# NEW CLERKS ARE CHOSEN

**COUNTY OFFICERS-ELECT MAKE SELECTIONS OF DEPUTIES.**

**Radical Changes in Many Places—New Regime Will Begin Monday.**

The new county officers take charge on Monday at noon, and the selections of new deputies have already been made. County Clerk Frank Fields has made public the names of his appointees as follows: James S. McCord, chief deputy in the recording department; A. C. Smith, chief in the State Circuit Court, and A. C. Bancroft, in the County Clerk's office proper. The other deputies will be: George Wilson, Halvor Rasch, Harry Bamford, J. L. Dunlap, F. W. Prasp, J. H. Bush, W. C. Kerns, Robert Reid, Marion Johnson, Theodore Wells, J. J. Chambreau, Mrs. Elizabeth Layman, Mrs. E. H. Allen, Miss M. A. Henson, Miss Minnie S. Phillips and Miss E. M. Hess. Messrs. Dunlap, Kerns and Miss Hess have been employed under Clerk Swetland, and are all experienced and competent. McCord has been for two years chief deputy under Recorder Beach, and Miss Henson is a copyist in the office. Miss Phillips and Mrs. Allen have been employed at the Circuit Court Clerk's office for a long time.

James M. Stott will succeed Horace W. Thielsen as chief deputy Sheriff. Deputies under Sheriff Storey will be: Charles R. Frazier, Penumbra Kelly, Fred Matthews, H. Schneider, Charles Johnson and John Versteeg. The first three and also Stott have served under Sheriff Frazier. Mr. Stott is a capable man, and will make a good Undersheriff. In the tax department Sheriff Storey will have D. S. Dryden, M. Reinstein, F. E. Chamberlain, George L. Durham, cashier (reappointed), David Steel (reappointed), Walt Daniels, D. D. Jackson will be County Jailer. N. C. Oviatt, who has done first-class work as head of the tax department under Sheriff Frazier, does not desire to hold the place longer, as he intends engaging in business for himself.

Captain R. S. Greenleaf will be Deputy County Surveyor under John M. Hurlburt.

It is stated that F. Otto Burckhardt will be deputy under County Auditor Carl Brandes.

Jay H. Upton will be stenographer for County Judge Webster, and S. Bullock, bailiff.

For County Physician, to succeed Dr. Harry F. McKay, who has resigned, Dr. Hamilton, who is in Dr. A. C. Smith's office, is being favorably mentioned.

## CARED FOR JESSE JAMES.

**Dr. Ridge Relates an Incident of the Dead Bandit's Life.**

Cincinnati Enquirer.

A gentleman of stalwart, erect figure, full, flowing white beard and altogether of a distinguished appearance, not unlike a retired Admiral in his white traveling cap, attracted attention in the Grand Hotel lobby yesterday. It was Dr. I. M. Ridge, of Kansas City, Mo., who saved Jesse James' life when he lay desperately wounded and hunted day and night during the Civil War. Dr. Ridge is accompanied by his wife, who is the daughter of Bartlett Campbell, deceased, of this city, prominent in the commercial circles of the city in his time and one of the organizers of the Chamber of Commerce. They are here to visit relatives and old friends. Asked to relate his professional experience and personal knowledge of the famous bandit, Dr. Ridge replied:

"My acquaintance with the James family dates back to 1848, when I went to Kansas City to practice my profession. The James boys were then little fellows, and the family resided in Kansas City, then a straggling, river-bank village of less than 400 population, for it had only 400 people when the cholera visited it in 1849. The father of the James boys was an eloquent Baptist minister, a man of education and refinement, and of excellent antecedents. He died while on his way to California to recover his rapidly failing health. The widow afterwards married Dr. Samuels, who purchased a farm in Clay County, Missouri, about 20 miles from Kansas City, where the family was living when the Civil War broke out in all its border hate and fury.

