GENERAL LYON AS A SPY.

In April, 1861, the secession convention of Missouri was in session "to take into consideration the duty of Missouri under the alarming crisis in political affairs." While a large majority favored secession, there was a difference touching the time when the ordinance ought to be passed. Acrimonious debate caused the dull sessions to drag from day to day till the patience of the hot heads was almost exhausted.

Meanwhile in the latter part of the month, the governor concluded to throw off all disguise or concealment, and ordered the St. Louis contingent of troops to take the field. Whether this move was made in the hope of bringing about a collision with the Federal authorities and so precipitating withdrawal from the Union, or of affording protection to the members of the convention in case their liberty of person or freedom of action should be threatened, was a disputed point at the time, but is immaterial now. It served the first purpose partially, but with a result as unexpected as unwelcome to the state government; and it failed utterly from a military point of view.

An encampment was formed in the open country west of the city, on a prolongation of Market street, and here were gathered between 3000 and 4000 men, infantry and artillery, well armed and equipped, under command of Gen. D. M. Frost, a graduate of West Point. Gen. Shaler was second in command. Both were of northern birth, the former a native of New York, the latter having been born and bred in Pennsylvania; but both were outspoken in sympathy with the secession movement, and both held high rank subsequently in the confederate army. These facts are mentioned as showing that the catastrophe which soon after befell the garrison of camp Jackson was not attributable to disaffection on the part of these officers. Still, it is difficult otherwise to account for the admirable precautions taken to insure the success of an attacking party, or for the absence of even the semblance of resistance when the attack was made.

From the actual limits of the city to the location of Camp Jackson a narrow causeway or corduroy road was the only means of crossing the morass which intervened. So far the position was well taken, for a few guns properly posted at the western extremity of this causeway would have rendered the passage of a hostile force almost impossible. At the further end of this marsh the country rises into a series of well-defined hills, easily defensible, but Gen. Frost neglected to occupy these, selecting instead a natural basin surrounded by eminences, at the bottom of which he pitched his encampment.

The federal authorities were somewhat perplexed, meanwhile, how to [illegible] this phase of the situation. [illegible] force at Camp Jackson was composed of state troops legally organized and called into service by order of the lawful governor. Whatever improper or inimical purpose might be suspected—and the arsenal at Clinton having been already seized, it might well be feared that a similar design against the arms and munitions at Jefferson Barracks was entertained—no overt act had yet been committed. It was claimed by those assuming to speak for Gov. Jackson that the occasion for this muster was only a desire to educate the militia in the duties of soldiers, in provision against disturbances likely to ensue upon the excited condition of the popular mind. It was denied that this force had been recruited with reference to the political sentiments of those enlisted, and alleged that neither officers nor men had been committed to any project hostile or disloyal to the United States.

Captain Nathaniel Lyon was the senior officer in charge of the St. Louis arsenal, a man of bold and enterprising nature, fully competent to cope with such a crisis as that now confronting him; but general control of the situation in Missouri had been entrusted by President Lincoln to Hon. Frank P. Blair, and it was in consultation with the latter that the military commander decided upon a policy and matured his plans for carrying it into effect. The consultants were agreed that force would be needed sooner or later. The detachment of regulars at the barracks was inadequate to a successful demonstration against the state troops. Captain Lyon proceeded to utilize the large German population, unanimous in union and anti-slavery sentiment, and forthwith organized several thousand men, arming them from the government stores, and using the halls of the various athletic and musical societies as drill rooms, thus securing comparative secrecy for his preparations. He was soon in position to defy assault so far as the arsenal was concerned, and in possession of a force, should offensive movement be demanded, largely in excess of that upon which the state authorities could rely.

