DAVID, SON OF DOCTOR JOHN M'LOUGHLIN

his wild oats in the capital of Louis Philippe. F THE thousands who have read

"McLoughlin and Old Oregon, few realize that the David of the story Next, David became an ensign in the 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 cussed it, newspapers predicted bloody war, trappers and traders skirmished along its borders only to find McLoughlin autocrat and czar. McLoughlin was a name to conjure with in those days, and the son of McLoughlin was David.

In 1822 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 great Saskatchewan, gilded on down in those days. The Hudson's Bay Comto Fort Garry, the Winnipeg today, and, pany wanted the earth. Sir George Simpconsting the Canadian sea of Lake Su-

perior, came to Canada. In Paris David McLoughlin went to his uncie, Dr. David McLoughlin, a noted to settle affairs usually relegated to the physician, who, with his English wife, Lady Paget, gladly welcomed their nephew from the uttermost West. He was, indeed, a picture, this young Brit-ish-American, whose utmost conception of spiendor heretofore had been the baronial halis of some Hudson's Bay fron-David knew Indians and tler fort. 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 the chief factor in all the Western antry, he bore himself like a young prince.

The "American Bear."

In a few months David McLoughlin ecame 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 alightest tint of Indian in his check, with raven locks rolling on his velvet collar, with the eyeflash of his father and the square-set mouth of his mother descendant of ages of Indian kings, David was the study. David knew boats and was the study. David knew boats and horses, he could lasso the wildest steed, outride the wildest horseman, outdance the lithest Parisian. He loved display, flung money like a Monte Cristo. Lady hung money like a monte cristo, Lady Paget, his aunt, made him her especial favorite. Her carriage was his, her fastilitous inste prescribed for David the most fetching Byronic regalla; in fact, in those days David McLoughlin, the American Bear, was the lion of Paris. Stirkingly andsome magnifecture Strikingly nandsoms, magnificently dressed, this earliest Oregon boy sowed

FIRST MAN AT COOS BAY

EPHRAIM CATCHING, PIONEER OF

OREGON, 1846.

He Made the Mistake of Abandoning

His First Choice for the Co-

quille River.

VANCOUVER, Wash., May 14 .- (To the

Editor.)—Having observed not long since In your Coos County correspondence a ref-

beater of the ground upon which the own of Myrtie Point is situated, it calls

be to Mr. Ephraim Catching as first

Next, David became an ensign in the English military training school at Addis-combe, near London. He heard India, talked India, dreamed India. He was eager for the service. But one day Dr. John McLoughlin appeared like a flash of sunlight at the military school at Addis-combe. He wanted his boy back. Mc-Loughlin is famous in story for his shock of white hair, the White-Headed Eagle the Indians called him. His eye was pletcing blue, his porte royal. The North-west 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 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 men to India," said David. "There is nothing for me on the Columbia." But the

doctor had other plans. Quietly interview-ing the officials in charge, he canceled his son's commission on the ground that he was under age. "The first I heard of it." said David

"was the notification that I was no longer an officer of the British Army." Then came wrath. "I will never 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 cone. was gone.

Arrested by His Father.

Great events were occurring in London son was there, and the London directors. The Russian-American Fur Company had

sent representatives from St. Petersburg 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 considera-tion of 10,000 otter skins a year, the same ten-league strip about whose boundaries we are diplomating today. Dr. McLough-in and Sir George Simpson sniled for Canada. But where was David?

"I was on a sailing vessel, and they rossed in a steamer," said David, when e was in Oregon two Summers ago, and that is where they got shead of me I landed at Philadelphia, New dreams of soldier life were in my mind. I would go to Texas and join General Houston in his attle for the Lone Star of the South But one day there came into my Phila-delphia hotel an officer in big coat and brass buttons. He was talking with the

purse on the body containing \$1000.

Everything was the same when they andlord, and both scanned me. "What the devil's up? thought I. They called me forward. 'Is your name David McLoughlin?' My heart jumped. I reached the Oregon shore in that Autumn of 1839. 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 was but a boy, half homesick, for I had pawned my watch, and was even then meditating on how I should get the wherewithal to make the journey to Texas. Might this be a friend? Or a rethe same old songs, and the round of fur-trading life ground on in its endless rou-tine of Fall and Spring and Spring and cruiting officer? Fither would have been welcome. But my hopes falled. No soon-er had I answered Yes' than his grip was on me. 'You are my prisoner,' and I

into yesterday. was carried under arrest to my father in The fur magnates in Montreal were looking at the West. Before a great map they were discussing Oregon. California, Hawaii, Alaska; the world lay ready to drop into their grasp upon those distant shores. And when the conference ended

McLoughlin and David set out with scores of engagees for the Northwest Coast. Fall brigades. David had stepped back

DAVID MLOUGHLIN.