"Jesse was shot in a fight in Ray County, Missouri, and was carried off the field by his comrades in arms and secreted from the enemy, who were hunting him by hundreds in every direction. Thomas James, Jesse's uncle, a reputable merchant and citizen of Kansas City, who amassed a fortune, came to me and related his nephew was nigh unto death and asked me if I would give him my professional attention. It was a dangerous undertaking, but I agreed to do the best I could, and Mr. James then told me where to find Jesse. The wounded boy, for such he was then in 1863, lay hidden in a garret of a little wayside and isolated inn on the north side of the Missouri River, near the ferry, just across from Kansas City, in Clay County. The little tavern was owned and kept by John Mimms, whose wife was Jesse's aunt, his father's sister. I knew all the country thereabouts well, and got to the place by a circuitous route on horseback. I hitched my horse out in the thick underbrush and made my way into the house by the back way, the family aware of my coming. I was shown to a room in the second story and then into a clothes closet, from the floor of which a small movable ladder reached to a trap door opening into the loft. There lay Jesse in great pain and in a very dangerous condition, for he had received no medical attention. A minnie ball as big as my thumb had entered his right breast above the nipple and passed clear through his body. I visited him clandestinely for two months, and as soon as he was able to sit steadily in the saddle he mounted his horse and rode away to war again."

## HAS A BOOK BLACK LIST.

**Evanston Library Bars Many Well-Known Works.**

Chicago Tribune.

Boccaccio's "Decameron," Hardy's "Jude, the Obscure," and Marion Harland's "Dr. Dale"—on these books has fallen the heavy hand of Evanston's disapproval.

No longer do they smile down upon patrons of the public library and seem to invite the young and unwary to peruse them. They are on the Index Evanstoniensis and are exiled to the dusty, dreary region where bad books go—when they are found out.

To secure one of these frowned upon volumes one must apply in person to the librarian and satisfy that official that the applicant is a proper person to read the volume—more proper than the book itself. No children or other impressionable person can hope to pass the searching examination which is to precede the production of the volumes.

But there are others. On the proscribed list is "A Lady of Quality," by Frances Hodgson Burnett.

Julian Hawthorne, as the author of "A Fool of Nature," also comes under the ban, and "Sir Richard Calmady," by Lucas Malet, is another.

"The Aristocrats," by Gertrude Atherton, hereafter will only be handled from the library to the favored few, and the same is the case with "The Secret Orchard," by Egerton Castle, and "Orloff and His Wife," by Maxim Gorky."

"If I Were King," by Justin McCarthy, is not in the strictly proscribed list, but protests against it have been received by the library authorities.

"Tess of the D'Urbervilles," by Thomas Hardy, is under suspicion.

Evanston itself, or such proportion of Evanston as may be what the world calls literary, is responsible for the smashing of idols. The system of suppression is simple. Whenever a patron of the library objects to a book it is examined by the librarian or one of the assistants. Then, if it is found to be "unfit for the use of the young or the impressionable," it is put on the blacklist.

Once on the blacklist it is the province of the librarian to decide who shall be the "favored few."

While the censorship is in full away wicked persons are conspiring not a hundred feet from the library. There, in a book store, can be found the outpourings of the soul of Mary MacLane, with her "damn, damn, damn."

This book, however, is not even on the blacklisted catalogue of the library.

William S. Lord, secretary of the board of directors, said that the blacklisted books had not been "excluded from circulation altogether," but that they were to be kept away from "the young and those who might be harmed by them."

## THE NEW YORK OBSERVER

**Interesting History of a Noted Religious Paper.**

New York Sun.

The sale of the New York Observer last week brings up many interesting reminiscences of religious journalism in this country and of the division that disturbed so long the peace of the Presbyterian Church, of the stanchest school of which that paper was the earliest and most consistent organ.

In 1823, when the Observer was established, Presbyterianism was the most powerful religious influence in New York. A very great part of the bar, of the most substantial business element, and of the most notable intellectual and social circles of our society was connected with that church. The Roman Catholic population of New York was then small, both relatively and actually; in 1827 it was estimated by a Bishop of that church at only about 25,000, though it had increased largely during the decade by reason of the Irish immigration. The whole population of the town was in 1830 about 200,000, and it had increased by nearly one-half since 1820.