It now became necessary to reconnoiter Camp Jackson, as well to determine the route and mode of assault as to discover the design and temper of the men there assembled. The first purpose was easy of accomplishment; but the second called for tact and for an emissary whose presence would excite no suspicion. Captain Lyon decided to take that task upon himself, and in the execution of it he performed a clever bit of masquerading, the story of which has never before been given to the public. Its truth is vouched for by the son and namesake of General Blair, and the incident is given exactly as related by him to the writer.

Forming one of the family circle at the Blair mansion on Washington avenue was the venerable mother of Mrs. Blair, to whom age had brought infirmities of sight and hearing, but who was still active in habit. Her person was familiar to the people of St. Louis, as seated in a low, covered phaeton and wearing a thick, green veil, she was a constant driver through the streets and about the suburbs. Her Jehu was a respectable old darky named Louis, who had served the family for three generations, was a repository of their confidence and no mean representative of old-fashioned respectability, and who bore himself with the dignity befitting a retainer of "the quality." Mrs. ——'s defective sight prevented recognition of any acquaintance out of doors. She was, however, universally popular, and on these expeditions would be the recipieent from all classes of folk of respectful salutations, which, being unconscious of, she was of course unable to return. But Louis would have thought the reputation of the Blairs seriously affected had these tokens of respect passed without response; so it was his habit, while driving slowly along, to maintain an alert eye upon the passers-by, to keep his right hand disengaged, and to reciprocate with prompt and cordial flourish of his hat every bow accorded to his mistress.

It was of Louis, therefore, that Captain Lyon made a co-conspirator in his designs of espial upon the suspected insurgents. Through connivance of the ladies of the family, the bold captain was attired one morning in female garments, not forgetting an antiquated poke-bonnet and impenetrable baize veil. Thus disguised he entered the phaeton, Louis mounted by his side, the staid horse was chucked into the usual perfunctory trot, and in this fashion a complete tour through Camp Jackson was leisurely made. The ruse was perfectly successful. The pretended blind and deaf lady made active use of the sharp eyes and ready ears of the adventurous officer, and saw and heard much to reward the risk and ingenuity expended. The streets of the encampment were found to be christened after prominent confederates. Davis, Beauregard, Toombs and others; the talk of the men was enthusiastically hopeful of a call to action in favor of the South; guns and munitions in large quantities, which had been smuggled from New Orleans in sugar hogsheads, were discovered; and besides all this, it was made plain to Captain Lyon that the camp was, as yet, by reason of its location and the lack of ordinary measures of defense, exposed to easy capture, provided the causeway could be passed without resistance. The object of the reconnoisance having been thus affected, the parties to it drove safely home. Not a ray of suspicion, then or afterward, was excited; but my informant, then a lad of 10 summers, relates how his brain was puzzled that afternoon, when the vehicle on the return trip drew up before the stable door at home, to see "grandma, as she alighted, display a pair of formidable feet, encased in huge cavalry boots." —Ex-Governor Wm. E. Cameron, of West Virginia, in Globe-Democrat.

The Sugar Harvest.

Beets have been coming in steadily this week at the average rate of about 450 tons per day, the delivery for the week being 2,225 tons, none being hauled Saturday or Sunday. This being the total for the season from the Chino fields up to 8853 tons. From Anaheim there have been delivered this week 823 tons, making the total from Anaheim so far 1384 tons, or the total received into the factory of 10,237 tons. The Chino beets are of fine size, clean and high in sugar percentage. The average of no day has been below 15 in sugar, and the average of the entire harvests so far is over 16 per cent. Some splendid crops have been harvested already and we hope to publish some figures regarding them in a week or two.

A very good run was made in the factory last night, 330 tons being worked by the shift. During one hour in the night there were 48 tons sliced. Carrying this out, it gives the machine a capacity of over 1,000 tons a day.

The refined sugar output for the week has been 708,246 pounds, making a total for the season to date of 1,563,393 pounds, or 782 tons—78 carloads. This is just a beginning.

Wednesday was the semi-monthly pay day at the factory. There were handed over the counter on that day for wages to the employes, $11,000. This was paid to over 300 men. The regular operatives of the factory itself now number over 250.

