he is also opposed to free coinage, and adovcated the passage of the gold-standard act during the last session. Because he refuses to accept Bryan's position on the financial question, Williams "turns him down," and thereby does everything in the power of a leading Bryanite to convince the public that this

NATIONAL GUARDSMEN HARD AT ROUTINE DRILLS.

Men Well Uniformed and Equipped and Their Officers Expect Much of Them.

A new year is opening in the Armory. National Guard work is commencing for the season. Drill once every week, quar-terly inspections, rifle practice, occasional battalion drills and other exercises will

YEAR'S WORK IS BEGUN He has learned distance and interval, has learned to march in line, hold his piece properly, stand and march in a military manner, and to devote his whole attention to the words of the command-ing officer. Should there be a lapse in the latter respect and he finds all the company except himself has come to right shoulder arms while he is attentively watching another company drill, something will occur of a very impres-sive nature, so much so that the little

neglect will hardly occur again. Drilling is something that is soon forgotten. The commands are not, but one quickly becomes "rusty" as soldiers express it. That keen attention is lost, or the quick response to orders. A soldier away from his company for a few away from his company for a few months must be broke in again. And, simple as drill looks, there are not many men who are styled well drilled. Perfec-Wearing the blue, ornamented with brass buttons, is not a round of pleasure to the citizen soldier. Military knowledge is gained only by effort.

men who are styled well drilled. Perfection in this requires a peculiar temperament, lithe, graceful body and months of practice. That is why soldiers must always continue to deliver the practice. gained only by effort.

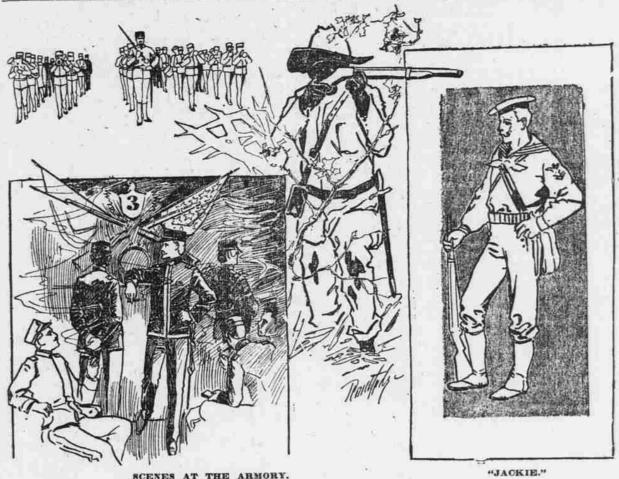
A raw recruit finds numerous conditions that suggest the extreme insignificance of drill. Even though in the field, if there

BRYAN AGAINST MORTON

RELATION OF EACH TO STARCH FACTORY AT NEBRASKA CITY.

How the "Boy Orator" Owes His Start in Life to the Ex-Secretary-General Palmer.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 3 .- The sarcasm launched by William J. Bryan at the Argo Starch Company in his speech in Nebraska City the other day, was, as everyone conversant with the situation there could readily guess, used as a convenient means of "getting even" with ex-Secretary J. Sterling Morton, who was largely the author of the company's existence. The indignation felt by a large part of the population of Nebraska City and its neighborhood at this attack had man. While the initiated are patting him is a luli in the campaign, soldiers have to no politics in it, but grew out of the fact



on the back and urging him to enlist, the aspirant for a uniform sees only the bright side of the life. There is a satisfaction in the rhythmic motion of marchng and drilling that cannot be found elsewhere. And even while the recruit is adjusting a neat-fitting uniform he is still innocent of the immediate future. Drill sergeants with the chevrons are not to

him flends incarnate, with harsh voices and dreadful commands. The dawn of military life is the awkmer where there is no escape. They are told they must learn how to stand up.
This seems like getting back to childhood,
but there is much reality in it all. That
individual who props himself up with legs
well apart may be applied. well apart may be applying one axiom of military life-maintaining a well-fortified base, but he will soon find he is far from

the position of a soldier, "Put your feet together," commands the Sergeant, the tone of his voice suffering a terrible change. "Bring your heels to-gether, point your toes cutward at a com. fortable angle, hands to the side, little fingers touching the seam of the trousers, throw out your chest, drawing the stomach upward, draw the chin in, giving the the beauty of military work as well as countenance a rigid appearance