When in 1809 the Trinity Corporation began the building of St. John's Church in Varick street there was surprise at the spending of so much money to put up a church in that marshy region on the outskirts of the town. Those were very primitive days for New York. In 1822, the year before the establishment of the Observer, came a virulent visitation of yellow fever, the mortality from which was more than 1200 between July and November, and the panic-stricken inhabitants moved helter-skelter to hastily constructed refuges in Greenwich village, or the then open part of the Island. In 1823 the epidemic raged still more violently, and the temporary emigration to the northward was repeated. In Broadway at that time there were only scattered buildings above Canal street.

In 1823 Sidney Edwards Morse came to New York for the purpose of starting a religious paper, and, with his brother, Richard Carey Morse, founded the Observer. The two were brothers of the illustrious Morse to whom we owe practical telegraphy, and were sons of the Rev. Jedidiah Morse, who studied theology under the famous Jonathan Edwards, and was a life-long assailant of the Unitarianism which had invaded the Puritan preserve of New England. Sidney came to New York after a successful experience in establishing and conducting at Boston the first religious newspaper published in America, the Boston Recorder, founded in 1815. It is an interesting circumstance that he had been induced to undertake that earlier task by Jeremiah Evarts, notable for his connection with the great Congregational foreign missionary society and also as the father of the late and distinguished William Maxwell Evarts.

In 1858 the Rev. Dr. Samuel Irenaeus Prime became a part owner of the Observer, which then had grown into a valuable property, and as its editor, before and afterward, he gave distinction to the paper. Dr. Prime was a man of an engaging personality into whose genial nature little of the iron of Calvinism seemed to have entered, though that it was in his head the long leadership by his paper of the strictest school of Presbyterianism demonstrated. At this time the Observer had a very large patronage at the South, for it was the target for Abolition assault. Its Southern Presbyterian patrons may not have been prompt pay, but their accounts were good, even if they had run unpaid for half a generation, and by the collection of those past dues, when the cotton crop was especially rich, the Observer got a handsome revenue. Of course, the Civil War shut off that source of profit, but when the terrible conflict was over many of these old debts were paid under the impulse of the stern Presbyterian conscience of the South. Dr. Prime was a voluminous author, and one of his many books, "The Power of Prayer," which gave the history of the great religious revival in 1857, or "The Great Awakening," as it is called, was translated into French and into a dialect of the East Indies and was sold by the hundred thousand.

The time of the editorship of Dr. Prime was the most prosperous period in the long history of the Observer. Of recent years that paper has shared the fate of our religious newspapers generally. The decline of religious faith, or of religious partisanship, together with the increasing preference of the religious public for so-called secular papers, has drained very much of the life out of them. In the old days the Observer had two distinct departments, "Religious" and "Secular," and so arranged that the paper could be sharply divided for Sunday and for week-day reading respectively. In the one, the world to come was the theme; in the other, this world of fact and sense and self-seeking.

In the search after lost prosperity several formerly religious newspapers, the Independent and the Outlook, for example, have cast off religion as a distinguishing feature and have become substantially "secular," with the little of religion they contain very much diluted and sugared to suit the more skeptical or purely aesthetic taste of this time. Generally the appearance of the papers which still seek to justify their title as religious is not now suggestive of material prosperity. Handsome fortunes, like those of the Morses, which had their foundation in the Observer, and still have conspicuous practical illustration in the large Morse Building at Beekman and Nassau streets, are no longer obtainable from the publication of distinctively religious papers. Nor does there remain to them more than a shadow of the powerful influence they once wielded in their churches.

COE A. M'KENNA
President D. P. Thompson Grammar School Alumni.

## THE D. P. THOMPSON GRAMMAR SCHOOL ALUMNI

The D. P. Thompson Grammar School Alumni gave a reception to the new graduates at the home of Vallie Collins, on Thursday evening, July 3. The new members introduced were: Esther Peterson, Essie Leary, Gertie Stopper, Cora Shorey, Freida Bleick, Maggie Jenson, Handie Eavens, Victor Viersdorf and Charles Norton. The address of welcome was delivered by the president. After the formal ceremonies were over the evening was spent in games, songs and a general good time. Professor George B. Jamison, principal of the D. P. Thompson School, and Laura Myers, teacher of the class, were prominent among the visitors.

