

THE NAME OF THE WATERFRONT

Pat Donovan Who Won and Lost a Fortune.

Queer Characters and Some Good Stories About All of Them.

(Journal Special Service.)
NEW YORK, May 1.—Pat Donovan's life is typical of many that have been lived along the water front of many a city.

Pat Donovan may be found seven days in the week at the end of a rotten wharf jutting out from Staten Island into New York Bay, near the little railroad station at New Brighton. He wears a sou'wester over his grizzled, age-worn face, and he is always ready to ferry all who venture on the pier across the arm of the bay to the factory-lined Jersey shore, a good mile away.

Most of his passengers are workers in the factories who have their homes in Staten Island beyond the pall of smoke. Often in a good while, a stranger picks his way along the wharf and lowers himself into one of the aged ferryman's boats.

A minute or two later the boat glides past the half-submerged wreck of what apparently was once a fine craft of some sort. Then, as the stranger looks with curiosity at the heavily-rusted machine, the remnants of a grided cabin, and the crumbling pilothouse, Pat Donovan shifts his tobacco and anticipates his passenger's question.

"All right, sir," he says with a cheerfulness that is left of his fortune.

"Yes, sir," he continues, after letting the boat drift close up to and past the wreck and then resuming the oars. "There's the remains of a grided cabin, and here I am, a man of 70 odd, doing the same thing I did when I started out getting what's sunk back of you, sir."

"Look behind you and see what I used to own. Just about a mile of the water front near the railroad station. Guess I was worth pretty close to half a million at one time, all made by working night and day along here from the day I landed from Ireland until 45 years ago. 'Zoo, sir, I started out as a youngster, a youngster right here where I'm ferrying you across now. That was 60 years ago. Been ferrying ever since, too, but not in a rowboat all that time. No, sir-ree. I've taken 'em over in an iron steam craft as ever carried passengers in New York Bay. And that's why I'm rowing 'em across today."

"Tell you how it was. Fifteen years ago I got tired seeing my men rowing passengers over and I thought of the property I'd managed to get hold of with my savings from year to year."

"I calculated I had several hundred thousand dollars in real estate and buildings on it, and so I tried to myself. But I reckon you've got enough money to take your customers across in a decent boat. And I gave orders for a steam ferryboat to be built."

"Then I bought a craft as ever ploughed her way through the Bay—white sides, gold paint, and looking like a fine ship, with a pilot house with hard wood work and brass trimmings. Lord, I was proud of her over to myself. I was proud that I took her across myself the first week, and she behaved like the trim little lady she was."

"Then, one day I didn't feel like working, and I turned her over to a hired pilot—and damn me, sir, she burned to the water's edge that same day."

"Discouraged? A boatman never stops pulling in a squall. I was in love with the beauty of her, and I wanted to bring her up from the grave, which I did, though it cost me another \$25,000 mortgage on my property."

Pat Donovan spat reflectively over the boat's side.

"Same old story—she burned a second time, two months later. But her bones are not back yonder. They belong to Mary O'Donnell, the third, and she went like the others."

"Yes, sir, those boats burned up under my very feet in less than five years, and that's why I lost my nerve for a while and then lost what property I had left after clearing off the mortgages."

"Doesn't want for my nerve, does it? Well, I got mine back after a time, and set about rowing across here as I'd done before I could rub two quarters together, and here I am, still at it."

"Ever wish for my fortune back?"

"The steel-gray eyes twinkled. "Can't say I ever did. Ain't I doing what I did when I had the Mary O'Donnells—taking 'em across?"

"Doing something was my best pleasure then, and doing something gives me my best time now. Besides, ain't I got the memory of the days when I had plenty of money and when folks called me Mr. Donovan, and not plain Pat?"

"Just to think of those fine times, when I'm smoking my pipe of nights, and to know that I've tasted of 'em, is enough to keep me feeling happy now."

"Then there's the bones of the last Mary O'Donnell back there. Why, every time I row past 'em I laugh at the thought of myself strutting 'round in a uniform and scolding the passengers half to death with my impertinent 'Yes, sir.'"

"Why should I feel gloomy? Ain't I rowing 'em across just the same?"

"Old Ripley."

"Old Ripley" was another Staten Island waterfront man with a history and a fortune. He had the big blood, besides, for he was descended from one of the old Huguenot families that settled on the island in the young years of America—a family of noble lineage.

He was the last of his family, because, he said, "none of the water keeps me from all other loves." But it is told on the island by those who knew "Old Ripley" that his love of the water was inspired by an unconquerable desire to be near the place where the betrothed of his young manhood lost her life while attempting to cross the Arthur Kill during a squall.

From that day "Old Ripley" neglected his business in New York and took to hanging around the wharf of the little suburb where his fiancée had embarked to her death. His friends, unable to make him forget, desisted after awhile, and then "Old Ripley" swiftly sank to the level in which he stayed for nearly 30 years.

He did odd jobs to keep body and soul together, but always near the water. He

A WEDDING IN OLDEN VIRGINIA

Recollections of an Old Southern Belle.

Arrival of the Bridegroom and His Cavacade—Journey of the Bridal Procession.