These orders come in rapid succession. The recruit, endeavoring to obey all, feels that training in contortion was sadly neglected in his earlier life. But getting the desired position is child's play compared with holding it and going through the mand. That hapless one who looks to see if his coat is properly buttoned and he is rightly dressed otherwise, will get a dress-ing which conveys in a forcible vocabulary that the order is to turn the head and eyes to the right and form a perfect line. With the command, "Forward, march!" the awkward squad is launched in a choppy sea. The emphasis given that word

'march" is not less effective than would be a giant firecracker or Chinese bomb close in the rear of the squad. The pretty line formed before the start suffers the fate of the sand rope. Some jump from the right foot, some from the left, but all And then the drill sergeant is much in evidence. He talks of sheep, unbroken teams and other objects that suggest confusion, and finally succeeds in calming his scattering charge to standing

positions again.
"When the word forward is given," says
he, "place the weight of the body on the right foot without releasing the left enough to bend the knee. When the word 'march' is uttered, place the left foot forward full 30 inches, the military step, and continue walking at a pace of 120 steps per This is much more easily said than done by the recruit, and many abortive starts have to be made by the squad before the exacting Sergeant grunts approval. Facings are learned with greater diffi-

culty. Anybody can face to the left or right, or turn around, but there is one manner that military regulations approve, and no other, however convenient it may be to the man most interested. "Left face" means use of the left heel as a pivot and turn the body with the toe of the right foot. "Right face" is the same op-eration reversed. "'Bout face" is exeguted by turning squarely around on the left heel and right toe, the right foot be-ing brought along the left after it is in position. The first few efforts at this remind the spectator of a sort of handspring movement. Some men fairly jump into the air and come down with stamp of a get-there-with-both-feet character. But they are tamed by that Sergeant and wearying repetition. After you have learned a fact in military tactics and know what should be done, the test of your patience is beginning. It must be practiced over and over again. Not only many times at the first drill, but at many drills. And after the more receptive are capable of governing the wild muscles, there are two or three struggling ones whose good intentions do not atone for their innate awkwardness. One man de-stroys a line. One break mars a drill, and a company, like a chain, may be said to be no better than its weakest part.

The manual of arms is a more natural imotion than some of the flank move-ments on the floor. "Right shoulder arms," "Port arms," and "Order arms" are quite natural methods of raising and lowering the piece. After the recruit experienced a few shocks because of letting the piece down in a tired manner, has heard the snappy, ringing words of cadence, "One, two three," and "Tear the hands down, bring them to the side with vim and ginger; wake up! wake up!" he is ready to punch a hole in the concrete floor or almost uncouple the old musket in his frantic jerks following the

It is a proud day when the new soldier emerges from the squad to the company.

take up drills, and they are of daily occurrence in the garrison.
One of the usual charges again Guards-

men is that they are so poorly informed on matters of tactics and military regulations. As they spend but one night in the Armory a week, it is but natural that they should learn less of the maze of red tape and military routine than one who devotes his entire time to the study. But there is an impression that this defect is not fatally disqualifying for work in the ward squad. Six or eight proud, smiling field. Red tape and much of the disci-individuals are herded into a secluded corpline that galls and grinds the soldier in garrison life is cast to the winds there. Absolute obedience to all commands, knowledge of extended order, work and skill with the rifle are qualifications that, are prized the highest in action. These fundamental parts of drilling are espe-cially emphasized at the Armory. And that the Guardsmen may meet all tests the course of education is patterned after the course of education is patterned attention to the work done in the Regular Army, so far as is possible with citizen soldiers.

Noncommissioned officers have their schools, where they are instructed and schools, where they are instructed and the farmers all through that regular to set a fair price for their corn group. schools, where they are instructed and catechized. All questions pertaining to drill are put and answered, guardificunting is taught, and details that add to the beauty of military work as well as the requisites. head up and cast the eyes to the front are compelled to pass examinations be-resting on the ground 30 paces distant." fore receiving their warrants. While recfore receiving their warrants. While recommended by their respective Captains, whose wishes are usually heeded, in the Third Regiment great care is exercised to select only such men as are informed

and competent. Officers of the Guard are compelled to regular movements of drill when they are being learned. The position learned, a line is formed. "Right dress," is the comters night usually demands their attention and often presence. Special meet-ings are frequent. It is a positive sacrifice for any business man to accept a commission in the Guard, notwithstanding many regard the work as being sought by officers for the glit and braid. Several business men of the city, who are good officers, do not feel that they can spare the necessary time.

Guard Needs Support.

