THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL, PORTLAND, SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 21, 1903.



SENATOR CHAS. W. FULTON.

Mr. Charles W. Fulton succeeds Mr. Joseph Simon as United States Senator from Oregon, by act of the Legislature.

The Journal greets and congratulates Senator Fulton, feeling that the confidence imposed in the gentleman is deserved, and that he will represent the people of Oregon, irrespective of section and political faith.

Senator Fulton will grow even larger and broader under the heavy responsibilities of the office, weighing accurately and equitably the many and varied influences which made him Senator.

Senator Fulton's success is not sullied by had methods, nor by offensive manipulation, nor by the use of money. His election was clean and gratifyingly free from the taints of the unclean and unhealthy. From this standpoint, as well as others, his election is a credit to Oregon, and The Journal predicts it will be fruitful of good result in bringing the different sections of the state in closer relationship and sympathy.

Portland is big enough, generous enough, broad enough to put aside her regrets, such as they are, occasioned by the failure of the honor to fall to one of her "favorite sons," and extend the "glad hand" to the Senatorelect, with no other object in view than to enlarge and advance the great interests of a great commonwealth, that present and future generations may all enjoy a grander and better Oregon.

In this day and age, there is no room nor reason for ill will between individuals, nor sectional jealousies between peoples, for such attitudes determine a narrowness and selfishness that, in the nature of things, are destructive of good, and exceedingly discreditable to a thinking and progressive race of men.

The Journal takes pleasure in pledging such support as it may be able to give in making Mr. Fulton's work easiest to him, and at the same time most resultful to the people of the Oregon country.

A WORD FOR THE CLERKS.

It is refreshing to note that most of the large stores of Portland show great consideration for their employes, but it is unfortunate that in a few isolated cases, abuses of women clerks and underpaid men are most fingrant.

This is a very strange condition when one takes into consideration the effect of the masses as purchasers upon the average store. The plain people are those who keep alive many a gorgeously appointed establishment, and were their support once withdrawn, down would fall the fortunes invested in goods that plain people buy.

The rich man buys from the exclusive establishment as a rule, and this is his right, but the workingman, the painter, the clerk, the mechanic the lady-clerks and the general laverage of wage-earners buy the things that their limited purses compel them to seek, in stores that offer the best bargains

In these circumstances it would seem that men who aim to secure the trade of the plain people, would at least show some consideration for this class of purchasers. Suppose, for instance, these buyers were to unite to avoid the store that treats its employes unfairly. What would be th result? There is not a house in Portland or any other city that could stand the result of such a decision. Then why not "Give unto others as you would they would give unto you?"

AND WHY NOT? "Chief Joseph's mission to Washing-

ton, in so far as it relates to the restoration of the lands in the Wallowa Valley to his people, is hopeless. The time has gone by when white people can be dispossessed of their homes by Indians.

This fact was made clear to Joseph on his last visit to Washington; hence it is brobably only the ostensible object of his present visit, the real motive being his human desire to be made much of in the official and social circles of the nation. This is a perfectly legitimate

desire, since it has human hature for its basis and the rulers of the earth are Its exponents The above is from the editorial colunins of Editor Scott's own organ.

Probably the "human desire" referred to therein is the force behind Editor Scott's indirect attempt to break into "the official and social circles of the nation." This "human desire" in the "big red chief" and the "big white chief" appears to possess a fellow feeling. Joseph may aspire to a United why not?

Easterners are asking-who were Lewis and Clarke? Some of them believe that they are an enterprising Western firm of business men who are going to give a big Exposition, but they are wondering why the public should take the pains to back the project so' enthusiastically. This is a species of ignorance of a kind with that of the man who asked in what part of Washington Oregon was tocated, and that other fellow who in-

quired where in California was Seattle.

The most puzzling problem in determining anti-trust action is how to prevent the giving of rebates. Strike at the trusts through an effective antirebate law and they will have received a solar plexus blow.

NAVAL ACADEMY SLANG.

Localisms Which One Hears at Annapolis.

