A DREAM OF UNCLE SAM AND GROVER.

[Published by request.]

Quite recently I fell asleep
And while sleeping had strange dreams,
I was on board a railroad train,
Bound for Washington, it seems.
"Uncle Sam" was our conductor
And 'twas with a glistening eye,
He gazed out on the various scenes,
As the train went speeding by.

In all the cities we passed through
And many smaller places,
We saw a large and idle throng
With anxious, haggard faces.
They gathered around the platforms
And they shouted through the door,
For Uncle Sam to hurry up
And bring back good times once more.

Our factories are all idle now,
And closed is our every mill,
We hear the engines throb no more,
And the wheels are dumb and still.
Within our homes there is a gloom
That dull times have produced,
Our towns are filled with idle men,
To poverty now reduced.

"You have my sympathy, my boys,
Replied Uncle Sam to all,
"But you locked yourselves outside those
Shops, by your own votes, a year ago last fall.
But we're bound for the Capitol,
There to learn what can be done,
And no doubt you'll hear something drop,
When we get to Washington."

Arriving at our journey's end
To consult the big combine,
We found a mighty multitude
There, all drawn up in line.
They were calling Grover Cleveland,
Soon he faced the howling mob,
Of ten thousand angry people,
Each howling for a job.

I saw men and women in that crowd,
With hair long since turned gray
Demanding if they now must beg,
In our free America.
And I saw countless sewing girls,
All with features pinched and wan,
Asking why the looms were silent,
Of that man in Washington.

I saw a gray haired veteran
In a suit of union blue,
One sleeve hung empty at his side,
He spoke—holding that in view;
"I went forth at my country's call
To conquer but never yield,
The arm that should fill this sleeve
Lies, on Shiloh's battle field."

The awful storms of rebel balls,
Laid low many Union braves;
To-day they're sleeping in the South
In their unmarked, grass grown graves.
Some thousands died in agony
And in unknown graves are laid,
Starved and died true Union men, in
The Andersonville stockade.

The noble women of the North,
With tender pitying care,
Nursed the wounded rebel prisoner
While they breathed a silent prayer
That their own loved ones far away
Might fall in as gentle hands,
To bathe their wounds, or close their eyes,
Should they die in southern lands.

But those loved lay with undressed
Wounds, exposed to rain and sun,
Watched over by a rebel guard
With his ever ready gun.
Your haughty belles would scorn to speak
To a "hated Yankee-spy,"
In filth and untold misery
They were left alone to die.

The dying groans of wounded men,
As for friends they called or prayed,
Was music to the rebel guard
In that cursed death stockade.
But the army guns were laid away
And the battle's din did cease,
The war clouds rolled away at last
And clear was the sky or peace.

Prosperity shone o'er our land,
And forgotten were our fears
But now in one year you've undone
The grand work of thirty years.
We've borne with patience, all we could,
And we're now here to demand
The rights of free born citizens,
We would have you understand.

You're a servant of the people
And we are not your slaves,
You ignore the rights of orphans
And you scorn the Union braves,
You've tinkered with the tariff laws
Just as foreigners have planned,
You have catered to Great Britain
Till their goods now flood our land.

Mills and factories are idle
Thousands seek for work to-day,
And to the shop girl's pleading voice
You have turned your ear away,
You have robbed the feeble soldier
And defied the pension laws,
Now we are here to recommend
That you be removed for cause.

Is my war picture over drawn,
Have I said one word unfair?"
"Well, I don't know," answered Grover,
"For you see I wasn't there."
Then Uncle Sam stepped up and said
"Grover, your term has now expired,
Take your duck gun and fishing rod
And consider yourself fired."

Then he introduced a stranger,
With his Yankee smile, so bland,
'Twas McKinley, of Ohio,
With his tariff bill in hand.
Ten thousand voices then sent forth
A glad cry, loud and shrill,
With three cheers for Bill McKinley
And McKinley's tariff bill.

Ah, what a sudden, mighty change,
As the news spread far and near
Mill wheels began to move at once,
There was nothing more to fear.
We bade farewell to Washington,
Started on our journey home;
We knew by throngs of busy men,
Better times once more had come.

