

DAVID M'LOUGHLIN

OF THE thousands who have read "McLoughlin and Old Oregon," we realize that the David of the story was a man of today, so utterly seemed he of the past. When Mrs. Dye was searching the world for the actors of that historic drama she fell upon David, the son of that McLoughlin who 50 years ago ruled from Alaska to California and from the Rockies to the Pacific.

Parliament and Congress were fighting around Oregon in those days, diplomats discussed it, newspapers predicted bloody war, trappers and traders skirmished along its borders only to find McLoughlin's autocrat and czar. McLoughlin was a name to conjure with in those days, and the son of McLoughlin was David.

In 1832 David McLoughlin was sent to Paris for education. It took a whole year to make the journey. From old Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia, the boy was taken overland to Canada by the only water route left the British fur traders after the surrender of Detroit. Up the Columbia the boat brigade of the Hudson's Bay Company sped in that summer of 1832; over the Rockies by the old Yellowstone Pass they crossed where now the Canadian Pacific finds its outlet to the sea. Then by portages and linked lakes they reached the headwaters of the Hudson's Bay, glided on down to Fort Garry, the Winnipeg lake, and, coasting the Canadian sea of Lake Superior, came to Canada.

In Paris David McLoughlin went to his uncle, Dr. David McLoughlin, a noted physician, who, with his English wife, Lady Paget, gladly welcomed their nephew from the uttermost West. He was, indeed, a picture, this young British-American, whose utmost conception of splendor heretofore had been the baronial halls of some Hudson's Bay frontier fort. David knew Indians and chiefs, and trappers and traders; he knew the gleam and color of the boat brigades gliding to strains of Highland music on the rivers of the North, and as the son of the chief factor in all the Western country, he bore himself like a young prince.

The "American Bear."
In a few months David McLoughlin became the rage of Parisian artists; day after day he sat in their studios; they called him the "American Bear," and strove to outdo each other in transferring the young savage to canvas. With the slightest hint of Indian in his cheek, with raven locks rolling on his velvet collar, with the eyelash of his father and the square-set mouth of his mother, the descendant of ages of Indian kings, David was the study of French painters and horses, he could lass the wildest steed, outside the wildest horseman, outdance the finest Parisian. He loved display, stung money like a Monte Cristo. Lady Paget, his aunt, had a horse named "The American Bear," was the lion of the Strikingly handsome, magnificently dressed, this earliest Oregon boy bowed

his wild oats in the capital of Louis Philippe. David became an ensign in the English military training school at Addiscombe, near London. He heard India, talked India, dreamed India. He was eager for the service. But one day Dr. John McLoughlin appeared at Addiscombe, and the ensign was struck by a flash of sunlight at the military school at Addiscombe. He wanted his boy back. McLoughlin is famous in story for his shock of white hair, the White-headed Eagle the Indians called him. His eye was piercing blue, his porte royal. The Northwest today is filled with legends of his person and his power. Unexpectedly to David he entered the doors at Addiscombe. He saw his son, the lean and sickly lad of five years ago, grown to the stature of a man, and clothed in the regimentals of an English officer. "I am going with my mother," said David. "There is nothing for me on the Columbia." But the doctor had other plans. Quietly interviewing the officials in charge, he canceled his son's commission on the ground that he was underage.

"The first I heard of it," said David, "was the notification that I was no longer an officer of the British Army." Then came the news that he was to go to the Columbia. I will never become a trader in furs. I was born to be a soldier." And before McLoughlin realized, the boy was gone.