Commencement of the year in the Guard, while promising more than usual, finds that institution needing the hearty support and active co-operation of all the people. Members feel that they are enti-tled to this. They enlist for the purpose of qualifying themselves to perform one of the duties of a citizen in serious times, knowing that the great reserve strength of the Nation is educated and drilled for war only through Guard experience and a limited amount of service in the Army. In the Battery and Naval Battalion different drills are given. Loading and handling the new modern field pieces at present occupy the attention of Light Battery A. The breech mechanism is simple, but must be thoroughly learned. Where borses are not used in drills, the men of the battery pull their guns over

the floor. During the Summer most of the exercises for the Naval Reserve divisions has been out of doors. Pulling oars in the cutter, casting the lead, tying knots, splicing and all the elements of seamanship that can be taught without a rigging of a ship, have been taught to the two local divisions. This Winter drills and the use of the two three-inch field pieces will be taken up.

COMMENDABLE ENTERPRISE What a Portland Man Says He Saw

in Senttle.

A citizen who has just returned from a visit to Scattle says he saw one evi-dence of enterprise and business sagacity there which he has not seen in Portland It was a little cider mill on the side-walk, the fresh cider running from it, and several boxes of the "cheese" from past pressings standing on the curb, to show that the cider was genuine, Hundreds passing stopped to have a big glass

of the sweet cider, and the proprietor appeared to be coining money. "Some one," he said, "should start a sidewalk cider mill in Portland. There is about everything else imaginable on the sidewalks here, and there might as well be a few cider mills. Seattle is ahead in the matter of cider mills, but Portland has more bleycle racks and more illuminated signs which are not illuminated on her sidewalk and more dogs running at large in one minute than Seattle has in a year, although the streets and sidewalks are wider in Seattle than in this city. There are also at least 10 bicycles in Portland to one in Seattle, although there most of the street cars are furnished with scoop-like "cowcatchers." on which the bicycles and baby carriages of passengers are carried up and down the somewhat numerous and more than somewhat steep hills. This, however, has nothing to do with the cider mill question.

The "Estay" organ-Wiley B. Allen Co.

that the town and surrounding country has derived large benefit from the start-ing of the starch works there, and that the people are grateful to Mr. Morton for his foresight and enterprise. That region was, up to within a few

years, a frequent sufferer on account of the lack of a convenient market for its corn. Great quantities of corn are raised thereabouts, but the railroad rates for transporting it to market ate so largely into the revenues from the crop that the net result to the farmers was often a loss or the next thing to it. Mr. Morton looked at the matter with the eye of a trained economist, and asked: If it costs so much to get this corn to market, why not have a market here for its const tion and send away the finished product whose bulk and weight will be so much less? He soon got together the necessary capital, started the starch company, and thereby not only furnished home employment for a large number of Nebraska these is Mr. Bryan, whose metho of meeting such a difficulty would have been to urge the farmers to go to the polls and vote some kind of a harumscarum ticket so as to injure the capitalists who were not willing to give them something for nothing.

One of the comical sidelights upon the war which Morton and Bryan are making upon each other is shown by the fact that Morton is, perhaps, with one excep-tion, the man most responsible for Bryan's career as an agitator. Years ago, soon after Bryan moved into Nebraska and while he was still going to Morton every fortnight for advice, he said to his men-tor, in the course of a friendly conversa-"Mr Morton I find practicing law rather slow work in this community, and one that does not seem to hold out any remarkable promise to a young man's ambitions to get ahead. Now, I have made something of a study of public speaking, and I believe I could make a success on the lecture platform."

"What subject would you discuss?" in-quired Mr. Morton. "That's just the thing," answered Bryan. "I haven't any good subject in mind, and I thought I would consult with

you."
"I will think it over," said Morton "and if anything occurs to me I will let

In this way the matter was left, but a few days later the men met, and Mr. Morton said: "I believe I have found what you want, Bryan. A friend of mine, Professor Sumner, of Yale College, has just published a book which is likely to excite attention. It is called 'What Social Classes Owe to Each Other.' I will send you a copy, and you may see if it sug-gests anything to you as a text for your

At their next meeting Bryan was jubilant.

lecture.

"You have done me a great service, Mr. Morton," said he. "That is a delightful book of Sumner's, and furnishes just the inspiration I want. Not long afterward Bryan took the field as a lecturer. But Professor Sumner

would never have recognized his book as reflected in the utterances from the platform. The book had a nice equipoise, and preached reciprocity; the lecture saw only one side of the class question, and that was the side of labor. The bent of Bryan's thought from that time forward seems to have been wholly in the direc-tion of the wrongs of labor, to the absolute ignoring of the rights of capital. He was set up in busines as an agitator, however, and these two men who were responsible, though unconsciously, for launching him, are the last ones in the United States who would have been suspected by their fellow-citizens of complicity in such a business.

