

ington diplomata, the boy is unspelled, and is as much of a true boy as ever. He says he is glad to be home again

In Oregon. St. John's Episcopal Church, at the northeast corner of Sixteenth and H spreets, Northwest, Washington, D. C., is quite an aristocratic place. Among those who attend it are: Mrs. Roosevelt and family, Lord Pauncefote, the British Ambassador, and many members of forelgn embassies. The choir/consists of about 35 members, and all are vested-wearing surplice and cassock-except two young lady members, who keep out of light of the congregation. The young addes are necessary to help the alto section, as alto voices among boys are rare, and those boys who try to sing alto usually cannot be depended upon for fine usually cannot be depended upon for fine work. The composition of the choir is: Twenty-one sopranos, six altos, three tenors, and four buses. The organist and choirmaster is Mr. H. H. Freeman, and the harpist is Miss Anita Cluss. Three choir rehearsals are held each week-Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday even-ings, and each rehearsal lasts from 6:45 o'clock until 9 or 9:59 o'clock. An elabo-6:45 rate musical programme is presented and rendered each Sunday at the morning and afternoon service, although St. John's s not what is called a high church. The church building is an old one, and is situated near the White House. Rev. Dr. Alexander Mackay Smith was its rector until recently, when he was elected bishop-coadjutor of the diocese of Penn-

When Master Dobson and his parents went East, they first visited New York City and Brooklyn; but on hearing of the success with which Mr. Freeman has met in training boys' voices, at Washington, it was considered advisable to en-trust the training of the boy's voice to Mr. Freeman, and the result has been perfectly satisfactory. Young Dobson has received one vocal lesson every day dur-ing the entire time ho has been with Mr. Freeman, and the compass of his voice is now from A below the staff to E in alt. It is a pure soprano voice, full and clear, like that of a bird. It is strong in the high notes. His intonation is admirable, and, what is surprising in a buck the correspondence is a source of the a boy, his expression is as good as that of most adults. So many boy singers have beautiful volces without expression; but not so with Muster Dobson.

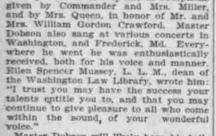
"In all the people you saw on your trip, who made the most impression on you?" asked an Oregonian man of the boy, the er evening. 'Well," said Master Dobson, thought-

fully, it was Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese Minister. I met him February 1, at a reception in connection with the fifth anreception in connection with the fitth an-nual banquet of the Washington Collége of Law. He astonished me by the ques-tions he asked. Oh, yes; and he wore brocaded slik and ermine, and such a big diamond on his shoulder! When I was presented to him he asked: 'Do you ding?' Do you sing supranc? Why do sing? Do you sing soprano? Why do you sing soprano? Are you a woman? Is not soprano what the girls sing? How high can you sing? Why, you sing a long way, don't you-all the way from Port-

Although the boy was kent husy with his daily lessons and his duties as solo-ist at St. John's, he found time to accept outside engagements, and among those people to whom he sang were: Chief Justice Fuller, Admiral Dewey, Rear-Admiral Schley, General Miles and Lord Pauncefote. He sang at Mrs. Ogle and at re

W. A. Cummings will sing a bass solo. "The Fush Club" Quartet will also be heard on this occasion, and those who hear them will be highly entertained. There will be other attractions also, as the intention is to make the joyable as well as instructive. The public is cordially invited to be present.

shouted: "Oh, I hit him! I hit him!" "How do you know you hit him?" "Oh, I saw him throw up his arms and fail over!" I think "Bob" was correct. But excited "Bob" forgot to take his ramrod out the next time, and he was in de-spair because he couldn't load any more, An officer came along and ordered us out the next time, and he was in de-spair because he couldn't load any more. An officer came along and ordered us



Master Dohson will likely have his brilliant soprano for three or four years yet, maybe less, and then his voice will "break," and he will be unable to sing until he is a tenor or bass. For the present his parents wish him to have a rest, and then he will go to the coast for a short time until the parent areas for a short time, until the period arrives, about September, when he will probably about September, when he will proved with again start for the East to proceed with his musical studies. Life in the East has agreed with him. He has grown plump and hearty, and has advanced Oregon's name in the world of song.

A NAMELESS BATTLE. Mr. Buchanan Tells of an Engage-

ment 40 Years Ago Today.

PORTLAND, Or., May 10 .- (To the Editor.)-Having given my experience in the battle of Shiloh on its 40th anniversary, I now propose to do the same for another battle. As the Battle of Shiloh was one of the greatest battles in the world's his-tory, so this one is so little that it never tory, so this one is so little that it never got into history; yet it was the most in-teresting ..ght to mc, in which I was ever engaged. A battle of equal proportions, occurring in the Philippines, or South Africa, would be heralded the world over, as a "bloody and hardly contested bat-tle"; but in our Civil War, if was so small in comparison to others, that it passed unnoticed. passed unnoticed. Lest some one may think from so

Lest some one may think from some-thing I may say that I am egolistical enough to imagine that I was "a bold so-jer boy," I will say right here, that I know I was not. At times, I may have crushed down my fears, yet there never was a time when the terrifying, discor-dant shricks of shells, grape, canister and minnie balls did not scriously affect me.

me. On the lith of May, 1862, I was one of a detail of 100 men, sent out to cover work-men who were constructing a road across a swamp close up to the enemy's lines, near Farmington, Miss. We went out carly in the morning, crossed the narrow swamp, ascended a small hill and en-camped. Encamping here meant to stack arms, knapsacks, canteens and haver-ancks. We were in a small farm. We had not been here long when an or-derly rode up and ordered our command-er, Captain Davis, to take his men out and

derly role up and ordered our command-er, Capitain Davis, to take his men out and relieve the cavalry pickets, who were be-ing driven in. We had been hearing sharp firing in front nearly all the morning, but, as that was nothing new, we thought lit-tie of R. Captain Davis' command, "Take guns and fall in," rang out so sharp as to make every one turn. We crossed the guns and fall in," rang out so sharp as to make every one jump. We crossed the cleared land, about 200 yards, and entered a thinly timbered wood on the double-quick. Here we met the cavalry going out faster than we were going in. As soon as we were clear of them, the order came to "deploy as skirmishers," Ser-geant Hess, take command of the right wing! Sergeant Buchanan, take com-mand of the left wing!" Practically we did not keep in alignment, but ran to covdid not keep in alignment, but ran to cov-er, about five steps spart, behind logs, trees, clumps of bushes, or whatever would serve to hide us.

The rebel line could be distinctly seen



back to our command. In the edge of the

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