THE MAKERS OF OREGON

ship of our whole country, in its proud and patriotic manliness and womanliness, marched to the sound of martial and patriotic music, under the sheen of the Stars and Stripes of our glorious Union, by the graves of our heroic and monuments ed dend. They came to garland tombs with gifts of perpetual and tender, even of grateful and happy remembrance. It was not the cypress and nightshade of sudnees and mourning that they planted there, but the rose and the lily and the morningglory of love and trust and happiness. There was joy in the memory of the lives departed, pride in the work those lives departed, pride in the work those lives achieved, and a lofty triumph in the belief that they had been consecrated to humanity, living, and now departed, they had been given to immortality and to God. No higher, holier day illuminates and illustrates our National calendar than this. No day is so eminently consecrated to the living as that which we thus consecrate to the regnant historic figure that illuminates in the memory of the noble dead Every. to the memory of the noble dead. Every man and woman and child of America sees deeper into the blue sky above them, and understands more clearly the measureless glory of noble living today than they did yesterday. Thus to all future eyes, the 20th day of May will be, in America, the day of most patriotic and loving retrosp as well as the day of most lofty and ideal inspiration. Enmittes and divisions and sectional strifes of the living will be hushed and laid to siumber on the still bosom of the tombs of the dead we honor because they lived and died that all men men might

From yesterday and its wide and beautiful memories, we, fellow-pioneers, come together this morning to weave our garland of appreciative speech to deck and honor the memory of those of our number in this particular association of pioneers that have during the past year dropped out of our rapidly thinning ranks and pliched their tents under the evergreens of immortality beyond the mystic river, hever to strike them again. We were but a small band at the beginning. The loss of one leaves a chasm in our ranks that never can be filled, and reminds us that the last of the small though noble army of the pioneers will soon join his old-time comrades on the golden plains whose scented groves and snining vistas, and mirroring water-flows, and the ageless life, rise into the sublimity of the eternal. It is well that we call the roll of those who have thus, before ourselves, reached the transcendent honor. It is an occasion of rejoicing to us all that the list is so brief, yet we are jealous of these selections, for names more widely known and more generally and worthly honored could hard-ly have been chosen from among us had death been seeking for the worthlest and of destiny round and round the globe.

beter live and worthler die,

the best I first call the name of William Martin, 77 years of age. William Palmer, 74 years of age. Nathan Pierce, 64 years of age.

Much in the way of personal eulogy might be said of these departed brothers of ours. It certainly is not given to many men to spend as many years of active life and spend them to so much and worthy and patriotic purpose as it was given to them. Brother Martin had a rugged stalwart, somewhat unique personanty. He was a Virginian by birth, but there was a wholeness and a soundness in his being that made him more than a Virginian. Cosmopolite in his tenderness, he grew into a man of sympathies and purposes broadly human, though thoroughly Amer-Ican. Impelled by this large nature, he early turned his steps out into the wide, open world, and in 1843, 57 years ago, crossed the plains to Oregon. Here his field of influence and of usefulness extended all over the Coast. In every place he was the honorable and trusted man, than which no higher eulogy can be given in the field defending the scattered families of the pioneers from the tered families of the ploneers from the cruelties of savage war, in the fraternal and benevolent associations with which he was connected, he was ever recognized lucky adventurers upon a fortune and a as a leader to be fearlessly followed, and a friend to be implicitly trusted. For 55 canquest of battles never rivaled. But years, he gave his great, though unostentacious life to the great West that he tacious life to the great West that he loved. By the people of Umatilla County he was especially honored in the closing years of his eventful life, and he especially honored the precole who thus loved him. while County Judge of Umatilia, and Supreme Commander of the "Ploneers of the Pacific" at the age of 77 he was called from our midst, and took his permanent place in the history of the great personal forces that formed and stamped Oregon with her unique and honorable character.

which state be remained a citizen until of history who first discovered and then the great civil war broke out, when he undertook and executed such a mission enlisted in the thi Indiana volunteers and went to the field of strife. Disabled by a mountain ridges that, through all past gurshot wound be was honorably disgurshot wound he was honorably discharged. In 185 he came to the Pacific Coast, and in 1868 became a resident of he won, by the solid merit of his life and the general trustworthiness of his mind, a commanding place among those who progress. But there were eyes that mold the upinions and fashion the desof commonwealths. His home, he made the abode of a generous and cordial hospitality, greatly and justly urns the absence of so noble and trusted a head. Of such as Nathan Pierce the best of pioneers, the bravest of soldiers, the worthlest of citizens are made. When the worthiest of citizens are made. When a man has won, like him, an honored toward deep wildernesses and burning despinee in the Grand Army of the Republic, as fraternal and trusted recognition as a pieneer of such a land as this, as a citizen worthy of public trust, and as a homebuilder of true plety and manliness, there seems little eise to be won in this life, winds. The wilderness and the so itary made are recognition to the western seems in the description are recognitions.