A photograph taken in Mrs. Dye's rose garoen two years ago

all unseen, unguessed, a great change had come. American missis intles has crossed the Rockies and planted their bunners on the Columbia. One day Whitman led in a thousand people; one day gold was discovered in California; one day a cabin was built where Portland stands, and the builder of that cabin was a tar of the frigate Constitution

One day a ship came into the Columbia with a beautiful girl on board. David Mc Loughlin saw her and lost his heart. The story is told in "McLoughlin and Old Ore The " 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 David for that disappearing sall, 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 father 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 friends in the forest. He wedded the daughter of a chief. That was years ago. Men said that he was dead, and by most he was forgotten

eeps by his side. But where was David? When Mrs. Dye was writing "McLough-a and Old Oregon," she beard these David? Misunderstood the "Old Mon."

When Mrs. Dye was writing "McLough-lin and Old Oregon," she heard these tales of David: "David could sing, David could dance, David had a good heart." asid the old wives of the pioneers. But what became of him? All shook their heads. Dr. McKay, on the Umatilia, said: "The last I heard was 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 had she traced old herces through British Colum-bia, Canada, Alaska. Not in vain had she summoned chiefs around her, and missionaries and voyagers of the old said to Mrs. Dye, "and I like you for it. He was a good mon, and deserved well of his country. He died believing he had prevented a war by his conditatory meas-ures toward the American immigrants. They came in hot for war, but my father met them kindly. He gave the food, re-leved their distresses, made them friends. But England could not understand. Do missionaries and voyagers of the old Hudson's Bay days. Preparing a letter to David, she sent copies in care of res-ervation agents in the North country, to you know what they say up there when I cross the border sometimes? They sky: "There is the son of the man who sold Oregon to the Americans!" They do not ervation agents in the North country, to Idaho, Montana, Washington. At last there came an answer. David was found in the very northernmost border of Ida-ho, in the Kootenal country, where he made his home on Kootenal Lake, and sometimes over on the Bow in British America. He had been in the Canadian customs service, a Hudson's Bay trader, and an American rancher. "Yee David was living, an old man Oregon to the Americans? They do not understand it yet? "The Indians used to call me Pincin, the White-Headed Engle's son. Kamis-kin used to come to the fort and make me bows and arrows, and Pie-pio-mox-mox and Kesano. They all loved me, and I loved them. I saw some Indians as I came down, and asked them if they knew Pincin and they said: "No." Then I knew I was forgotten?"

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,' had ruled his life. David had cattle and lands and children at school with the nuns. He loved his horse and gun as ever. He could ride miles in a day and bring down game as of old. Yes, he knew all about the old times; could tell of Douglas and McLoughlin. Vancouver in its prime was the old times; could ten of the prime was McLoughlin. Vancouver in its prime was

George H. Himes, F. X. Matthleu, Mrs. Myrick and Mrs. Dye went with David to the site of old Fort Vancouver. He gazed long and earnestly at the Columbia, where in days gone by he paddled wild as the Indians themselves in his bark cance. McLoughlin. Vancouver in its prime was visid to him yet." Mrs. Dye handed these interesting let-ters to the Oregon Historical Society and put David in her book. Two years ago the Oregon pioneers sent for David to come to their meeting. It was 55 years sented with England on the 66th parallel, and on every antiversary of June 15 the "There were villages once," he said, "all the way from the Cascades to the sea. All these plains were covered with teepees, and warriors came dashing down there hills. Where are they now? A typhoid malaria came with the first plow-ing 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 came up to Fort Vancouver with fura. There was a stench from all the waters, and buzards hovered in the sky. Their bones were corded up like wood and hurned to reast function treas The streams and on every anniversary of June 15 the ploneers meet to tell the tales of long ago, when England's grip held Oregon. And two years ago, for the first time, David met with them.