'Twas all a dream that came to me;
We're governed still by Grover,
But when we come to vote again,
His reign will then be over.
The first part of the dream is true,
And the latter part we will fix,
When we have a chance to vote again
In eighteen-ninety-six.

In 1869, when stamps were used nearly as large as the Columbian stamps, the pictures illustrated the various ways of carrying the mail. The stamps were as follows: One cent, buff, head of Franklin; two cents, brown, a horseman; three cents, blue, a locomotive; six cents, blue, Washington; ten cents, yellow, an eagle; twelve cents green, a steamship; fifteen cents, brown and blue, the landing of Columbus; twenty-four cents, green and purple, signing the declaration; thirty cents, blue and carmine, an eagle; ninety-six cents, black and carmine, Lincoln. These stamps are considered as beautiful as any we have ever issued.

Please tell me something about the "blarney stone?"

The "blarney stone" is situated at the northern angle of Blarney Castle, near Queenstown, about 20 feet from the summit. It bears the latin inscription, "Cormac MacCarthy fortis me fiert fecit, 1446, Cormac MacCarthy the Stronge built me, 1446. There is a window above the stone, and a person hanging head downward may kiss the stone and thereby become eloquent. It is said that George Carew besieging the castle in 1601, was put off by the garrison with soft words for so long a time before they would surrender that he became the laughing stock of the time, and since then the Blarney Stone has been famous.

THE SORROWS OF A MOTHER.

A very dramatic scene, says our Vienna correspondent, took place at the sessions court of Hernais—one of the districts of Vienna—a few days ago, during the trial of a young man of about 25 for being a tramp, a vagabond, and for returning to Vienna in spite of a decree forbidding him to reside in that capital. The prisoner, on being arrested, had refused to give his name; "space" was his address, he said; and "religious contemplation" his main occupation in life. Failing to obtain more precise answers to their questions, the police and the public prosecutor set themselves to discover who he really was, and where he hailed from. His photograph was taken and shown to every concierge in Vienna, and at last a very respectable old lady came forward and declared that he was her only son. In court the prisoner, unaware of the success of the police inquiries, refused to reply to the questions of the judge, whereupon the following scene ensued: Judge—"You are Agustus Krezci; you have been frequently condemned before, and were forbidden to live in Vienna. Do you admit all this?" "No, my lord; I never heard that name before. I have never yet been tried for any offense." Judge—"Call the witness." A well dressed old lady of about 60 came slowly forward, and the moment she caught sight of the prisoner threw herself in his arms, sobbing and exclaiming, "Ah, Augustus, Augustus, my dear, dear boy! is it thus that we meet again?" She embraced him, covered his face with kisses and with tears, and many of the ladies in court made a pretty good use of their white hankerchiefs the while. It was a thrilling scene, and the silence was broken only by the mother's sobs. Suddenly the prisoner shook the old lady very rudely, pushed her aside, and turning to the judge said: "I don't know who on earth this old woman is, or what is the object of the farce she is playing. Please have her removed." Judge—"Do you mean to say she is not your mother?" "My lord, I am prepared to swear that I never set eyes upon her in my life until now." Judge (to the lady)—"Are you really quite sure that this is your son?" Witness—"But surely, my lord, I ought to know my own flesh and blood. He is the apple of my eye. I would lay down my life to save him from disgrace, and make him good and happy." Prisoner (to witness)—"What is your name, my good woman?" Witness (bursting into tears)—"Augustus, Augustus, don't treat your mother so cruelly!" Judge—"Her name is Krezci, as yours is." Prisoner—"Well, as it has come to this, I may as well give my name, although I meant to keep it secret; It is Grei. And I can swear that I never saw this old hag before." Witness—"Grei is my maiden name, my lord." Prisoner—"Please take the old woman away! She is crazy." Then the old lady again approached the prisoner, kissed his hands, reminded him of his school days, of the penury and misery she suffered in order to keep him from want and give him a good education; she besought him to speak the truth and to work honestly for his livlihood, promising to share her last crust of bread with her darling Augustus; the ladies in court meanwhile sobbing aloud. At last the prisoner himself was unmanned, and sinking his head on his breast murmured, "she's telling the truth, I am her son." The judge thereupon sentenced him to three months imprisonment with hard labor.—London Telegraph.

Jews Flocking to Palestine.

