

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

C. S. Jackson

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A clown looked at a king and sighed: "Oh that just for a day I might sit where he sits, so proud, To dandle and to awe the crowd, With ne'er a bitter tear to hide While seeming to be gay."

The king looked down upon the clown And thought: "Ah, happy wight! You gaily caper all the day, Ne'er burdened by the sorrows they In secret bear who have to wear The purple, on the height."

—S. E. Kiser, in Record-Herald.

A CHALLENGE TO THE TRUST.

The Journal in its issue of Wednesday called attention to the work of certain agents of the local newspaper trust who have been resorting to falsehood regarding the circulation of this paper for the purpose of injuring its advertising business.

Aside from its extensive country circulation, The Journal has in the city of Portland 4,000 subscribers. All paid subscriptions, no "dead heads."

Rather than resort to the manly methods of business men, honest men of honest purpose, the hirelings of the trust seek to stab in the back.

Therefore The Journal will make this statement as a matter of protection against the band of trust servants.

THE SUM OF \$100 TO BE PAID TO ANY CHARITY NAMED BY A COMMITTEE OF THREE DISINTERESTED MERCHANTS OF THIS CITY IF THE CIRCULATION CLAIMS OF THIS PAPER ARE NOT CORRECT.

Furthermore, The Journal challenges the agents of the trust to appear before any two representative merchants who will prove disinterested witnesses and repeat the lying statements that they have been using in an endeavor to fling mud at The Journal.

IF THEY WILL REPEAT THE STATEMENTS UNDER THESE CONDITIONS THE JOURNAL PROMISES TO TAKE THE MATTER INTO COURT AND NOT ONLY PROVE THAT IT HAS DEALT HONESTLY WITH THE PEOPLE BUT THAT PORTLAND IS HAMPERED BY A LOT OF JOURNALISTIC BLACKGUARDS.

ADVERTISE OUR CITY.

One of Chicago's packing kings spent a few hours yesterday in Portland, leaving in the afternoon for Seattle. There is reason to suppose that the object of his trip is to select a location somewhere in the Northwest for a large packing plant.

This city should learn a lesson from the policy pursued by Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles and other Coast cities. If Portland is not to be out-distanced in the race for commercial supremacy, she must make an active and systematic campaign to attract Eastern capital and Eastern manufacturers.

The Portland Chamber of Commerce is doing much with the limited resources at its command, but the scope of its work could be greatly enlarged if popular interest were more general.

Every citizen and especially every business man should feel that he is directly and personally concerned in all efforts to aid the growth and development of the city. It is money in his pocket to assist in the work.

Advertising is just as much a necessity for a city as for a business man in these days of keen competition.

EDUCATING THE FILIPINOS.

Many formidable difficulties are being encountered in the task of educating the Filipinos. This initial step toward civilization and Americanization is meeting with strong disfavor among the natives.

An important feature in the curriculum is instruction in English, but as the natives discover that a long and tedious course of study will be required in order to gain any degree of proficiency in the new tongue, they become discouraged and leave the schools.

In most of the villages the school buildings and fittings are of the rudest description. American teachers sent out from this country are complaining bitterly of the failure of the government to furnish them promptly with books, paper, pens, blackboards, chalk, slates and other supplies.

It is said that in many instances salaries have not been promptly paid, and this has added to their discontent. Many of the teachers who went out from this country were admirably equipped and filled with enthusiasm for the work.

The task of educating the Filipino promises to be a long and a difficult one. It demands vast patience, enthusiasm and self sacrifice on the part of those who engage in it. The most difficult part of the undertaking will be to teach the natives their need of instruction and to instill in them a desire for it.

New York has a severe epidemic of the grip, and doctors are advising the public to refrain from kissing, if they wish to avoid all risk of contagion. A few people, however, are still willing to take a chance.

P. A. B. Widener, the Eastern street car magnate, cannot ride on a trolley car because it makes him seasick. Evidently his own medicine is too much for him.

If the beautiful snow caused half as many blessings as curses, it would deserve some of the nice things the poets say about it.

DEFEAT STILL RANKLES.

In commenting upon the statement of the Albany Herald that throughout the First Congressional District there is a strong demand for a man of firm and known convictions on certain great and vital questions which affect the great West, the Oregonian observes: "We should be glad of the name of a man, woman or child in the First District—yes, or in the Second either, that has ever expressed the desire indicated or would insist upon it in preference to a package of garden seeds."

