

GOING TO THE PARIS FAIR

PORTLAND YOUNG WOMAN TELLS OF FELLOW-PASSENGERS.

Miss Sophie Reinhart Finds Herself Aboard Ship With Many Interesting Foreigners.

AT SEA, June 18.—(Special Correspondence).—A sea voyage is too full of "ups and downs" for life to be altogether "one grand, sweet song" while it lasts. Like love, it's "unalloyed sweetness long drawn out" but no, we will expatiate no further—the experience is too well known to require elucidation. Yet, barring such little inconveniences and drawbacks, life on shipboard offers enough amusement and variety to satisfy the most restless mind. First of all, there are one's fellow passengers, who furnish constant entertainment to an investigating mind. The Corinthian is not an extra large steamer, but it accommodates comfortably about 60, the crew included. Of these, two-fifths are French, two-fifths English, and the other one-fifth represent a mixture of Scotch, Americans, Norwegians, Irish and Germans. Never was a more heterogeneous mass of people gathered together under one roof, and the study of idiosyncrasies of the various nationalities is thus much simplified. Of these, the most conspicuous are the French. You may not always see them, but you can always hear them. There is a very handsome specimen of the French gentleman on board, whose distinguished appearance has given rise to much curiosity and comment. He has the air and manners of a nobleman, the military walk of an officer, and the self-assurance of a diplomat, and the general conclusion was that he must be one of the three, or all, I just learned, however, that he was only a bicycle manufacturer from Toronto.

I would hate to form any opinion of the English by my fellow passengers on this ship. It would hardly be to their advantage, and I presume it would not be a fair test. These are very conceited, and lose no opportunity to run down the Americans. There is one man in particular—a Congressional minister (who at one time was a reporter on a London daily) who is always looking for a chance to break loose. I happened to sit next him one evening, and he turned the full tide of his ministerial wrath upon me. "Cahn you tell me where the British flag is?" he said, "in his strong English accent, why the Americans are such very poor grammarians?"

"I have yet to learn that they are," I replied. "Ah, but you must have observed it, surely," continued he. "They all use such abominable grammar, ye know; their verbs have no relation whatever to their subjects, and every other word is 'ain't'."

"You must have associated with a very uneducated class of people, such as one finds among all nations," said I, drily. "We usually form opinions from those we associate with."

"Ah! you are pleased to be sarcastic, Miss?"

"No," I said, laughing; "I am only an American," and with a polite bow left him. I am pleased to state this critical individual has never opened his lips against the Americans since; at least not in my hearing. But I have learnt since that he has the happy faculty of making himself obnoxious wherever he goes, and he barely escaped a fight with a young American gentleman one day for daring to criticize openly the latter's actions.

But there are some very nice English people on board, notwithstanding their general characteristic is great reserve and exclusiveness. The Scotch, on the contrary, are very communicative. One old Scotchman in particular is the life of the ship. He is very loyal to the British flag and one day got into a discussion with a Catholic priest over the Boer war. I felt sorry for the priest before the discussion was over. He was literally "knocked out" as the word goes. His arguments were good, too (that is, when he was given a chance to express them), but, poor man,

he was too delicate for this contest. The Scotchman towered above him like the giant over Jack in the fairy tale, and just chopped his words off before they were half out of his mouth. It was intensely exciting. Nay, it was magnificent. The passengers stood hypnotized in the ring and I doubt whether any of us would have been surprised to see bullets flying and pistols in the air. But, fortunately, the words were not loaded; they just danced and flew and skirted all about us; the air grew warm with them; the deck was literally covered with them, and finally, when we were all beginning to tremble for the result, the priest with a disgusted look on his face, gave up the fight and fled. Then turned the Scotchman, and with the fire of victory in his eyes and his right hand stretched aloft, dared any one else to enter the field. Needless to say, no one dared.

Of course, there is not much diversion on shipboard except what the passengers create for themselves, and so a good deal

was lying dead drunk and could not be aroused.

"Put a tablespoonful of salt in his mouth, hold his head under the pump for 10 minutes, and then bring him to the booth to read his vote," ordered the doctor.