Slang among college men, slang among street gamias and slang in society has been referred to and the terms quoted in public print, but there are slang terms at the Naval Academy at Annapola which have not yet, and probably never will, become common property. However, the dignity of the future admirals of the navy will not permit of it being

called 'slang', therefore it is known only as "Annapolis localisms." Here are few of the "localisms" of the "mid dies"

The "yacht" is the training ship employed for summer cruises and for winter drills; the "brig" is that part of the berth deck where the "plebes" are sent for light punishment, such as for smoking, drinking, spitting on the floor or deck, taking "French leave," "playing little quiet game" and getting caught at Each ship in commission also t. etc has a "brig" to which only the sullors to be punished may be sent, the officers being confined to their rooms when un fer punishment. To "shake a leg" means get a move on." to hurry 'protected' or "hung on the Christmas tree" is to be posted for low mark: "sat and "unsat" are short for satisfactory unsatisfactory; "skinny" and means

chemistry; "sup" is nice, "Holy Joe" re-fers to the chaplain, and "helystoning" decks applies to the use of a big block of sandstone, with a rope or toggle at each end, by which it is bauled back and forth to scrub the decks white on every Sunday morning, or when the

THE PRIZE ESSAY.

The Oregon Society of Sons of the Revolution offered a \$25 prize for the best essay on a subject pertaining to the American Revolution, and Miss Mae Brown, of this city, a student at the Park School, was the winner. The young lady's clever work is herewith reproduced.

The Treason of Benedict Arnold.

On the second day of October, 1780, there perished on the scaffold at Tappan, New York, a man of singu lar promise, under circumstances that called forth deepest sympathies of two hemispheres. Much the has been said and sung of him-he died a spy, it is true, and rightly died, yet he lives in honorable remembrance.

Linked with his name is another, a name hopelessly branded with infamy, and one our youth instinctively single out as suggesting traits abhorrent to all true principles of government-and that name (I scarcely need give it) is Benedict Arnold.

There is no sadder chapter in history that the one that tells of his downfall. The fame of his gallant deeds was yet ringing through the land, when, in the darkest hour of our country's new-found life, while yet that life was flickering feebly and unsurely, he found it in his heart to betray the cause of liberty. That he States Senatorship before he dies, and had been wronged, and deeply wronged, is true, but one wrong can never justify another, and Arnold's crime, by its very enormity, stands with dark, hard outlines forever unsoftened. Terribly Arnold realized this when the event was past and the fever of his blood had cooled.

Almost from the first of his military career, an evil genius seemed to dog his footsteps. Its first marked expression came from the halls of Congress, when, in February, 1777, five major-generals were appointed from among Arnold's military juniors, while he, with an already brilliant record and a merit far exceeding theirs, was ignored. The broud spirit of the man was touched to the quick. A.ready he had been charged, and groundlessly, with misdemeanors while at Ticonderoga, and again, later, at Montreal, and trial for the latter was still pending; but Arnold was atl unpropared for such evidence of ill-feeting. Arbitrary and over-bearing, intense in his loves and

he readily made enemies, and already ar his hates, opposing faction existed in Congress. The real underying cause of the slight, however, was state jealousies and doubtless, also, Arnold's outspoken friendship for Schuyler, now in disfavor.

Arnold tendered his resignation. Under like circumstances, other noted generals have done the same, regarding such appointments as an insult to their milltary honor. Dissuaded by Washington, Arnold again took the field, for Burgoyne was approaching. "Every personal injury shall be buried in my meal for my " he said bravely, and plunged into the thick ountry of battle

Still Congress grudged him his proper rank. importuned in vain; and it was only after the notable hattles of Saratoga, when Arnold's praises were on every tongue, that Washington, who truly loved him, violated right."

a) about this time, Arnold presented accounts against the government for expenses incurred in his campalgn. These were contested as indicating infent to defraud, and up to the time of his treason, they enhined unsettled-another thorn to rankie in his heart

Whether or not there appears here some slight lapse of moral integrity, it is certain that up to this time the current of his patriotism ran pure. It was now to diverge and flow into muddy channels.

