ONE IS RICH, THE OTHER POOR

Fortune Smiled on Sir William McDonald, but Frowned on James McDonald, Portland's "Bad Bill" Collector.

"THERE are some people in Portland, who, if a saint were to come here and die, would dig up his body so that they could get the shroud to make nightgowns of."

James McDonald is vindicated and to some extent at peace, for he has at last had an opportunity to tell the people, in print, just what he holds them at.

James McDonald is a pessimist, but he is a man of pride, and that has dragged him into print; that and his brother, the millionaire from Montreal. And so he rested his gnarled and knotted hands on the top of the old stick which serves as a cane, peered out with his faded blue eyes from under the down-hanging fringe of whitening eyebrows, and told what he thought of the condition of things.

The old bill-collector of Portland who has made so many hearts beat at his approach during the past 20 years, has many other troubles besides being the brother of a long-lost millionaire. He is the universal prey of robbers and thieves, but yesterday it was his pride which was hurt.

"I want you," he said, "to bring that man around who said I was slovenly and dirty and dressed in a coat with the grease of years on its collar. I want to see the man who said I lived in a hovel at 261 Union avenue, and I want him to apologize for what he has said. He came out to my house last night at 12 o'clock with a telegram from Montreal telling about my brother, Sir William McDonald, having decided to come here to see me, and then he said that about my house and my coat."

The old man drew his faded raincoat around him a little closer, perhaps to hide those places where buttons had ceased to do their natural service, or perhaps to ward off the cold, and extended his eyeglasses as is wont with orators.

Feels for His Tenants.

"I don't care for myself," he said, earnestly, "and I want you to make this plain, but I am thinking of my tenants. My house is a nice seven-roomed place worth $3000, and I don't like to have it called a hovel, because it will make my tenants feel bad."

"Perhaps I am slovenly. I will admit the coin," and the old man looked slowly up and down the battered garments he wore. "But then," he continued, "I am not like you starched and scrubbed fellows; I am a bill collector and have to work for my living."

The conversation was fast becoming personal, and it was time to change.

"I understand, Mr. McDonald," it was hinted, "that you are a man of wealth, that in your life in Portland you have accumulated quite a sum of money. Why then do you follow your line of business and why do you allow any one an opportunity to cast slurs at your clothes and their cleanliness?"

Out from behind the screen of his brows an angry gleam shot from the old man's eyes.

Says He Is Worth a Fortune.

"I am worth $300,000 in money and $50,000 in judgments, but it is all in other people's pockets," he said. "The bankrupt law is a robbery and has cheated me out of $200,000. The flat salary for Sheriffs and Justices is a fraud and a cheat. When they got fees for what they did, they would take a case, but now they say the claim is not valid. They don't want to do any more than they have to do, and I am going to put a petition before the Legislature to create a special Justice of the Peace for my business. Then, perhaps, we can get satisfaction."

JAMES M'DONALD, WHOM A MILLIONAIRE BROTHER IS COMING TO PORTLAND TO SEE.

"What is there about the $1,000,000 claim which you have against the state government? How did you happen to have such a claim as that," Mr. McDonald was asked.

The old man smiled a pleasant smile of reminiscence, for he was about to talk of his hobby.

"That claim is one I have against the state government for the services of myself and others in the Indian wars of '55 and '56. After the war I bought the claims of many of the veterans, paying them 50 cents on the dollar for them until I had bought assignments amounting to $9008.65. This sum has been bearing compound interest for 49 years, which makes the total about $1,000,000."

It was not perfectly clear just how the Government happened to be mixed up in the debt, so Mr. McDonald told a little history. In '55 and '56, he said, he had enlisted to serve against the Indians, and at that time he and his comrades were promised $2 a day for their service and $2 a day for the horses which they furnished. It was the understanding that the Government would pay the bills, but in the event of refusal the Territory of Oregon would assume the obligation. The Government paid a small part of the claims, but scaled them down to 50 cents a day, and under the agreement the claim passed from the territory to the state when Oregon was admitted, in 1859. That was the ground work for his contention, and now he is about to see to it that the Legislature does something for the widows and orphans, and incidentally for their assignees.

"Senator Nottingham is pledged to do what he can for the Indian War Veterans," continued the speaker. "Before the election I met him on the street, and I asked him if he had voted against the widows and the orphans. He said he had not, and I asked him if he would introduce a bill appropriating money to pay their claims, and he gave me his pledge to do it. Then," and the champion of the orphans beamed delightedly, "then I said: 'Nottingham, I will vote for you, even if you are a Republican,' and I went out and got 75 votes for Nottingham," concluded the politician.