This means a payroll amounting monthly to probably $19,500, or during the campaign to perhaps $65,000, which goes into direct circulation hereabouts. Then there will be paid to the farmers for beets in the neighborhood of $225,000, besides the money paid for oil, lime, coke, cooperage, freight, repairs, incidentals, etc. —Champion, Aug. 24.

A correspondent in the Portland Chronicle estimates that the traveling public that visited Long Beach and patronized the Ilwaco Railway and Navigation Company, paid that monopoly $62,500. The correspondent intimates that the sum is too much money for one little boat and a stub of a railway to earn in three months.

FLAG MAKING FOR THE NAVY.

The flag lockers of a modern cruiser contain more than 200 ensigns, and in this country, according to the Marine Review, they are made in the flag room of the equipment building at the Brooklyn navy yard. The flags of many nations are of the most elaborate design, and composed of every color known to the flagmaker's art; others are severely plain, but all have to be mathematically correct as to size, color and proportion. Our own flag is a difficult one to make correctly with the forty-four stars in its blue field and have them accurately arranged. Each star must accupy its correct position and not deviate a quarter of an inch that the symmetry of the union be preserved.

In constructing flags eight colors are used. They are red, white, blue, yellow, green, brown, black and lately canary yellow has been added. The yellow first mentioned is rather of an orange tone. The canary shade was adopted to take the place of white in signal flags, as at a distance it was found that the white blended in with the horizon and made the accurate reading of the signal almost impossible; in consequence the navy department has recently ordered the change. The brown bunting is to typify bronze, and is used quite extensively in the more elaborate foreign flags.

The largest flag made for our navy is the American ensign No. 1. This has a fly of 36 feet and a hoist of 28.9 feet. It is a flag that is rarely made. The cruisers Brooklyn and Minneapolis will be the only vessels of our navy to carry it. The flag borne by all our other ships is the No. 2, which is 27.19 feet long and 14.35 feet wide, and is the chief standard of the man-of-war. In this flag the side of the blue field in which the stars are placed in four-tenths the length of the fly, and in the same manner the size of flag and field is designated for every flag from the No. 2 down to the No. 8, which is only 4½ feet long and 1.67 feet wide.

In the Brooklyn yard flag room are made flags of forty-four different nations, two sizes for each. The No. 1 is 34.86 feet long and 13.12 feet wide. The No. 2 is smaller. The United States flag is given to our cruisers in seven sizes for use in various parts of the ship and in small boats and on various occasions. All the bunting used is of American make and comes from either the United States Bunting Company, or the New England Bunting Company, both of Lowell. About 50,000 yards are used every year, and to guard against any possible defects in its manufacture, each piece is put to a rigorous test. Severe tests are made for fast color. A generous clipping is steeped in fresh water for twenty-four hours, after which it is vigorously scrubbed with soap, and when thoroughly rinsed out is dried in direct sunlight for eighteen hours. Bunting that will withstand all this is considered fit to be put into Uncle Sam's flags.

The most difficult flags to make are those of San Salvador and Costa Rica. The first is very elaborate and requires all the colors, and the second is not less elaborate and takes every color but brown. The intricate designs are cut out by means of zinc patterns. The American ensign is a comparatively plain flag. By aid of copper patterns the stars are cut out with chisels from muslin folded thirty times. The chisels are of various sizes for various stars, and only ten cuts are required to cut every thirty stars.

THE RUNAWAY BOY.