His leg having been fractured at Saratoga, Arnold was obliged to leave active service, and after the British evacuated Phliadelphia, Washington appointed him to the command of that city. Already brooding over galling charges and unforgotten slights, Arnold at this nauspicious moment came into the atmosphere of Tory-Here he was courted and toasted by loyalists. ism. who fed the fires of his resentment. Here he gay those costly fetes and entertainments alike to Tory and patriot, which, far beyond his means, entangled him in hopeless dept. Here the last link in the of grievances was forged, when the President and Jouncil of Pennsylvania, with evidently hostile intent preferred a series of eight charges against him, which ulminated in public reprimand. When Congress re fused to accept the verilict of acquittal from its own ommittee and referred the matter to court martial, Arnold again felt the controlling force of factional hatred, and again attributed it to a nation's ingrati-Then and there came into his mind, it seems, tude. the first wretched impulse toward desertion.

Confident court martial would acquit him, Arnold rged immediate trial, but for reasons seemingly rifling, it was delayed. Months colled away and the cloud still hung over him. After a year of fierce im-patience, he was acquitted of all but two charges, and of intentional wrong in those, but as a concession. to his enemies, apparently, on those two charges he

Washington, and then blunderingly notified Arnold of the capture of "John Anderson." It was the 25th of September, 1780, the day ap pointed for the fall of West Point. The garris seen scattered through the Highlands to make the been scattered through the Highlands to make the post fall easy prey to Clinton. Arnold was at breakfast, with members of Washington's staff. Washington had unexpectedly arrived, and would soon join them-per-

haps, to demoralize everything! But other forces were at work. A horseman gal loped up with a message. Arnold read his ruin in words, and calmly excusing himself to his guests, retired.

must fly," he said to his wife; "My life de pends upon my reaching the British lines in safety." The dread words seemed to freeze the life blood in her veins. She fell fainting, and thus he left her, the bride of scarce more than a year; and kissing his baby boy, he mounted his horse, dashed down an un frequented path, still known as "Arnold's Path." and was rowed to the Vulture. The next morning he was with Clinton in New York: "Whom can we trust now?" said Washington, with tears, a few hours later.

Himself, only, had Arnold sold; and at England's hands he claimed the reward of a treachery had gained her nothing, and lost to her the life of her

her darling, the brilliant poet and scholar, Andre." Andre, unconscious of his true position, pressed Major Tallmadge as to the penalty he would incur. "I had a much-loved classmate at Yale College," anid Tallmadge reluctantly, "by the name of Nathan Hale, who entered the army in 1775. Immediately after the battle of Long Island, Washington wanted information-respecting the enemy. Captain Hale tendered his services, went over to Brooklyn, and was taken just as he was passing the outposts of the enemy on his re-Then, with emphasis, "Do you remember the of the story?" "Yes." said Andre, "he was turn." nequel of the story? hanged as a spy! But you surely do not consider his case and mine alike?" "Yes, precisely similar, and similar will be your fate."

Andre's death has been deplored. Certain it is that he was found within our lines, disguised as a spy, and on a spy's errand, concerting measures dangerous our country's welfare; and as such the law of nations demanded his death.

Andre met a merited fate. Say not that Arnold went unpunished. No brigadier-general's commission and 16,000 of traitor's pay could restore his bartered inhood. No country claimed him, and the memory his gallant deeds was burled fathoms deep in the manhood. blackness of his treachery. Blacker still his record became, when he headed a band of renegades against his native land, ready, in bitterness of spirit, to sweep all before him.

What do you suppose my fate would be," asked Arnold of an American officer captured in Virginia, "if my, misguided countrymen were to take me pris-"They would cut off the leg that was wounded at Quebec." replied the officer, "and bury it with the ionors of war, and the rest of you they would hang or a gibbet.

Quite likely Arnold doubted the possibility of Amorican independence Conway's conspiracy almed at the dismissal of Washington had been unsuccessful but Congress was inactive and inadequate; the land was tired of war and lacked unity; the army, starved and naked, was threatening to disbane. "Indeed, I have almost ceased to hope," wrote Washington in despair in May, 1780.

