

Experience of a Portland Party on One of the Finest Trout Streams in Oregon.

Deer are also plentiful in the neighborhood, and when the season is open the hunters who go out locate themselves at the points where the deer cross the river, or camp on platforms in the trees near the salt licks at night, hanging out lanterns, which attract the curious creatures to their downfall. A favorite anecdote of the countryside tells of a settler who camped out at night to get a deer. He waited until he saw the eyes of the buck shining like headlights near him and blazed away with his rifle. He inspected

the open enemies of the state, of whom it may safely be said that a swift and sure chastisement is their meed. It is only semioccasionally that one of them, lacking the discretion of a sheep-killing dog, gives mouth and betrays his existence. Such a depth of degradation as this lends a kind of dignity to the act of the assassin. These renegades, not content that their victim should have drained the cup of bitterness to the dregs, must back his limbs and insult his memory afterwards. If it be mob law to correct the innocent

France, Scotland and England, are rich in this kind of Rembrandt-like effects. We have plenty of chiaroscuro, especially of oscuro, and you have little, if any, of this element. Hawthorne felt the want; he had to invent his own mysteries. All your many historical novelists feel the want.

The Buddhist priests of both China and Japan have a musical instrument called makouky, or wooden dzb, a kind of drum. It is used by the priests when reciting their prayers, one tan being given to every available

"GRIZZLY'S" IMPRESSION OF EUROPEAN CALIFORNIA.

GENEVA, Sunday, Aug. 24.—I left London last Thursday at 10 o'clock by the Newhaven-Dieppe route, whose lines run

At Dieppe the customs officers are on hand to search all your hand baggage, and then at Paris they make a search of your trunks; and so it was that, at 3:20, the interesting ceremony was concluded and the train lit out for Paris. There

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charged 8 francs each for a dinner that you can get for 5 at the Poodle Dog, Marchand's, Tortoni's or DeMouco's in San Francisco, with claret included, while here I was charged 2½ francs extra for wine and as much more for the black coffee without cognac or krish.

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is just as far ahead of our Golden Gate Park as that is ahead of the Botanical Gardens of Sydney or Melbourne. The distinguishing trait of the Bois is straight arboriculture. The trees are perfect and there is no studied effect in the way of flower beds. In the midst of the Bois is a chain of lakes and a lot of exquisite little islands connected with each other by rustic bridges. I alighted from the carriage and went down to see if I could hire a sailboat, but the attendant told me they had had so many fatal accidents

Sight Seeing.

The next day we walked down the Rue de Ricardi to the Palais Royal, which was leased for gambling purposes by the profligate Louis VI. It stands directly across from the windows where Charles IX sat, with a blunderbuss in his hand on the morning of St. Bartholomew's day, and shot his murderous bullets, a dozen at a load, into the hurrying ranks of the fugitive followers of the Prince of Conde. Now the house is devoted to

of Conde. Now the house is devoted to historical affairs and is an immense courtyard no longer a playground for the actions of royalty. Its chambers, that once sheltered the most prodigious men and women who ever crossed God's earth, are now the offices, the courts, converted into municipal offices, and there is also the bureau of the officials of the Legion of Honor. Some medals, thirty years ago, were hawked about by a fellow countryman, who had a picture gallery at the east end of the building, replete with the art treasures of centuries; is all that is left of the splendor of the Bourbons and the Bonapartes.

The Place de la Concorde, which extends from the Legislative Chambers down to the banks of the Seine, contains the most famous monuments in the very spot where Marie Antoinette and her ill-starred husband suffered death.

by the guillotine; and as our little boys and girls shout "Ah!" on the Fourth of July, when a rocket bursts in mid-air, so the aristocracy of France, the "noblesse," "Ah!" every time that the great ax of the machine known as "Betsy" sent an aristocrat's head rolling into a basket of guano. The nobles, who were used to be wondered at. The nobility had chosen to keep the common people "sans culottes," and they awoke one day to find that they had "sans culottes" rulers to rule them.