# GHOSTS OF OLDER DAYS

**EARLY CENTURY SPIRITS KNOWN IN WASHINGTON.**

**Many Persons Frightened by Tomb of Decatur—"Beautiful Marcia Burns" and General Van Ness.**

"Did you ever see a ghost?"

This question was asked contemplatively the other day by one of the oldest residents of the district, and he answered it himself, says an article in the Washington Star.

"No. Nor I nor any one else. Nevertheless we Washington school boys of 1835 and 1840 had established in our own minds two or three hobgoblin, scarecrow strongholds from which no amount or reasoning or ridicule could exorcise the ghosts. There was a strong vein of superstition in those early days and we boys struck it rich.

"In the first place, beyond the slashes to the north of us were Meridian Hill and the tomb of Commodore Decatur. Although ready crumbling the vault was and the iron bars of the two little side windows on the hillside were bent and broken. But we boys, even when we peeked in and were scared out of a month's growth, could see nothing except a dimly defined coffin, in which our imagination beheld Decatur, who had been recently deposited there after his encounter with Commodore Barron. What a pity those two could not have made it up and remained friends!

"Another spot was opposite our school house, just east of and adjoining the Protestant Orphan Asylum, erected and endowed by 'the beautiful Marcia Burns,' daughter of 'Obstinate Davy,' so christened by George Washington, and wife of General John Peter Van Ness, M. C., from New York, citizen and Mayor of Washington, President of the Metropolitan Bank, etc.

**The "Temple of Vesta."**

"'Obstinate Davy' had surrendered to General Washington and yielded a moiety of his broad acres for the National seat of government, then died, bequeathing the rest of them and all his other possessions to the 'Beautiful Marcia,' who had previously been gobbled up by the cashing Representative from the empire state. She must have loved him—at least at first. She gave everything over to him, and he built himself a magnificent mansion on the north bank of the Potomac, not a stone's throw from the cottage which had been the birthplace and home of Marcia, and where she often took refuge to the day of her death to brood on the dissatisfactions of life. She became a 'devotee,' a recluse, and built in addition to this asylum a couple of churches and the mausoleum patterned upon the Temple of Vesta in Rome, in which she and the General should lie side by side forever.

"The terrible year of 1832, when the cholera seized Washington, was the counterpart of the slaughter of the first-born in Egypt, and every household bewailed its dead. Marcia Burns died unnoticed, but not of the plague, and left the gay widower to his devices and the use of all her inheritance.

"This Temple of Vesta was a regular bugaboo to all the Washington boys of that day. It stood directly on H street, divided from it only by a high, straight-barred black iron fence and a grassy mound surrounding its pillared circumference, its steps of the same dark brown stone of which the mausoleum was built.

"Oh, the horrid groans, the dismal sighs, the shrill shrieks and screams that issued from that vault day and night when Marcia Burns lay there alone all those years from 1836 to 1840! All we boys who dared strove to catch a glimpse of her in the awful habiliments of the grave.

**Ghosts in the Octagon House.**

"The Octagon House at that time was haunted. Of course it was. So was Dick Adams' old turner shop, on D street, between Ninth and Tenth streets northwest, a few doors above the corner of Ninth, where I was born and lived for 23 years. The Octagon House was one of the Dickinson Taylor many fine mansions.

"Certes, there are ghosts, and ghosts everywhere, as every old man knows, but unimaginative people cannot see them.

"The way in which Van Ness became a citizen and Mayor of Washington was this: Smitten by the charms of the 'Beautiful Marcia' and the broad acres of Obstinate Davy, the gallant representative of a New York district began to neglect his Congressional duties and his indignant constituents. And when he accepted some military appointment in the District of Columbia militia, that was the last feather. They appealed to Congress, which quietly relieved him from the office he had held from the year 1800. He was removed on the 17th of January, 1803, and settled down in Washington in the grand and extensive mansion he had built, as I said, a short distance from Marcia's cottage, to entertain and receive his future constituents.

"General Van Ness was involved in a long, hotly contested cause celebre going on in the old City Hall in those days. Multitudes were unable to get admission. This was when Marcia had been sleeping 10 or 12 years in the Temple of Vesta. The Widow Connor was blooming and buxom, and everybody said he would be flung—cast—in heavy damages. Besides the widow had a still more beautiful and blooming daughter—blue Irish eyes, etc. She was about 17 years of age.