"Did Mr. Nottingham present the petition?" the narrator was asked.

Threatens to Bring Suit.

"I think he is going to," was the answer. "I went up to his office and found the petition I gave him, signed by more than 2000 of the citizens of Portland, and I asked him why it was lying on his desk. He said he thought there had been a law passed refusing to pay any assigned claims, and I told him if he presented the petition I would wait for the state to take action, but if the Legislature did not pay I would bring suit against it, and the Government in the Federal courts and force them to do it. I have written to many orphans and widows of Indian War Veterans, and now have $15,000 offered me to carry on the suit before the Court of Claims."

James McDonald is a character of Portland, a man with a history. He came here in 1850 and took up a section of land. During the Winter he worked for a mercantile house, and with his earnings and $1000 which he had brought across the plains with him, sent to San Francisco for farming implements and seed. The firm became bankrupt and he lost his investment.

The man then worked during the Summer of '52 for a farmer, with his earnings bought a single mule and during the Winter packed between Yoncalla and Scottsburg. As fast as he earned the price he would add another mule to his pack train until he had 20 working over the roads. When the Indian war broke out he went into the service with his entire train.

Twenty years ago he came to Portland, and since that time has been a continual resident of this city. He has invested in many plans and has planned many investments, all of which seem to have been unsuccessful, until the pioneer has become a pessimist. He, as he grew older, became a bill collector, and has forgotten his relatives in Canada, living a lonely life in the midst of the thousands, and it was not until his desire to prosecute the claim he holds against the state and Government induced him to seek a loan of his long-forgotten brother in Montreal that he brought himself to the notice of his family.

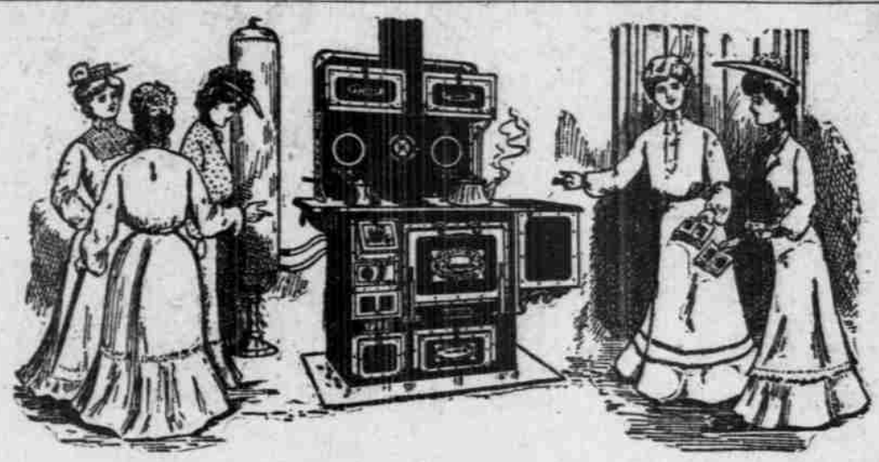
Left Home at Age of Thirty.

Fifty years ago, when he left Tracadie, Prince Edwards Island, he was 30 years of age, and was one of a large family. For 30 years he kept up a desultory correspondence, but for the past 20 years has dropped from the sight of his family. In this time William McDonald, his younger brother, has accumulated a fortune in the tobacco business, and is now supposed to be on the way West to meet his brother, whom he thought to be dead. The meeting will be a strange one, on the one hand the man of wealth and refinement, on the other the aged collector of bad bills, into whose life has come the bitterness of unsuccess and the sorrow of many defeats; on the one side the optimism of money, on the other the cynicism of its lack. The manufacturer comes to seek the long-lost brother for love of the brother; the collector waits to greet him, not that he is a brother, but because perhaps he will have the means to force the wheels of the law into action to bring untold wealth into the lap of an often and ever unfortunate man.

Special Sale of Palms

Avery large consignment of Preserved Potted Palms is offered at tempting prices. These Palms require no attention or care, and have all the appearance of a live Palm.

Three-Leaf Palms and Pots, complete .....25¢
Four-Leaf Palms and Potc, complete .....35¢
Five-Leaf Palms and Pots, complete .....45¢



Monarch Malleable Ranges are now fitted with oven thermometers. They have no breakable parts. The thin tops heat quickly. There is no enamel on them to burn off or crack. Each oven is 20 inches deep. You can always get $30 cash for one at this store. All parts are riveted, and no stove bolts or putty are used in their construction. The oven doors cannot be broken off. The patent duplex draft is found only in the Monarch. The fire linings are one inch thick.