"How did rich people marry in your time?" asked a young woman of a stately woman who is grandmother to me, like herself was a guest at a recent noted wedding. Add the grandmother, who comes from Virginia, told this story:

"Your grandfather was the richest young man in the country, and he had a fortune of my own. The day of our marriage he came on horseback to my home."

He was attended by his young friends, each of whom rode a white horse. They wore high white hats and white silk breeches and white silk hose. Their shoes were adorned with great buckles.

"They came up the long lane which led to the great lawn in front of my home and their coming was quite like a pageant. This cavalcade was followed by a large number of slaves, the property of your grandfather. They were also mounted; there was one slave for each of your grandfather's friends."

"When your grandfather reached the entrance to the lawn he dismounted and was met by my father. As each attendant dismounted he was presented by your grandfather to my father, and the procession moved up the great walk to the wide portico of our home. There they were seated and served with such refreshments as all Southern gentlemen dispense to their guests."

"Their attendants were conducted to various apartments to make ready for the event of the day. When your grandfather had been cared for by his special servant he descended into the great family room and paid his most distinguished respects to my mother while at that moment, both by reason of her staidness and splendor would have been a noticeable personage at any court function."

"After this brief interview my mother withdrew and came to the great hall. She bestowed upon me her most affectionate attention. Then the minister, the bishop of the state, came in and laid his hands upon me as he had done when I was confirmed by him, and as I knelt before him he gave me his blessing."

"My bridesmaids were then admitted and after each had kissed my hand all withdrew. My brothers and sisters then came in and we had a little supper. Then came my maid, my old black mammy and her husband, the latter a venerable hostler."

"They bowed before me, as slaves in those days were accustomed to do before white people, and in leaving me those dear old black people wept as if they never expected to see me again. Then came the other slaves of the plantation in coats and breeches. The wedding robes of the family were seen in that procession."

"Then I was left alone for a few minutes—all alone. In that time I bowed devoutly, and in that attitude my father came in and found me. He and I conducted me to the great saloon below."

"The ceremony of my marriage was much the same as that observed today. Our church has not deviated from its ceremonies in seven hundred years. It may have been tempted to change some of its rubrics."

"A wedding breakfast followed. There was no music before or after the ceremony. But who the man is, or where he has made his money, or why he persists in working as a longshoreman, no one can satisfactorily say. Those who knew as much as this of his history believe him to be an Englishman, with blooded family ties. But that is only guess work, as are also their conjectures about his wealth."

And for his apparent relish for the youth work of a longshoreman he has no explanation except that which the man himself gives:

"I love the waterfront, and so I work on it."

The Kaiser Hellion in Plain Clothes.

Few Germans have seen the Kaiser in plain clothes. Yet he does wear them sometimes, but only when it is absolutely necessary, for he prefers uniform, even at home. The time he is in plain clothes is when he is in Berlin in court. He then wears a white fannel suit, but out of doors covers it with a military cloak. When he is in England, however, he wears the rule. This is the only time that anybody has ever seen the Kaiser in a dinner jacket or a black dress coat.

Formerly the Kaiser ordered all his plain clothes from England, brown and light gray being his favorite colors, but now he orders everything in Berlin and Potsdam, mostly in the latter place—London Express.

GERMAN AGRICULTURISTS.

(Journal Special Service.)
NEW YORK, May 1.—Forty-six German agriculturists will arrive in New York tomorrow. They will cross the continent and make a trip of 10,000 miles to study methods of farming and stock raising. Among them will be feudal land barons, scientists in the government service and students of agriculture.

J. L. Schultz of the United States Department of Agriculture is here to meet the visitors and two special cars are ready to take them on their long tour. They will travel by a southern route to California, up the Pacific Coast and return to the Atlantic through the northern tier of states. The trip has been arranged to enable the visitors to inspect the great wheat regions of the West, the orchards of the North, and the packing houses of Kansas, Ohio and Chicago. The tour will occupy nearly two months.

SMALL BOY HURT.

(Journal Special Service.)
SALEM, May 1.—Wm. Steiner, a 12-year-old boy, driver of a butcher's delivery wagon, had the misfortune yesterday afternoon to fall on a nail, the iron penetrating the right kneecap about half an inch. A physician believes that the injury will not disable the lad permanently, but it will be some little time before he will recover the use of his limb.

NO SCAB IN UMATILLA

GOVERNMENT AGENT ARRIVES

(Journal Special Service.)
PENDLETON, Ore., May 1.—Stock Inspector Beas of Umatilla County states there is not a case of scab now existing in the county among sheep. There is some mange among horses in some neighborhoods owing to the proximity of the reservation, where there are always many horses.

(Journal Special Service.)
ECHO, Ore., May 1.—John T. Whistler, who is to take charge of the geological survey that has been in progress in this vicinity for the past three months by the federal government, has arrived to begin operations. He will put to work two crews of men on permanent work in a few days.

Special Sale of Extension Tables

Beginning tomorrow morning we will inaugurate a sale of Extension Tables and they will be sold at a price that should interest the thrifty women.