Richard Malcolm Johnston, a popular Southern writer, recently read some of his stories at Indianapolis, after being introduced to an audience by James Whitcomb Riley, as follows:

"There was once a boy—an aggrieved, unappreciated boy—who grew to dislike his own home very much, and found his parents not at all up to the standard of his requirements as a son and disciplinarian. He brooded over the matter, and one morning before breakfast climbed over the back fence and ran away. He thought of the surprise and remorse of his parents when they discovered that he had indeed gone, and he pictured with rainbow colors the place he would make for himself in the world. He would show his parents that he would not brook their ill treatment, and that he could get along better without them than they could without him. Some way this feeling of exhilaration died out as the long, hot day wore on. There came a time when other boys went home to dinner. He raided a neighboring orchard. The afternoon seemed endless. A knotted, rigid sort of an aching spot came into his throat that seemed to hurt him worse when he didn't notice it than when he did. It was a very curious, self-assertive, opinionated sort of a pain.

"It was nearly dark when the struggle was given up and the boy slowly walked along the dusty road toward home. When he reached the woodpile he gathered up a load of wood and carried it in with him. The hired girl was washing the supper dishes, but she did not seem to have noticed that he had been away. He sauntered carelessly into the pantry, but the cupboard was locked. He went out in the back yard and washed his feet at the rain-barrel. Everything seemed pleasanter than it ever had before. The fireflies flitting among the grape vines, the reflection of the stars in the rain-barrel, were soothing to the tired boy. Then he walked straight into the old sitting-room. His father didn't look up from his paper; his mother was so busy sewing she didn't notice his entrance.

"He sat meekly down on the edge of a chair. Why didn't somebody say something? He was ready to be scolded or punished, anything rather than this terrible silence? If the clock would only strike it would be a relief. He heard the boys shouting far down the streets, but no desire to join them—no, never again in the world. He just wanted to stay in of nights, right there at home always. He coughed and moved to attract attention, but no one heard him nor looked up. He couldn't remember any prior silence that at all approached it in point of such profundity of depth and destiny of hush. He felt that he himself must break it. Assuming an air of careless naturalness and old-time ease, he airly remarked:

"I see you've got the same old cat.

"That boy," Mr. Riley said, "was Richard Malcolm Johnston, in whose heart still abides a love for the simple homes and firesides of the humblest of his fellows."—Selected.

DONKEY AGAINST WOLF.

A combat of a most amusing character occurred near Paso del Norte a short while ago. The participants were a burro, or little Mexican jackass, and a wolf of the large species, known as lobos. The principal means of transportation in this section is supplied by the diminutive and patient burros, all traveling of short distances being accomplished on them, while they are almost the only beast of draught employed. They can never, by any persussion, be coaxed or driven out of a slow walk, but that they are capable of resentment, and even fight on occasions, need not be doubted after the gallant victory achieved by one of them over an animal as savage and courageous as the lobos. This wolf, which is as large a mastiff, resembles the hyena more closely than any of his kind in America, having a back arched like that animal, and often approximating it in color, though sometimes found nearly black. The burro had broken out of his stable during the night, wandering several miles out into the country, and his owner going to seek him was an eyewitness to his fight with the wolf.

This man, who is an unusually intelligent Mexican, states that the donkey was quietly grazing in a little grassy dell lying between two walls of jutting rock, when the wolf came trotting along with his head close to the ground, as if attempting to recover the trail of something, which is characteristic of the lobos. He did not perceive the donkey till he was nearly on him, and it was not till then that the latter, raising his head, saw the wolf, but the moment their eyes fell on each other hostilities began. The wolf, with his jaws snapping, and growling ferociously, made at the donkey, which, wheeling sharply around, let fly at his enemy with both heels, sending him tumbling over and over. The performance was repeated again and again, until the wolf began to realize that things were not going just his way. The last kick from the burro's heels had sent him with a crash against the hard rock that walled in the dell, and actually stunned him for a moment, so on rising he seemed to deem a change of tactics advisable. Running up to the donkey he waited until those terrible heels were in the air, when jumping around with remarkable agility he evaded the kick and made for his enemy's throat, but he found the donkey's other end also armed for battle, and before he could lay hold of any part of that lively animal's anatomy the burro had caught him back of the neck between his powerful teeth and cracked the bone. Though the wolf was, of course, killed instantly, the plucky little jackass refused to relinquish his hold and occupied himself for some minutes with beating his vanquished foe's body up and down on the ground. When satisfied at last that the lobos was dead he flung the carcass to one side, quietly resuming his grazing till the owner came and drove him home.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THEY NOW WANT TO SEE THEM.

