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(Journal Special Service.) Prineville, Or., March 20.—During the Indian trouble of 1861-65, Captain Watson and a party of scouts engaged in a sharp conflict with the Snake Indians at a point 60 miles from this place, since known as Camp Watson.

The recalling of this incident is only a natural result of the scabbard of Captain Watson, who was slain. The relic was picked up by "Hub" Kinder not long ago and now adorns the walls of his home in this city.

The blade is curved, extremely long, heavy and very unyielding, while the scabbard is also of metal and quite heavy, neither being much tarnished from its long exposure.

Old Rifle Unearthed. Another relic unearthed near this city a short time ago by the same collector.

Between the "kill" and "buck" was the image of a deer. In the field with the gun were found two stone knives, similar to those used by the Indians on an early day, so it is presumed that at some time, a brave found, at this spot, the relic of the "happy hunting grounds" of his ancestors.

Sword of Quebec. It is not often that an echo from the battle of Quebec is heard at this late day, yet this battle, between the English and the French, was the scene of a fight under Marshal Montcalm, which was fought outside the city on the Plains of Abraham, has just been brought before the minds of several in this vicinity.

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WEALTHY MAN GIVEN THIRTY DAYS IN JAIL

(Journal Special Service.) New Haven, Conn., March 20.—Despite his plea for clemency, Edwin Reeves, a wealthy manufacturer, who was arrested in a room in the New Haven House about a week ago, where his wife found him in company with a pretty stenographer, was sentenced today to thirty days in jail.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

Is not a secret or patent medicine, against which the most intelligent people are quite naturally averse because of the uncertainty as to their harmless character, but is a medicine of known composition, a full list of all its ingredients being printed in plain English on every bottle wrapper.

A little book of some of these endorsements will be sent to any address, postpaid, and absolutely free, if you request same by postal card or letter, of Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

LONGWORTH'S NOW AT HOME

President's Daughter and Her Husband Begin Housekeeping in the Capital.

BRIDE LOSES POSITION IN OFFICIAL SOCIETY

Instead of Filling Envious Position of Daughter of White House Is Now Kicked by Regulations Governing Congressmen.

(Washington Bureau of the Journal.) Washington, March 20.—Washington welcomed the returning Longworths and they are now established in their own home, having actually the first quiet they have had for, to these many moons. They started right in in a most democratic fashion and walk out independently without any hint of a new-suppression bureau.

Now that the bride has become plain Mrs. Longworth there is much uncertainty as to what attitude to assume in the matter of calling upon her so far but few cards have been left at the Longworths' door.

Mrs. Longworth may no longer be numbered among official maidens, since her marriage places her on the list of congressional matrons and subject to the same responsibilities and rules governing them. Instead of filling the envious position of the daughter of the White House and as such entitled to every honor and consideration, she must adapt herself to the rules and regulations of the wives of the members of the lower house of congress.

Thus, socially, she must make important changes in the way of calling or calling—as fancy has heretofore dictated—any infringement of the rule being followed by embarrassing complications despite the democratic absence of form in this country.

SAMUEL HILL TALKS TO PULLMAN STUDENTS

J. J. Hill Sends Farmers Greeting and Tells Them to Not Sell Their Land.

(Special Dispatch to the Journal.) Pullman, Wash., March 20.—Samuel Hill, son-in-law of James H. Hill, addressed the students of Washington State college yesterday on "The State of Washington and Its Relation to the Geography of the World."

Mr. Hill stated that he notified his father-in-law, J. J. Hill, of his intention to visit the Pullman country and asked if he had any message to send to the people here. The railroad magnate replied:

DR. WILEY OBJECTS TO IMITATION WHISKEY

(Washington Bureau of the Journal.) Washington, March 20.—Dr. W. W. Wiley, chief of the bureau of chemistry, department of agriculture, appeared before the house committee on interstate and foreign commerce recently. The diet of Mr. Wiley's "holston brand," on which he tested the effects of borax administered at the rate of seven and one-half grains a day, was discussed at length by the committee.

PORTLAND VICTIM GETS COIN BACK FROM WOMAN

(Special Dispatch to the Journal.) San Francisco, March 20.—Ella Wheeler, the young woman who is recognized of abstracting \$150 from the pockets of Alex. Lesser, a commercial traveler from Portland, November 11, at the Pup restaurant, has jumped her bond, and is a fugitive from justice.