briefest outline, stating the simple facts that he was born in Illinois in 1826, and that he died in Walla Walla, Nov. 6, 1829, and was there burled under the auspices A. R. I may not doubt that he was worthy of any tribute I could pay, but I am compelled to leave that tribute to other hands, or a later time. Of one thing I am sure, that, as a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, and as a pioneer, two historic facts entered into a ploneer, two historic facts entered into his life that entitle him to public affection

and remembrance. Now let me remind you, ploneers, that while there is a true sublimity there is also a tendor, thrilling pathes in such a record. Comrades in battles or bivouncs. in marches or martyrdom cannot bid each other the long "good-bye" without flow tears and heaving, throbbing hearts, when "one is taken and the other" he who remains needs must think soon he too will follow the footsteps lead him down to the silences of the abering grave. Such feelings, such embrances are good. They chasten

yet refine us. They subdue yet elevate us.

sooner won.

How lovingly they'll hall me when all my toil is done: With them the blessed angels that know no grief or sin,

grief or sin,
I see them at the portals preparing to let me in.
O Lord, I want Thy pleasure; Thy time and

What pathos lies in the words and in the memories they evoke. But a short while ago when we all matched down from the mountains we were all young and firm of step, but now those that re-main walk falteringly, with bowed heads and hearts that echo the long ago, like and the life of the pioneer, and made aim the regnant historic figure that illumin-ates the record, and illustrates the spirit that created what we see about us today. And so it is not so much with tears as with triumph that we take up the meas-ures of Miller as he sung of those that remain, to the Oregon they made: Mother of states, we are worn, we are gray; Mother of men, we are going away; Mother of states, tell mother of men. Of cities, of churches, of homes, of sweet rest;

We are going away, we must journey again,
As of old we journeyed to the vast far West.
We tent by the river our feet one more,
Please God, are set for the uitimate shore.
Good-bye: Slow folding our snow-white ten's
Our dim eyes lift to the further-shore;
And never these riddled, gray regiments
Shall answer full roll-call any more.

Were Types of Progress. But, Pioneers, it is impossible to think

or speak of such men on such an occasion in any worthy terms without thinking and speaking beyond their mere individuality of person. There are men and there are things that stand for more than themselves. They are types of progress and prophets of advancement. They are historic because they are the makers and monuments of history. They lead and they mold the advance of civilization everywhere. What they are themselves they impress upon their age and be-quenth to all the ages. So the Pioneers who hewed their way through a thousand lengues of mountain barriers that the footsteps of future civilization might fol-low in their trail, will forever stand for all for which the civilization that they led westward itself shall stand in the world's vast progress. It was their foot-falls that broke the dream of the silen: progress to its feet for its pouseless march of destiny round and round the globe. They bore the morning sunlight of the world's redemption westward on their shining crests until they brought West and East together, to be severed never, never through all the world forever to be eleft amain again. May be "they sulfded better than they knew." Perhaps they always do who "fulfall God's utmost will, unknowing his desire," even though they do it amid strain and struggle whose import they cannot understand, until in some far later day the revealings of his-tory make it plain. No great work is ever easy and so great surpassing worker s ever fairly estimated by his contemp raries. Byron, in "Childe Harlod" says:

He who ascends the mountain tops will find

Must look down on the hate of those below Inferiority can pass through the wor'd without struggle and without pain, but superiority must always wrestle single-handed against conspiracies of littleness

and doubt; yet Meyer a doubt

Notable Pioneers.

Nathan Pierce was born in Indiana, of the futile and exhausted races, who had already defaulted at the judgment seat of history who first discovered by the better, grander half of the most virile and resourceful continent that rises out of earth's enwrapping seas. Faith-Coass, and the county. Here, by his sterling less to their own progress and false to character, by his general intelligence, by the Divine intent, no other great purhis broad manly sympathies, he won an pose of world-progress could ever be committed to their impotent hands. Nothcould execute such a destny of human ad vancement.

I listen today as one entranced, to a voice of prophecy out of the olden times. On a tall summit of the Idumean hills, 2009 years ago, stood a rapt, impassioned seer, with his vision turned westward seems little cise to be won in this life, and our regrets at his departure are not for him who departs, but for those who remain hereft of his presence, and of what he might continue to do in their behalf.

With William Palmer. I regret to say, that I personally had no acquaintance. The record that has come to me is but the latter a utilize station that the station of the station of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree and it shall be unto the Lord for a name, for an everling the station of the station of the briar shall not be cut off."

The pres real of them, and the so that research the first tree and instead of the briar shall not be cut off."

The pres real of them, and the so that research them. The first shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." Instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree and its shall not be cut off."

