## ROMANCE OF 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
te is typical of many that have been ng the water front of many a

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

mile away. doet of his passengers are workers in factories, who have their homes in iten Island beyond the pall of smoke, oe in a good while, a stranger picks way along the wharf and lowers himof into one of the aged ferryman's

A minute or two later the boat glides ast the half-submerged wreck of what sparently was once a fine craft of some t. Then, as the stranger looks with losity at the heavily-rusted machinry, the remnants of a gilded cabin, and crumbling pilothouse, Pat Donovan ifts his tobacco and anti-assenger's question.

All Es End Left. oco and anticipates his

"That," he says, with graff cheerfulness, is what is left of my 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 40 years" work, 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 waterfront near the railroad station. Guess I was worth pretty close to half a milwas worth pretty close to half a mil-m at one time, all made by working

light and day along here from the day landed from Ireland until 15 years ago. "Yes, sir, I started out ferrying as a youngster right here where I'm ferrying you across now. That was 50 years ago. Been ferrying ever since, too, but not in a rowboat all that time. No, sir-ree. I've taken 'em over in as fine a steam craft as ever carried passengers in New York Bay. And that's why I'm rowing 'em agross today.

across today.

"Tell you how it was. Fifteen years ago I got tired seeing my men rowing passengers over and I thought of the passengers over and I thought of the y savings from year to year, "I calculated I had several hundred cousand dollars in real estate and build-

ngs on it, and so I said to myself: 'Pat, reckon you've got enough money to be your customers across in a decent it.' And I gave orders for a steam

ferryboat to be built.

"She was as fine a craft as ever ploughed her way through the Bay—white sides, gold paint, and looking glasses in cabins, and a pilot house with hard wood work and brass trimmings.
Lord, I was proud of her—so stuck up
proud that I took her across myself the
first week, and she behaved like the trim
little lady she was.

Didn's Like Work.

"Then, one day I didn't feel like work-ing, 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 ulling in a squall. I was in love with the Mary O'Donnell, and I made up my mind to bring her up from the grave \$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

"Yes, sir, those boats burned up under y 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 pay to lose your nerve, does it? Well, I got mine back after a time.

ad set about rowing across here as I'd ane 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 then I had the Mary O'Donnells—taking Doing something was my best pleas-

ure then, and doing something gives me my best times now. Besides, ain't I got memory of the days when I had of money and when folks called me Mr. Donovan, and not plain Pat? ast to think of those fine times, when I'm smoking my pipe of nights, and to ow 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 thought of myself strutting round in a uniform and scaring the passengers half to death with my importance. 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 blue blood, besides, for e was descended from one of the old Huguenot families that settled on the fand in the young years of America-

a family of noble lineage. He was the last of his family, because, he said, 'love of the water keeps me from all other loves." But it is told on Ripley" that his love of the water was pired by an unconquerable desire to his young manhood lost her life while

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

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

slept, summer and winter, as close to the water as he could get. And when he was neither working nor steeping he could be found gazing out over the Kill where the girl and her brother had

ever permitted himself he indulged in whenever he was able to scrape up enough money to hire a boat for an hour or two, or was successful in pleading with some of his acquaintances for the loan of one.

Then he would pull out into the Kill and furiously row up and down until worn out, when he would kisurely make the land and slink off to the nearest

saloon, his uncut hair and long bristling beard flaring out in all directions.

"Old Ripley's" end was in keeping with his life. He rolled off the wharf on which he was sleeping one summer's night. They picked up his body several large large area. days later over on the opposite shore, and the old man's river-front acquaintances, who were conversant with his ro-mance, vowed that the body went ashore at the place where his sweetheart was making for when her boat capsized.

There is a river man in Pittsburg who has been waiting for half of man's allotted span of years to be drowned in the Ohio. Be believes implicitly that he will not, cannot, die any other way. His reason for his belief he states in a mat-

ter-of-fact way:
"The men of my family have been river men ever since they settled here in the latter part of the 1sth century. They've all loved the water; they've all lived by it, and they've all died in it.