The retoration of the Jews to the Holy Land was regarded, only a few years ago, as the idle dream of a few Christian enthusiasts. It would now appear to be merely a question of time. The London "Times" published a letter from Bishop Blythe, of Jerusalem, in which he states that about 100,000 Jews have entered Palestine within the last seven years, and that no one can possibly forecast the next seven years of Jewish immigration. The London "Spectator" remarks that already the railways are opening up the coast and Jerusalem and Damascus, and, if there should be a Hebrew immigration on a large scale, Syria may once more become one of the most important places in the East.

A Leader.

Since its first introduction, Electric Bitters has gained rapidly in popular favor, until now it is clearly in the lead among pure medicinal tonics and alteratives, containing nothing which permits its use as a beverage or intoxicant, it is recognized as the best and purest medicine for all ailments of stomach, liver or kidneys. It will cure sick headache, indigestion, constipation and drive malaria from the system. Satisfaction guaranteed with each bottle or the money will be refunded. Price only 50c per bottle. Sold by Hillsboro Pharmacy.

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We authorize our advertised druggist to sell Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds upon this condition. If you are afflicted with a cough, cold or any lung, throat or chest trouble, and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We could not make this offer did we not know that Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied on. It never disappoints. Trial bottles free at Hillsboro Pharmacy. Large size 50c and $1.

ONE-SIDED REFORM.

Kate Field's Washington is not a political paper, but Kate handles a knife that occasionally is used for scalping some of the brethren. Here is a sample from the issue of May 30th:

Without warning, so far as I can discover, seven hundred employees of the public printing office were discharged last week. Thus have seven hundred men and women been added to the army of unemployed by no less a capitalist than the government of the United States. Admitting that these men and women ought to be discharged, is it wise to turn them out at this time? Is not such an object lesson more potent for evil than good? Under any circumstances, should not these employees have been given fair warning? Is not such haste as indecent as it is cruel?

Why this discharge of seven hundred? Three answers are given:

The first declares that the void is only temporary; that "rascals" have been turned out to put "rascals" in; that moral principle involved is not one of economy, but of politics; that seven hundred republicans had been landed on the sidewalk to make room for seven hundred democrats. The admission that our system of government admits of this last hypothesis covers some of us with confusion.

The second answer states that these seven hundred employees had been made necessary by the eight-hour law; as work is slack at present, they are no longer needed. The third answer is, that owing to the demands of the spoils system, places had been invented by the late administration. Mr. Benedict's new broom swept them out as he would remove other impedimenta. Whichever horn of the dilemma you choose, dear reader, 'tis most intolerable and not to be endured.

All this trouble and criticism lead me to ask why the government has gone into the printing business? If Uncle Sam undertakes one business why should he draw the line anywhere? If he prints newspapers and books, why should he not establish factories for the making of army and navy goods? Why should he not breed horses and cultivate farms?

Don't tell me that a government printing office is necessary because the work is better or more cheaply done, for such a statement would be absolutely false. Almost everything done by the government costs much more than work fulfilled by contract. The mere fact that 700 employes can be discharged without reducing the orders given out daily, indicates an extravagance no private firm would permit.

If 700 democrats walk into the empty places, the reign of extravagance will go on. Should Mr. Benedict be bent on reform, his successor may be less conscientious, and then besieged congressmen will return to the charge with unabated fury. So long as Uncle Sam meddles with business he can get others to do for less money, so long will he be responsible for outrageous expenditure of the people's money and for some of the worst features of the spoils system. Were public printing done by contract, paternalism would lose one of its mighty wheels, thousands of dollars would be saved, and congressmen would be relieved from importunities for place that are driving many of the best men into private life.

Giving Mr. Benedict credit for the best intentions, let us turn to congress and see whether the desire for economy is an epidemic. There has long been a law for "docking" members' salaries when absent without leave, except in case of sickness. It has been practically ignored for 20 years. Now when revived, in order to obtain a quorum, it is pronounced outrageous and is voted down. What is good enough for a poorly paid government clerk ought to be good enough for a congressman, but it isn't, you see.

After disposing of "docking" in their own favor, the party to which Mr. Holman belongs denounces the civil service commission and refuses to appropriate money for its support during the current year. Notwithstanding the plank in the democratic platform endorsing civil service reform, democrats actually attempt to destroy the civil service law, which is only saved by a majority of seven, the vote being ninety-three to eighty-six.