The pres representation of the shall come up the first tree. The presence of the principles of the presence of the presence of the presence of the shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." Instead of the thorn chall come up the first tree and instead of the briar shall come up the first tree. The ages roll on; years grow into ce turies: conturies ripen into millenniums. Empire moves her throne westward—ever westward. Saharas are turned into fields of roses and filled with voices of rejoicing. Wildernesses and solitary places are me Wildernesses and solitary piaces are made glad with waving harvesis and red and luscious vintages. The best and ripest of the seeds of intellectual and civic life of the old East is transplanted beyond the Atlantic seas into the warm bo virgin West.

Beginning of a New Era

A new history begins. A new race is born; the legitimate child of the old conception. Two hundred years of growth of enlargement, of self-culture sufficed to make the new western race what no other race of 2000 years had ever become cool, calculating Norman brain; the hot, passionate, generous Celtic heart; the solid, imperturbable, unconquerable Saxon courage and will blended on the Atlantic's western shore into that indescribable in-imitable, unparalleled, indisputable being and race the world knows as the "Yan-Hemmed in and limited between

They give to noble character a touch and coloring of the Godlike. They make us cling to memories and associations that we have become conscious were the inspirations of our own best making. They make us conscious that we have walked in the great, hard days of the past side by side with uncrowned kings and queens, whom to have knewn and companioned has been to make us kingly or queeny in the measure in which we have imitain the measure in which we have imitain the measure in which we have imitapacific deeps focused their vision on the HISTORY RECITED AND TRIBUTE

PAID TO THE PIONEERS.

Notable Address of the Bev. H. K.
Hines Before the Pioneer Association
tion of Uzantilla County.

The following memorial address was delivered May II, at the annual meeting of the Uwatillia Pioneer Association, at Weston, by the well-known pioneer, the Rev. H, K. Hines, D. D., before a large and appreciative audience:

The friends that started with me have entered long ago;

One by one they left me struggling with the properties and developed the propose of disclose itself to some years and the past side by side with uncorowated kings and queens, whom to have known and companioned has been to make us kingly or queenly in the measure in which we have imitated them. Grateful for what they were so good and so noble as we walked together (Gown the way, yet we regret their loss and sorrrow at their departure. We take up the pathetic parable of a gifted poet to the Umatilia Pioneer Association, at Weston, by the well-known pioneer, the Rev. H, K. Hines, D. D., before a large and appreciative audience:

The friends that started with me have entered long ago;

One by one they left me struggling with the foe;

Their pligrimage was shorter, their triumph sooner won.

HISTORY RECITED AND TRIBUTE in the past side with use rowned days of the past side with uncorowaed kings and queens, whom to have known and companioned has been to make us kingly or queenly in the measure in which we have imitately a few for the measure in which we have imitately age of things that were to be. They could see beyond the year, as were, it was those who saw that "purpose." A few states who saw that "purpose." A few states who have known and companioned has been to make us kingly or queenly in lofty pulpits, a few farmers with their count in the measure the white we have instant they were so good and so noble as we walked together to be. They could see beyond mountain paths, a few formers with their owner in which we have instant where they were so good and so noble as we walked together to be.

Two Generations Ago.

ago. Sixty-six years ago today, a company of four, the first real pioneers of the Pacific Northwest, were entering the

Round the horizon from pole to pole the land, unmete, awaited the coming plowman's glad decree to laugh with plenty beneath his feet. I stood in mute amaze, looking across the hasy hills to the proud old monarch of the Westland, Mount Hood, standing in the hoary glory of his eternity: looked, and thought, and rememeternity; looked and thought, and remembered; and wondered if the time would come when some later pligrim, long after I was dead, would stand where I then stood, and see the old prophet's orient vision transmuted into historic fact over the lifeless plains before and beyond me. Yesterday I stood on the self-same mound of swelling surf. Lo how the vision was changed! The land was ahum with the voices of men and the song of reapers, whose knives, keen as sickles, with clatter and rush swept into the drowsy - headed wheat; while, wide as a sea, green, yellow and brown, the grain fields endlessly rolled down to the far horizon. Hunthe grain fields endlessly rolled down to the far herizon. Hun-dreds of bright cottage roofs, like ealls edrift on a boundless sea, leanded the far-away swells of emerald and gold. This, brother pieneers, was not so long Distant spires of church and school lent ago. Sixty-six years ago today, a company of four, the first real pieneers of the Pacific Northwest, were entering the pacific Northwest, were entering the thrill of the Nation's heart as I saw the presses of the Black Hills on their way. Pacinc Northwest, were entering the passes of the Black Hills on their way to the West. Sixty-six years ago on the listh of June they stood on the summit of the Rocky Mountains; the first of the pioneers to reach those grants summits. Sixty-six years ago on the first day of September they descended from the slopes of the Blue Mountains into the my own life and your life has spanned



REV. HARVEY K. HINES.

member and honor them,

came after them.

In the capitol at Washington there is a fine allegorical fresco, which pictures the pioneers of the Pacific States as they reach the crest of the Rocky Mountains and under it is emblazoned the motto:

and under it is emblazoned the motto:

Is heard the whole earth around.