Thomas Paine, author of the "Age of Reason," was a member of the first Legislature held during the revolution of '89. He was well acquainted with his grandfather, and told him that one of the chief causes leading up to the revolution was the horrible treatment of women by the aristocracy. Not content with the gold-bought smiles of aristocratic mistresses, the younger members of the alleged nobility would disguise themselves as laborers and go out into the provinces, looking for a wife. They were acquainted with the poor, acquainted with the daughters of poor farmers and seduce them under a promise of marriage. Up to the outbreak of the revolution, a poor girl had no recourse against an aristocrat who seduced her. One of the first acts of the Legislature of which Paine was a member was to pass a law by the terms of which a ruined girl could sue an aristocrat for damages. To enforce him to give a bond for the support of her forthcoming offspring, in order that it might not become a public charge. In his "Rights of Man," his pamphlet, Paine rose in his seat and briefly said:

"I approve this bill, and will cheerfully vote for it. A measure which helps to give dignity to the poor. A measure was needed, but it was unquestionably a step in the right direction."

I can conceive of no race of people more deserving of the name of Quakers than the French aristocracy of the Second Empire, which terminated its existence at the close of this century. It is to this class that we owe the most vicious of selfish. To those came the ending which awaits loathes who revel in idle pleasures, regardless of the sufferings of their fellow

"I was taken with the gripper, which resulted in heart and stomach trouble," writes Mr. T. R. Candill, of Mountland, Allegheny Co., N. C. "I was unable to do anything a good part of the time. I wrote to Dr. Pierce about my condition, having heard much of his medicine. He advised me to take his 'Golden Medical Discovery,' which I did. Before I had finished the second bottle I began to feel better. I have used nearly six bottles. I feel thankful to God for the benefit I have received from Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I can highly recommend it to all persons as a good and safe medicine."

Glimpses of the McKenzie River Country

was a succession of "Vidone" and "Alles lein," and we were off.

The road was dull and uninteresting for the first six or eight miles out of Dieppe, and then came the beautiful Normandy scenes of which I heard so much. The road led along a pretty little mill-stream and we stopped to take on four passengers at a little place called Moxlin de Roi (the King's Mill), a stone edifice built in 1697. It is built over the creek and runs by an undershot paddle-wheel, regardless of the fact that an overshot wheel would increase the power at least 40 per cent, and a turbine would double it. But these portions of France are primitive and not easily susceptible of change. The houses were all old, and every once in awhile we came upon the ruins of an old baronial castle.

The farm houses, as a rule, were long and low, with the family domiciled in one end of the structure, and the horses and cattle at the other, and we saw but few vineyards or orchards until after we had passed the historical old City of Rouen, where Joan of Arc were burned at the

My advice to travelers is to avoid the Hotel de Jardin and to give their money to the road agents instead. I found a charge of 4½ francs for "Dehera." Coming to find out about it, I had given a 50 cents every morning to go out and buy me a New York Herald and told him to keep the change. This charge of 90 cents was what the proprietor had fined me for the loss of his garcon's services during his absence of three minutes from the hotel. If there is any worse extortion than that I never heard of it. Mr. Zola is welcome to what he got—he'll never get any more from me.

On our first day's stay in Paris we took a drive along the river bank for about 10 miles, going up by the exposition buildings of last year and returning by way of the Hotel des Invalides, where a battle-scarred veteran acted as our guide and took us through the Chapel de Louis, from the floor of which we looked down upon the tomb of Napoleon I. Next it is the tomb of Vauban, the great engineer and architect who designed the exquisitely beautiful chapel. Joseph

The road was dull and uninteresting for the first six or eight miles out of Dieppe, and then came the beautiful Normandy scenes of which I heard so much. The road led along a pretty little mill-stream, and the first mill was a very picturesque one at a little place called Moxin de Roi (the King's Mill), a stone edifice built in 1697. It is built over the creek and runs by an undershot paddle-wheel, regardless of the fact that an overshot wheel would increase the power at least 50 per cent, and would be much less liable to break down. Portions of France are primitive and not easily susceptible of change. The houses were all old, and every once in awhile

The farm houses, as a rule, were long and low, with the family domiciled in one end, and the stables and barns at the other. Cattle at the other, and we saw but few vineyards or orchards until after we had passed the historical old City of Rouen, where Joan of Arc were burned at the stake.