Louisville, Kentucky, has extended an invitation and assured a welcome to the National Encampment, G. A. R., for the 1895 meeting, which was withheld 33 years ago. Editor Henry Watterson, in nominating that city for the place of the next annual meeting, said:

"I have come with a message from your countrymen who dwell on what was once the other side of the line, but whose hearts beat in ready response to your hearts, and who bid me tell you that they want to see you. Candor compels me to say that there was a time when they did not want to see you. There was a time when, without any invitation whatever, either written or verbal, without so much as an intimation of hospitality, you insisted upon giving the honor of your company, and, as it turned out, when we were but ill-prepared to receive you. It would be a pity, now that we are prepared, now that the lid is off the pot and the latchstring hangs outside the door, should you refuse us the happiness of welcoming you, not with bloody hands to hospitals and graves, but as friends and brothers, as fellow-citizens who have learned to value one another amid scenes that left no time for equivocation and transactions applying to human virtues the very highest test."

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Ehe principal languages which compete with English, not considering such as Chinese and Hindostanee, are French, Spanish, Russian and German. French is practically stationary as regards the number of its adherents; Spanish is largely spoken in South America and the southern part of North America, but it owes its prominence to the colonizing genius of its speakers; where German is introduced it rapidly gives way to the native tongue, generally English; Russian, like the German, has little influence upon the Western civilization. It is a remarkable fact that, while the English in their colonies and offshoots have absorbed millions of aliens, there is no record of any other race.

In the United States there are millions of Germans and other foreigners who have become merged with the English speakers in a single generation, they losing even their family names; and the children, in many cases, do not understand their parents' language. In Canada, however, the French-speaking population is increasing faster than the English-speaking. This is not because the French element absorbs the English, but because it crowds it out. While the French is seldom absorbed by any other tongue, it is almost always absorbed by the English. The English has practically driven the French out of Egypt, and is rapidly driving the Dutch out of Africa. This has been accomplished in Egypt within a dozen years. The change in Africa is being effected with even greater rapidity. As the English-speaking settlers rush into the new country, the Dutch and other languages, which are rarely to be met with, drop into the backwoods and are finally lost. Africa is witnessing a repetition of the fight of the tongues in America three centuries ago, which resulted in a victory for the English. The history of lingual development in America alone is a sufficient argument for the prediction that no languages, excepting possibly those of the Orient, will long remain formidable competitors of the English.—Troy (N. Y.) Press.

The Little Man Whipped the Big One.

We do not believe in upholding fighting as a rule, but if we ever gloried in one man whipping another it was on Wednesday afternoon, when we happened to witness the incident on Bedford street, near Orange street. A team from Boston, which gathers up empty barrels, was on the return to Boston, and the wagon heavily loaded. When the horses got to the point mentioned they stopped to get breath. The driver cut them sharply with the whip, and, as they did not respond, began to belabor them viciously, at the same time uttering a volley of oaths. An Abington man, and not a big one at that, was passing by and he requested the driver not to beat his horses so. As the brutal work continued the man threatened to go for an officer and have the driver arrested. This angered the Boston man, and jumping from his seat he strode up to the little Abington man and made a pass at him, which, had it struck him, would have felled him like a sledge hammer. The next moment, we cannot tell how it was done, it was done so quickly, the big man was on the ground and the little man on top, and the way he rained blows was equal to the rate of a pegging machine. The big brute yelled for mercy and was finally let up. He looked as if he had been through a cyclone. Those horses were driven off, but the whip was not used. When the Boston man comes this way again he will probably not look for any more little men.