The biographers of General Palmer since his death have dealt so fully with the public phases of his career that they have passed over some others which are quite as interesting. His courage was not only moral, but physical. During the Congressional campaign which followed the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska act, he came into collision with Major Thomas L. Harris, a candidate for Congrass against Richard Yates, whom he was supporting. At a meeting packed with his own adherents, Harris made a speech so full of personal abuse of the men who had opposed the act that Palmer felt called upon to denounce his statesments Harris descended the and advanced upon Palmer, with a bevy of his partisans at his back. Palmer saw that violence was intended and drew his six-shooter. This brought about a parley at the conclusion of which Harris re-turned to the platform, and, after de-

nouncing what he termed as an attempt to assassinate him, finished his speech. Palmer then mounted the platform, and, amid a terrific uproar, tried to speak, but was howled down. The crowd was evidenily determined not only not to hear him, but not to let him get away with a whole body. Palmer waited a moment in silence; when the din subsided enough to let his voice be heard. Pointing his pistol straight into the mass before him, he shouted: "You cowardly scoundrels, you rejoiced when I was being maligned, and if you won't hear the truth of your own free will, you shall be forced to hear it. I will send a builet through the first man that interrupts me." The rufflans knew that he would be as good as his word. and no one took the risk of breaking in upon him. The result was that the peop of that neighborhood listened to the first speech ever made thereabouts against the extension of slavery.

The way he withdrew from the Grand Army of the Republic was characteristic of Palmer. He was a sympathetic vete-ran, in the sense of feeling a strong tie of comradeship with every man who had done honest service in the Union Army during the Civil War; but the perversion of the G. A. R. organization in Illinois to partisan purposes in the Fall of 1888 so outraged his sense of justice and propriety that he resigned his mem-bership and demanded a card of withdrawal. When questioned about it afterward, he answered: "Remembering in my youth what honors crowned the gray-haired members of the Order of the Cin-cinnati, an order founded solely for the perpetuation of the memories which clus-tered about the Revolution, I joined heart-ily in my old comrades idea, which finally culminated in what is known as the Grand Army of the Republic. From its beginning until the present year I have been enthusiastically hopeful for its good. I have been disappointed-that is all. One of General Palmer's experienced

which he never tired of laughing over was the case when he was mistaken for a personage higher even than the President of the United States. "While I was military Governor of Kentucky." said he, "a disturbance occurred in some town in the interior. I was at a distance, but was needed at the scene. There was no train, no carriage, no buggy to be got; the only vehicle available was a big. gilded circus charlot, left by some strand-ed show company. I didn't like it, but there was nothing else to do, so I got in. You may imagine I cut a great dash as I drove through the small town. People turned out in droves to see me pass. When I left the town behind and reached the plantations, the negroes saw me and stared with open mouths. They followed me at a respectful distance until presently they were joined by an old whitehaired preacher, who, on seeing me in my magnificent chariot, raised his eyes and his arms on high, and in a voice that stirred all within hearing cried: 'Bress de Lord, de day ob judgment am cum, an' dis gemman am de angel Gabriel hisself. Bredren, down on yo' knees and pray, fo' yo' hour am hyar!"

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

Eddie Foy in Legitimate Comedy. The appearance of Eddie Foy in legitimate comedy is an event well worth serious consideration of all theater-goera In the past this comedian has been almost exclusively engaged to extrav-aganzas, and in that line of work has been without peer. It is safe to assert that if Foy has a part at all worthy of him he will shine as brightly in his new piece as he has on former occasions. Mr. Foy will appear at the Marquam Grand arrow and Wednesday evenings. His comedy is entitled "A Night in Town, and in itself suggests a lively evening's entertainment. It is said that the play is an excellent one, and is an adaptation of an Italian comedy which has already been seen in London under the title of "In Town," where it ran for over a year to enormous business. Foy is said to have a capital part, and all the other charac-ters are well drawn and in the hands of thoroughly competent players. The sale of sents has been very large.

West's Minstrels. The theater-goers of the present day love comedy and music, especially in a minstrel performance. This has been proven time after time, and this seison William H. West has made a special effort to meet this want in his big minstrel jubilee, which has such a quartet of pre-

miere comedians as Billy Van, Ernes; Tenny and Raymond Teal and Charles Whalen. The vocal department is headed by the pre-eminent tenor Richard J. Jose, and includes Manuel Romain, John P. Rodgers, William Hallett, Gus Ve non and several others. The old includes the famous musical trio, Waterbury Brothers and Tenny; the escentile black clowns the De Elmar Trio; Billy Van in a new monologue; the great comedy pair, Raymond Teal and Charles Whalen, and hast the marvelous Rio Brothers. The West minstrels come to the Marquam Grand on Friday and Saturday evenings and Saturday urday matinee of this week.