"My great-grandfather and one of his sons sank with a raft off Cincinnati. grandfather was drowned, along with his | Each of whom rode a white horse, wife and two daughters, in an explosion on the Monongahela, as the boat was about entering the Ohio.

"I saw my father knocked senseless off a coal barge during a fight, and he never rose above the Ohlo's surface. Three years ago my brother and a cousin were capsized during a storm a piece down the river, and their bodies were found a week later.

"New, I'm the only one of my family left, and the Ohio is waiting for me. It will get me some day just as sure as I'm talking to you; and then, maybe, it'll be

ontented. "Why don't I leave the river? I can't. It's got its hold on me. And what good would it do if I did try something else? I'd come back to the river some day, be-cause I couldn't stay away, and then I'd be no better off.

"No; the river is bound to take me when it wants me, it knows that, and I know it. But I'm not letting that spoil "I figure it out that we've all got to die

in some way or another, and mine will be by going in the way my father did, and his father's father before him." The average longshoreman is not re-

garded as a man who would have much romance in his life, but a certain longshoreman in Philadelphia has had varied adventures all over the world. By his own admissions he has served in the British Army, has seen fighting in

South American revolutions, has cam-paigned with the French in Africa, and nows something of German army life. His statements are backed up by his knowledge of foreign military manners and his ability to speak half a dozen languages. And two long scars that disfigure his face, and look as if they

were made by swords, furnish further evidence of the good faith of his words. rhough a longshoreman, with a daily wage of something under \$2, he lives, not in one of the waterfront boarding houses that his fellow workers haunt, but in a second-rate hotel in the central part of the city, where the rates for rooms alone equal his earnings. He has been staying there for 10 years, and whenever he pays his bill it is by check.

The first time that he offered a check it .The first time that he offered a check it

was politely refused.

"If you are afraid of it," smiled the man, "just call up the --- Bank and ask them about me.

The clerk did so, and this was the re-Certainly, it's all right. He's good

for many times that sum any day."

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 famlly ties. But that is only guess work, as are also their conjecture about his

And for his apparent relish for the rough work of a longshoreman they have no explanation except that which the nan himself gives:

"I love the waterfront, and so I work

The Raiser Beldom in Plain Clothes. Few Germans have seen the Kalser in plain clothes. Yet he does wear them sometimes, but only when it is abso-

lutely necessary, for he prefers uniform, even at home. The time he is in mufti in Berlin is when he goes to his tennis but out of doors covers it with a military cloak. When he is in England. however, mufti is the rule. This is also the only time that anybody has ever een the Kaiser in a dinner jacket or a black dress coat. ...

Formerly the Raiser ordered all als plain clothes from England, brown and light grays 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 agriculturalists 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 stockraising. Among them will be feudal land barons, scientists in the government service and students of agricul-

J. L. Schuftz of the United States De partment 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, the stock farms of the South and West, and the packing houses of Kansas City and Chicago. The tour will occupy nearly two months.

#### SMALL BOY HURT.

(Journal Special Service.) SALEM. May 1 .- Wm. Steiner, a lad aged 15 years, driver of a butcher's de-livery 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

drowned.

The only pleasure that "Gld Ripley"

#### Recollections of an Old Southern Bel e.

Arrival of the Bridegroom and His Cava cade---Journey of the Bridal Procession.

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

Your grandfather was the richest oung man in the county, and I 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, wore high white hats, white silk knee

breeches and white slik hosiery. 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 envalende by a large number of slaves, the property of your grandfather. They were also unted; 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 attend-ant 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 grand-father had been cared for by his special servant he descended into the great family room and paid his most distinguished respects to my mother who, at that moment, both by reason of her stateliness and splendor would have been a noticeable personable at any court function.
"After this brief interview my mother withdrew and came to me in my cham ber. She was accompanied by my father they bestowed upon me their most affectionate attention. Then the minister the bishop of the state, came in and laid his hands upon me as he had don I was confirmed by him, and as I knelt before him he gave me his blessing.

and after each had kissed my hand all withdrew. My brothers and sisters then came in and we had a little reunion. Then came my maid, my old black mammy and her husband, the latter a venerable höstler. "They bowed before me, as slaves in

"My bridesmaids were then admitted

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 couples in genufication. The discarded wardrobes 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 fathe came in and found me. I arose and he conducted me to the great salon below. "The ceremony of my marriage was such the same as that observed today.