When he got ready to leave the Koo-tenal country, his friends, the custom-house officers up there, said: "David, now house officers up there, said: "David, now you are going back to civilization; you must cut your hair." And so the long locks that all his life had flowed free as in the old Parisian days were lopped off. It gave him a cold that troubled him all were filled with corpses that floated or to sea, for always in the fever they leape

"Lord!" exclaimed David. "The world has changed! From Kootenal to Port-land is full of towns!" David used to get lost in the woods of Portland. Now he ishing town of Vancouver, Wash. "Where is the fort?" Who could tell if David could not? Its very site had become a 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 fire in the Oregon woods. . rdl look at the houses! Here as a boy I chased the deer! Who would have thought it! Look at these wharves, this a holver, these paved sirects! They were not better in Paris when I was a boy!" Dovid eaught the home of Mer. Due at

off on the cavalry ground of the militar reserve, and finally said: "I have it! Do you see those four tre David sought the home of Mrs. Dye at Oregon City, and stood in slient interes watching here at the typewriter. "Wha would the old mon have said at that!" was his final remark.

"Do you mean your father?" "Yes, Dr. John McLoughlin. He would have had one i fthey were going in his

day. He was a great promoter of prog-Mrs. Dye turned on the electric light. With a start he glanced. "Wonderful! wonderful! What improvements they are

devising! How surprised the old mon

most of them are now at the top of the list of Colonels in the various corps, and list.

there

ably largely, if not wholly, mistaken. He upon t

INTERESTING REMINISCENCES OF HIS VISIT TO PORTLAND TWO YEARS AGO

"You stood up for the old mon," he

said to Mrs. Dye, "and I like you for it.

I knew I was forgotten!"

Revisiting Fort Vancouver.

typhoid malaria came with the first plow

burned in great funeral pyres. The stream

15

of 40, 50, 60 years ago came back. He talked of things we had never heard be-"Here is where my father chose fore. his land. Yonder was to be the home of Douglas. They thought in their old age, when no longer officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, here they would make their final settlement in view of the blue river and the white peak. They were great friends and had planned never

to be divided." But American occupation changed all. Douglas went to the North, became the first Governor of British Columbia and was knighted by Queen Victoria, Sir James Douglas. Dr. John McLoughlin became the rescuer of starving American mmigrants and casting his lot with them became the father of Oregon and the

founder of Oregon City. David knew tales of the mission priests in the Kootenal country, tales of Indian battles in the Shasta and Rogue River He remembered Oregon before lands. any while people came except his father and officers of the fort. He remembered California in the old Spanish days and gave many a glimpse of Vallejo with his California in the old Spanish days and gave many a glimpse of Vallejo with his 1500 saddle, finished in gold and stiver, "Vallejo wore a cloak of scarlet bordered with gold spurs that rung half a mile, Vallejo was the Prince of Northern Cali-fornia." Forgotting the years between he asked about old prairies, now the seat of populous citles. He was there when the old Hudson's Hay house at Yerba Buena was sold for a song, and helped close up the establishment. With that event Eng-land 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 quoits with 500-slugs then. Running on he reminiscent strain this charming Rip Van Winkle whispered, "After the Cayuess were thing at Oregon Cily I was sorry for Taultau, the old chief. Not all the Cayues were to hisme for the Whitman massacre. I his da

chief. Not all the Cayunes or . I had a for the Whitman massacre. I had a calumet that cost \$75, a regular peaceinto the cold Columbia and never lived to reach the shore. They died in the water. That was from 1525 to 1852. Oregon was depopulated. "God! there were no houses here when I left!" David was looking at the flourpipe with extensions a yard or more in lungth and bowl of silver. It was a pipe precious in Indian eyes and so I gave it to soothe the sore heart of Taultau He

was a good chief. was a good chief." 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. But civilization had invaded there. The Northern Pacific Rallway runs right through this settlement and this modern Die Von Winkie moder and this modern Rip Van Winkle could sleep no more.

could not? Its very site had become a matter of questioning and conjecture. Since the appearance of Mrs. Dye's book curious visitors have investigated the place, but none remained to point the spot. David walked back and forth, studied certain gnarled old trees, wandered far off on the cavalry ground of the military He is dead. One night he dreamed that Bishop Blanchet said: "David, your sins all in a row, those tall firs to the north! are so many you can never enter heaven." Do you see that Island in that river? Well, the line across from one to the other marks the eastern border of the old stockade of Fort Vancouver. Back He awoke and shook as with an ague. "All that day I shook," he said to Father Hillebrand 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 were the gardens, yonder Mount Hood is the same. Before us flows the Columbia where the Indians used to swim their horses over to the fort. Down there the Hudson's Bay ships used to een." And that David did becom table and forgiving and tender in his old come for furs. Winding down past those age no one can question knotted old trees ran the path from the Portland two years ago. stion who met him at

FAMOUS SPIERING QUARTET COM-ING TO PORTLAND.