England had triumphed at Savannah. She triumphed again at Camden, and pressed threateningly into Now let her gain West Point, and doubtless ginia. again over America would float the Union Jack! And not? The victory of Saratoga had wrested from England a concession of rights, independence alone had been withheld, and many contended that America should now return to her old allegiance, reject the alliance with Catholle France, and stop the shedding bould he

This view Arnold had imbibed; and with strange anreason, blinded as he was by the mists of impulse and passion, he dreamed not of the odium to come to him.

Says an impartial historian: "His treason apseared not to him what it was when frustrated. Th nd was to be so vast that the traitorous means taker to gain it would be overlooked-let Congress blunder n-he would overwhelm her, and carry the country back to its old allegiance.

There are things that transcend death in horror. believe the racking memories of Arnold's wretched fail were a thousand-fold worse than death. In Engand's later wars he sought to redeem the glory of his once great name, but England refused him a command. Famo, fortune, country, friends, all were gone. Eng land gave him a home, but her Liberals met him with America, the land of Washington blighting scorn. whose friendship he had so cruelly betrayed, wildly denounced him.

At last the proud spirit that had "dominated battle fields and faced shot and shell unbeeding, but could not face disgrace," sank beneath the load. A terrible melancholy came over him, and he lived in a cloud of morbid gloom, which he could not or would not dispel. He had carefully preserved the uniform in which

he had escaped to the Vulture; and there is a tradi-

................. THE THIRTEENTH HOLD-UP By Faul De Laney.

*********** "All ready! All ready! Stage for Sugar Pine!" I had arrived on the train at the terminus of the new railroad at 7 o'clock p. b.

The station was in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada mountains and a small mining town stretched out in gulch a half a mile away.

My objective point was the Sugar Pine country, up in the mountains, and upon my arrival at the station I was informed that a stage would leave the mining town for the place I sought at 8 o'clock, just one hour from the time of my arrival.

1/followed the only hotel runner at the station over a rough trail to the town, carrying my own grip, as he ran the only hotel in the place and was not inclined to burden himself with other people's troubles, anyway, Upon our arrival at the hostelry I rushed a shave the first thing, informing the proprietor that I wished to take the stage to Sugar Pine, and that I also wished dinner before I left,

I was scarcely half through the meal when my host came through the dining room shouting at the top of his voice: "All ready! All ready! Stage for Sugar Pine!

I rose from the table in hurry, chewing the last mouthful I had taken as I went, and in compliance with the instructions of the driver took a seat by him in front on top of the vehicle. I had noticed that the curtains to the lower department were closely drawn and fastened and that the crowd around the front of the hotel looked on with wondering faces, but I was not prepared to criticise anything I saw in that country, for it was my first trip to such a section, and I was prepared to see anything, from the stories I had read of the California mining region. "We have a neavy load of freight below," explained

the driver, with condescension, however, as this trip was so out of ...e ordinary that he feared I would notice it, "and it would be very inconvenient riding below."

I explained that it just suited me to ride outsideand it did, for it was a clear, comfortable evening, and as the light died away in the west from the lingering flashes of the long set sun the moon rose up full and round in the east. The steep incline before us made it appear as if we were climbing as rapidly as the orb of night, while the darknoss that gathered rapidly in the behind us looked like a great cavern, dark and valleys dismal, beneath, with ominous shadows hanging over it.

The ascent from the start was noticeable. Only when a ravine or guich crossed the road did the team, so accustomed to the road, strike a trot, and this was momentary, for the minute it struck the up grade the steady, monotonous walk was taken up again, as if selfpreservation as the first law of Nature was also the nstinctive motto of the animals. "Suze!

Suge! "Suze!"

This word uttered at intervals was the only word that had broken the monotony of the trip for the first mile.

I was deeply studying and admiring the beauties, grandeur and weirdness of the surroundings-such only may be seen on a midnight ride up the gradual slope of the Sierras-while my companion sat as erect ind silent as a ghost, save the occasional utterance from force of habit the word "Suze!" This was diacted to the leader in the four-rig team, for she either stepped quicker or slower, or took a different position on her side of the road.