Arrested by His Father.
Great events were occurring in London in those days. The Hudson's Bay Company wanted the earth. Sir George Simpson was there, and the London directors. The Russian-American Fur Company had sent representatives from St. Petersburg to settle affairs usually relegated to the cabinets of Kings. Old frictions and rights were readjusted. A ten-league strip of Alaskan sea coast was leased to the Hudson's Bay Company in consideration of other skins a year, the same ten-league strip about the Arctic and we are diplomating today. Dr. McLoughlin and Sir George Simpson sailed for Canada. But where was David? "I was on the Pacific coast," said David, "and they crossed in the steamer," said David, "and he was in Oregon two Summers ago, and that is where they got ahead of me. I landed at Philadelphia. New dreams of a better life were in my mind. I would go to Texas and join General Houston in his battle for the Lone Star of the South. But one day there came into my Philadelphia office an officer in big coat and brass buttons, and he talked with the landlord, and both scanned me. "What the devil's up?" thought I. They called me forward. "Is your name David McLoughlin?" My heart jumped. I was but a boy, half-homesick for my father and my watch, and was even then meditating on how I should get the wherewithal to make the journey to Texas. "I will never become a trader in furs," said David. "I will never become a trader in furs." "You are my prisoner, and I was carried under arrest to my father in Canada."

The fur magnates in Montreal were looking at the West. Before a great map they were discussing Oregon, California, Hawaii, Alaska. The fur trade was dropping into their grasp upon those distant shores. And when the conference ended



A photograph taken in Mrs. Dye's rose garden two years ago. DAVID M'LOUGHLIN.

McLoughlin and David set out with scores of engineers for the Northwest Coast. Everything was the same when they reached the Oregon shore in that Autumn of 1832. Changes might come to the rest of the world, but to Oregon changes never came. The same Indians lounged around old Fort Vancouver, the same traders brought the same furs, the boatmen sang the same old songs, and the round of fur-trading life ground on in its endless routine of Fall and Spring and Spring and Fall brigades. David had stepped back into yesterday.

One day a ship came into the Columbia with a beautiful girl on board. David McLoughlin saw her and lost his heart. The story is told in "McLoughlin and Old Oregon." I need not rehearse it here. The Whitman massacre, the flight of that ship to carry the news to the Sandwich Islands, the fruitless, bootless chase of David for that disappearing girl, all that is an old wives' tale on the Columbia. David the heir-David, who hoped to wed the Queen of the sea, flung himself into dissipation. In vain his friends pleaded and stormed; in vain his mother coaxed and wept. "I must be free; I will be free!" said David. And, throwing off the last restraint, he betook himself to his red hunting in the forest. He wedded the daughter of a chief.

FAMILIAR SONGS AND THEIR AUTHORS.
"The melody of 'Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay' was reproduced from a solemn dead-song. 'Pestal.' In the Vatican library there are 30 volumes of masses constructed upon popular tunes by composers of various nations. The composer of 'Old Dan Tucker' discovered that in 'Old Hundred,' by simply playing the solemn old hymn at a waltzing rate; and by the same process he turned other hymn tunes into minuet songs, such as 'Lucy Lockett,' 'Ober de Mountain' and 'Buffalo Gals.' 'We never do Home 'Til Morning' is an adaptation from the old national song, 'Maltbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre,' and the tune of that other national French song, 'La Carmagnole,' is in melody with the present national song of France is told as follows: Rouget de Lisle was greatly esteemed by his friends for his poetical and musical gifts, and was a particular friend of the family of the Baron de Dietrich, a noble Alsatian, then Mayor of Strasbourg. One night during the Winter of '72 the young ladies of the house were sitting at the table. The hospitable fare of the Baron had been so reduced by the calamities and necessities of war that nothing," says Mme. Fanny Raymond Ritter, "could be provided for dinner that day except garrison bread and a few slices of ham. Dietrich smiled sadly at his friend, and lamenting the poverty of the fare he had to offer, declared he would sacrifice the last remaining bottle of Rhine wine in his cellar if he thought it would add De Lisle's poetic invention and inspire him to compose a patriotic song for the public ceremonies shortly to take place in Strasbourg. The ladies approved and sent for the last bottle of wine which the house could boast. After dinner De Lisle sought his room, and, though it was quite cold, he at once sat down at the piano, and began reciting and playing and singing eventually composed 'La Marseillaise,' and, becoming exhausted, fell asleep with his head on his desk in the morning he was able to recall every note of the song, and immediately wrote it down and carried it to his friend, Baron Dietrich."