Miss Steers Secures Great Musicians to Fill Engagement of Knelsel Quartet.

Portland music-lovers will be delighted o hear that the Spiering String Quartet, of Chicago, which aims to present the highest type of quartet-playing to Amer-jeans, very much as the famous Joachim 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 ier the di The Kneisel Quartet has been booked for a concert here, but owing to the liness of Mr. Schroeder, the cellist, this en-gagement had to be canceled. By a fortunate conjunction of circumstances, how-ever, the Spiering Quartet was obtained

purse on the body containing \$1000. Ephraim Catching, on the receipt of the and news of his brother's death, went im-mediately to Sonora, where he enlisted help in the effort to find and arrest the murderers. They were never publicly brought to an accounting for their crime. "After following their trail for several days," as substantially worded by Mr. Catching, "their tracks were no longer traceable, and we never troubled our thoughts and therefore with others. thoughts any further with reference to their whereabout." This treatment of the subject was significant in its brevity. After about a year spent in the gold mines and the making of quite a "sack," Mr. Catching went to San Francisco, then a small town, whence he embarked on a

a email town, whence he embarked on a sailing vessel for Oregon, and settled near the present City of Roseburg. First Ploneer of Coos Bay. The giving of dates, as told by Mr. Catching, would be, by the faulty recollec-tion of the writer, unreliable and of con-

companions. The murderers had secured \$990, but had falled to discover another a better and more fruitful place to cast his early destinics than where he did? With her vast lumbering, dairying, mining and fishing resources, no cr ing and maining resources, no county on the Pacific Const has a brighter future than Coos County. Well may the people of that oscilon cherich the momaty of "Eph" Catching, who lived a life without one blemish. EPH L MUSICK.

FAMILIAR SONGS AND THEIR AU-THORS. "The melody of "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay

was reproduced from a solemn death-sons 'Pestal." In the Vatican library there are 89 volumes of masses constructed upon popular tunes by composers of various na tions. The composer of "Old Dan Tuck-

simply playing the solemn old bymin at a rattling rate; and by the same process he

er" diacovered that in "Old Hundred," by turned other hymn tunes into minstrel songs, such as "Lucy Long," "Ober de Mountain" and "Bunalo Gals." "."We

The old doctor has lain in his grave for many a year. The heartbroken mother **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 was whisky guzzler. Like many another man, he liked an occasional nip very well. after all, he was no more than a moderate drinker. I know what I am taiking about, for most of the spirits and wine he consumed in the last five years of his life passed through my hands. My was that about eight out observation

to explain that from habit General Grant drank very little alcoholic liquor because of a weak stomach. Two drinks of a or a weak stomach. I wo ornes or a couple of small swallows each was as much as he ever ventured upon at a sit-ting, and even this small quantity would make his tongue thick and hesitating, without at all affecting his brain. Among without at all affecting his brain. Among partial strangers this sometimes gave him the apprarance of being strongly under the influence of whisky, when that was far from being the case. The vocal or-gans only were affected. Knowing this singular fact, the valet says, the General very seldom went be-yond one or two drinks of the favorite American beverage. Perhaps while he was

American beverage. Perhaps while he was thus imbibling two small drinks with such curious results his table companions would all have taken double the quantity from the same decanter without apparent effect upon either head or tongue. From this fact Harrison thinks that Rawlins and others, who supposed they sometimes saw General Grant incbriated, were prob-

it is the policy of the Government to con-fer upon these grimled veterane the only honor and reward that can be given them without a special act of Congress. Therefore, when there is a vacancy in the grade of Brigadler-General, it is the habit of the President to promote as many Colonels as are eligible, one after the other, and then place them on the retired