The driver was 60 years old or older. He was thinfaced, so far as could be seen from his long flowing white beard, and his head was small accordingly, though the long gray locks that escaped from beneath his sombrero would have given it better shape if they had not been confined by the close-fitting hat. His hands were large and clumsy and his limbs and bones were large and awkwardly formed. But his eyes were as keen as those of a mink, and their smallness gave

them more the appearance of the eyes of this animal I looked at him often, but he neither looked to the right or the left. He kept his eyes steady on his team, composed of four horses, and never spoke, except the drawled-out warning to "Suze!" I finally ventured the question: "Have you been

driving stages very long?" He looked around at me for a moment and was then silent for a time "Yes, 40 years," he replied, after I had given up an ADSWPT.

isn't like it was in olden times." I suggested.

He looked at me again. After a few moments' silence, he said: "A great ical of difference. Then a stage driver was som Now he ain't as good as a common teamster. He got paid for his work, too. Now he barely makes a living, Then he was a gentleman and had others to work for Now he works for everybody else him. the old man, warming up to his subject. "I used to wear a plug hat, fine buckskin gloves with long gauntlets, got my \$150 a month and never left my seat except to my meals and my bed along the route and at

the end of the journey. When I drove up to a station the hostler had my fresh team ready, and while he was making the change went in the hotel or statio and got my meals or my drinks, returned and found a man in charge of my team ready to turn it over to me. And he was as afraid of his life as he was of not bringing things up just to suit me. At the end of the journey a man was ready to receive my team at the hotel and brought it back for me on the day I was to leave again, And the passengers and people and managers looked up I was king. I was ruler on the road. "But now, I am only getting \$40 a month. I have to take care of my own rig, except at some of the stations where the station keeper voluntarily helps me a I have to carry a hundred messages every trip, little deliver small packages along the road at every farm house, carry neighborhood gossip from one house to another, and when I return home have to work in the stables until my next trip.

These words are spoken not in a spirit of desire to create a discussion, for it must be said that the treatment of employes by most of the stores of Portland is away above the average of treatment accorded in other cities, but, because certain letters that have been received at The Journal office, written in good temper and making just complaint of abuses, inspire a word or two, at least, for the overworked clerk,

CHIEF JOSEPH'S MISSION.

Joseph, Chief of the Nez Perces, is in Washington, asking the government to return him and his people to their ancestral hunting grounds in the Wallowa Valley. His prayer will not be granted. The white settlers in the Wallowa Valley will never be disturbed to permit the thing that Joseph asks.

It is the decree of Fate. The Indian must be cared for upon humane considerations. And, too, Joseph, brave, brilliant warrior, most capable native general who ever led his troops against the government soldiery, is entitled to everything that can be given him. His is a record worthy the most eloquent tongue, the most facile pen, and tributes from those who commanded the opposing forces in the wars of the 70's. These tributes he receives. General O. O. Howard and other generals who commanded government armies in those wars testify that Joseph was the most skillful, masterful military character against whom they ever directed their genius and resources; and that he was also the humane commander, observing the rules of civilized warfare just so religiously as did any of the governing generals. In his last"stand, in the mountains of Montana, leading a forlorn hope, fighting a superior force, after pursuit across the country with all of the vigor that the federal government could exert, he manifested genius of leadership and strategy such as stamped him a man of war according to highest conceptions.

Joseph was all this. Yet he must hear refusal from the government. He cannot return to his ancestral hunting grounds. His people must abide in Northern Idaho so long as there is a remnant of the once warlike tribe, now reduced in number and shorn of all but mendicant qualities.

The brave old chieftain has probably gone upon his last quest. He will probably go back to Lapwai and sorrow out his days because he cannot matisfy the natural desire of the aborigine to die in his ancestral home.

THE IRONY OF HUNT.

It is bitter irony for Senator Hunt of Multnomah County to offer Senate Joint Resolution No. 27, asking the Congress to submit an amendment to the national constitution providing for election of Senators by popular vote. There is also unconscious sarcasm in the mere mention of the fact, when mention is made by a member of the dominant party of this state.

So far as Oregon is concerned, we have a law offering opportunity to inaugurate the reform so devoutly wished for by the people. The Mays law makes it possible for the people of this state to decree the same moral mandate that compels every presidential elector to proceed to Washington and vote in the Electoral College for the candidate that was supported by the people of his state. He need not vote in that manner, so far as the legal phases are concerned. W. J. Furnish, one of the Republican electors in the last election, could have gone to Washington and voted for W. J. Bryan, had he chosen so to do.