Aye, this is the print of their marching feet.

With this dissolving and departing vision and the state of the capital states.

With this dissolving and departing vision and the capital states of the capital states.

In this fresco these men would be the in this resco these men would be the most regnant and impressive figures, if only individual heroism is to be recognized, as the first to enter the wider sphere of the great West, and occupy it for American civilization and free Chrisfor American civilization and free Christianity. Only nine years after that date one of those whose names we specially honor in the services of today followed the way that they had blazed with hatchet and with brand from the Missouri to the nea, and entered upon his great and honorable career in the vast field to which they had guided him. Six years later yet Mr. Bening uttered these words which graph. Benton uttered these would that were the leally illustrate the results that were the Benton uttered these words, which graph becoming apparent as rapidly unfolding from the germs of empire they had plant-ed in the virgin soll of Oregon. In one of the great speeches of his life, in 1849, he said:

We live in extraordinary times, and are called upon to elevate ourselves to the grandeur of the occasion. Three and a half centuries ago the great Columbus, the man who afterward was carried home in chains from the New ward was carried home in coains from the New World, which he discovered, this great Co-lumbus, in the year 1402 departed from Eu-rope, to arrive in the East by going to the West. It was a sublime of emption. He was in the line of success when the intervention of two continents, not dreamed of before, stopped his progress. A King and Queen started him upon this grand enterprise. It less in the hands of progress. A King and Queen started him upon this grand enterprise. It lies in the hands of a republic to complete it. Let us rouse our-selves up. Let us rise to the grandeur of the occasion. Let us now, in this convention, rise above everything sectional, personal, local. Let us beseech the National Legislature to build a great road upon the great National line which unites Europe and Asia—the line which will find on our continent the Bay of San Francisco on one end, 8t Louis in the middle and the great National metropolis and emporium at on one end, St. Louis in the mindie and the great National metropolis and conportum at the other, and which shall be adorned with its crossing honor, the colossal statue of the great Columbus, whose deelgn it accomplishes, hewn from a granite mass of a peak of the Rocky Mountains, the mountain itself the pedestal, and the statue a part of the moun-tain, nontring with outstretched arm to the tain, pointing with outstretched arm to Western horizon, and saying to the flying pa sengers, "There is East! There is India; The pioneers were thus completing what Columbus began. India is found. East is discovered. Empire joins to pire in the path of the pioneer. packhorse breaks the trail. The ox wagon broadens the path. The rail car flies on girders of steel from ocean to ocean. Expanding civilization spreads over barberous and pagan lands. borne sloft at the first by the lone hands of the pioneers, are now lifted full to the sky by millions of stalwart freemen, at the mastheads of the ships of all seas, and on the pinnacles of the mountains of the ancient and storled Orient. There is no East. There is no West. All are becoming one. Prophecies are facts. Vis-ions are realities. Hyperbole is below the truth. The world belongs to the best of humanity, and humanity belongs to God. Once the pioneer led as the bent-and wearied searcher after new continents. Now he is crowned, and reigns in story and in song as the brave, victorious guide nanity out of the dank tangles of the of humanity out of the dank tangles of the Old into the clear, transcendent New. To have been one of them, to have shared their toils and to have participated in the great work they accomplished for their country and for all human'ty, is the glory of their bent and bowing age. The proudest record on the granite shaft that marks their sweet receips place in the soil of their sweet resting place in the soil of the matchless land which they made their ountry's own will be, "He was a ploneer,

Pioneers' Farewell.

Pioneers, brothers, fellow Americans friends all: As I bid you, the living, my farewell today, and as I pronounce my last benediction upon the memories of our departed brothers, whose value to us we so little kenned until they had depart-ed, memories that are traininguring visions of the olden years come over my soul. I stood one September noonday 47 years I stood one September noonday if years ago on a prairie height not many miles from where we are met today, and looked far out on the misty sea of midday grasses, lying asleep over all the vale of the Columbia. All was slient as dim futurity. No voice in all that wild careen of soundless surf and upflung swells that broke in bloom was heard. No trace was seen of hand of man. There was no sign of life save a shadowy wolf feeling over the land or a phantom hawk sailing in the sky, blue so a lovely maid-

vale where we are met this day to re- sung with a truth to history that thrilled

With this dissolving and departing vision of the days of the old pioneering, and this living and transcendent and triumphant and vindicating vision of the results of what the pioneers did and of what they were, I bid you all a kind and loving fare

lar Campaign Expense.