In a short time John Smith made his appearance, supported by two strong men and looking more dead than alive. As he came up to the Sheriff to record his vote, the opposing candidate's agent promptly called out: "Mr. Sheriff, I ask that the bribery oath be put to this voter, and I also object to his vote on the grounds that the voter is not in a fit condition to realize the responsibility of an oath."

"Mr. Sheriff," replied Dr. Tupper, "I cannot agree with the honorable gentleman, but I would suggest that you put some leading question to the voter, and judge by his answer whether he realizes the responsibility of an oath of not."

The Sheriff at once fell in with Tupper's suggestion, and said to the voter:

ian, and finally a Hungarian was unceremoniously who could talk English, and the combination was complete. The young Pole will have to get up early, though, to make train connections if he does not want to get left. I imagine it would be rather amusing to stand beside the quarter and hear the password transmitted down the line.

Most of the passengers on board are bound for Paris, directly or indirectly. It is the center of attraction which no one who values his peace of mind dares miss. Like one young man remarked, he had not the least desire to visit the exposition, and would much prefer remaining in London, but he judged it would be much easier to cross the channel than to tell his friends why he didn't go.

I must say a word for the Corinthian, which, though slow, is the steadiest ship on the ocean. The 11 days that we were out she did not pitch once, and with the exception of two days of rather heavy swells, one could hardly notice the least motion. In consequence the company's rations gave out before the end of the trip, and the hungry passengers had to content themselves with the leftovers. I do not know whether this would have happened had the Americans been in the majority, for I noticed that the French and English ate but one meal a day, only it lasted all day, and the noise of the ocean was nearly drowned by the almost ceaseless popping of corks. Vive l'America!

THREE GREAT STAKES

BEST RACES ON RECORD PROMISED AT THE STATE FAIR.

Purses of \$1000 Each Hung Up for 2:14 Pacers, 2:30 Trot and 2:15 Pacers—The Entries.

If large fields of high-class horses count for anything, the racing department at the Oregon State Fair this year will certainly be the best ever held in the state. The purses too are of sufficient value to encourage the owner of every horse entered to try for first money, which will insure hot contests in each event. The

Criss Simpson br. m. Alta Norte, 2:19½, by Del Norte-Rockwood.
W. J. Bruce ch. g. Mack 2:23½, by Democrat-Thoroughbred.
T. D. Condon r. m. Ana J., 2:19½, by Conifer-Dasher.
Van de Vanter, S. F. br. g. Decelver, 2:15, by Altamont-Klubar.
Thomas Clancy blk. h. Freddy C., by Direct-Rosa C.
E. B. Tongue b. g. Ben Bolt, 2:19½, by Alexis-Maggie.
I. C. Mosher, b. h. John A. Crawford, 2:17, by Cour d'Alene-Nellie.
F. Rose ch. h. Barnacle, by Mox Mox-Laura West.
Capital City Pacer, \$1000, for 2:30 Trotters.

Criss Simpson b. g. Phil N., 2:29½, by Bonner N. B-Grade.
Joe Huber b. g. Colonel Turner, by St. Patrick-Woodcut.
Jim Milner b. h. Vinmont, 2:21, by Altamont-Ventila.

ALASKA CIVIL CODE BILL

WARNER, OF ILLINOIS, TALKS OF ITS PROVISIONS.

Incidentally He Pays a Left-Handed Compliment to "Stradlin" Stevenson, Bryan's Mate.

Hon. V. Warner, Congressman from the Thirtieth district of Illinois, was in Portland yesterday, accompanied by his wife and two children, on a pleasure tour of the Northwest and Alaska. Mr. Warner, as chairman of the judiciary committee of the House of Representatives, had charge of the Alaska civil code bill enacted last session of Congress, and also "sponsored" the criminal code bill passed the preceding session. Naturally he is well informed on all Alaskan subjects and takes especial interest in everything pertaining to this section of the country.