Of course, he did not wish to do otherwise than as his constituents wished. But he was no more bound to vote for William McKinley than present members of the Legislature are bound to vote for the candidate who received a large majority upon the Republican ticket. The Journal does not expect that Mr. Geer will be elected. But, for that he was on the ticket, received a heavy majority vote for the Senate, received it under the provisions of the Mays law, no man can get away from the conclusion that it is just as legally the duty of the Republicans to elect him as it was the duty of the Republican electors to elect William McKinley.

Senator Hunt's joint resolution carries a spear of irony that pierces the vulnerable body of the Republican party. Indeed, for a Republican member of either house to offer such a resolution is for that party to fall upon its own sword and commit political harikari.

ident of the United States o high official is expected to visit the ship: "grub" signifies food and regular meals;

'salt horse" is the designating term for salt beef; "plumduff" means a sort of pudding, a mixture of dough rolypoly. without shortening, and through which, if one wants to stop to investigate, may he found here and there a raisin; "spuds' means petatoes; "tag ends" is the name of a book of jokes published at the Naval Academy a few years ago: "binnacle list" is the list of sick made out by the surgeon each morning after he has in-

spected and examined the tongues and pulses of those who complain of a pain in the back, sick headache or a touch of malaria.

That it is best to be careful and discreet in the use of "Annapolis localisms" when in public is shown by an instance of a midshipman who received leave for tew days some time ago. Stopping ut a restaurant, the young officer said to the waitress who appeared at his table that e would have some "spuds" with his ham and eggs, and when she hesitated o catch the meaning of the latter part of the order he sputtered out: low shake a leg " She did hurry, but to make a complaint of this apparent rudeness to the proprietor, and the next moment the "bouncer" of the cafe was giving the "middle" a "lift" out of the door.

If Rockefeller's plans to spend \$7,000.-000 or more in the attempt to discover a cure for consumption shall succeed he will be one of the greatest benefactors of mankind. There is a cure for this most devastating disease, and it ought to have been discovered long ago .--Louisville Courier-Journal.



"The importance of being in earnest"

was sentenced to be publicly reprimanded by Wash ington

Washington's reprimand bore the marks of the pure spirit that uttered it. It was the quiet, inspiring breathing of a comrade to comrade of words of hope and trust, leading on from a dim to a brighter light, and carrying scarce a suggestion of reproof. "Our profession is the chastest of all," he said. "The shadaw of a fault tarnishes our most brilliant actions-I reprimand you for having forgotten that in proportion as you have rendered yourself formidable to our enemies, you should have shown moderation to our citizens

Arnold, thus publicly disgraced, was stung to desperation. He had been at fault, it is true, and offens-ively arrogant, but the penalty overmatched the guilt, Already injured, and exaggerating his injuries, become a dangerous man. Fiske points out that it was inevitable he should drift into Toryism. Tem perament, conditions and environment were all against and now all combined to hurl him headlong. In April, 1773, he had married, and his beautiful bride was of a lovalist family. How far love for her lent as halo to the British cause, and odium to the Ameriis uncertain. CHD.

It is now known that months before the fatal reprimand Arnold had begun correspondence under assumed names with Clinton's aide-de-camp, Major Andre. Clinton's policy was one of bribery, and Arnold was now ripe for his use. Submerged in debt, disaffected toward the government, brooding over wrongs real and imagined, change of allegiance came At first nothing more than desertion of the cause ensy. seemed intended, but as the thought took on proportions, it involved him in the depths of personal treachand national crime. With deliberate design.

ery sought and obtained from Washington the command of West Point, and contrived its betrayal with Clinton. He would fly to England's embrace with a prize, West Point, the Gibraltar of America, and give her all Burgoyne had sought but falled to gain. Some one must confer with Arnold. Who so fitting

Andre? And so the John Anderson and Gustavus of the correspondence met. . The British ship Vulture ore Andre up the Hudson on his weighty mission, and a boat with muffled oars brought him to the shore. Darkness covered the deed. There, concealed in under brush among the firs, with treason burning in his heart, Arnold awaited the Briton.