GRANT NO GREAT DRINKER
STRONG TESTIMONY ON THE POINT FROM HIS OLD VALET.
Rarely Took More Than a Glass or Two of Whisky and Never in Time of Stress.
Washington Letter to New York Sun.
"It is not true that General Grant drank very little alcoholic liquor because of a weak stomach. Two drinks of a couple of small vodkas each was as much as he would venture upon at a sitting, and even this small quantity would make his tongue thick and hesitating, without at all affecting his brain. Among the Presidents of the United States the appearance of being strongly under the influence of whisky, when that was far from being the case. The vocal organs, were never affected."
Knowing this singular fact, the valet says, the General very seldom went beyond one or two drinks of the favorite American beverage. Perhaps while he was in Washington he took a drink with some curious relatives his table companions would all have taken double the quantity from the same decanter without apparent effect upon either head or tongue. From the valet's point of view, the General's peculiarity which Harrison denominated an "alliment," General Grant bore with many people the reputation of being a hard drinker when to his knowledge, such was not the case.
Harrison admits that the General habitually took wine with his guests or as a guest at table, and on social occasions in Washington and New York. He says, the General very seldom went beyond one or two drinks of the favorite American beverage. Perhaps while he was in Washington he took a drink with some curious relatives his table companions would all have taken double the quantity from the same decanter without apparent effect upon either head or tongue. From the valet's point of view, the General's peculiarity which Harrison denominated an "alliment," General Grant bore with many people the reputation of being a hard drinker when to his knowledge, such was not the case.
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FIRST MAN AT COOS BAY
EPHRAIM CATCHING, PIONEER OF OREGON, 1846.
He Made the Mistake of Abandoning His First Choice for the Coquille River.
VANCOUVER, Wash., May 14.—(To the Editor.)—Having observed not long since in your Coos County correspondence a reference to Mr. Ephraim Catching as a first locator of the ground upon which the town of Myrtle Point is situated, I thought I would send you a few lines to my mind the story of his pioneer experience, as related to me by him, sitting under the "fig tree and vine" of his California home for many months prior to his death. He died in the month of August last.

Mr. Catching, with his two brothers, came to Oregon overland from Missouri in 1846 and settled in the Coos valley. In 1848, on the first intimation of the discovery of gold in California that reached Oregon, he resolved at once to start his fortune there. A vessel arriving from San Francisco had brought the sensational tidings, and while many were skeptical with regard to its correctness, Mr. Catching had faith to warrant him in making the effort to reach the new gold field. Enlisting a score or more of adventurous companions a party was soon equipped and ready for the journey.

Murdered an Indian.
Their course lay through the valleys of Umpqua and Rogue Rivers—a region as yet almost unexplored, and inhabited by tribes of Indians whose disposition toward the encroachment of the white man was an unsettled proposition. The trip was as far as the Rogue River country was made without incident, a happening worthy of mention. There was a tragedy enacted a tragedy which—though a reproach to our boasted civilization, and a blot on our race—entitled to a place in history, as an incident in the history of the Rogue River War. One of the party shot and instantly killed an inoffending Indian. The Indians had been enviously hostile and the victim of that most heinous perfidy had visited the camp of the white men with seeming friendship and good will. Standing with folded arms and unassuming of the him, strange implements levelled at his breast, he was the victim of a species of vandalism which, in its degree, is undefinable by invective provided by the English language.

Mr. Catching was in favor of giving the mercenary over to the Indians to be dealt with accordingly as they should determine; but other counsels prevailing, the wreck was permitted to go unpunished, and with the primary injustice done to the Indians in defense of his own race and his own fardle he joined the ranks of the illustrious pioneer soldiers.

Success in the Mines.
Arriving at the diggings the little company engaged in mining near Placerville, and with the success those early days in California secured. They had in a short time accumulated quite a sum of money. They then decided to send one of their number, with the animals they had brought, to the nearest trading post, for a renewal of supplies. Mr. Catching's brother was detailed for the trip, and in consequence of the high prices of provisions and requested a ride down to Sonora. The request was readily granted, and as a night's camping out on the way down was necessary it was considered fortunate to have their company. A party returning from Sonora on the banks of the body of the Mr. Catching who had gone for the supplies being by the roadside, where he had been murdered by his

companions. The murderer had secured \$500, but had failed to discover another mine containing \$1000. Ephraim Catching, on the receipt of the sad news of his brother's death, went immediately to Sonora, where he enlisted help in the effort to find and arrest the murderer. He never returned, but brought to an accounting for his crime. "After following their trail for several days," as substantially worded by Mr. Catching, "they were never able to traceable, and we never troubled our thoughts any further with reference to their whereabouts." This treatment of the subject was significant in its results.