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Mr. Warner comes from the same Congressional district as Adlai Stevenson, the Democratic nominee for Vice-President. He does not take the same optimistic view of the far-reaching influence of Mr. Stevenson's nomination expressed by some Democrats. "Illinois is proud of the Republican," said he. "Stevenson is a good man. I know him personally, and like him. He is not regarded as a spell-binder by any means in his home district, and the effect of his nomination on the political destiny of Illinois this fall is overestimated by his partisans. Stevenson will stand on the platform. He will stand on any platform, for that matter. Whatever the platform says, he will be for it, even if it contained a sound money plank. His political antecedents are not good. During the Civil War he was a copper-head, an ardent one. Disintegration and destruction were his efforts then. When the greenback question came up he hesitated for some time and became known as 'Stradlin' Stevenson, the title coming from his name and disposition to stand anywhere. He is a business man of some success, but not one of the platform organizers and forcible exhorters some picture him. I cannot believe the nomination will bear in any appreciable degree towards taking Illinois out of the ranks of Republicanism."

"Johnny, I don't like the idea of your idling in the parks on Sunday." "Why not, Uncle George? Our preacher is on his vacation."—Chicago Tribune.

MISS LOTTIE M. SLITER



THE GODDESS OF LIBERTY IN THE FOURTH OF JULY PROCESSION.

of time is spent in telling funny stories. Here is one that at the same time is true. In the year 1867, during an election in the County of Cumberland, Nova Scotia, the issue was the confederation of the different provinces, the candidates being Dr. Tupper, now Sir Charles Tupper, ex-Premier of the Dominion of Canada, a strong supporter of the confederation, and the Hon. William Annand, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, ex-Premier of the Province of Nova Scotia, for the opposition. The contest was the most exciting one ever held, it being the greatest issue ever brought before the people of Nova Scotia, and a single vote might decide the repeal of the contemplated union. However, Dr. Tupper was elected by a majority of 71.

On the day of the election, in the village of Paresboro, about an hour after the closing of the polls, it was found that John Smith had polled his vote, and when this was brought before the attention of Dr. Tupper, he at once gave instructions to hunt Smith up. Immediately four willing hands went out as scouts. In a few moments they returned with the information that John Smith

"John Smith, can you tell me where you would go if you took a false oath?" Smith looked up at the speaker with a glance of indignation and contempt at being asked such a question, and replied: "Go to—"

The doctor immediately took advantage of the reply to say: "Mr. Sheriff, a most intelligent answer." Thereat the oath was administered, and John Smith called out, "I vote for Dr. Tupper."

It is quite amusing to walk the deck and listen to the different conversations in the various tongues. There are a few who do not talk English, and those are readily distinguished. One poor Pole has had a terrible time of it. Unable to make himself understood, it seems he came away from Montreal without his luggage, his trunk checks still in his possession. There are no English-speaking Poles on board, but at last they found a German who understood Polish, and he managed to relate his woes. The next thing was to find some one who understood German. This was one who understood German. This was a young Swede, who also spoke Hungar-

TO KEEP THE FLAGS.

A Veteran Undertakes to Define G. A. R.'s Position.

SALEM, Or., July 7.—(To the Editor.)—Your editorial, "Why Not?" in a recent issue, is deserving of an answer by an old soldier. "Why is the time not ripe for the return of the Confederate flags?" First, there is no Confederacy to return them to. Ex-Confederates dying in the United States Supreme Bench or sitting in the Cabinets of President Hayes and Cleveland is no exacting matter.

It is not admitted by the Union soldiers of the Civil War to be the proper thing to place Longstreet on the pension roll. He was educated at the public expense and turned his back on the country that he had sworn to support. There is really a great deal left to remind us soldiers that we were other than one people," not only the vacant chairs that were left after the conflict, but empty sleeves, empty pants legs and broken health that still remain.

You say, "Nearly all the leading actors on either side are gone, but many of the rank and file are left. They were the ones who bore the brunt of the battles. You know that the common soldier was then counted as a great factor in a fight. Then ought not they who captured the flags have a voice as to time and place, if ever, in turning them back?"

In this matter you remind me of an old man giving advice about raising children. You know nothing of the feelings of a patriot, who was willing to sacrifice his life for country. You know nothing about self-sacrificing patriotism. Do you know anything of capturing a flag from the enemy at the cannon's mouth?

Even if the ex-Confederates do not care a button whether these sad relics are returned or not, why should you take up the fight and attack the G. A. R. for wishing to consider the proper time to return the flags? Why do you in this article attack Congress for passing pension laws? And why in this article do you attack the men who draw a pittance as pension? It has nothing whatever to do with the return of the flags. You ought to know that the Pension Department is the best guarded of any department of the Government.