What is the aim of civil service reform? To make public office a public trust, to take inferior offices out of politics, and to make impossible such accusations of unnecessary appointments as are now brought against the discharged seven hundred of the public printing Bureau. Whatever its present defects, the civil service commission is a step in the right direction and is an outgrowth of public opinion. Never has the majority in congress been more stupid than in an opposition which is doomed to act as a boomerang. Retrograde legislation and treachery to party promises are the last straws needed to disgust sane people with a party whose genius seems to consist of wondrous outbursts of unexpected incapacity.

A year ago McKane was a boss in high feather in Gravesend, N. Y., with a strong pull in the State. To-day he is in Sing Sing, and Gravesend has been consolidated with Brooklyn. Coney Island no longer pays heavy tribute to a boss and has been made respectable. McKane's best man has surrendered to Brooklyn's Sheriff, and will go to prison. No wonder the New York City bosses are beginning to hand in their resignations.

A "JERRY" RUSK NEEDED.

There is a pretty loud call at this moment from a suffering people for a Governor with the courage and public spirit of the late Jeremiah M. Rusk. During the disturbances attending the labor strikes in 1886, Gov. Rusk rose to the emergency with a promptness and a heroism which called out the plaudits of the country. When the crisis came in Milwaukee and the mob seemed bent on destroying life and propesty he brought the militia quickly to the scene, and gave orders to fire if the lawlessness took any dangerous turn. His resolute stand accomplished its purpose, for though the strike continued and the community suffered thereby, the policy of destruction decided on by the labor leaders was checked and a fair degree of order was preserved.

Rusk's courageous course contrasted strongly with the vacillating and pusillanimous conduct of some of the other Governors of his day, and it shines out in brilliant luster in comparison with the blindness and cowardice shown by Altgeld and the mischiveous demagogy and the shameless disregard for law displayed by Waite. Altgeld cringes and truckles to the riotous mob, and refuses to call out the militia to aid the police in defending life and property, and Waite openly takes the side of a band of miscreants who commit murder in cold blood. In certain districts in the States presided over by these men the riotous elements are in absolute control and lawlessness is the order of the day. In those localities the lives and property of the law-abiding members of the community are at the disposal of the mob for the time being.

It is amazing that the men who are responsible for the execution of the law fail to see that in a crisis like this the course which duty dictates is also the course of mercy. When Gov. Rusk let the Wisconsin mob know that it would be fired on if it attempted to carry out its purpose of bloodshed and rapine, he did it the highest service which could be rendered, for if it were allowed to carry out its programme it would have aroused the vengeance of the community and its leaders would have had their career cut short by the bullet or the halter. The same sort of a policy in Illinois, Colorado and the other afflicted States would promptly suppress all this lawlessness and end the reign of terror. Such a course would be in the interest of the cause of labor rather than antagonistic thereto, for no worthy aspiration or enterprise is ever aided by a policy of disorder and destruction.

Mendelssohn, when a boy, was passionately fond of gymnastics; later in life he was devoted to all sorts of athletic exercises, but especially to riding swimming and dancing. Had he not been a musician, he might have made a success as an artist. The number of finished sketches, both in pencil, pen and ink, crayon and water colors, is very considerable, for wherever he went when he saw anything worth sketching and had the time he sat down and sketched it, finishing it at his leisure. The drawings and water colors are all very carefully done. He was a voluminous letter writer, and kept all the letters he ever received. They are still preserved just as he filed them, in twenty-seven very large thick volumes. No sketches of his music exist, for he does not seem to have made any, preparing the whole of a long movement in his head before writing down a note. His improvisation, both on the organ and on the piano, was the wonder of his cotemporaries. He had very long fingers, and was accustomed to train the second and third of each hand by practicing trills several minutes each day.