Just now all the officers who went into the Union Army in 1862 are eligible for re-tirement under what is known as the # year law, which accounts for the large number of such promotions that have been made during the past Winter. Almost without exception those veterans are without any property or income beyond their pay, and it is considered not only the duty, but the privilege, of the Presi-dent to exercise the authority granted to him he the laws to address the second him by the laws to add as much as pos-sible to their comfort for the rest of their lives. Brevets could not be conferred

to my mind the story of his pioneer ex-periences, as related to me by him, sitting under the "fig tree and vine" of his Call-fornia home not many months prior to his denth. 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 Willamette Valley. In 1848, on the first intimation of the discovery of gold in California that reached Oregon, he resolved at once to cast his fortune there. A vessel arriving from San Francisco had brought the sen sational 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 adventuresome companions a party was adventuresome 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 in a manner unexpired, and inhabited by tribes of Indians whose disposition to-ward the encroachment of the white man was an unsettled proposition. The trip as far as the Rogue River country was made without incident or happening worthy of mention. There was, however, enacted a tragedy which-though a reproach to our boasted civilization, and even to our race-is entitled to a place in history, as the inceptive prompting of the Rogue River War: One of the party shot and instantly killed an inoffending old Indian. The Indians had been en-tirely harmless and the victim of that most hellish perfidy had visited the camp the white men with seeming friendship and good will. Standing with folded arms and unmindful of the, to him, strange im-plement leveled at his breast, he fell the im 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

creant over to the Indians to be dealt with accordingly as they should deter-mine; but other counsels prevailing, the wretch was permitted to go unpunished, and with the immunity so afforded, to vaunt, in after years, his dastardly act as a mark of heroism. Thenceforth the enumity of the Indiana toward the white settler, or wayfarer, was of marked inteneity, till at length it culminated in the memorable Rogue River War, in which Mr. Catching participated and for which service his surviving widow is now en-titled to a pension. Though recognizing titled to a pension. Though recognizing the primary injustice done to the Indiana, in defense of his own race and his own firstide he juined the ranks of the illus-trious reference interaction.

Specess in the Mines.

Arriving at the diggings the little company engaged in mining near Placerville, and with the success those early days in California assured, they had in a short time accumulated quite a sum of money. They then decided to send one of their manual with the subscription of their with the animals they had brought to Senora, their 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 other necessaries then commanding, he was of course required to take with him a considerable amount of their treasured dust. On the eve of his arting two etrangers called at the Catchstarting two etrangers called at the Catch-ing cabin and requested a ride down to Sonora. The request was readily granted and as a hight's camping out on the way down was necessary it was considered for-tunate to have their company. A party returning from Sonora the next day found the body of the Mr. Catching who had gone for the supplies lying by the road-side, where he had been murdered by his

will not in many instances be attempted. However, it was subsequent to his settlement at Roseburg that Mr. Catching became the ploneer settler on Coos Bay. A knowledge of the existence of a bay and an inhabitable surrounding country westerly from Roseburg had but recently been known of in the interior of the territory, and, in fact, but little known of anywhere. The intimation, however, was sufficient to awaken the characteristhe spirit of adventure in Mr. Catching. He resolved at once to learn more of that terra incognits, and with another

tion of the

welcom

Canada

that terrs incognits, and with another white man and an Indian guide, the march to the sea was inaugurated. For a num-ber of days they scored their way through the patchless forests and rugged mountains. Reaching the bay, a few days were spent in exploration, when it was de-clided upon to return home. The following year Mr. Catching singly returned to the coast resolved unon make

returned to the coast, resolved upon mak-ing it his future home. He arrived there just in time to secure the distinction of being the first settler, making his primibeing the first settler, making his primi-tive location on an arm of the bay since known as Catching slough. Soon after his second arrival a colony put in an appear-ance, whose purpose was to costabilish a town--looking, no doubt, to the future commercial importance of the harbor af-forded. Thinking that Mr. Catching had already accured the most suitable location for such an enterprise, they made him an offer of purchase-42000. He, however, refused to sell, and as subsequently de-veloped, quoting his language. "It was a faise move on the checkerboard." A few days hater with a cance of his own making, he navigated what is now known

few days later with a cance of his own making, he navigated what is now known as isthmus Slough to its headwaters, where he found an Indian trail leading to the south. Following this trail he came upon a mountain dividing Coose Bay from the Coquilie. He took his little boat across and again kunching it. descended it and made discovery of the Coquille River. The neck of land over which he dragged his cance is the listhmus which divides the waters of Coe Bay from those of Coquille River and now intervening be-tween Marshfield and Coquille City. Founded Myrtle Point. Founded Myrtle Point.