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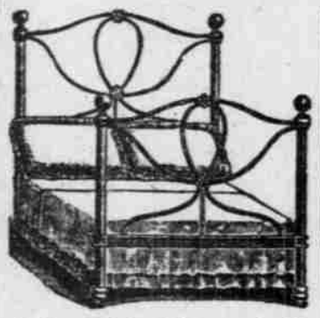
Three Big Iron Bed Values



An Iron Bed, in white enamel, with extra heavy posts, brass knobs and vases; regular price $5.50, special..$3.95

Iron Bed, like cut, brass knobs and vases, enamel rod head and foot; regular $6.00 value.....$4.95

Same style, with brass rail, head and foot $7.50

A few only of these Beds, in three-quarter size only; regular $4.25 value, are offered while they last at....$3.25

CASH OR CREDIT

CASH OR CREDIT

H. E. EDWARDS

185-191 FIRST STREET

Mr. Dooley on the Subject of Oratory

Finley Peter Dunne's Irish Philosopher Discourses on the Wide-Spread Accomplishment.

"DID ye iver make a speech?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"I did wanst," said Mr. Dooley. "Ivery thrue born American regards himself as a gr-reat orator an' I've always had a pitcher iv mesilf in me mind standin' befure a large an' admirin' bunch iv me fellow pathrites an' thrillin' thim with me indignation or convulsin' thim with me wit. Manny times have I lay in me bed awake, seein' mesilf at th' head iv a table pourin' out wurruds of goolden eloquence fr'm th' depths iv me lungs. I made a pretty pitcher, I must say—ca'm, dignified, a perfect master iv mesilf an' me audjience. Th' concoorse shricked with laughter wan minyit, an' rose to their feet in frenzied applause th' next. In all me dhreams I wore a white necktie an' a long tailed coat, because I have a theory that all thrue eloquence comes fr'm th' tails iv th' coat an' if ye made an orator change into a short coat, he wud become deef an' dumb. As I sat down afther me burst iv gleamin' wurruds, th' audjience rose an' cheered f'r five minyits an' Sinitor Beveridge, th' silver spout iv th' Wabash who was to follow me slinked out iv th' room.

"So wan day whin th' Archey Road Improvement Comity give their grand banket an' th' chairman asked me to make a few appropriate remarks in place iv Chancy Depoo, I told thim I wud toss off some orathory just so th' boys wud not be disappointed.

"I didn't write out th' speech. No great orator who has niver made a speech needs to. I merely jotted down a few interruptions be th' audjience; like this, Hinnissy: (Great Applause), (Loud an' continyous laughter.) (Cries iv 'Good,' 'Hear, hear.') (Cries iv 'No, no,' 'Go on.') (Wild cheerin', th' audjience risin' to their feet an' singin': "F'r he's a jolly good fellow, which nobody can deny.)

"An' havin' arranged all these nicissary details, I wint to th' banket. I knew ivry man there an' thurly despised thim. There wasn't wan iv thim that I considhered me intellechool equal. At wan time or another, ivry man iv thim had come to me f'r advice. But somehow, Hinnissy, th' minyit I looked down on what Hogan calls th' sea iv upturned faces dhrinkin', I began to feel onaisy. I wasn't afraid iv anny wan iv thim, mind ye. Man f'r man, they were me frinds. But altogether they were me inimy. I cudden't set still. I had come with an appytite, but I cudden't eat. I had a lump in me throat as big as an apple. I felt quare in th' pit iv me stomach. I noticed that me hands were moist. I thried to talk to th' man next to me, but I cudden't hear what he said. Wan orator afther another was peltin' th' audjience with remarks out iv th' fourth reader, an' I cudden't listen to thim. All th' time I was thinkin': 'In a few minyits they'll detect ye, Martin Dooley, th' countherfeit Demostheens.' Th' room swam befure me eyes; there was a buzzin' in me ears. I had all th' symptoms iv Doctor Bunyan's customers. I thried to collect me thoughts, but they were off th' reservation. I wud've gone out if I cud walk an' I was goin' to thry whin I heerd th' chairman mintion me name. It sounded as if it come out iv a cheap phonograft.