After about a year spent in the gold mines and the making of quite a "sack," Mr. Catching went to San Francisco, then a bustling town, whence he embarked on a sailing vessel bound for the coast near the present City of Roseburg. **First Pioneer of Coos Bay.**
The giving of dates, as told by Mr. Catching, would be, by the faulty recollection of the writer, unreliable and of consequence will not in many instances be given. Mr. Catching was a pioneer settler on Coos Bay. A knowledge of the existence of a gold mine in the mountains surrounding country westerly from Roseburg, which recently been known in the interior of the territory, and, in fact, but little known of anywhere. The intimation, however, was sufficient to awaken the characteristic spirit of adventure in Mr. Catching. He resolved at once to learn more of this terra incognita, and with another white man and an Indian guide, the march to the sea was made. For a number of days they scoured their way through the patchless forests and rugged mountains. Reaching the bay, a few days later, they explored, when it was decided upon to turn back to the coast.

The following year Mr. Catching singly returned to the coast, resolved upon making it his future home. He arrived there in the month of August, and being the first settler, making his primitive location on an arm of the bay since known as Catching's cove. Soon after his arrival a colony put in an appearance, whose purpose was to establish a town-looking, no doubt, to the future commercial importance of the harbor afforded. Thinking that Mr. Catching had secured the most desirable location for such an enterprise, the white men offered him a purchase of \$2000. He, however, refused to sell, and as subsequently developed, later his language, "It was my own land, and I was a checker." A few days later with a canoe of his own making, he navigated what is now known as Isthmus Slough to his headwaters, and made his way to the mouth of the south. Following this trail he arrived upon a mountain dividing Coos Bay from the Coquille. He took his little boat across and again launching it descended the river, and made his way to the Coquille River. The neck of land on which he dragged his canoe is the isthmus which divides the waters of Coos Bay from those of the Coquille River, and now intervening between Marsellias and Coquille City.

Founded Myrtle Point.
Ascending the Coquille, Mr. Catching found and decided upon locating the present site of Myrtle Point. Returning to the camp of the company he offered to sell them his first location. In his own words, "They had emet a rat." Knowing his ready discernment they were, no doubt, inclined to believe that he had discovered the most desirable place for the founding of a center of trade. Mr. Catching, without any money considerations, abandoned his first selection of a home and transferred his habitation to his later object of attachment. He lived for a number of years and, in the meantime, was married and became the father of three children. Eventually, his wife dying, he became disheartened and sold his place to the party who subsequently divided it into town lots. He then moved to Del Norte County, California, where he again married and brought up a family, and where he spent the remaining years of his life.

A coincidence, which may have been influenced by Mr. Catching's more than ordinary sagacity, is presented in the circumstance of his homestead estate in California now being under bond to a company whose purpose it is to make of it a future town or city. It embraces a beautiful little valley on the banks of Smith River, and on the line of the proposed Oregon & Pacific Railroad.

Where could Mr. Catching have selected

a better and more fruitful place to cast his early destinies than where he did? With her vast lumbering, dairying, mining and fishing resources, no county on the Pacific Coast has more fertile soil than Coos County. Well may the people of that section cherish the memory of Ephraim Catching, who lived a life without one blemish.

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REWARDS FOR SOLDIERS
Explanation of Many Recent Promotions and Retirements.
Chicago Record-Herald.
Charles E. Baker, of Cedar Rapids, calls attention to the large number of Colonels in the Regular Army who have recently been advanced in rank and pay just before being retired from active duty. He remarks that years ago a promotion meant a reward for long services in active duty, or a special act of bravery in battle, and it seems to me," he says, "that a long line of men are now being promoted up to the office of Brigadier-General, only to be retired in a few days, so that they can enjoy for life higher pay in addition to higher rank. If they have deserved promotion for gallant deeds during the recent war it seems strange that they have not received their just dues." Mr. Baker also inquires the comparative number of men who have been promoted from grade to grade until

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JOHN BULL, "UNCLE."
Many Loans by Great Britain Will Never Be Repaid.
Pearson's Weekly.
There is not a country in the world which has not had to borrow money from Great Britain, and there are few governments which have had to fall into the hands of John Bull when they've been in Queen street.