Founded Myrtle Point. Ascending the Coquilie, Mr. Catching found and decided upon locating the pres-ent site of Myrtle Point. Returning to the camp of the company he offered to sell them his first location, but in his words, "They had smelt a rat." Knowing his ready discernment they were, no doubt, inclined to believe that he had dis-covered a vet more fevereble class for

his ready discernment they were, no doubt, inclined to believe that he had dis-covered a yet more favorable place for the founding of a center of trade. Mr. Catching, without any monoy considera-tions, abandoned his first eslection of a home and transferred his habitation to his later object of attachment. There 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 discontented and only his place to the party who subse-quently 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 spont the remain-ing years of his Hit. A coincidence, which may have been in-dinary espacity, is presented in the cir-ifornia now being under bond to a com-any whose purpose it is to make of it a huve, and on the line of the proposed Oregon & Pacific Railroad. Where could Mr. Catching have selected

royalist, when fleeing for his life in the Jura Mountains, heard it as a menace of death, and, recognizing the well-known air, asked his guide what it was called.

daptation from the old national song of France, "Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre, and the tune of that other national French song, "La Carmagnole," was in medle-val times a Provencal dance tune.

The origin of the present national song of France is told as follows: Bouget de Lisle was greatly esteeme d among his friends for his poetical and musical gifts, and was a particular friend of the family of the Baron de Dietrich, a noble Alattan, then Mayor of Straeburg. "One hight during the Winter of first the young officer was seated at a table of this family. The hospitable fare of the Baron had Ity. The hospitable fare of the Baron had been so reduced by the calamities and ne-cessities of war that nothing." says Mme. Fanny Raymond Riter, "could be provid-ed 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 re-mentation bartle of Physics when the short set. naining bottle of Rhine wine in his cellar if he thought it would ald De Lisle's poetic invention and inspire him to compose a patriotic song for the public ceremonies hortly to take place in Strasburg. The ladies approved and sent for the last bot-tle 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 plano, and between recit-ing and playing and singing eventually composed "ia Marseillajse," and, becom-ing exhausted, fell asleep with his head on his desk. In the morning he was able

to recall every note of the song, and im-mediately wrote it down and carried it to his friend. Baron Dietrich: The sons of freedom, wake to glory! Hark' hark' what myriads bid you rise! Your children, wives and grandsires hoar Behold their tears and hear their cries! Shall hackful tyrants, mischleis breeding. With hireling hosts, a ruffan hand, Afright and desolate the land, While neares and liberty lie bloeding? Aftern and decouse the show While pence and liberty lie bleeding? To arms! to arms! ye brave! The avenging sword unsheaths; March on! march on! all hearts resolved On victory or death.

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling Now, how me cangerous storm is round, Which treacherous Kings confederate rules; The dogs of war, let loose, are howling. And loi our fields and citles blaze; And shall we basely view the ruin, While lawless force, with guilty stride, Spreads desolation far and wide. With crimes and blood his hands imbruing

O liberty! can man resign thee, Once having feit thy generous flame? Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee? Or whips thy noble spirit tame? Too long the work has wept, bewailing That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield, But freedom is our sword and shield, and shi these stars are unsuited. And all their arts are unavailing. Every one was enchanted with the song Every one was enchanted with the song, which aroused the greatest enthusiasm. A few days inter it was publicly given in Strasburg, and thence it was conveyed by the multiude to the insurgents of Mar-sellies, and of its after-popularity all know. De Liste's mother was a most de-voted royalist, and asked: "What do peo-ple mean by associating our name with the revolutionary hymn which those brigands sing?" De Liste himself, proscribed as a rowalist, when flexing for his life in the

It had then been christened the selllaise Hymn." "Mar The yearly output of Opia cigars, laid and to end, would reach twice across the

observation was that about eight out of ten of the public men of General Grant's day drank more spirits, wine and mait liquors than he did, particularly the people in society." This is the emphatic assertion of Har-rison Terrell, General Grant's old builter and wale, the story of whose life was

people in society." This is the emphatic assertion of Har-rison Terrell, General Grant's old butler and valet, the story of whose life was told in the Sun jast week. It is very atrong testimony. Harrison himself knows what good liquor is and what constitutes a hard drinker. For 25 years, as an up-per servant in several good houses in Washington and New York, and while fourneying from place to place with his employers he was in a position to closely observe the social habits of many of the nost prominent Americans who were contemporaries of General Grant, and was very capable of accurately gauging the extent of whatever of dissipation he noted. The palate of society he knew thorline participation, too, is a very discrim-insting person; because a gentleman got funny over his wine at a great dinner function he did not therefore straightway reaction he and not therefore straightway conclude that he was an habitual got, past redemption. He holds that many an al-leged winebibber is very likely to be an abstemious drinker-possibly seldom or never taking a glass except upon some public occasion. Almost annually, to point a moral, there

go to the rounds of the public press vague allusions to the story of General Grant's alleged early intemperance and disastrous downfall, and to his subsequent happy reform and rise to the supreme command, and eventually to the Presidency itself. One of the perennial features is the Lin-coin anecdote relative to the particular brand of whisky Grant was drinking down about Vicksburg; the weary President expressed a wish to send a consign-ment of it to some of his more unsuccessful commanders.