"I f'rgot to tell ye, Hinnissy, that in thinkin' iv me gr-reat effort I had rehearsed a few motions to inthrajooce th' noble sintimints that was to bubble up fr'm me. At th' mintion iv me name an' durin' th' cheerin' that followed I was goin' to lean forward with me head bowed an' me hand on th' edge iv th' table an' a demoof smile on me face that cud be translated: 'Th gr-reat man is amused but wudden't have ye know it f'r wurruds.' Whin th' cheerin' throng had exhausted its strength I intinded to rise slowly, place me chair in front iv me, an' loanin' lightly on th' back iv it, bow first to wan side an' thin th' other, an' remark: 'Misther Chairman, a-a-and gint-elmen: Whin I see so manny smilin' faces befure me on this auspicious occasion, I am reminded iv a little incidint—' An' so on.

> Dooley—"Whiniver I go to a poolytical meetin' an' th' la-ad with th' open-wurruk face mintions Rome or Athens, I grab f'r me hat.
>
> An' I'll rap in th' eye anny man that attimpts to wrap his second-hand oratory in th' American flag. There ought to be a law against usin' th' American flag f'r such purposes.
>
> "An', be hivens, I don't want anny man to tell me that I'm a mimber iv wan iv th' grandest races th' sun has iver shone on. I know it already. If I wasn't, I'd move out.
>
> "Whin a man has something to say an' knows how to say it, he makes a gr-reat speech. But whin he has nawthin' to say an' has a lot of wur-ruds that come with a black coat, he's an orator.
>
> "There's two things I don't want at me funeral. Wan is an oration an' th' other is wax flowers. I class thim alike."

"Well, glory be, Hinnissy, I can hardly go on with th' story. It was twinty-five years ago, but I can't think iv it without a feelin' at th' end iv me fingers as though I had scraped a plasther wall. At th' mintion iv me name, I lept to me feet, knockin' over all th' dishes an' glasses in me neighborhood. I carefully stepped on me neighbor's toes an' bumped into th' chairman who was still tellin' what he wanted me to think he thought iv me. I rolled me napkin up into a ball an' thrust it into me pants pocket. I become blind, deef an' dumb. I raymimber makin' a few grunts, fightin' an imaginary inimy with me fists an' dhroppin' in me chair, a broken four-flush Pathrick Hinnery. I've niver got me repytation back. Most iv th' people thought I was dhrunk. Th' more charitable said I was on'y crazy. Th' impression still remains in th' ward that I'm a victim iv apoplexy.

"Well, sir, 'tis a sthrange thing, this here oratory. Ye see a man that ye wudden't ask to direct ye to th' post-office get on his feet an' make a speech that wud melt th' money in ye'er pocket. Another man comes along that ye think a reg'lar little know-all, an' whin he thries to make a speech to a Sunday school class he gives an imitation iv a man with croup, delusions iv pursuit an' St. Vitus' dance. If he don't do that he bombards his fellow-man with th' kind iv a composition that they keep boys afther school f'r. Carney made wan iv that kind at this banket. Carney has a head as hard as a cocynut. He wanted a new bridge built acrost th' crick an' he was goin' to talk about that at th' banket. On th' way over he tol' me about it. He argyed so well that he convinced me, an' I'm wan iv th' most indignant taxpayers f'r a poor man that ye iver knew. I thought whin he got up he wud say somethin' like this: 'Boys, we need a new bridge. Th' prisint wan is a disgrace to th' ward. Curtins' horse fell through it last week. By jimuneddy, if Billy O'Brien don't get us a new bridge we'll bate him at th' prim-ries.' That wud have gone fine, f'r Curtin was a loud an' popular fish peddler. But what did Carney do? He niver was within four thousan' miles iv a swing bridge acrost th' Chicago River. Says he: 'Gintlemen, we ar-re th' most gloryous people that iver infested th' noblest counthry that th' sun iver shone upon,' he says. 'We meet here tonight,' he says, 'undher that starry imblim that flaps above freemen's homes in ivry little hamlet fr'm where rolls th' Oregon in majestic volume to th' sunkist wathers iv th' Passyfic to where th' Pimsicoddy shimmers adown th' pine-clad hills iv Maine,' he says. 'Th' hand iv time,' he says, 'marches with stately steps acrost th' face iv histhry, an' as I listen to its hoof-beats I hear a still small voice that seems to say that Athens (a shout), Greece (a shrill cry), Rawhm (a shriek), an' Egypt (a deep roar) an' iver on an' upward an' as long as th' stars in their courses creep through eternity an' twinkle as they creep recallin' th' wurruds iv our gr-reat pote, "Twinkling stars ar-re laughin' love, laughin' at you an' me," an' a counthry, gintlemen, that stands today as sure as tomorrah's sun rises an' kisses th' flag that floats f'r all. Now, gintlemen, it is growin' late, an' I will not detain ye longer, but I have a few wurruds to say. I appeal fr'm Philip dhrunk to Philip sober.' That ended th' speech an' th' banket. Th' chairman's name was Philip. Th' second Philip that Carney mintioned was not there.