Her cheeks were like roses,
Her lips much the same,
Like a dish of fresh strawberries
Smothered in chrame.

"And her name was Serena. She was altogether charming, tall, graceful, refined, highly educated, with big, soulful eyes and a wilderness of golden hair shot with sunbeams. It makes the old man feel young again just for a minute to recall Miss Serena Connor.

**"Widow" Connor and Her Daughter.**

"There she was in court every day, a picture of precocious young ladyhood, of filial piety. Her voice was low and musical, and she herself was 'mild and lovely,' gentle as the Summer breeze, and her enunciation clear as a bell and cultured; her little mice of feet booted, and her dimpled little hands perfectly gloved. When the weather grew hot and the courtroom breathless she took off her hat and veil, and shook out her golden curls, and everybody said that the Widow Connor would win her case. She accompanied her mother through all the long trial.

"The contention was General John Peter had won her second mortgage affections, married, deserted her and broken her heart. She wanted a settlement, a division of the property, recognition of her wifehood and any other perquisites and incidentals the court could throw in. Until she obtained these advantages she was going to struggle with all her widow's might to capture a good big, solid chunk of that other widow's mite, then in possession of General John Peter Van Ness.

"But she didn't. She failed in her suit. She and the seraphic Serena disappeared from Washington, and so did General Van Ness, until he died in March, 1847, and went to rejoin his 'sainted Marcia.'

"I have told this episode in the life of a Mayor of Washington because I find no book or newspaper has touched upon it, and it should make mighty interesting reading. In the old days, the Van Ness mansion faced north like the White House, with the same number, six stone pillars, supporting the carriage entrance. The building was two-story, basement and attic in height, with a roof sloping from a higher elevation in the middle to the four sides, each side lighted by two windows, circular and single-paned.

"There were four tall chimneys, which are now cracked and crumbling. Today the glass is all out of the attic, the plastering down mostly, or hanging, and the laths showing, and daylight shines through various chinks and crevices in the roof. There were nine windows on each of the four sides, each of two panes only, of thick, fine glass, not even yet cracked or broken. Opposite the big front door, straight through the wide hallway, is the great pillared portico on the south side, facing and overlooking all the grounds and the 'Beautiful River of Swans,' the Potomac, floating along in gleaming, glittering majesty.

Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing, full.

**Spirit Tenants of Van Ness Mansion.**

"Hood's description of the Haunted House perfectly answers the description of this historic property now. Read it.

"And why should ghosts be wanting? Do not old obstinate Davy Burns, the illustrious George Washington, the immortal poet, Tom Moore; the irascible and heart-sick-from-hope-deferred Major l'Enfant, the disappointed, who planned his matchless city to be the worthy capital of 50 sovereign states and a population of 500,000,000 Americans, and was turned out of his place, and never paid by Congress; do not these revisit the glimpses of the moon, making night hideous? Does not the beautiful, pious, charitable, heart-broken Marcia ever come back to weep and wring her hands in the old rude cabin of her childhood and bewail the vanity of all human expectations? And what about my old friend, Colonel Thomas Green, murdered in a madhouse, robbed and murdered, isn't he permitted to come back home and air his grievances under the ghosts of his own vines and fig trees?

"Why should 'Herne the Hunter' and 'The Headless Horseman,' accompanied with the winding of the mellow horn and the panting, baying hounds, pursue the chase, capering midnightly around the gables, chimneys and rooftrees of the dreary old manse, and sweep off and die away in the distance, as hundreds of superstitious darkies in the days and nights when the place became a negro picnic and lager beer garden have often seen and heard them? Why should Herne the Hunter be here in America? He must have come over with the Knickerbockers. I have never seen hide or hair of them, but our colored fellow-citizens say so, and swear it. Some of them have second sight. I should think it would indeed require 'optics keen to see what is not to be seen.'