Unvarnished stories of the every-day manners and characteristics of the world's manners and characteristics of the world's great men are never uninteresting. None such more quickly fix public attention than those concerning General Grant's personality. The recent reproduction of some of these anecdotes furnished the oc-casion for Mr. Terrell's vigorous com-ments on General Grant's assumed love of ligner. of Houor.

His attention was thereupon called to General Rawlins' undisputed and remark-able letter to Grant In the Vicksburg

able letter to Grant In the Vickaburg trenches, expressing deep regret upon ob-serving that his General had resumed the "old habit" which he had so faithfully promised to quit, affectionately but cour-ageously warning him that personal, if not National ruin must inevitably ensue if it were not at once abandoned. It will be remembered that Rawlins closed by volunteering his own resignation from Grant's staff in this extraordinary pro-test were not received in good part.

test were not received in good part. This documentary evidence did not shake the old valet's position. He dogmatically shook his head, and in answer said:

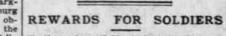
k.

itually took wine with his guests or as a guest at table, and on social occasions often drank whisky. At home after din-ner, in the evening, he oftentimes took a dram or two of strong liquor, generally a good brand of whisky, before retiring, Just as often, however, he drank ale. In short, according to Harrison Terrell, General Grant's alleged drinking habit way just about on a parity with that of most well-to-do gentlemen who move in good society in our day, only most of them can imble much greater quantities of various liquors and show it less than General Grant. The valet records another peculiar fa

which is interesting. In moments of excitement or in any crisis the General never drank either wine or liquor of any kind. The valet particularly noticed this abstention during the crisis of the great Grant & Ward failure in New York. Har-Grant & Ward failure in New York. Har-rison sagely draws the conclusion from this suggestive fact that General Grant seldom indulged his undeniable taste for alcoholic drinks in the crisis of battle, when his mind was busy with the prob-lems of the field, a reasonable deduction quite contrary to the impression which remarking proverside at one peeded of the generally prevailed at one period of the Civil War

On the contrary, Harrison asserts that sometimes in an evening, when the Gen-eral was confronted with a heavy task of crai was confronted with a heavy task of literary work or personal correspondence, it required the tonic effect of a glass of whisky properly to set off the machinery of his brain. Then, with a good cigar, an ash-holder at his side, clear and rapid action followed until whatever job was in hand was finished. General Granit, old match

General Grant's old valet, a man of large worldly experience, holds to the opinion that whisky, as General Grant used it, postively aided rather than re-tarded him in all his undertakings. This may well be true, because it is quite cer-tain that General Grant had one of the most remarkable careers in the world's



The off valet's position. He dogmatically meant a reward for long services in active means the services in active means the services in active the services in active duty, or a special act of bravery in betting the same from personal observation of General Grant's so that they can enjoy for life higher pay in addition to higher rank. If they have not drinking to excess or to hurt high bury campaign or any other campaign of the war, although his chief of staff may have honestly believed at the moment that such was the case. I know something about General Grant's drinking habit, which it is very likely General Rawling did not know, something that no one but his close attendant could well know."

of Congress, and would carry no additional pay. The following statement will show the

difference in the pay of officers on the ive and the retired list in the grades r \$8,250 5,635 4,125 2,635

Active. Retired. 411.009 \$2,20 ...7,500 5.625 ...5,500 4.125 ...2,500 2.635 ...2,500 1.875 ...2,500 1.875 ...2,500 1.600 Captain

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 not had to fall back upon John Bull when they've been in

Queen street. Guatemain has borrowed a large amoun of British capital. How do matters stand today? The bonds for £100 are worth somewhere about £23 only, and there has been no payment of interest since June, 1880. Even then only a pailty 2 per cent

was paid, and half of that was not in Honduras is a far worse debtor. The bonds which have a face value of £100 are dear at £5. All this is owing to the fact that Honduras spends far more than

It earns. Colombia, strictly speaking, owes Brit-ish Investors £3,500,000. Nearly the whole of these debts are due to British creditors. This particular republic in 1897 called its creditors together and made them an offer of a compromise of so much in the pound. It wiped out its old debt by giving new bonds for £1,700,000, on which it paid 1% per cent interest.