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slays by his side. But where was David? When Mrs. Dye was writing "McLoughlin and Old Oregon," she heard these tales of David: "David could sing, David could dance, David had a good heart, said the old wives of the pioneers. But what became of him? All shook their heads."

Dr. McKay, on the Umatilla, said: "I heard of him years ago. David lives in the Indian country." Such was the romance, the mystery and the singularity of the tale, that Mrs. Dye set out to find David. Not in vain she searched through British Columbia, Canada, Alaska. Not in vain had she summoned chiefs around her, and missionaries and voyagers of the old Hudson's Bay Company, and letters were sent to David, she sent copies in care of reservation agents in the North country, to Idaho, Montana, Washington. At last there came an answer. David was found in the very northernmost border of Idaho, in the Kootenai country, where he made his home on Kootenai Lake, and sometimes over on the Bow in British America. He had been in the Canadian custom service, a Hudson's Bay trader, and an American rancher.

"Yes, David was living, an old man now, but David McLoughlin still. And I must be free, I will be free," said David. And, throwing off the last restraint, he betook himself to his red hunting in the forest. He wedded the daughter of a chief.

When he got ready to leave the Kootenai country, he tried to get the custom-house officers up there, said: "David, now you are going back to civilization; you must out your hair." And so the long locks that all his life had flowed free as the wind in the forest, were lopped off. It gave him a cold that troubled him all through that Oregon visit.

"Lord!" exclaimed David. "The world has changed! From Kootenai to Portland and back to Kootenai, I have been lost in the woods of Portland. Now he got lost among the houses. A hundred thousand people dwell where he used to build his camp under the green woods. "I look at the houses! Here are boys I chased the deer! Who would have thought it! Look at these wharves, this bridge, these paved streets! They were not better in Paris than here." David sought the home of Mrs. Dye at Oregon City, and stood in silent interest watching her at the typewriter. "What would an old man have said at that?" was his final remark. "Do you mean your father?" "Yes, Dr. John McLoughlin. He would have had one I fancy were going in his hand. He was a great promoter of progress."

Mrs. Dye turned on the electric light. With a start he glanced. "Wonderful wonderful! What improvements they are devising! How surprised the old man

would be!" So David's thoughts turned to the famous father who had so much to do with early Oregon history. "Keep praying, David, do not forget your God. That is what the good heart said when I wandered off. He knew I must be free!"

Misunderstood the "Old Man."
"You stood up for the old man," he said to Mrs. Dye, "and I like you for it. He was a good man, and deserved well of the country of old He, who believed he had prevented a war by his conciliatory measures toward the American immigrants. They came in hot for war, but my father met them kindly. He gave the food, relieved their distresses, and gave them letters. But England could not understand. Do you know what they say up there when I cross the border sometimes? They say: 'A salary of \$1000 a year was given to Oregon to the Americans! They do not understand it yet!'"

"The Indians used to call me Pinchin, the little-Brown-Eagle's son. Kamiklan used to come to the fort with me bows and arrows, and Pie-plo-mox-mox and Kesano. They all loved me, and I loved them. I saw some Indians as good as dead when they were shot. I knew Pinchin and they said: 'No.' Then I knew I was forgotten!"