The Extension Tables we refer to are highly polished oak, good size, and are sold elsewhere for \$3.00. OUR PRICE,

\$1.75

While you are looking at the extension tables you might also take a glance at the

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LIGHT WORKS FOR ASHLAND

(Journal Special Service.)
ASHLAND, May 1.—The Siskiyou Light & Power Company has bought out the Ashland Electric Light & Power Company. The Siskiyou Company along with the Ashland power plant secures the franchise for lighting that city.

The Ashland company is capitalized at \$25,000, fully paid up, and it is understood that the California company takes the entire issue of its stock at a considerable premium over its face value, bringing the total consideration of this important deal to over \$25,000.

The agreement for the sale does not provide for the taking over of the business of the Ashland company before September 1, with final payments six months later on, March 1, so that there will be no change whatever in the management of the company before September 1.

The California company has its power station on Fall Creek nearly installed. This it is estimated will develop 2,000 horse power. It also owns a strip of two miles along the Klamath River, one mile distant from the Fall Creek station, where 20,000 horse power, it is estimated, can be developed from the waters of the Klamath River, which in a short distance, at this point, have a fall of 150 feet. The work of stringing the heavy copper wires for the transmission of the electric current across the Siskiyou Mountains to Ashland and the Rogue River Valley will begin at an early date. The distance from the Fall Creek station to Ashland in a direct line is not much more than 20 miles, but it is likely that the wires will be taken via Klamath and Hornbrook to serve both sides and intermediate points on both sides of the Siskiyou, which will make the distance of transmission considerable further.

The Siskiyou company gives the assurance to the Ashland people that they will make a rate on power current low enough to permit manufacturing enterprises to be carried on profitably in that city. Should Ashland be able to get plenty of cheap power it will give that town a big boom.

LAND MONEY IS PAID TO STATE

Largest Monthly Collection on Record.

Chief Clerk George G. Brown Turns Over Funds to the State Treasurer.

(Journal Special Service.)
SALEM, May 1.—Chief Clerk George G. Brown, of the State Land Board, yesterday made a payment of the moneys collected during the month of April to State Treasurer C. S. Moore. The money so paid over was received on account of the several funds as shown in the following:

Common School Fund, principal, payments on certificates and cash sales of school land	\$32,730.47
Common School Fund, principal, payments on sales of lands acquired by deed or foreclosure	2,406.06
Common School Fund, principal, sales of tide lands	\$2.98
Common School Fund, interest, payments on certificates and cash sales of school lands	3,962.88
Common School Fund, interest, rents and payments on sales of lands acquired by deed or foreclosure	2,413.23
University Fund, principal, payments on certificates and cash sales of school lands	10.15
University Fund, interest, payments on certificates	6.21
Agricultural College Fund, principal, payments on certificates and cash sales of school lands	4,440.58
Agricultural College Fund, interest, payments on certificates	137.40
Swamp Land Fund	480.00
Total	\$46,646.16

This is the largest sum of money collected by the State Land Office during the month of April, and there have been very few months in the history of the department when the receipts exceeded those of the month just closed.

FIREBUG'S WORK NOTICED IN TIME

(Journal Special Service.)
ALBANY, May 1.—An attempt to burn the residence of Mrs. Dana Burmeister, occupied by Mrs. Minnie Munkers of the public schools, caused considerable excitement Wednesday evening and a great deal of comment since.

About 8:20 o'clock, or a little later, Wednesday evening A. S. Hart was returning to his home and passing the residence of E. M. French, when he discovered fire inside of the Munkers' home. As he reached the front gate Mrs. Munkers was at the door and told him that the house was on fire, that she had tried to give the alarm. The alarm was not given on the spot until 8:35. In the meantime a fire over the still between the parlor and sitting room under the portieres, set in some paper and rubbish, was extinguished. Then another fire was discovered in the sitting room next under the bookcase in some paper and rubbish. This was extinguished. Going further back the woodbox in the kitchen was found in flames and was thrown out doors. Back of this in the pantry, with the door closed, was a smoldering fire in some more rubbish, easily extinguished. Another fire was discovered in a sideboard, closed too much for the flames to make more than smoke. A still further fire was found upstairs, smoldering, and under the stairway considerable kerosene, which though had not been fired. Seven places in all, in part of them kerosene had been saturated. All the back doors were locked and the windows closed, permitting no draft at all, or the house would have been burned.

Two oil pictures had been taken down and were against the wall of the parlor. One of the wires of the telephone had been pulled out, the clothes on the downstairs bed were off the bed in a pile, in the barn was found a basket of china ware, each piece wrapped in paper and a box of bric-a-brac, a valuable rug, sofa pillows and a few other things.

The residence was placed in charge of Chief of Police McClain this morning and the case is being thoroughly investigated.

Portland Riding Club

The best medical authorities are unanimous in recommending horsetack riding as a service lung and kindred complaints. Particularly in this mode of exercise benefited on this and Coast, where the patient can enjoy the purest open air, inhale Nature's essence and the restorative fragrance of pine, fir, cedar and hemlock. It is safe to say that there is no country on earth where horsetack riding is more healthful than in Oregon.

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