Campaign orators in the service of the National Committees are well paid for their work. This is not generally under-stood, and it was not the case until comparatively recent years. In the earlier locs. So universal was the custom that discredit attached in the public mind to a political speaker who received compen sation. In the campaign of 1872, Carl Schurz, then a Senator from Missouri, was charged with having been paid \$300 a speech for his advocacy of the election of Horace Greeley. The charge made some-thing of a scandal at the time, and al-though Schurz denied the payment of this specific sum, he was never able wholly to clear himself of the taint which was supposed to attach to receiving any pay whatever. He had a bitter controversy with Roscoe Conkling in the Senate about it, during which Conkling, in his super-cilious way, expressed his contempt of the practice of which he thought Schurz had been guilty. Nowadaya campaign speak. ing has become a matter of regular em-ployment, although, of course, payment is by no means universal, and the most con spicuous orators—especially those who hold a high place in the party-render volun-teer service, and will accept nothing be-yond their traveling and hotel expenses. The men in charge of a Presidential cam paign prefer to pay on the spot for what they get. This is far better than to leave obligations outstanding to be satisfied in the distribution of offices after the elec-

\$6 a speech and his expenses. It is said that in the campaign of 18%, one very effective and brilliant Gold Democrat orator

STUMP SPEAKERS' PRICES.

Pay a Dishonor in 1872, Now a Regu L. A. Coolidge in Ainslee's.

The ordinary campaign speaker receiv



it is better and more civilized to fight men than bulls.

Thou rememberest, my brother, how on

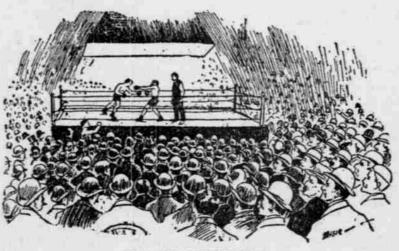
a Sunday the great boats running across the bay to Regla were gay with men and women on their way to the buil ring. But here they go about their pleasures more sadly. Many, I am told, do not wish it known that they are going to the carnival, but slip away into the dark from their boats. tope of our tall houses

Meanwhile I, sitting in one of the arena boxes, which was occupied by the senors and grandees, looked about me. For these seats men had paid \$10 in our money, while the hombree, stacked high up on the sides, had spent each \$2 in Spanish silver for his place on a bench. My host, whe had plenty of company in his dress coat and white shirt front, told me that there was \$15,000 in the house," which means that tickets had been sold to that am

- C. 100 was bright with flowers and the dresses of women.

as if through a fog. In the place of laughter there was a rough roar of men's voices, with a shrill cry now and then from the high seats, the significance of

from the high seats, th which I could not catch. Torro entered the herald in silken gar-ments blew on a silver trumpet to an nounce the coming of the bull. Here there was no announcement. Only ly clean, clambered up to the bare boards of the high platform, sitting down in groups in two of the four corners. They brought with them wooden pails, bottles, and many towels and sponges. In the woolen garments. Then came still another man, leaning over the ropes which faced in the square, and cried out loudly



WHAT DON EMILIO SAW.

was paid \$300 a speech by the Republican ittee. This represents the high-water mark in payments of this kind. In some cases those who do not receive a stipulated price expect 'honorariu which really amount to the same thing, and which sometimes reach high figures. The day of volunteer work for National Committees seems to have passed. men employed at headquarters of any party are paid as regularly and as gener-ally as if they were in any other employ-

To Be Expected.

"That Miss Rocksleigh has such a fetch-ing way, don't you think?"
"Yes, she has. But then that is only to be expected in her case.

"Her father used to be a walter."-Chicago Times-Herald

Havana, from his servant and brother. Don Emilio y Ximenes, who kisses his hand. Written in the City of Chicago in the fourth month of the last year of the 19th century.

LETTER

Thou knowest without the telling, O. best of brothers, that I am diligent about thy business. The new hotlers, pumps and, engines for the plantation at Santa Anna have been purchased within the figures and will be ready for sh'pment within the month, provided only that the hombres, whose work it is to make them, do not strike. To strike is not only to do no work themselves, but to prevent all oth-ers, also, from working. Therefore the chance of delay and the cause of my writ-

EMILIO'S

WHAT HE SAW IN CHICAGO

The American Bull Ring as It Appears to the Unaccustomed

Eye of a Spaniard.

Chicago Tribune. To Don Roderigo y Ximenes, grandee of

Under the shadow of your name brother, I am a great man, and therefore numbers more souls than our whole island. have shown me much honor. I have been to the theaters and to balls, but none of the playhouses compared in my sight with our Teatro Tacon in the good old days, nor have I seen a woman who, as my blind eyes saw her, might justly sit by the elde of a certain senorita, whose name is in

my heart and in your memory.