Rouen is a great manufacturing city, and therefore affords an excellent market for the produce of the country. It is situated on the country. About 15 miles out of Dieppe we came upon the river Seine, and crossed it a dozen times afterwards. All the numerous canals of France, and especially Paris are utilized for canals, and the heavier goods are all carried on barges very like the old-fashioned canal-boats of the New York and Erie Canal. The down-stream consists of two or three dozen strung out in Indian file but, going up stream, 10 is about all they can take.

I thought I had seen every sort of stern wheel boat that ever was built, but we passed one that was such a novelty that I had to go back and look at it. It was the next day, to have a good look at her. She was built entirely of iron, with a small cabin on her upper deck for the accommodation of the crew. She was propelled by a wheel standing out in the open air,

By a narrow margin, the open-wheelers won out over the motor-house type. But the novelty was in her method of propulsion. Instead of one wheel, she had two and standing on either side, all the machinery was carried by a single eccentric shaft. But in the middle of the arrangement, between the two wheels, were the cranks that turned the shaft, with a compound engine, consisting of a 15-inch high-pressure cylinder and a 40-inch low-pressure cylinder, the latter being 10 feet 6 inches. She pulled nine barges against the Seine current at five miles per hour, and the engineer told me she burned less than half as much coal as the open-wheelers.

It is the river navigation and canal navigation that give protection to the prosperous classes of France, or the railway tariffs would eat their heads off. With a system of canals that connects France, France and England, the people are comparatively safe from railway extortions. Given canal water from Red Bluff and Bakersfield to tide-water, and the big four or five dollar a ton freight would be cut to

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On our first day's stay in Paris we took a drive along the river bank for about six miles, going up by the exposition build-

ings of late years and returning by way of the Hotel des Invalides, where a battle-scarred veteran acted as our guide and took us through the "cimetière de la Madeleine" to the tomb of Napoleon I. From the floor of which we looked down upon the tomb of Napoleon I. Now it is the tomb of Vauban, the great engineer and architect, with a magnificent and beautiful chapel. Joseph Bonaparte, who married a beautiful American girl and then barely abandoned her, now rests near his more famous brother.

No one has access to the tomb itself. It is guarded night and day at each gate by fully uniformed soldier with drawn swords.

Near him also sleep Bertrand and two or three others of his Marshals, while the tomb of Napoleon III is in the same building. The magnificence of this chapel was in marked contrast to the rigorously severe appearance of all the rest of the tomb. The floor was of the same polished granite as the frescoes on its walls. And here sleeps "the traveling conqueror terror," who held the world at his feet, and yet who is buried in the beautiful wet for love of the unreturning fair. All his earthly ambition left far behind, he sleeps as we all shall sleep, in the long, long dull gray of the resurrection morn.

The old guide then took us to the Chapel

of the Invalides, whose walls are hung about with battle-flags taken from nearly every nation on earth. Those bearing English colors were very badly worn and indeed faded to a long time. The flag had clapped since France had achieved any victory over England. The old guard asked:

"Vous et citoyens d'Amerique, ne c'es pas?"

I answered affirmatively.

"Zen, monsieur, you see 'ere ze flag of every country but your own. I 'ope zey day will never come when France shall conquer zis L'Amerique, because we love La Fayette and we love 'im, also."

That afternoon, after the defection which is served at 1, we strolled through the boulevards and looked into shop windows; and at 5, took a flaneur for a drive in the Bois de Boulogne, and then to the Avenue de Champs Elysees and the Arc de Triomphe. If any city has a park like this, I have never seen it. It

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public, and will endeavor to preserve it intact. The great plebeiscite of 1839, when General Foy was elected, was the first restoration of the Napoleon dynasty. I was a candidate from 17 legislative districts at once, and defeated in every one of them was proof of this. He went home a disappointed man, and committed suicide on the grave of a cyprian. The only such case I have known, and I think before the house" correctly, and had said up Boulanger with astonishing accuracy. That was the greatest crisis, politically speaking, that France had seen since the Uhlans evacuated the Tuileries grounds. France met it bravely, and the result was a new and irrefragable proof to conceive of a return to royalty in France. The city wants it, but the coun-

France. The city wants it, but the country is too strong for her.