RUSSIAN FIRM FAILS FOR THIRTEEN MILLION

(Journal Special Service.) Moscow, March 20.—D. & A. Rasstorogoff Brothers, the largest merchants in Russia, have failed for \$12,500,000.

As the tea kettle was the beginning of the steam engine, so the ordinary soda cracker was merely the first step in the development of the perfect world food Uneeda Biscuit.

A food that gives to the worker more energy of mind and muscle—that gives to the child the sustenance upon which to grow robust—that gives to the invalid the nourishment on which to regain the vigor of good health.

5¢ In a dust tight, moisture proof package.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

The REALM FEMININE

ONLY A DREAM.

Editor Hearst Feminine: After reading in Friday's Journal of the wreck on the Denver & Rio Grande road my heart was heavy at the thought of the unspeakable misery it caused.

And now his own wife and daughter were lying dead. Why had he never thought before of other men with wives and daughters lying dead? He could not be the only man with a heart. How many others had suffered as he was suffering now?

Then there were babies and little children! Perhaps there were other trains at that very moment loaded with human freight destined for another holocaust. There was nothing to prevent.

The president of the great railroad looked up. The dreary procession had filed by and he was alone. The human hyena—the thing of dollars and dividends—had been cast out. In its place was a man, with a heart to suffer and an enlightened brain to execute.

That night I went to sleep with wet cheeks and a heavy heart, and dreamed that I later transported the next day for a variety show of a baseball game and the responsibility placed nowhere, so with a smile of security he proceeded to plan for an increase in the next installment of dividends.

But now! In the great lonely house lay the bruised, torn, ch red remains of his wife and only child—killed in a railroad wreck.

Before him passed in dreary procession all who had met death in similar horrors. There was no light and his eyes were covered with his hands, but he could not shut them out; they brought their own light with them—the only light that could penetrate to the heart of a man possessed with the demon of gain, gain at whatever cost.

Strange, strange; for the first time in his business life he was reckoning with the factor of human grief. At least it would be taken account of in his calculations for dividends and his standing among other roads of the country.

There were women and children in that procession; there were strong men full of life and hope, hearts throbbing with the love of work to be achieved and happiness to be enjoyed—all crushed out, all jumbled in hopeless ruin by what? By an accident? By what sort of an accident? An accident beyond the power of human foresight to avert?

The great man shuddered; for he knew, now that his better self was awake and sitting in judgment on the greed of years of his business career, that they were avoidable; that he had "turned down" inventors who were ready and anxious to have their devices for the prevention of these horrors put to the test. The expense was too great; if would take money that would otherwise pay dividends that sent the stock of his road soaring out of sight, and inventors have no influence; nobody would know, or care if they knew.

Now he was watching that strange procession with the quaking heart of a criminal. The procession had changed from passengers to trainmen, telegraph operators, engineers. There was an engineer who had fallen asleep just before the close of a 36-hour run and been killed in an accident.

Think of it! Thirty-six hours with the safety of that monster in your care and the responsibility of human lives depending on you.

He remembered that one man, braver than his fellows, when brought before him in connection with some disaster, had said: "Mr. President, 90 per cent of all railroad accidents are due to the fact that men are so sleepy and so brain-fagged from long hours they are incapacitated for their work."

And now his own wife and daughter were lying dead. Why had he never thought before of other men with wives and daughters lying dead? He could not be the only man with a heart. How many others had suffered as he was suffering now?

Then there were babies and little children! Perhaps there were other trains at that very moment loaded with human freight destined for another holocaust. There was nothing to prevent.

The president of the great railroad looked up. The dreary procession had filed by and he was alone. The human hyena—the thing of dollars and dividends—had been cast out. In its place was a man, with a heart to suffer and an enlightened brain to execute.

Then the scene changed to a directors' meeting of the great road. A new program was inaugurated that made the directors stare.

The most rigid inspection of the hours of employees was to be instituted. No train dispatcher was to work over six hours; men were to be hired in sufficient numbers to make the infraction of that rule an impossibility.

In other branches of the service other reforms were to be carried out just as rigidly.

And the directors were to appoint a day to consider the inventions that might be laid before them for the prevention of disasters in addition to the increase of employees; and further, any device, after thorough experiment had proved it trustworthy, should be installed, regardless of expense.