But the most popular of all the fetes I have attended, so far as I, a bearthted foreigner—a product of the wormout and

closed by those who are teaching us that

houses, declaring that they are on their way to the meeting of some lodge or have business which will not wait. So the women stay at home and are deceived, while the men gather by the ten thousand. wading through a street filled with fifth to the shoe tops and sitting on benches and boards rising on every side as high as the

Here, then, is what I saw. On a side treet, dirty and narrow, a great shell of a building, empty within, save for a high, square platform in the center and the massed thousands, beginning at the edges of the platform and stretching upwards to the caves, every seat being filled. Perhaps five of the ten thousands in the seats puffed violently at black cigars, innocent of the tobacco of our island. The smoke or the too according to the small. The small arising filled the great amphitheater even to the roof. Then those sitting high up, where the smoke was thickest, kicked with their feet, so that the panes of glass were broken and came crashing down from the windows, so that the fresh air might enter

from without Thou rememberest, my brother, how in the seats about the bull ring there used to be much chatter and

a mirth and the But here among the an was present. And the place grew continually denser emoke, until the big are l'ghts the fighting

platform in the mid-dle twinkled dimly.

Thou rememberest, also, how before El dull roar grew loud and shrill, and a dozen men in their shist sleeves not over-ly clean, clambered up to the bare boards center of each group one man sat lean-ing back in his chair, covered with heavy "Th' first contest 'll be between the

hand, "and 'Shorty' in that." Then a bell sounded shrilly and the packed thousands puffed more furiously upon their black cigars. The two men sprang from their chairs, throwing off their garments, and rushed to the center of the platform, stripped to the waist. Upon their hands were fastened small, wadded gloves, with which they beat each other about the face and body. One of the two was taller than the other, and must have weighed more by 2) pounds. Also he was stronger. He did thrust with he was stronger. He did thrust with his right fist until the blood came from the nose of his opponent, whose ear was also split. Each time the fist struck upon the nose there was a sound like the the smaller of the two toppled and fell to the ground, reeling from the blows.

"Nail him, 'Kid,' " yelled some one the high seats. But mostly the cross

'Kid' in th's corner," pointing with one

"Wow," growled the packed seats in ap-proval. Then a short man, wearing his waistcoat, came between them and waved one arm like the pendulum of a clock. Again the fallen struggled to rise. The Again the lailen struggled to rise. The stronger drew back to strike, but something happened and he went instead to he seat, leaving him that was beaten waving his arms wildly and cursing.

"His seconds have thrown up the sponge," said my host; "but he is still game."

were silent, breathing deeply, and un-

were silent, breathing deeply, and un-pleasant as to the expression on their faces. The man on the ground rose to one knee. His face also was not good to look upon. As he got to his feet the man of the greater weight and etrength struck him again, so that he fell back-ward upon the boards.
"Wow" growing the packed seets in an

know, and thou willst bear me out, that even in degenerate Cuba it would be counted unfair to cven in degenerate
Cuba it would be
counted undair to
pit a schoolboy
against a seasoned bull, or a skilled metador against a

matagor against a yearling.
Then later, after men, large and small, had striven to beat each other to the floor, with much bleeting and bleeding and ourcries from the high seats came what my host and the printed pro-gram said was the "feature of the evengram and was the feature of the even-ing." Because it was much like what I have written, and because there is no need to multiply unpleasantness for the read-ing of my brother, I say only that two men, one of whom seemed mad with rage, beat and struck each other and grappled together like wild beasts until they were pulled apart by main force. Then askin pulled apart by main ferce. Then again they began the beating and the pounding while the 10,000 who looked on groaned and cheered, and bet money and puffed fercely at freely lighted cigars.

When it was over my host and I were caught in the crowd like logs in a swift current and swept out through narrow doors into a muddy street, with men pushing and jamming on all sides. As I found later at the hotel, I lost nothing but the money in the pocket of my overcoat, and have therefore little cause for sorrow and much for joy that that experi-ence is over.
"Did you ever see such a quiet and or

derly crowd?" said my host, as we parted.
And I, because thou hast taught me that
an unpleasant truth is often best not
spoken, answered that I never had. But
I judge it wise that thou shouldst know the facts.

BOOKS' MISLEADING TITLES

Name of a Volume Should Neither Promise Too Much Nor Too Little. Saturday Evening Post.

One of the puzzling problems connected with the publication of a book is the choice of a fit and attractive title. Upon the tact and judgment shown in this de-pends much of the success of the work. An incident that occurred about half a century ago strikingly illustrates this In 1850 Dr. O. M. Mitchell, director of the Astronomical Obeservatory in Cincinnati, gave to the press a volume en titled, "The Planetary and Stellar Worlds," The book fell dead from the press. The publisher complained litterly of this to a friend, saying: "I have not sold a single copy." "Well," was the reply, "you have killed the book by its title. Why not call it "The Orbs of Heaven'?" The hint was accepted and acted upon, and 6000 copies were sold in a

An account of the blunders to which the modern system of naming books hus led would be curtous and amusing. Who that is unfamiliar with Horne Tooke's famous philo.ogical treatise would expect to find "The Diversions of Purley"—which at the time of its publication was or dered by a village book club under the impression it was a book of amusing games—to be one of the driest and toughest books in the language; or, who would suspect 'Urban Bees,' by Leo Allatius, to be a volume made up of blographies of great men who flourished during the pon-tlicate of Urban VIII, whose family carried bees on their cost armorial.