"And now I have done, but I intend to say that little cotton-headed, fat-faced, sturdy-legged Alexander R. Shepherd, then not more than 5 or 6 years old, was one of the worst scared boys among us at passing the Temple of Vesta. But he's not afraid of ghosts now, and the successor of Mayor Van Ness, the ex-Governor, is coming back soon to remain among us, we hope, for many happy years to come."

## PRICELESS CHINESE CURIOS

**Jade Seals and Tablets Seized by Customs Officers From Soldier.**

San Francisco Examiner.

Lieutenant J. B. Schoeffel, of the Ninth Infantry, regrets a purchase of Chinese curios which he made while his regiment was at Pekin two years ago. He paid $50 for a lot of jade seals and tablets which were displayed for sale in a bazaar, and a few days ago the articles were taken possession of by the customs officers who searched the transport Hancock.

"It is not the loss of the ornaments that I deplore," said Lieutenant Schoeffel, "but the fact that I packed them around with me for two years. If it had ever occurred to me that they were seizable I would not have brought them or attempted to bring them home. Now, I suppose, there will be a demand from Washington for an explanation of how the seals and tablets came into my hands."

The jade consists of five imperial seals, weighing about six pounds, of rectangular shape, about six inches square and three inches in height. Carved dragons in crouching attitudes surmount the block, serving as handles. Chinese characters are carved in relief on the base of the seals, and a yellow tassel is knotted on one of them. Ten tablets are of dark green jade, each inscribed on one side with Chinese characters traced in gold. The five-toed dragon, the Chinese royal escutcheon, is imprinted on the other side, also traced in gold. The tablets are ten inches by five, by one-half an inch in thickness.

Deputy surveyor St. John ordered the articles held until the matter is referred to the Secretary of the Treasury at Washington. They will probably be sent back to the Chinese Government, as a reward has been offered for the recovery of all such ornaments.

It is likely that the seals and tablets purchased by Lieutenant Schoeffel were originally stolen from the Forbidden City during the troublous times of the Boxer uprising. The Chinese dealer from whom these articles were purchased stated that they were stolen by him while the imperial apartments were being looted, but that is a common claim of the curio dealers in Pekin. The Chinese Government, however, has notified its Caucasian contemporaries that many valuable jade symbols and records were stolen by officials and disposed of through curio dealers to tourists and others, and as the property was invaluable aside from its intrinsic worth, ample reward would be paid for its return.

**The Magnetic North Pole.**

Nature.

In a lecture lately delivered before the Norwegian Geographical Society by Captain R. Amundsen, the author gave an account of the proposed exploring expedition to the magnetic north pole. Captain Amundsen was the first officer of the Belgica, which sailed for the Antarctic in August, 1897, with the view of determining the exact locality of the magnetic south pole, and it was while that ship lay fixed in the drift ice west of Grahamland that the idea was conceived of exploring the magnetic north pole. For the contemplated expedition, the Gjoea, one of the strongest and best sailing vessels of the arctic fleet, has been purchased at Tromsoe. In 1831 Sir James Clark Ross reached a position where the dipping needle was only deflected one minute from an absolutely vertical position, but the question has been raised whether the magnetic pole is actually only a point, or whether the peculiarity of the needle assuming a vertical position extends over a large area, and, further, whether the magnetic pole changes its position.

With the object of solving these two questions, Captain Amundsen will sail in the Spring of 1903. The Gjoea is to be fitted with a petroleum engine, and will carry a crew of seven men. A traveling magneto-meter is under construction at the Deutsche Seewarte, and will resemble that used on board the Fram. A dipping needle is being constructed in London, and will be examined at the observatory of the National Physical Laboratory. It is proposed to take magnetic observations as frequently as practicable, to leave the ship either at Matty Island or King William Land, and as soon as the severest part of the Winter is over to continue the journey with the sledges to the place on Boothia reached by Ross.

## DEGENERATE FIRECRACKER

**Plea for Rehabilitation of a Once Worthy Fourth of July Feature.**

Saturday Evening Post.

Something ought to be done to rehabilitate the Fourth of July celebration, especially its firecracker department. The celebration of the present day is but a pale reflection and a far-off echo of the glorious triumph of the past; and the sickly, petulant pop of the contemporary firecracker appears but sorry comparison with the detonation of its predecessor of a few years aback. It is sad to see a National institution thus going to the dogs; but the dogs need not worry—it no longer frightens them as in times past it did.