Evidently irritation still rankles in the mind of the editor whom the last Legislature elected to stay at home, instead of sending him to Washington. It is hardly a fair inference that the people of the State are indifferent as to the character of their representatives at the National capital, because they did not select him as one of them.

When the time comes for choosing the next Congressman from the First District, the Oregonian will doubtless have much to say upon the subject. The voters of the district may recall, when that time comes, the estimate which that paper places upon their motives and their patriotism.

An Eastern paper suggests that as Germany is about to present this country with a statue of Frederick the Great, it would be appropriate for the United States to reciprocate by sending to Germany a statue of President James Monroe. As Frederick was the great exponent of empire-building, a policy of which the present emperor is also an ardent advocate, so Monroe was the first of our presidents to promulgate the doctrine which is now a recognized principle of our government.

For the first time Cuba is enjoying a railroad extending almost from end to end of the island. The new road, with its branches which are soon to be built, will be about 900 miles in length. It is of standard gauge, the bridges are of steel in the most approved style of construction, and the rolling stock is of the best.

It is stated that "Lee Mee Ginn is to be floor manager" at the coming reception to a noted Chinese reformer now on his way to this city. Is Mee Ginn the same person as McGinn, who was a member of the last State Senate? If so it is timely to remind our Chinese citizens that he was a decided failure as a manager at Salem.

Charles M. Schwab is on his way home. It is to be feared that the president of the Steel Trust will find America rather tame, after his experiences in Europe. It is particularly unfortunate that Canfield's is no longer running in New York.

Jingo, an elephant bigger than Jumbo, is on his way to this country. If he is to travel about the country, he will do well to profit by the fate of his predecessor, and take out an accident insurance policy at once.

The difference between a special news service and the old style press association is the difference between a suit made to order and a hand-me-down.

The extra session is rather hard on the good senators who did no filibustering. They are being kept after school with all the rest.

The first English newspaper was published in 1558. Some newspapers are still using the methods then in vogue.

Kaiser Wilhelm is said to have 52 residences. If he votes in every one of them, no wonder he is boss.

A California bishop is charged with playing tennis. What better evidence of heterodoxy could there be?

Yale's Tall and Small Men. Hardly was the announcement made a week ago of the formation of the Pewee Club, composed of the shortest men in the senior class at Yale University, before it came to light that the tall men of the college in the senior class had organized a club and called themselves the Brodiggers.

To become a member of this new band one must measure 6 feet 1 inch in height. There are 12 members at present. The president is Frederick William Wilhelm of New York City, a member of the football team. George A. Goss of Waterbury is the secretary, and Stuart B. Sutphin of Cincinnati the vice-president and treasurer.

The tallest man of the crowd is Thorn Baker of Cincinnati, who measures 6 feet 5 inches. Whenever a member of the Pewee Club wishes to speak to Mr. Baker he has to climb a ladder or else make connection with the long-distance telephone.

The members are extremely reticent as to their organization, but it is said that a lively initiation is one of the first things the applicant for membership has to encounter.

The limit of admission to the Pewee Club is 6 feet 4 inches. The King Pewee of the club, C. R. Aldrich of Evanston, Ill., comes just within that limitation. He is the tallest of the eight members. Henry Potter of St. Louis is the smallest man of the lot, and is less than 5 feet 2 inches in height. The organization was started by H. A. Waring of Savannah, Ga., a member of the Board of Editors of the Yale Literary Magazine, and his paper read at the first meeting of the club was one of a Frenchman's denouncing all American women above 5 inches in height to the Philippine islands.

RAILROADS AS REFORMERS

(Staff Correspondence.)

PENDLETON, Ore., March 13.—Western railway men, in comparison with Eastern railway men, own their homes in larger proportion, drink less whiskey, and hold their positions by fully as finely wrought systems of merit rewards. In the opinion of W. Hollons, general roadmaster of the O. R. & N. Company, whose headquarters are here, Mr. Hollons has returned from a 7,000-mile journey which took him East by the Union Pacific route and brought him home via Arizona and New Mexico. Mr. Hollons is an official of wide experience and close observation. His expression of opinion regarding the social status of the Western railway man is worth interested attention. In a conversation on the subject, he said:

"In the first place, railway men all over the country drink less liquor than formerly. Almost every company has evolved a rule of some sort, stringent in one case, lax in another, fair and moderate in the majority of instances. Most of the railway companies work under the rule that an employee shall not drink while on duty, with the certain provision that he does his report for duty while under the influence of liquor. This rule is fair and does not trench upon the personal liberty of the man, though it protects the employing concern and the public from the consequences of irresponsible service."