Some years ago, at a public sale of books in London, "Drew's Essay on Souls" was knocked down to a shoemaker,

who, to the great amusement of the other bedders, asked the auctioneer if he had "any more books on shoemaking to sell?" Not long ago the corporation of a North-of-Engiand town decided to erect a new cattle market. The Mayor of the town, who was on the lookout for suitable plans, ordered a copy of a work then recently published, entilled, "On the Con-struction of Sheepfoids," Fancy his as-tonishment when he received from Lon-

don by return peat a treatise on religious denominations by Mr. Ruskin.

The same gentleman once saw "MacEwen on the Types"—theological work treating of the types of Christianity in the old law—vehemently contende for at an auction by a composer and a burly farmer, the latter thinking that it was "a bulk way the turn" (ram). Mrs. Edge. "a bulk upo" (he tupe" (ram). Mrs. Edge worth states that a gentleman who was much interested in improving the breed of Irish cattle, on seeing an advertisement of a work on Irish bulls, sent for a copy "He was rather confounded by the appearance of the classical bull at the top of pearance of the classical dual at the top of the first page, which I had designed from a gem; and when he began to read the book he threw it away in disgust." He had purchased it as secretary to the Irish Agricultural Society. Not leas keen was the disappointment of an inexperienced young English farmer, who, wishing to be well grounded in agricultural know-edge, bought a book colled "Ploughing and Sowing," and found it to contain a minute account of a lady's benevolent operations among the laborers of a country district in Yorkshire.

It is mid "The Ancient Mariner" when first published, was sold largely to sen-faring men, who concluded from the name that it had relation to nautical matters. Of "Wordsworth's Excursion" expensive copies were sold to tourists, and to keep-ers of country inus and boarding-houses, as likely to be of especial interest to ex-

ureionists and eightsoem. That a Frenchman should be misled by the title of an English book is not surprising. An amusing blunder was made some years ago by the Paris Correltu-tionnet, in a biographical sketch of Mr. Broderip, the English naturalist. In nam-ing his books, the writer said that he contributed to the Quarterly Review an article on "Le Traite de la Construction des Ponts du Dr. Buckland," (Dr. Buckland's Treatise on the Construction of Bridges.) This treatise owes its existence to the French writer's mode of franslat-ing the title of the celebrated Bridge-water treatise of William Buckland, D. D.,

F. R. S.

To conclude, the name of a book should be unambiguous, and should avoid extremes—neither promising too much nor too little. When Bentley, the London publisher, was about to issue his projected magazine, he consulted one of the wits of the day about a title. "How say you about calling it the Magazine of Wit?' asked the publisher. "That promises too much," said his friend, "Well, then suppose I call it Bentley's Magazine?" "Ah," repiled the wit, "that promises too little."

Side Lights.

The man who loved and lost didn't get his presents back. When a woman has no troubl own, the chances are she will go over to a

neighbor's and borrow some. The man who never made a blunder is a poor one to have in a responsible posi-

Attend to trifles today. The more im portant matters will come in due time. When you hear a man complaining that he is tired of life the chances are that he has never made any good use of it.

A philosopher says that every failure is a step toward success. This expisins

WHERE EXILES PRAYED

PRESETTERIANS LOOKING FOR-WARD TO A GREAT EVENT.

Spot Where the First Presbytery in the United States Was Founded to Be Marked.

Presbyterians of New Jersey and sleter states are looking forward very earnestly to June 14, the date selected for the un-veiling of the memorial monument in the

to June 14, the date selected for the unveiling of the memorial monument in the old Scots' Burial Ground, near Wickatunk, commemorating the organization of the first Presbytery in the country, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The site of the monument was selected for a pilgrimage under the auspices of the New Jersey Synod on June 14, 1835, and on that occasion prominent Presbyterians—clerical and lay—from all sections of the country gathered to view the historic spots so dear to New Jersey Presbyteri country gathered to view the historic spots so dear to New Jersey Presbyterians, and where some of the pioneers in Presbyterianism in New Jersey were laid. at rest.

on that occasion a motion prevailed for the appointment of a committee to take action relative to the transfer of the tombstone over the grave of John Boyd tombetone over the grave of John Boyd to the custody of the Historical Society, and the erection of a monument in its place. It is this monument that is to be unveiled next month, and the unveiling unveiled next month, and the unveiling will add another page to the already in-teresting history of Presbyterianism in New Jersey.