Ah. Arnold, you who led your troops so bravely through that terrible trackless wilderness, and boldly stormed Quebee with a handful of stricken men: who shared with your comrades the flesh of the dog. and cheered their way undaunted; you, the hero of Saratoga, on those memorable days when the sloth of Gates drove you to frenzied action and momentous victory; you, the beloved of Washington-is it you, that same brave Arnold, who is now skulking away in the bushes, at this midnight hour, intent on a Yes, it was Arnold-Arnold with traitor's mission? a sullen purpose eating its deadly way into the heart. his integrity. Moodily he had wandered Hudson shores and there, in the pure air, amid God's unyielding mountains, in the chastening inguence of wife's love and a child's innocence, he had matured his plans for revenge.

Dawn found the plans of conspiracy unfinished, and the plotters went within the American lines to the house of one Smith, an unintentional accessory, to complete the arrangements. While they were there, the Vulture was fired upon from the shore and retreated down stream. Fearful of a repetition of the cannonading. Andre was compelled, unwillingly, to return to New York by land. Provided with pass and horse, and accompanied by Smith, he set out on his journey to death.

Once past the American lines, and on neutral ground, Andre proceeded alone. This region was in fested by marauders of both parties called Cowboys and Skinners, both equally bent on plunder. Andre had nearly reached Tarrytown when three men, lying in wait for Cowboys, sprang out of the bushes. The foremost wore a British coat, a fact that led to Andre's undoing. He avowed himself a British officer on imnt business. Arnold's pass was useless paper The rough fellows searched their victim with portant now! not avowedly patriotic, and found, within his intent stockings, papers in Arnold's writing, containing plans agreed upon about West Point, and the method of at-"My God, he's a spy!" exclaimed the red-coated tack. Paulding.

Refusing to be bribed, "No, not for ten thousand guineas," the young patriots delivered Andre over to Colonel Jameson. The papers Jameson forwarded to

tion that as death drew near, he supposed he was again on the battlefield, and asked that the uniform be out on him again, with the sword-knot and epaulettes Washington-his Washington then, but his no longer-"Let me die," he said, "in this old and given him. uniform in which I fought my battles. May God forgive me for putting on any other.'

And so he died-died in unconscious infamy, a pitiful wreck of what, had he builded well, must have been a glorious manhood. He died, but his name lives on, and that name is "Arnold, the Traito

HAZEL MAE BROWN. 290 Fourth Street, Portland, Oregon.

SOME TIMELY SUGGESTIONS

PORTLAND, Ore., Feb. 20, 1903. Editor Oregon Daily Journal: Day after day I read the suggestions of our "leading citizens" as to "What the 1995 Fair Will Do For Us." I most heartily concur in all that has been said. All ar- as a unit in declaring that "People will visit our Coast who will be attracted by our vast undeveloped resources, thereby greatly increasing our population and wealth.

But as yet no one seems to suggest definitely just what to do, or how these advantages are best obtained, or handled. There are many persons, indeed, the masority of people are quick to act, and to enter into an enterprise if only their attention is fixed upon a definite plan. Now, it seems to me that the individual duty of every inhabitant of Portland and vicinity should be to devise ways and means to interest every visitor, not only during the Fair, but now and all the time, then we will be ready. People will not come here just to see our Fair, but they will take advantage of reduced railroad rates to come from the Far Eastrn and Southern States to see what the Northwest is like, and it is a part of our business to keep them here and interested just long as possible.

There is no part of this continent that has the magnificent material found here, as yet undeveloped. Let me suggest that we might with profit take lessons of Los Angeles in vitalizing our resources, also in racting and interesting tourists. They have taken the most unpromising places, and by beautifying-making them easy of access-adding every possible novelty, above all, by advertising early and late, so fixed the attention of the tourist upon some particular place that before he ever arrives at Los Angeles he is so interested that he could hardly be induced to leave without a visit, even if it takes several days and considerable hard cash to make the trip.