Railways as Reformers.

"The development of this rule has been the most practical temperance reform the country has ever seen. It is rational, just, possible of enforcement with approximately perfect observance, appeals to the common sense of the employe, and compels him to realize that it is as much for his own good as for the good of the public."

"All over the United States this more stringent regime has gained prevalence, until nowadays people know railway men as sober, industrious and of excellent habits. Their frequent recognition in business and political life attests this."

"As to comparing between Western and Eastern railway employes, during my recent trip which took me over 7,000 miles going and coming, I believe I was correct in drawing the conclusion that our Western employes have forged ahead of their Eastern brethren in this, perhaps three, respects. They own their homes in which they live, they care for their Eastern employes do. I refer more particularly to conductors and engineers."

"This tendency to purchase and maintain their own homes engenders a disposition to safeguard their hold on the position, and is resistant in preventing bad habits and forming them. In every respect that they do not lay themselves out to dismissal."

A Civil Service System.

"Did you ever think of this—that the railroad company has developed a most perfect civil service system applied to great industrial institutions? A railroad employe is about as certain of holding his position as he is certain of living, provided he does his report. In fact, the employe has a firmer hold on his job than has the railroad official on his. For, although the official may at any time lose his head with a change of control on Wall street, the employe remains throughout successive administrations and is in no danger of dismissal excepting for a cause which the himself has taken as in a court of law."

"The Western railway employe enjoys the advantage of his opportunities quite completely as has the Eastern worker, and the advantage in his position is not to be denied. He is entitled to recognition for what he has done for himself in these regards. The railway employe of today is, as a class, just as desirable as any citizen the country has."

JOHN E. LATHROP.

FORMS OF OATHS.

The bill to repeal the law providing for extra judicial oaths, which has been introduced into the assembly of oaths that might be brought into practice in a court of world-wide cosmopolitanism. The section of the law which it is sought to repeal has been on the statute book for many years, but has rarely been invoked by either of the parties to an action. Its existence has, however, been a perpetual irritant to the public mind. It is administration of justice. Chinese witnesses must be sworn in several ways if they are to be bound to tell the truth. In some cases the witness breaks a plate and assents to the imprecation that his soul may be shattered in the same way if he strays from the paths of veracity."

With a large section of the Chinese the formula is for the person administering the oath to light a match or candle and, blowing it out, tell the witness that thus will his soul be extinguished if he does not speak the truth, to which he assents by giving a short nod. Some living on the Tibetan border of India swear by the sword in court by cutting off the head of a live gamecock. The Hindu law says: "Let a judge swear a Brahmin by his veracity, a soldier by his horses, his elephants, his arms; an agriculturist by his cows, his grain, or his money, and all other witnesses by their bodies." Mohammedans by placing the right hand flat on the Koran and the left on the forehead and then bringing down the forehead to the book, and finally gazing a while at the book. The highest oath of the man who dwells by the Ganges in India is taken on the water of that river.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

TRIUMPH OF LABOR.

The railroad men of Oregon have just issued a report of their work for the passage of the fellow servant law, by the last Legislature.

It is a neatly printed pamphlet of 15 pages, and thoroughly discloses all the gamut run by the railway law. It is a neatly printed pamphlet of 15 pages, and thoroughly discloses all the gamut run by the railway law. It is a neatly printed pamphlet of 15 pages, and thoroughly discloses all the gamut run by the railway law.

One of the most interesting portions of the report, aside from its historic and economic value, in the long struggle of labor in Oregon, is that paragraph acknowledging the service of Oregon's Governor, in the interest of the man.

Speaking of those who befriended the laboring men of the state, in their efforts for recognition before the Legislature, the report says: "Of Governor George E. Chamberlain, in whom the railway employe has had implicit confidence, we are proud to say: He has fully redeemed every promise made to the workmen of Oregon during the campaign; he has assisted your committee in every possible way, his sympathies are with the workmen and his actions as Governor of Oregon show that he will fearlessly defend their cause on every occasion."

The report does not contain a word of denunciation, bitterness nor passion. In the face of the allied opposition of all the railway corporations, the employe made a fair fight, won it, and are quietly enjoying the fruits of their labor in the satisfaction of knowing that their cause was championed by a majority of Oregon's Legislators.—East Oregonian.

COCKROACH AND HERBIVORE.