The old celebration used to come in at one minute past midnight with a terrific discharge of the village brass cannon. This formidable piece of ordnance, loaded with quantities of the loudest powder, wedged down with wet grass, was then kept in action by enthusiastic yeomen till sunrise; and throughout the day there were desultory bangs, unless, indeed, the thing blew up at about 9 o'clock, as it too frequently did, with a great scattering around of the said unfortunate yeomen. Then, during the day, there was the programme; races of all kinds, especially trotting races by local nags, some of which would not infrequently cover the mile in less than three minutes, and running races in which quantities of dust were kicked up. There were divers other contests and patriotic songs rendered by the glee club with much sound and fury, with the reading of the Declaration of Independence by the schoolmaster in a penetrating voice; and, as the cap sheaf of the whole—more important even than the cannon itself—the oration by the candidate for Congress, in which, with the corner of one eye on the votes of the local citizens from a certain green isle, the tail of the British lion was given a few pretty little tiny kickshaw kinks—the whole interspersed, punctuated and made alive by the resounding explosions of bushels of firecrackers.

But now this sort of celebration is becoming rare, and the firecracker is degenerate. What is meant to the small, ordinary cracker. When it consents to go off at all it is with an insignificant little sizzling, asthmatic, tentative, apologetic pop which is about as spirit-stirring as the report of a root beer cork. Why is this? Has a trust got hold of the cracker industry? Or does it need a trust to put "life and mettle" into it? Or is the Mongolian played out, and has he lost his cracker cunning? Perhaps all firecrackers are now made in Connecticut. If so, they must be manufactured in old wooden nutmeg factories.

These latter-day inaudible firecrackers are frauds, cheating the small boy out of his hard-saved dime. And as to the tail of the lion, what is it for? It is an ornamental rather than an essential appendage, and a gentle little twist, with a bit of a knot or two just for remembrance—lest he forget—can do no harm, and is sure to awaken enthusiasm on the rear benches.

Give us back our old celebration! and in the matter of the firecrackers there should be legislation; the makers must be compelled by law to use better powder and more of it.

**Mayor Jones Ill.**

TOLEDO, O., July 5.—There is very little foundation for the sensational reports concerning the health of Mayor Jones. He is suffering from a slight attack of bronchitis, which keeps him at home, but his physician says his condition is in nowise serious.


WE FILL MAIL ORDERS AT ADVERTISED PRICES

Roberts Bros

Temporary Store, cor. Fifth and Yamhill Sts.

EXCEPTIONAL GOOD VALUES

Patrons of this store are provided with the best for the money. Quality is the keynote of our transactions.

**Sale of Silks**

A new lot of corded wash silks, choice colorings and styles, in stripes and plaids, sold everywhere at 50c yard, sale price ..... 39c
Black silk grenadines, 42 inches wide, all pure silk, worth $1.50 yard, sale price ..... 98c
$1.00 yard guaranteed black taffeta, for skirts, excellent quality and finish, sale price ..... 78c

**Sale of Dress Goods**

10 pieces black brocaded satin soliels, 42 inches wide, worth 40 and 45c yard, sale price ..... 29c
Twenty pieces of bright color plaids, suitable for children's dresses, regular 15c and 20c grades, sale price ..... 12½c
Thirteen pieces all wool Venetians, 38 inches wide, desirable shades of gray, brown and modes, regular 65c values; sale price ..... 50c

**Sale of Linens**

Five pieces bleached linen table damask, 58 inches wide, newest patterns, worth 50c yard, sale price ..... 35c
German table linen, 58 inches wide, half bleached, dice patterns, good wearing quality, regular 65c grade, sale price ..... 50c
Six pieces 56-inch red table damask, colors perfectly fast, heavy, firm quality, worth 35c yard, sale price ..... 25c

**Sale of Underwear**

100 dozen ladies' half-sleeve vests, worth 15c and 20c, sale price ..... 10c
Misses sleeveless vests, all sizes, taped and silk trimmed neck and armholes, 20c kind; sale price ..... 12½c
50 dozen ladies' long and half sleeve vests; also knee and ankle length pants. These are worth from 25c to 50c each, sale price ..... 18c