GRIZZLY.

There is to be a war against billboards in Cincinnati this Fall. Some time ago the Municipal Art Society undertook to have this form of advertising abolished, and succeeded in mitigating the nuisance. Now, it is said, the war will be renewed and continued until the enemy shall be completely routed.



Training

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Is indispensable to athletic success. In training, much stress is laid upon diet; careful attention to the quantity and quality of the food eaten, with regularity of meals.

That is the secret of strength for every man. No man can be stronger than his stomach. The careless and irregular eating of business men, causes disease of the stomach and its allied organs of digestion and nutrition. There can be no sound health until these diseases are cured.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, and enables the body to be built up into vigorous health by its use.

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STATUTES NOT SUFFICIENT

Startling Suggestion as to Punishment of Offenders.

TEMPLETON, Oct. 3.—(To the Editor.)—The many instances in which creatures masquerading as men have been brought up with a round turn for exulting in the assassination of Mr. McKinley betrays the fact that there are others besides the open enemies of the state, of whom it may safely be said that a swift and sure death is their just reward. These men, who emotionally that one of them, lacking the discretion of a sheep-killing dog, gives mouth and betrays his existence. They are deeply ashamed of this pseudo kind of dignity to the act of the assassin. These renegades, not content that their victim should have drained the cup of bitterness to the dregs, must hack his body to pieces and then flaunt the fragments. If it is mob law to correct the insolent

LANG ON AMERICAN HISTORY

**He Says It Has Little, if Any, of the
"Oscaro" Element.**

Andrew Lang in New York Independent.
American history, as far as I know
has not mystery enough for a really ex-
citing romance. Nobody of the highest
importance ever vanished away, disap-
peared; nobody except a certain regicide,
and he was of English importation. The
amiable and beautiful wife of none of
your Presidents was ever accused of a

your Presidents was ever accused of plotting, with an Admiral of your fleet, to blow up the President in the White House, the question of her guilt remained deliciously obscure. Not one of your Presidents was ever accused of plotting within a lance's length of a hostile General, ever vanished away, leaving public opinion uncertain as to whether he had gone, literally to Jericho, or been put to death, a little more elegant than the Whiteside. You ever had two negroes who appeared from the state prison, nor did any sane citizen ever turn up who claimed to be one of these missing children. Finally, your supposedly illustrious President in a black velvet mask, concerning whom it was disputed whether he was a European diplomatist, a valet, a royal Duke, a disfigured actor, a member of the Bonaparte family, or a member of the plot, or the rightful President, whose place was being occupied by an impostor, was not even mentioned.

The chronicles of Europe, especially of

France, Scotland and England, are rich in this kind of Rembrandt-like effects. We have plenty of chiaroscuro, especially of oscuro, and you have little, if any, of this element. Hawthorne felt the want; he had to invent his own mysteries. All your many historical novelists feel the want.

The Buddhist priests of both China and Japan have a musical instrument called makouky, or wooden dzb, a kind of drum. It is used by the priests when reciting their prayers, one tan being given to every available

Vichy Springs. But it is the roll of the land that makes Eastern England an

Western France so attractive to the eye of the wayfarer. For the last half hour we rolled over desolate sand-dunes and

This was probably the fastest ship in the world of her size—in rough weather. In smooth weather the Richard Peck, which plies between New York and Hartford, Conn., can probably beat her, but in a rough sea the Arundel would ver-

The man who has as much as the subject of artificial harrows as studied as I have

will find a splendid object-lesson in this selfsame harbor of Dieppe, located on the bleak Normandy coast about 18 miles from the mouth of the Seine, at Honfleur. It has been made by excavating a small bay, into which debouches a small creek about 40 feet wide and less than two feet in depth at the ordinary stages of water. By building cross-lapping stone piers up the main portion of the excavation and by making locked basins on either side they have a place in which the daimenagge tonnage can lie in perfect safety while the

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