At a jolly dinner at the Arlington the other night, which was attended by a number of prominent men, including Senator Hanna, a sprightly lady from Oregon told this story of a Frenchman's struggle with English, says a Washington correspondent:

"After the Rochambeau statue had been duly dedicated and the French visitors were ready to depart, several of them called at the State Department to thank Secretary Hay for the courteous treatment they had been shown. Secretary Hay was not in and the visitors called on the assistant secretary, Dr. Hill. The spokesman of the party, struggling with his English in a manful fashion, told how grateful they were, how much they had enjoyed their visit to La Belle America, and so forth, and went up by saying: "But, Mr. Secretary, we shall no longer cockroach upon your most valuable time."

"They were on the point of leaving when Dr. Hill, seeing what a horrible verbal blunder had been committed, gently explained, 'Monsieur,' he said, 'in America, if you will pardon me, we say 'cockroach' and not 'cockroach.'"

"Ah, je comprend; je comprend" replied the Frenchman, with animation. "Cockroach is so masculine and heronach is so feminine! Ah, yes!"—Washington Star.

POLLY



While DeWolf Hopper gets his usual amount of glory for his inspired interpretation of the part of Mr. Pickwick in the musical comedy of that name, one of the chief attractions of the production is the dainty acting of Miss Marguerite Clark. As Polly, Sam Weller's sweetheart, she is making a great hit.

MAGNIFICENT CEREMONIES.

President Roosevelt, Former President Cleveland and Public Men Generally Attend.

ST. LOUIS, March 11.—The magnificent character of the ceremonies contemplated for the 20th of next April, at St. Louis has scarcely been touched upon. The occasion is the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the Louisiana Purchase, and the dedication of the buildings for the World's Fair of 1904.

President Roosevelt, accompanied by his cabinet and the diplomatic corps, will attend. Former President Cleveland will deliver the principal address. Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop Potter and Bishop Hendricks will represent three of the great church organizations at the ceremonies. The Governors of the Louisiana Purchase States will be present, accompanied by their staffs. The Governors of many other states will also be present.

The National Commission and Board of Lady Managers of the Exposition, state and foreign commissions to the World's Fair, and many other distinguished persons will take part in the event.

A public holiday season will be proclaimed, continuing for three days, April 30, May 1 and 2. Major-General Henderson will be the grand marshal and over 5,000 government troops and 1,000 members of the national guard will attend the ceremonies in uniform and participate in the grand parades. The fireworks display will be of a character surpassing any previous attempts in this line. The fireworks program covers the entire three days, and provides both day and evening displays. The program for the evening display of Thursday, April 30, contains 52 parts, and for Friday evening, May 1, 44 parts. On Saturday, May 2, a day program only will be given. Among the many large features will be the unfurling of an American flag 300x100 feet in size and the flag of several of the leading nations of the world, 200x30 feet in size. These will be carried 2500 feet into the air by seven immense balloons, and there the fireworks of which they are composed will be set off. One of the set pieces will be a representation, full size, of the illuminated cascades and colonnades of the city's central gardens. This will be over 100 feet high with central towers 200 feet high, and the whole over a quarter of a mile long. There will be flights of 100 rockets of various kinds, flights of 100 bombs, 1,000 triple star candles, 500 mammoth prismatic whirlywinds, volleys of 1,000 shells, grand bouquets of 5,000 large colored rockets, an illumination of the park, a flight of balloons carrying the flags of all nations, jeweled mines, 100 batteries of gyrated wonders, etc. The display is the largest ever planned for any occasion. Splendid musical events will be a part of the three-day celebration. Two hundred thousand visitors are expected, for which provision has been made by a complete canvas of the city, and provision will be made for the comfort of all.

AN EXILED BOER.

Lieutenant Jan von Logins, a native of Petersburg, South Africa, a bright young Boer officer, is in the city. He is expected to give a lecture in the German language concerning his country, says the Salem Journal.

He served a year in the Boer War, and was taken prisoner when wounded at the brilliant battle of Spionkop. His father was a captain, and was killed at the same time. The young man has no relatives left, although their family was at one time one of prominence and considerable wealth.

He had 5,000 acres in the Transvaal, near Petersburg, but this has been confiscated by the British government, owing to his having made his escape while a prisoner of war upon a prison transport, while in the port of Colombo, Ceylon.

With five associates he made his escape from the ship in the evening. He was picked up by a French ship, while two of his companions were drowned and the other three reached a Russian man-of-war, and were taken to Europe. Lieutenant Logins was taken to Java and Japan.