Revisiting Fort Vancouver.
George H. Himes, F. X. Matthieu, Mrs. Myrick and Mrs. Dye went with David to the ruins of Fort Vancouver. He had long and earnestly at the Columbia were in days gone by he paddled wild as the Indians themselves in his bark canoe. "There were villages once," he said, "all the way down the river to the sea. All these plains were covered with teepees, and warriors came dashing down these hills. Where are they now? A typical salaried man was in charge of the land lot at Fort Vancouver, and they died by hundreds. A quietness came over the land. No more Indian shouts and halloos and games of ball. No more Indians paddling in the bay. There was a stretch from all the waters, and buzzards hovered in the sky. Their bones were corded up like wood and made into a cloak of scales bordered with gold, said David, "and hats of gold, and gold spurs that rung like a mill. Vallejo was the Prince of Northern California." Forgetting the years between he asked about old practices, the seat of a populous city. He was there when the old Hudson's Bay house at Yerba Buena was sold for a song, and helped close up the establishment. With the vessel, England lost her last grip on California. The next year the Bear Flag was raised at Sonoma, and California came under the stars and stripes just in time for the discovery of gold. David said he played quarts with \$2000 a time.

Running on in remembrance strain this charming Rip Van Winkle whispered, "After the Cayuse massacre at Oregon City I was sorry for Tautau, the old chief. Not all the Cayuses were to blame for the Whitman massacre. I had a calumet that cost \$75, a regular peace-pipe, and I made it myself. It was in length and bowl of silver. It was a pipe preclude in Indian eyes and so I gave it to soothe the sore heart of Tautau. He was the good chief, and his intention was to make a peace-pipe. At the earnest solicitation of friends David remained to view the marvels of a modern Fourth of July and then turned again to his home in the Kootenai Valley. For civilization had invaded there. The Northern Pacific Railway runs through this settlement and this modern Rip Van Winkle could sleep no more.

He in dead. One night he dreamed that Bishop Blanchet said: "David, your sins are so many you can never enter heaven." He awoke and shook as with an ague. "I had a vision," said to Father Hillbrand at Oregon City. "I could not sight my gun my hands shook so. The Indians asked me if I was cold. No, no, I was not cold, but I resolved to ask the good God to make me better than I had been." And that David did become amiable and forgiving and tender in his old age no one can question who met him at Portland two years ago.

TREAT FOR MUSIC-LOVERS
FAMOUS SPIERING QUARTET COMING TO PORTLAND.
Miss Steers Secures Great Musicians to Fill Engagement of Kneisel Quartet.
Portland music-lovers will be delighted to hear that the Spiering String Quartet, of Chicago, which aims to present the highest type of quartet-playing to American audiences, will give a concert here. The quartet of Berlin interprets the master music of the world to Europeans, has been obtained for a concert in Portland, June 4. This highly important musical event will be made a noteworthy one by the Kneisel Quartet has been booked for a concert here, but owing to the illness of Mr. Schroeder, the cellist, this engagement had to be canceled. By a fortunate coincidence, however, the Spiering Quartet was obtained in its stead.

The class of music given by the Spiering Quartet is on the same plane as that offered by the Kneisels and the Joachim Quartet. Musical interpretations of the kind presented by these organizations demand enlightened expressions of the audience's intention, even more than mere smoothness of music. It is this attainment that has placed the Spiering Quartet among the three or four famous quartets of the world. It is this attainment that has placed the Spiering Quartet among the three or four famous quartets of the world. It is this attainment that has placed the Spiering Quartet among the three or four famous quartets of the world.

Fought on Coffee.
The people of a Sunday school class at Canton, O., took exception to some parts of the temperance lesson by their teacher because, as they said, Dewey and his men had taken liquor while in the famous battle of Manila Bay. The class was led by Admiral Dewey about this, as a large part of her lesson hinged on the use of liquor by the world's leaders, and most of its effect would be lost if the boys carried their point. She received the following reply direct from the Admiral: "Dear Madam: I am very glad to have the opportunity of correcting the impression which you say prevails among your Sunday school scholars that the men on my fleet were given liquor every 30 minutes during the battle of Manila Bay. As a matter of fact every participant from myself down, fought the battle of Manila Bay on coffee alone. The United States laws forbid the taking of liquor aboard ship except for medicinal uses, and we had no liquor that we could have given the men even had it been desired to do so. Very truly yours, "GEORGE DEWEY."

BUSINESS ITEMS.
If Baby Is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for children teething. It will soothe and bring the bowels always all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhea.

From Maine to California. Opta 50 cigars are smoked by the millions.