The Rev. Alien H. Brown, of the Pres-

bytery of West Jersey, one of the best posted men on Presbyterian history, has had the matter largely in charge, and for several years has labored faithfully the prosecution of this work-a work in which he has taken great pride, and in which success has crowned his efforts. For several weeks the members of the Historical Executive Committee of the New Jersey Synod, under whose auspices the work has been done, has been engaged in preparing the programme for the gaged in preparing the programme for the unveiling ceremonies, which promises to be the leading event in Presbyterian circles of New Jersey for many years. The Rev. Dr. A. Nelson Hollifield, a leading Presbyterian divine of New Jersey, pastor of the Third Presbyterian Church of Newark, will preside over the exercises of the day. Addresses will be made by representatives from the Northern and Southern Church of Newark. ern General Assemblies, and it is expected that prominent divines from the various denominations from all sections of the

state will be present. The Old Scots' Burying Ground.

The old Scots Burying Ground, the site for the memorial chaft, is located in a beautiful spot on the road between Free-hold and Matawan, a short distance from the Wickatunk Station, on the Freehold division of the Central Railroad of New Jersey. The monument has been erected in the center of a slight depression in the ground—all that remains to mark the eite of the old Scots' Meeting-House, which

of the old Scots' Meeting-House, which long since fell into decay.

The monument presents a magnificent appearance, standing is feet high, with a wide, heavy base. It is constructed of blocks of marble and granite, which were brought from Scotland, England, Italy and other distant points, and is surmounted by Scotch thistile, with brouze historic seals or such of the relief Core that seals on each of the gables. One is that of the Presbyterian Church of Monnauth County, the second that of the Presbyte-rian Church of the United States, the hird that of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, and the fourth that of the

Scotch-Irish Society.

Upon the sides of the base and shaft will be inscribed the names of the early members of the Presbyterian Church. On one side will be a bronze tablet bearing the Latin inscription on the tomb of John Boyd, one of the first Procepterian designnen in this country, who was ordained in

the old church December 29, 1706. Historical Sketch.

In the historical sketch of "Early Presyterianism in New Jersey" is found the ollowing: "On entering Monmouth Coun-y the Presbyterian immigrants found the seighborhood of the Navesink Neck already in possession of the Moumouth pat-ent men, among which at first the Bap-tist element predominated. Some of them settled near the present town of Mota-wan, where, before the year 1590 was a hamlet known as New Aberdeen. The larger portion of them advanced some-what farther into the interior into the what farther into the interior into the large district known then as Freehold, community from the Covenanter im-grante of 1682-85. which obtained its first character as a

'About six miles north of the present town of Freehold lies a neglected acre, the site of the old Scots' Church of Freehold, reared by the extles of 1885 for their worship of God, after the simple manner forbidden in their own 'native and cove-nanted land.' Of the building itself nothing remains, with the execution of a slight depression in the soil, which would indi-cate the dimensions of a structure about M feet square. Close under its eaves was laid the remains of its first minister, the Rev. John Boyd, and a little to the south-west lies the body of Rev. John Tennent, who died in his youth after two years

of ministry with the church.

"The date generally accepted for the erection of the church, or the organizaion of the church society, is the year 1602 In May, 1706, Mr. Poyd was nermitted to qualify, and on Fr'day, December 27, in the old Scote Church, or some spot near it. Mr. Boyd was examined with relation to his ordination to the gospel ministry and his connection with the Freehold Church. Kev. Francis McKemle was in the moderator's chair, the other ministers present being Jedehlah Andrews, of Philadelphia, and John Hampton, of Maryland. This was the beginning of organic Preshv-ter'nn history in the New World—the first known Presbytery meeting and the

first known Presbyterian ordination.

"M" Boyd died to the Symmet of 17% and the second minister of the church was the Rev. Joseph Morgan, who was installed October 17, 1700, and was received. as a member of the Prechytery of Phila-delphia in September, 1710. Mr. Morgan separated from the Presbyterian Church of Freehold, owing to internal dissensions. in the year 1729 or 1730, and was succeeded by the Rev. John Tennent in 1776, who was ordined in November of that year, and his ministry at the Tennent Church

was eminently successful.
"The Freehold Church, at the time of "The Freehold Church, at the time of the retirement of the Rev. Joseph Morgan, was in a deplorable condition, and application was made for a permit, under George I, in 177, for the erection of a new church upon White Hill." which resulted in the present Tennent Church Building. The Rev. John Woodhull, D. D., followed the Rev. William Tennent, Jr., with an illustrious ministry of 48 years."

Rothschild Maxims.

In one of the private letters of the late Alphonse de Rothschild these maxims of success of the great house of Rothschild are found:

Carefully examine every detail of your business. Be prompt in everything, Take time to consider, but decide positively. Dare to go forward. Bear troubles pa-tiently. Be brave in the struggle of life. Maintain your integrity as a sacred thing. Never tell business lies. Make no useless acquaintances. Never appear something more than you are. Pay your debta promptly. Shun strong liquer. Employ your time well. Do not reckon upon ance. Be polite to everybody. discouraged. Then work hard and you will be certain to succeed.

Good Renson Why.

" "The sun," " quoted the Briton, "never sets on the British Empire's"
"No," replied the intelligent farmer, "guess it's afraid to set there, even fur a replied the intelligent farmer, "I inute.