Our church has not deviated from its ceremonials in such affairs, however it may have been tempted to change some of its rubries.

"A wedding breakfast followed. There was no music before or after the ceremonial. After the breakfast I was conducted to my mother's old family room and there under her direction my wedding gown was changed to a riding

"As I passed out your grandfather met me and conducted me to the old stile block at the entrance of the lawn. It was covered with honeysuckle. Beside it stood the most beautiful animal that money and a thorough knowledge of blooded stock could procure.

"The saddle was of white silk; the outfit was caparisoned fit for a queen. black mammy's old husband was the hostler. I do not know which seemed to be the proudest, that old slave or the beautiful horse which awaited my com-

The attendants whom I had watched a short time before stood uncovered while your grandfather lifted me into the saddle as lightly as if I had been a feather. He was in his saddle a moment later, and then his friends mounted with the precision of trained cavalry, The bridal procession began its jour-

"It was several miles to the home of your grandfather. That journey came as being triumphal as any of which I ever dreamed. It was a holiday all along the course. The road was lined by slaves, most of whom were dressed white, and as we passed they bent to the earth, which was scattered with

"When we reached the entrance to the great lawn in front of your grandfather's house he lifted me from my saddle and, taking me by the hand, he led me in the courtliest manner up a path covered with flowers to the lintel of his house, which had welcomed other brides for several generations. At the entrance of the house your grandfather handed me the keys to the same.

"After a rest from the journey I was prepared for the banquet. None I have seen equalled it. What a splendid recollection it is! The dance which followed no one ever attempted to describe. The flower and chivalry of the Old Dominion were there. The plantation was a great, swelling volume of melody. I never knew when it ceased.

"The next day—a glorious ene—there was a fox chase. A dinner followed which lasted far into the night. And again the plantation was enwrapped by melody such as one hears nowhere else on this earth. And the next day there was a fete champetre in the evening, a ball to the knights and the court of beautytheir queens.

"The day after there was a reception to my father and mother and both brothers and sisters, who came on horseback over the route of the bridal party. At the close of the week there was a gathering of the slaves of both plantations, songs in the cabins, walks about the grounds and a distribution of gifts. "That is how the rich people married in my time, my child, in that blessed

#### state which we call the Old Dominion. NO SCAB IN UMATILL.A

(Journal Special Service.) PENDLETON, Ore., May 1 .- Stock Inspector Bean 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 mangy horses.

# 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,

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

## OAK BEDROOM SUITS

They have the swell fronts and are the kind the ladies like so well. Thoughtful consideration should be given to your house furnishings --- they are not bought for a day or a season, but to be used for years.

Comfort and economy counsel you to consider only the dependable kind and from a store where quality counts as the first thing to be considered. Such a store is JENNING'S. Let us get better acquainted with you.

## Henry Jenning & Sons

THE 4-STORY RED BLOCK

172-174 FIRST STREET

PORTLAND, OREGON

#### 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 \$35,000, 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 fall of 150 feet. The work of stringing the heavy copper wires for the transinission 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 Klamathon and Hornbrook to serve those and intermediate points on both sides of the Siskiyous, which will make the distance of transmission consider ably further.

The Siskiyou company gives the asurance 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 Should Ashland be able to get plenty of cheap power it will give that town a big boom.

#### GYPSIES AT SALEM.

(Journal Special Service.) SALEM, May 1.-The band of gypsies hat has made the residents of North Salem uncomfortable for the past three or four days was yesterday ordered away and after parading the principal streets like a Fourth of July procession the unkempt and unwashed aggregation crossed the river into Polk County and started on the way south. The gang made itself obnoxious to all they came in contact with while here, but their depredations did not amount to very much; as the officers guarded them closely while here. Salem people are congratulating themselves on being rid of the band.