Beach and Howers' Minstrels. Beach and Bowers' minstrels will appear at the Marquam Grand Thursday evening of this week. One performance only will be given. The Anaconda Standard has the following to say of their recent appearance in Butte, Mont.:

"The Beach & Bowers' minstrels opened their Butte engagement yesterday with laughter and applause is an indication of a good and satisfactory show, and it usually is, such a show is given by the minstreis. The company is made up of a lot of clever performers and specialty artists. including among the number Lou Knetz-ger, one of the best club swingers ever een in Butte: Harry Freeman and the Smith Brothers, a team of acrobatic won dera; the Van brothers in a musical act. and the La Barre trio, another team at very clever acrobats. The performance concludes with Bobbie Beach's troupe of wonderful trained dogs."

The sale of seata begins tomorrow morn-

When at the Last.

Virginia Woodward Cloud in Harper's Basar. When at the last I lay me down to sleep, And of the morrow's dawning reckon not.
When night no mere, no more may vigil keep,
And love's brief noon is but a dream forgot-Eack to the Past, its sud and variant ways,
Be Thou the warder of my yesterdays.

Amid the paths long lost, or sought too late, Where waywardness hath wandered, love been blind,

If there be one that lieth clear and straight-Unseen, perchance forgot—Thou mayest the fiven in that perverse, perplexing mane. The white thread shining 'mid yesteriays.

So oft hath love's furth wavered, love's feet Were the vain reckoning mine 'twee but to

weep; Blind Thou the sight by memory assuiled. When at the last I lay me down to sleep, And through Time's deep and labyrinthian ways Crown Thou some moment in my yesterdays.

A Questionable Elevation.

New York Tribune. Mr. Bryan says that he places the man above the dollar. So he propose to make the dollar so cheap that it would be hard for the cheapest sort of a man to get be-

To keep the skin clean is to wash the excretions from it off; the skin takes care of itself inside, if not blocked outside.

To wash it often and clean, without doing any sort of violence to it, requires a most gentle soap, a soap with no free alkali in it.

Pears', the soap that clears but not excoriates. All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.







LOOK HERE, YOUNG MEN!

ARE YOU ONE OF THEM? If so, write to old Dr. KESSLER today. Don't you know?

==613 MEN WANTED=

There are all over this county old, young and middle-aged men suffering from the cheets of bad habits when boys. Hundreds caught private diseases, which have never been properly cured. Such men are unfit for marriage or business, and if they let this disease continue, they will break out with pimples or sores, sometimes rheumatism, heart disease, paralysis, dizziness, stomach trouble will follow. They go to sleep sometimes while reading or resting. PRIVATE DISEASE, if not CURED properly, will run into stricture, gleet, prostalitus, catarrh of bladder and kidneys, and that awful disease called chancres and bubots, that have ruined so many young men for life. DR. KESSLER, at the old St. Louis Dispensary, has been doctoring these cases right in Portland for many years. He also cures tumors, wens, warty growths, old sores, cancers, all kinds diseases of nose, throat or lifer, or any kidney or bowel trouble. Call and see the tapeworms they have taken from persons—some 35 feet long.

Rheumatism, Piles, Neuralsia Hendache, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Itching Skin Diseases and that AWFULLEST OF ALL, DISEASES, Syphilis (Pox), Gonorrhea, he cures QUICK WITHOUT ANY CUTTING. His private office is filled with pictures of these awful diseases. This old doctor can refer to prominent business men, lawyers, ministers, professors, etc., as to his honesty. EVERYTHING PRIVATE.

When you go to see him he sees you in private rooms. When you write him, only the doctor reads your letter. When you go to consult this dector, take a small bottle urine (made the previous morning) with you. If writing, send it by express or mail. Address

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ch as piles, fistula, fissure, ulceration, mucous and ody discharges, cured without the knife, pain or DISEASES OF MEN

Blood poison, gleet, stricture, unnatural losses, impotency, the roughly cared. No failures. Cures guaranteed.

TOUNG MEN troubled with night estimations, dreams, exhausting drains, bashfulness, aversion to society, which deprive you of your manhood, UNFIT YOU FOR BUSINESS OR MARRIAGE.

MIDDLE-AGED MEN who from excesses and strains have lost their MANLT POWER.

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