Later he went to Manila, where, by gaining service under General Humphrey he later secured passage to America, landing in Seattle about two weeks ago. He is now stopping at Hotel Salem, and hopes to make his home here, if he can gain suitable employment. Lieutenant Logins is now practically a subject of the government of Dutch India, notwithstanding he took the oath of allegiance to King Edward upon his capture. He now proposes to become an American citizen, and cast his future lot with Uncle Sam's people.

He says he does not want to become a rover, but hopes to settle down at an early date and become a self-supporting, self-respecting citizen. He speaks German and French fluently, besides the Holland dialect, and is acquiring the English as rapidly as possible.

LOYALTY OF GERMAN-AMERICANS.

Some few months ago, says a correspondent of the London Spectator, I was traveling in Switzerland, with a German-American who had married a Swiss wife and had retired on his means in that country. I asked him why he came to Switzerland, and having left America, why he did not settle in his own country. His reply in purest American was: "Well, I guess if it had not been for my wife I should have stayed over the water, and if I wanted to make a move it would not have been to Germany. I have breathed the air of freedom in the States too long for that, and an occasional visit to Germany to see my relations is enough for me."

I think the rulers of the Fatherland—"the ruler of Kaiserland"—would be a more appropriate expression today—are astute enough to know that the above is no isolated case, and realize only too well that should such a calamity as a war between the States and Germany take place, among the bitterest foes of Germany would be found the German-Americans. Material interest is, of course, the greatest incentive to emigration, but not the only one, and men are glad at all times to exchange military despotism for civil liberty and equality. Germany will not risk a quarrel with America if she can help it.

SLEEPY RAILWAY TRAVELERS.

To sleep at any moment is undoubtedly a sign of physical soundness and Philistine sanity, especially in the matter of the brain and its functions. A physician would have little anxiety about the general condition of a patient who could sleep at will on a railway journey. In these days of hurry and bustle there could be no more encouraging sight to the philosopher than a railway carriage at noontide full of sleepers.

GIRL CHILD'S SUICIDE

By Paul De Lancy.

"Come to supper, Lizzie!" "I'm going to join father!" "I'm already at the table, dear!" "But I'm going to join my real father!" The wind was raging outside. The snow was falling in rolling, blinding sheets. Long before dark the barn and haystacks were covered several inches thick with the heavy stuff of snow. The cracks and as white as the headboards that dotted the broad expanse of the dead. The great, tall pines trembled at their base as the gale shook and twisted their boughs, and large lumps of snow and ice rained down occasionally from the branches. The men had come in from their night work, trudging through the snow, their approaching steps giving out a dull, grinding noise as their feet came in contact with the freshly-frozen element.

A bright fire blazed in an old-fashioned fireplace and the fibers of the large stiches of wool made the greatest, sizzling noise as they yielded to the hungry flames that gnawed their way into them. Just through a side door a long table was covered with dishes from which curls of steam rose as their hot contents came in contact with the chilling air that stole through the cracks and openings of the crude ranch house. The housewife sat at one end of the table busy pouring out coffee and tea and her husband sat at the other end, while a few minutes before, her cheeks were pale as death, her little head loped back against the wall, and her limbs hung limp and motionless, and her eyes, usually so bright, were now glazed and dull.

"What's the matter, Lizzie?" shrieked the mother. "There was no response." "Shake her, arouse her!" shouted one of them. In response to this rough handling and the shouts of those around her the child gave one look of intelligent gaze, raised her hand feebly and pointed to the mantel board.

"I'm going to join father," she whispered. One of the men took a bottle from the mantel board. It contained strychnine. It had been used by the doctor for poisoning coyotes. A large portion of its contents were gone. There were some of the antidotes at hand were applied and every effort made by those unskilled persons to save her life, but in a few minutes she drew her last breath.

A bright girl, only 13 years old, and without any apparent cause, a suicide! One of the men mounted one of the best ranch horses as soon as it was ascertained that she was dying, and rode away through the storm that night to inform the coroner at the county seat 40 miles away of what had occurred.

The ranch was situated on the former site of an old fort in Eastern Oregon. It was isolated far from civilization, and to this day, the soldiers spent several years there putting up buildings, cutting the wood and raising hay for their horses, and incidentally had an occasional running fight with the Indians. But the rancher had about obliterated all signs of the former occupation of the ground. There was still some evidence, however, upon the hillside, on the ranch house, beneath a group of tall pines there was a little cemetery. The fence had been torn away, but a dozen wooden headboards, painted white, bore inscriptions in black letters, telling who the "silent sleepers" were, where they were buried, and when they died, and to what company they belonged.