"I guess a man niver becomes an orator if he has annything to say, Hinnissy. If a lawyer thinks his client is innocint, he talks to th' jury about th' crime. But if he knows where th' pris'ner hid th' lead pipe, he unfurls th' flag, throws out a few remarks about th' flowers an' th' burruds an' asks th' twelve good men an' thrue not to break up a happy Christmas, but to sind this man home to his wife an' childher an' Gawd will bless thim if they ar're iver caught in th' same perdicymint. Whiniver I go to a pollytical meetin' an' th' la-ad with th' open wurruk face mintions Rome or Athens, I grab f'r me hat. I know he's not goin' to say annything that ought to keep me out iv bed. I also bar all language about burruds an' flowers. I don't give two cints about th' Oregon, whether it rolls or staggers to th' sea: an' I'll rap in th' eye anny man that attimpts to wrap up his second-nand oratory in th' American flag. There ought to be a law against usin' th' American flag f'r such purposes. I hope to read in th' pa-aper some day that Joe Cannon was arrested f'r usin' th' American flag to dicorate a speech on th' tariff an' sintinced to two years solitary confinemint with Sinitor Bivridge. An' be hivens, I don't want anny man to tell me that I'm a mimber iv wan iv th' grandest races ta' sun has iver shone on. I know it already. If I wasn't I'd move out.

"No, sir, whin a man has something to say an' don't know how to say it, he says it pretty well. Whin he has something to say an' knows how to say it, he makes a gr-reat speech. But when he has nawthin' to say an' has a lot iv wurruds that come with a black coat, he's an orator. There's two things I don't want at me funeral. Wan is an oration an' th' other is wax flowers. I class thim alike."

"Ye're on'y mad because ye failed," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "what bether reason d'ye want? Besides, I didn't fail as bad as I might. I might have made th' speech."—(Copyright, 1905, by McClure, Phillips & Co.)

TRIBUTE TO "OLD WILLAMETTE"

Eloquent Words of President Williams, of Puget Sound University.

Among the fine talks at the banquet given Bishop David H. Moore, resident bishop, in the Patton Church, Wednesday night, by the Men's Methodist Social Union, none was more effective than the response of President J. L. Williams, of the University of Puget Sound, to the toast, "Methodism and Education in the Northwest." Dr. Coleman, president of "Old Willamette" University, was to follow. Dr. Williams is a large man, and as he stood on the platform facing the expectant audience, he seemed to get bigger. He expressed his pleasure in being present in deliberate terms, and then paid the founders of the Willamette University a high compliment, but at no time referred to his own work at the Puget Sound University.

"In the Willamette Valley, the devoted pioneer Methodists braved the wilderness and desert," said Dr. Williams, "and founded an institution from which have gone men who have distinguished themselves as ministers of the gospel, as lawyers, as statesmen and in every calling that can be mentioned. Shall it be said that some of the wrecks of our institutions were failures? I think not. Coming up the river, we may see the old mill, long since silent and deserted. Who shall say that the old mill did not perform its part well in its time? Are the deserted cabins in the forests and secluded spots, now fallen into ruin and silence, indicative of failures? No, they have had their important parts in making up the early history of this country; likewise have these wrecks of institutions. But we face the future. Our Methodist institutions have a great future and a field in spite of the state institutions that are supported by appropriations, but to sustain them as Christian colleges means a great sacrifice on the part of Methodists all over the Northwest. Our institutions must measure up to the sided institutions in scholarship, must furnish high-class education, and must do more—must be Christian institutions."

Execution in Starr Case.

In the case of Adelaide Bloch against F. A. E. Starr and F. L. Richmond, in which the plaintiff obtained a judgment against the defendant January 23, 1897, for $3396, an execution was issued yesterday involving considerable property, and was placed in the hands of the Sheriff for service. It covers a large number of lots in Albina Addition, Lincoln Park and Mount Tabor villa, and the undivided half of lots 7 and 8, block 12, Portland. Starr is alleged to have sold the property after judgment against him and Richmond was rendered. The present holders of the property will no doubt vigorously oppose its sale under the execution.

Starr was formerly an attorney in Portland, and Richmond is a well-known traveling salesman. Mrs. Bloch sued them to recover money loaned, and was never able to collect any of the judgment.

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