We all know, the only ones engaged on the Union side that you have ever had a decent word for are the ones who died from disease or were killed on the field of battle.

We admit that the sons of Union and Confederate soldiers are now fighting side by side on foreign soil, and while this is being done, the sons and daughters of the Confederacy would not allow the Stars and Stripes in their halls or in their processions at home.

And until the time comes that the Stars and Stripes are honored by the ex-Confederates, their sons and daughters, the time is not ripe to return the flags. I remain one who fought under fire.

VETERAN VOLUNTEER.

George B. McAuley b. m. Kitty Caution, 2:25, by Caution-Bellfounder.
Van B. DeLashmutt b. m. Nettie Ham, 2:19½, by Hambleton Mambrina-Altamont.
E. B. Tongue b. h. Lovelace, 2:30, by Egotist-Crepon.
I. C. Mosher, blk. m. Noonday Bell, by Noonday-Belle II.
Van de Vanter, S. F., b. g. Tickets, 2:30½, by Conductor-Cereal.
Van de Vanter, S. F., b. g. Altabo, by Altamont-Minnie M.
W. F. Watson ch. g. Ned Wilkes, by Ebony Wilkes-Dolly.
William Frazer b. g. Twilight, by Daisy-Gen. McClelland.
J. A. Badley, b. m. Oveto, 2:29½, by Caution-Golden Seal.
W. C. Belknap b. m. Altano, by Altamont-Alt.
W. H. Boyd b. h. Bitter Root, 2:25, by Lord Byron-Easel.
B. P. Shawhan, blk. m. Lyla, by Altamont-Tecora.
Springer & Ormsby b. m. Lady Alfred, 2:19½, by Alfred G-Lady Salisbury.
W. G. Eaton b. g. Road Boy, 2:19½, by Roseman-unknown.
C. W. Kahler br. g. Volo, 2:25, by Ante Echo-Tyburn.
August Erickson, blk. h. Claymont, by Altamont-Tecora.
Worth offering to your friend—a Herbert Spencer cigar.

MISS MAMIE KIERNAN



"COLUMBIA" IN THE FOURTH OF JULY PROCESSION.

entries in the Citizens' purse of \$1000, for 2:14 pacers, and the Capital City purse of \$1000 for 2:30 trotters, have just closed with a big list of well-known horses—the best in the Northwest. The 2:14 pacer has 18 entries, the 2:30 trot 19, and the Salem Chamber of Commerce stake for 2:18 pacers closed some time ago with 22 entries. Thus, it will be seen that the three \$1000 stakes are drawing cards. The 2:20 trot will be reserved for Portland day at the State Fair, when a special train will be run up and back the same day giving the city people an opportunity to see all livestock and farm displays in the forenoon and some spirited contest in the speed ring in the afternoon. Following are the entries in the stakes just closed:

Citizens' Pacer, \$1000, 2:14 Pacers.
August Erickson, blk. g. Bill Frazer, 2:14, by Pricemont-Adirondack.
W. H. Bradford, ch. m. Estella, 2:17½, by Lemont-Nasby.
J. W. Karsteter, b. m., Alta Dell, 2:16, by Holmdel-Altamont.
E. R. Clark, b. g. Kittitas Ranger, 2:15, breeding unknown.
Joe Huber b. h. George W. Wakefield, 2:16½, by Bossman-Maxim.
F. W. Bates b. g. Altas, 2:15½, by Altamont-Adirondack.
James McDonough b. m. Bell Air, 2:14½, by Belmont-Sleepy Kate.
G. B. Peringer b. h. Pathmark, by Pathmont-Juliett.



Nicoll's July Stock-Reducing Sale

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|-----------------------|------------|-----|--|---------------------|------------|------|
| \$7 and \$8 Trousers | Reduced to | \$5 | We want you to know that commencing tomorrow we shall inaugurate a JULY STOCK REDUCING SALE of Spring and Summer Woolens---The like of which Portland has not known. | \$25 and \$27 Suits | Reduced to | \$20 |
| \$8 and \$9 Trousers | Reduced to | \$6 | | \$28 and \$30 Suits | Reduced to | \$22 |
| \$9 and \$10 Trousers | Reduced to | \$7 | | \$32 and \$35 Suits | Reduced to | \$25 |

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