Ever since Lizzie came to the place, which was only a year previous, she spent much of her time in the cemetery. All of the graves were kept clear of rank growth by her, and one had her name and address. She planted flowers upon it and set out an evergreen at its head. On a pretty day, when not doing house work, the child could always be found at the cemetery, or near it. She would sit for hours on the tall pines and listen to the moaning of the wind in the boughs above her head. If one of the headboards happened to fall down she would prop it up and would not let the men rest until one of them fixed it up again.

"She just lives in the grave yard," would say her mother. "Little girls should be more cheerful," would say the men, and they tried to make her cheerful, but she always appeared sad, talked sad, looked on the sad side of every thing.

The moaning of the wind in the boughs of the great pines was in perfect harmony with her nature. There she found music that seemed to soothe her sad soul. They never to leave the place next day. Their lease had expired, and but for the storm would have gone away. Probably had it not been for Lizzie's death they would have gone anyway.

She had stood at the window all day and watched the stars. She saw the snow gradually grow deeper upon the hills. She saw the great lumps of snow and ice fall from the trees above. Then she would look down the narrow road that led away from the place with a shudder. Tomorrow they would leave. Who would take her to the grave? Who would look after the one with which she had spent so much time? Perhaps no one. Many times her lips quivered. Then a tear would steal down her cheek.

"It's only Lizzie's queer way," thought her mother. "It has all been about the same for years before. A soldier had performed service there who slept in the little cemetery on the hill. He had been transferred from Fort Bidwell to the place a year before it was abandoned. At Fort Bidwell he had wooed and won the heart of a young woman whose name was Lizzie. They were married. A girl baby was born to them. When she was 2 years old her father was transferred to the Oregon fort. He tried to get an honorable discharge from the service. But there was no money to pay for granting his discharge. He remained there. He was of a dreamy, despondent nature, the last man to have become a soldier, but once enlisted the term must be served. He brooded over the absence of his wife and child until his health gave way. The prisoner finally announced the approach of the end. The poor fellow begged to see his wife and child.

"Cold-hearted Army officers often do kind acts. They often do that which they are not required to do for human's sake. A messenger was sent to the dying man's family. The wife and 3-year-old baby arrived a few hours before the soldier's death. He knew them. "It is so good to have you here!" he said feebly. "It won't be so hard to go now. Kiss me and tell me you will meet me in heaven," he said to his wife.

"I will!" replied the grief-stricken woman. "Teach baby to be good and to strive to meet me in heaven," said the simple soldier. "I will!" replied the mother, deeply affected. "The poor one," he said, "he said to me, 'press the child's cheek against his own, 'be good and meet me in heaven.'"

"I will!" came the surprising reply from the prattling tongue of the child.

In a few years the widow married again. The child had longed to visit the old fort again. Her step father had chanced upon an opportunity to rent the place and had done so to gratify the wish of the child. The thought of leaving it was too much for her tender nature. That death-bed scene had ruined her life. Her simple experience told her that if the white substance in the bottle would kill coyotes it would kill human beings.

"I will join my father!" she had said, once in a while. This is not a story of fiction, but one of simple truth.

DECAYED GERMAN NOBILITY.

According to the annual edition of Perth's Almanac of the German nobility, thousands of waiters, coachmen, barmen, miners and other workmen in the United States are recruited from the ranks of the German nobility. Herr von Nordsee, an eminent authority on the aristocratic world of the Fatherland, says, in commenting on the book, that a glacer over its contents reveals the ominous fact that practically every blue-blooded nobleman of the empire is now represented in the United States where their sons for the most part are engaged in the humblest employment. To this it may be added that not only in America and other foreign countries are sons of noble German families found in the lowest strata of society, but even in the Fatherland the names of the very oldest nobles which appear in the highest ranks of the army, court and officialdom are encountered among coachmen, copyists and common laborers.

In all Berlin one lawyer only is of noble birth, while the city directory gives lists of hundreds of agents, constables and unskilled laborers with the names of old noble names. Marriage with commoners in these aristocratic circles is always regarded as, and generally is, marriage for money. The German nobility, unlike the English, cannot separate from such marriages the odium of mesalliance. In German noble families, unlike the English nobility, the father's title is inherited by each of his children, resulting in an endless posterity of counts, countesses, etc.