"His loss has turned his brain," said one director to another. "That expense will cut down dividends. Let's see, our stock is selling at 190; it will drop 20 points as soon as this fool business gets out."

They were blind; they had not been with the president in his library that night. And in the end, I saw in my dream that this same road became so well patronized that all competing roads were obliged to follow its example.

After this I awoke, a little comforted, for I could see that in time these horrors will cease. Yours very truly, REBECCA.

SAFE RAILROAD TRAVEL.

From American Homes and Gardens. Increased safety in railroad travel is one of the urgent needs of the day. Railroads have never carried so many people, never run so many trains, never put on so many cars, never employed so many men, never covered so much territory—and never been so popular as a means of getting about as today; yet with all this has come greater danger to human life, more accidents, more serious accidents, more people hurt and more damages inflicted.

The simple truth seems to be that the railroad managers are not sufficiently alive to the sacredness of human life. This is the most precious of all earthly things. It is something that, once destroyed, can never be replaced, and something the injury to which may lead to results of most serious consequences. There is a popular impression in Europe that railroad accidents are more frequent in America than abroad, because the American trains are run at a higher rate of speed. This contention is hardly borne out by the facts, since with the exception of one or two recently established trains, the fastest trains in the world are operated abroad.

The numerous American accidents are due not so much to the rapidity with which American trains are run as to the carelessness with which they are operated, or the indifference with which the American public at large views the railroad. An accident that involves a person not an employe of a railroad or not a passenger may be partly due to the injured one's own carelessness. An accident to a passenger is mostly due to carelessness in railway management.

229 MORRISON STREET

BREADTOILERS' SALE

Thousands of bargain-seekers come and go from this busy store, the home of the toiler, where Payer & Co.'s grand and up-to-date stock of merchandise, consisting of fashionable MEN'S, BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING, MEN'S, LADIES' AND BOYS' SHOES, HATS, UNDERWEAR and all other FURNISHINGS made to wear by man, woman or child may be had at this matchless bargain jubilee to be slaughtered at prices that will make the chap who loves a dollar most unloosen his purse strings and lay in a triple supply of everything he stands in need of

Tomorrow Morning at Nine o'Clock

We will put on sale 11 cases of clothing, just opened, consisting of the very finest spring goods in the city, the latest long cut coat in different shades, single or double breasted, prices ranging from

\$6.85 to \$16.85

and worth up to \$35

ALL OUR MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS AT ONE-THIRD OF REGULAR PRICE

Also a line of miscellaneous goods at any old price, as we must have the room. Just opened a case of fine Trousers, sizes up to 48 waist, at HALF PRICE—a chance for some of the extra size men. Sale will continue until further notice.

The Big Yellow Signs 229 Morrison Street FOLLOW THE MULTITUDES

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Fitch. In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA. 900 DROPS. Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS AND CHILDREN. Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC. Fac-Simile Signature of Dr. J. C. Fitch. NEW YORK. 15 Doses—35 CENTS. EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

The Portland EUROPEAN PLAN ONLY HEADQUARTERS FOR TOURISTS AND COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS. Everything to eat and drink, and it costs no more in the Portland Hotel Rathskeller than elsewhere in the city. Every weekday night from 9:30 to 12. E. G. BOWERS, Manager.

Hotel Eaton Corner Morrison and West Park Streets. NEW. Handsomely furnished, elegantly equipped, fireproof, fine minutes' walk from heart of shopping and business district. All large airy, outside rooms, steam heated, electric light, telephone in each apartment, large office, lounge, smoking, writing, ladies' reception parlors. Rooms reserved by mail or telephone. Private omnibus meets trains and steamers. Rooms \$1.00 to \$5.00 a Day. Special Rates to Commercial Men. MRS. MAE EATON, (Formerly of Hotel Belgham, Spokane.)

TEETH For modern dental work. World-renowned specialists. Lowest prices consistent with first-class work. GO TO THE NEW YORK DENTISTS. FOURTH AND MORRISON STS. Open daily from 8:30 a. m. until 6 p. m. Sundays and Holidays until 3 p. m.

G.W. WEATHERLY, J.G. PECK, H.M. CARLOCK. COAL AND COKE. 229 MORRISON STREET. Phone East, 244. WE ASSURE OUR CUSTOMERS PROTECTION REGARDLESS OF "COMBINE" OR COMPETITION. Fulton Wood Co. 392 Morrison St.