Even other countries, about which we know far more, such as Greece and Tur-key, are almost as bad. A Greek £100 bond is worth from £11 to £44, according to its class. A Turkish bond, "series D," is worth but £26. That is why British

or worth but 2.8. Intrin why Brush creditors sigh. Greece owes her very existence to John Bull. Then the money she owes him! This must amount to somewhere about £2,500,000, excluding the loan of 1506, all of £2,500,000, excluding the loan of 1896, all of which is gone hopelessly. The latter loan was one of £5,800,000, and was guaranteed by Great Britain, France and Russia, each country being Hable for a third of it. Should France and Russia decide to renounce their Hablilty, poor old John will have to go ball for the whole amount. Very likely this loan will never be repaid. Generated and takenative be method. Greece's old taskmaster is another un-fortunate debtor. In 1881 the Ottoman government, being unable to meet its lin-bilities, was obliged to call together its

billites, was obliged to call together its creditors in order to enter into an ar-rangement with them. John Bull must have a sum of about £4,000,000 owing to him by Turkey. This sum is the balance still owing of a loan of £5,000,000 made in 1855, in order to help Turkey fight Russia. Egypt owes a loan obtained so recently as 1897. In John Bull's account of his expenditure there is a heading. "Speciaj Services; Egyptian Government, Grant in Aid." Under this is an amount of 2785,500.

This is because John lent Egypt some

thing better than mere money. He lent her men with brains, who have made her into a healthy, prosperous country of the sort that pay off their debts in full. Egypt has other debts than monetary debts to pay off.

in its stead. The class of music given by the Spier-ing Quartet is on the same plane as that offered by the Knetsels and the renowned Joachim Quartet. Musical interpretations of the kind presented by these organ-izations demand enlightened expressions of the composer's intention even more than mere smoothness of musical utter than mere smoothness of musical utter-ance. It is this attainment that has placed the Spiering Quartet among the three or four famous quartets of the world. Its playing is of a peculiarly sen-sitive and high-strung nature, with that rare musical temperament that holds the ear and enthrails the heart. The Enguires of Cincingati one of the

The Enguirer, of Cincinnati, one of the strongholds of critical musical utterance in this country, says of it: "The Schu-bert variations were played with a ro-mance of sentiment and poetry of music that was like the realization of a

Following are one or two of the many Following are one or two of the many favorable press comments on its work: "The Spiering Quartet is superior to any like organization in this country, there being a fire and spirit, accent and phrasing, yet withal unity in the ensemble work that is nearer suggestion of that model quartet playing, the Joachim Quar-tet, of Berlin", it has a first state of the second tet, of Berlin."-Ithaca (N. Y.) Daily

Journal. "The performance was of a kind to re-"The performance was of a kind to re-pay attention and study, and justifies a farther expression of gratifude to Mr. Splering and his associates, who are now alone in the representation of chamber music in Chicago."-Chicago Record. The good fortune of Miss Steers in ob-taining this quartet to fill the engage-ment made with the Kneisels will be ap-preciated by all music-lovers.

Fought on Coffee. Christian Intelligencer. The pupils 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 ilquor while in the famous bat-tle of Manila Ray. The teacher wrote to 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

by the world's leaders, and most of its effect would be last if the boys carried their point. She received the following reply direct from the Admiral: "Dear Madum: I am very glad to have the opportunity of correcting the impre-sion which you say prevails among your bunday school scholars that the men on my fiset were given liquor every 30 min-utes 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. "CDORGE DEWEY."

BUSINESS ITEMS.

If Baby Is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Foothing Syrup, for children teething. It southes the child, softens the guns, allays all pain, cures wind collo and diarrhoes.

From Maine to California onia 50 cigars are smoked by the

Explanation of Many Recent Promo tions and Retirements.

Chicago Record-Herald. Charles El Baker, of Cedar Rapids, calls attention to the large number of Colonals in the Regular Array who have recently been advanced in rank and pay just be-fore being retired from active duty, and remarks that years ago a promotion meant a reward for long services in active duty, or a specific set of between in back