#### GOVERNMENT AGENT ARRIVES

(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.

## PAID TO STATE

Largest Monthly Collection on Record.

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

(Journal Special Service.) SALEM, May 1 .- Chief Clerk George J. Brown, of the State Land Board, yeserday 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 short distance, at this point, have a the several funds as shown in the following:

Common School Fund, principal, payments on certificates and cash sales of school pal, payments on sales of lands acquired by deed or

pal, sales of tide lands ..... ommon School Fund, interest, payments on certificates 3,963,88 ommon School Fund, interest,

of lands acquired by deed or foreclosure ..... University Fund, principal, payments on certificates and cash sales of school lands .. University Fund, interest, payments on certificates ...... Agricultural College Fund, principal, payments on certificates and cash sales of

rents and payments on sales

school lands ..... 4,440.58 Agricultural College Fund, interest, payments on certificates ...... Swamp Land Fund .....

This is the largest sum ever collect ed 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.

#### FOR CUSTODY OF A SON.

Clara Whitman, divorced wife of Dr. A. H. Whitman, is defending the habeas corpus proceedings instituted by her for-mer husband who seeks possession and custody of their 10-year-old son Ernest. Mrs. Whitman claims that the father did not keep his agreement and take care of the boy, who has been living with her for the past five or six years, She alleges that the father is amply able to support the child. The case is continued in Judge Cleland's department of the Circuit Court until Monday.

#### FIREBUG'S WORK NOTICED IN TIME

(Journal Special Service.) ALBANY, May 1.-An attempt to burn the residence of Mrs. Dana Burmester, occupied by Mrs. Minnie Munk-ers of the public schools, caused considerable excitement Wednesday every ing and a great deal of comment since.
About 8:20 o'clock, or a little later,

Wednesday evening A. S. Hart was re-turning to his home and passing the residence of F. 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 bell until 8:30. In the meantime a fire over the sill between the parlor and sitting room under the portiores, set in some paper and rub-bish, 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 smouldering 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, smouldering, and under the stairway considerable kerosene, which though had not been fired. Seven places in all. On part of them ker sone had been saturated. All the back doors were locked and the windows closed, permit-

ting 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 she 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 bricabrac, 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.

#### ENTERTAIN TONIGHT.

Tonight is the "good time" for the "Y. L. S." of St. Mary's Church, Albina, who give another, of those enjoyable whist parties and socials in their hall on Williams and Stanton streets, to which all are cordially invited to attend. The members and their friends are

anticipating a most enjoyable evening. "New good digestion waits on appe-tite, and health on both." If it doesn't, try Burdock's Blood Bitters.

#### F. Dresser & Co.

PORTLAND'S GREATEST GROCERY We Cater to Those Who De-mand the Best. Both phones 227

CORNER SEVENTH AND WASHINGTON STREETS

#### Portland Riding Club.



The best medical authorities are unanimous in recommending horseback riding for nervous, lung and kindred complaints. Particularly is this mode of exercise beneficial on this West Coast, where the patient can enjoy the pure open air, inhale Nature's cache and the resinus fragrance of piae, fir, cedar and hemlock, it is safe to say that there is no country on earth where horseback riding is more healthful than in Oregon.

PORTLAND RIDING CLUB, W. G. BEOWH, Manager. 394 Elsventh St. Phone, Main 398. die horses and carriages. Horses bo and seld.



DAYTON HARDWARD CO Corner First and Taylor, Portland, Ore.

### F.W. BALTES & CO. **Printers**

Second and Oak Streets BOTH PHONES

Henry Weinhard

### City Brewery

Largest and Most Complete Brewery in the Northwest **Bottled Beer a Specialty** 

Telephones No. 72. Office 13th and Burnside Streets, Portland, Or.

METROPOLITAN PRINTING CO. PRINTERS commercial, Show 162 Second Street