Now think you, if they had our immense forests and great logging camps, as we have, so near our city they would not be utilized for all they were worth as attractions, novelties? Their Chambers of Commerce and their transportation companies insert in all literature sent out elegant pictures of every point of view, descriptions setting forth the desirability of the trip, easy of access, etc. Time tables of all trains and boats to and from this camp would be incorporated into all schedules, and hang in every conspicuous place in the city.

The average tourist or traveler is away from home to be amused, entertained, and he is willing to pay for if, if he is well cared for. If he is interested he will interest others, so the benefit is unending. I am told that within a few miles of our city are logging camps where the giants of the forest are almost in unbroken ranks, where the trip and return can be made in a day. This to strangers, at least, would be a novelty and would be a very entertaising trip, besides giving a very definite idea of one of our great industries

I would like to add another suggestion for our improvement. I refer to the scarcity of places where re-freshments of any kind are served to the public. On an excursion in any direction one is compelled to take a lunch along, or go hungry. These conditions, of course, will have to be changed before the Fair, but These conditions. isn't it time to awake and think about it? L.- A. ROBB.

Emperor William having offered us a statue of Frederick the Great, it is suggested that an appropriate return might be made by sending to Berlin a life-size bronze figure of President Monroe .- Philadelphia North American.

"A stage driver's life is a dog's life now. But I am not fit for anything else. Don't care to live anyway, except for my boy. I did not see him at home this trip, y on a hunting true. is just like his poor mother, must is just like his my only hope twill be satis-He was away on a hunting trip. He is just grown He several years ago. died As soon as I get him settled down I will be satis-He is a wild young fellow. But they are all wild fled out here. I was wild before him. They bring me a great number of bad reports about him, but he will come out all right. He has given me a great deal of trouble, but he will make a good man. I can't give him as much money as I would like, but he will make it all right. He gambles a little too much, but he'll get over it. I promised his mother I would make a man of him, and I will-Suze!"

A long silence came over the old man again. He seemed to be looking back over the past half century. We were now well up in the mountains. The ascent was becoming more marked. The road cut around the side of a yawning abyss on the other. The grade was just wide enough for one rig, except at the switches where rigs were supposed to pass. A few feets' deviation from the main road and we would have rolled of feet into the darkness below. hundreds Large rees now bordered the roadside and covered the mountains. Those near the road had signs nailed on them, Some were the announcements of the enterprising merchants of the mining towns, and the patent-medioine man had been there. Then the Salvation Army had explored the country, as along with the other signs I the bright moonlight the words painted in read by large letters: "Have you made your peace with your

Then as we crossed a little ravine that fore down the mountain side I saw the sign: "Hold-up tree— Black Bart held up stage July —, 18—," The old man glanced at the notice. He saw me reading it. "Have you ever been held up?" I inquired cautiously and in a sort of undertone. It was getting late in the night now

'Suze!'' exclaimed the driver. Then he looked around at me, and after a few minutes' pause said: "Yes, 13 times !- Whoa !" and the team stopped.

Tying the lines to the brake handle, he crawled down from his seat to the ground. I started to take the reins so as to be of assistance in holding the horses. "Let them be!" he commanded in no uncertain tones. I obeyed. As soon as he reached the ground and started toward his team I discovered that he was badly maimed. His right leg was crooked and almost limp. He fairly dragged it after him, only bearing enough weight upon it to create locomotion. After fixing the harness on one of the horses which become disarranged in some manner he clambered back into his place and shouted: "Suze!"

As the team started up he placed the lap robe more sclosely about his maimed limb, and remained silent for several minutes. Then he became reminiscent for the first time on the trip.

"I have been held up just one dozen times. Black Bart held me up three time. It was a pleasure to be held up by Black Bart-that is, his work was not like that of the average highwayman. Black Bart under-stood his business. He went about it systematically, He never lost his head. There was no danger, so you attended to your own business. But it is the work of the greenhorns that is dangerous. I can tell one as soon as he orders "Hands up!" He is nervous. He shows it in his manner and in his voice. Black Bart went at it just like a veteran. His hold ups worked just like machinery. There was not a hitch anywhere until that fool boy made it so hot for him that he dropped his handkerchief. That episode was the

(To be Continued.)