**Sale of Umbrellas**

200 ladies' 24 and 26-inch gloria umbrellas, with steel rod and frame, Dresden and natural wood handles, sale price ..... 75c

**Domestic Dept.**

Twill cretonnes, large floral patterns, good colorings, yard ..... 7½c
38-inch curtain scrim, ecru color, lace stripes, yard ..... 5c
Cotton coverts for skirts, dark and medium colors, yard ..... 10c
1800 yards of good quality percales, new patterns, fast colors, yard ..... 10c
36-inch unbleached sheeting, fine firm quality, yard ..... 6½c
Check nainsook, for waists and children's dresses, regular 7c grade ..... 5c
Tapestry table covers, assorted colors, full 1½ yards square, each ..... 75c

**Sale of Shirtwaists**

25 dozen waists made from good quality percale, all sizes, worth 50c, sale price ..... 29c
Large lot of dimities and percale waists in all sizes, choice colors and styles, worth 65c and 75c, sale price ..... 49c
White shirtwaists, at 75c, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 and ..... 1.75

**Sale of Men's Wear**

Men's fancy percale shirts, with separate cuffs, choice styles and colorings, worth 85c, sale price ..... 65c
Ten dozen men's all-wool sweaters, in colors, black, navy blue and red, regular price $1.75, sale price ..... 1.35
100 dozen men's part wool half hose, medium weight; also heavy cotton, in tans and black. These are worth 20c pair, sale price ..... 15c

**Ready-Made Garments**

50 ladies' walking skirts, made of good grade of cloth in shades of gray and brown, 15 rows of stitching on flounce, regular $4 values for ..... 2.95
Large lot of black dress skirts, made from all-wool cheviot serge, trimmed with satin ribbon on flounce, well lined; sale price ..... 4.50
Ladies' jackets, in tan, castor and black, finely tailored, mercerized lining, $9.00 kind for ..... 6.90

**Sale of Hosiery**

50c ladies' imported fancy stockings, large assortment of styles and colors; sale price ..... 35c
Children's silk finish stockings, fast black, sizes 5 to 8½, hose that would be cheap at 35c pair, sale price ..... 25c
200 dozen children's fine ribbed fast black seamless hose, worth 15c, sizes 5½ to 8½, sale price ..... 10c

**Sale of Wash Goods**

30 pieces of lawns and bastiste, worth 10c yard, dark and light colorings, sale price ..... 5c
25 pieces of different styles and colors in dimities and lawns, worth 10 and 12½c, sale price ..... 8c
Plain lawns, 32 inches wide, in black, sky blue, pink, green and gray, worth 15c yd., sale price ..... 10c

**Shoes**

Women's vici kid Oxford ties, velvet inserted tops, fancy wove kid tips and facings, heavy hand-turned soles, Utz & Dunn's make, regular $3 grade, special at ..... 2.39
Women's kid Oxford ties, fancy perforated vamps, kid tips, turn soles, all solid, good wearing leather, uppers and soles neat and stylish, our $1.75 grade, special at ..... 1.55
Women's kid Oxford ties, medium light, flexible, all-leather soles, patent tips, good style and neat fitting, our $1.50 grade, special to close at ..... 1.25
Canvas shoes, all leather soles, counters and insoles, nice and comfortable for outing and beach shoes, good style, men's, sizes 6 to 11 ..... 1.50
Boys' sizes, 2½ to 5½, $1.10 and ..... 1.25
Youths' sizes, 12 to 2, at ..... 1.00
Misses' kid and Titan calf lace shoes, good style stock tips, medium soles, a good dry weather shoe, misses' sizes, 11½ to 2, special at ..... 90c
Child's sizes, 8½ to 11, special at ..... 80c
Misses' kangaroo calf and seal grain lace shoes, all leather, splendid outing and beach shoes, good styles, misses' sizes, 11½ to 2, $1.50 grade, special at ..... 1.25
Child's sizes, 8½ to 11, our $1.25 grade, at ..... 1.00
Child's size, 6 to 8, our $1.00 grade, at ..... 80c



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