Beethoven was surly, ill-bred and so peculiar in his habits that nobody liked to live in the house with him. He was fond of bathing, and would splash about his room until the floor was soaked and the water ran through the ceiling into the apartments beneath. When he was writing down the compositions he had prepared he was accustomed to groan and howl in the most dismal way, varying the performance by an ear-splitting yell that frightened every one in the block. During the summer season he spent much time in the open air, going out directly after breakfast and remaining until noon, then dining, and in the afternoon writing down his work of the morning. When walking in the fields and woods he sometimes went very fast, then would suddenly stop, wave his arms about and shout. He was considered by the country people as a harmless lunatic. When he died his whole property amounted to less than $5000, and his immense collection of the musical manuscripts of his own works brought only 1193 florins, or about $500.

How It Happened.

"How the dickens did that rad Barberry get a card of admission to this place?" "Tom told me you gave it to him at the stag dinner the other night." "I?" "Yes." "Ahem—well—I—ah—was very much preoccupied at the dinner. He isn't a bad fellow, after all."

Hill denounces the pending tariff bill as "a contemptible compromise founded on no principle, and tolerated only as a miserable makeshift or excused only as a temporary expedient;" and yet he neglects to say that he does not intend to vote for it when the final test comes.

Carlisle is a good man who needs practice in the art of being a witness.

Among the greatest of the many large manufacturing works of Europe is that of the Cockerill Company, at Seraing, Belgium. The head engineer of this enormous plant, Eugene Francois, has been visiting in the United States lately, and at a recent meeting of the Engineers' Society of Liege, he described the impressions he had gained on his trip through our manufactories. His remarks on the reasons which enable us to sell engines as cheaply as the Belgians, although we pay twice or three times as much for labor, were essentially as follows: In America the market is very wide and the subdivision of labor carried to a very great extent. But, in addition, there is an important series of reasons for the equality of selling prices, which he classed under three heads—(1) simplicity and uniformity of construction, with a larger use of cheap materials; (2) more improved plant; (3) methodical organization. The simplicity of our methods of manufacture were especially noticeable in M. Francois' opinion in the methods of fitting. Our makers create types, design engines from a manufacturer's point of view, to be sold readily and in large numbers; they make everything, says our critic, as an article of commerce, which they offer as it stands—take it or leave it. Belgian makers, on the other hand, often design an engine for each special case, taking great pains to adapt it to local conditions, while carefully attending to the observations and even whims of the purchaser. The superiority of American machine tools was freely acknowledged, and he notes the general use of machines designed for a large production and easy maintenance, such as milling and planing machines, with quick return, overhead cranes, and quick-running hoists. Special attention was also paid in the address to the systematic and rational arrangement of the drawing offices in our works, the manner in which patterns and drawings are stored, the grouping together of the same parts of the works, and the extensive use of delicate measuring instruments.

McBride says that the strike is not against the coal operators, but against the fact that the miners are getting too low wages; and yet, remarks the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, nine-tenths of the strikers have quit work without any complaint about their wages or other conditions of employment.

A French writer defines politics as "the art of milking the public cow without making her kick." It is hardly necessary to add that, viewing the matter in this light, the democratic statesmen at Washington do not understand politics.

He wants wit who wants resolved will.—Shakspeare.

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6:15 PM	Lv	Portland	Ar	8:20 A M
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Above trains stop at all stations from Portland to Albany; also at Tangent, Shedds, Halsey, Harrisburg, Junction City, Irving, Eugene, and all stations from Roseburg to Ashland, inclusive.

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8:30 A M	Lv	Portland	Ar	4:30 P M
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7:30 A M	Lv	Portland	Ar	5:35 P M
8:50 A M	Lv	Hillsboro	Lv	4:22 P M
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At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of the Oregon Pacific Railroad.

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4:40 P M	Lv	Portland	Ar	8:25 A M
6:00 P M	Lv	Hillsboro	Lv	7:13 A M
7:28 P M	Ar	McMinnville	Lv	5:50 A M

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Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has been by the county court, of Washington county, Oregon, appointed administrator of the estate of John D Ledrick, deceased, and has duly qualified as such. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present them to me with proper vouchers, at my office in Hillsboro, Oregon, within six months from this date. W. D. WOOD.

Dated at Hillsboro, Or., this May 7, 1894. 50 2

A great time will be had on the Umatilla reservation next Fourth of July. There will be many Indian visitors from the Nez Perce and Fort Hall reservations and from the Columbia river. Chief Joseph is expected.

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Ripans Tabules are compounded from a prescription widely used by the best medical authorities and are presented in a form that is becoming the fashion everywhere.

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