The Loving Act of a Dog.

During mother's long and severe illness, Carlo took great interest in all that pertained to her, watching the door very closely and sitting by the half hour with his chin on the bed by her side. We bought our bread, and knowing Carlo's fondness for warm biscuit the baker often gave him one, which he quickly dispatched. Once during a severe attack of mother's when we were doing our utmost to tempt her appetite, Carlo came in early one morning, bringing his warm biscuit untouched and laid it on the floor by mother's side. She was too sick to notice this act of his, but not to be disappointed in his own plan he came forward and lifted the biscuit to her pillow and retired again to his corner to wait some look of thanks from her. It came, and such a happy dog! He had brought his choicest offering—a warm biscuit—and it had been recognized. Was there not a loving plan and careful observation in this act? —Mary E. Holmes, in Science.

Making Odd Moments Pay.

A boy was employed to mind a lawyer's office, and he had a daily paper to amuse himself with. He began to study French, and at the little desk became a fluent reader and writer of the French language. He accomplished this by laying aside the newspaper and taking up something not so amusing, but far more profitable. A coachman was often obliged to wait long hours while his mistress made calls. He determined to improve the time. He found a small volume containing the "Eclogues" of Virgil, but could not read it; so he purchased a Latin grammar. Day by day he studied this, and finally mastered its intricacies. His mistress came behind him one day, as he stood by the horses waiting for her, and asked him what he was so intently reading.

"Only a bit of Virgil, my lady."

"What! do you read Latin?"

"A little, my lady."

She mentioned this to her husband, who insisted that David should have a teacher to instruct him. In a few years David became a learned man, and was for many years a useful and beloved minister of Scotland.—Nashville Advocate.

It Advertises the Town.

The man who hopes to have his town obtain permanent prosperity will patronize his home paper. That paper is generally accepted as reflecting the character of the town. Enterprising people cannot afford to be misrepresented by a sheet that is an aggregation of typographical errors and dead medicine ads. The paper that is well supplied with fresh local advertising will very readily improve its columns of reading matter. A good local newspaper is the best advertisement that a town may have. The community that keeps its editor well fed will find that the investment is better than government bonds.—Omaha World-Herald.

Another Remedy.

Mr. Henry Gans, of Oswego, believes he has a sure method of preventing prune trees from dying from winter-killing. It is to slit the bark on the trunks and larger branches of the trees. This is a very common practice with cherry trees and he has treated his prune trees in the same way. His observation leads him to the conclusion that the trees are most likely to die in their third year. He slits the bark (lengthwise of the trees) early in June and has lost no trees from winter-killing. The French, or Petite, is practically proof against winter-killing.

An Ancient Gouge.

"How much for the trip?" asked a tourist in Palestine of a boatman who had taken him to several points of interest in the sea of Galilee. "Ten sheckels, sir." "What!" exclaimed the traveler, "ten shekels? Why, that is an outrageous charge." "Can't help it sir. That's what folks have paid ever since the sea was here." "Well," growled the voyager, as he handed over the money, "I don't wonder that old Peter tried to walk it."—Texas Siftings.

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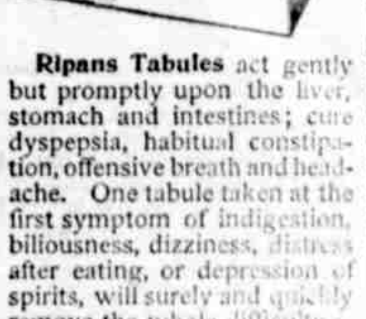

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STREAMS OF SUGAR.

This is the kind of items that the sugar industries furnish for publication:

This week has given the biggest haul of beets of the season. The delivery from the Chino fields for the past six days ending last night was 3,758 tons, or an average of 626 per day. This brings the total for the season to date to 12,611 tons. Add to this 2,125 tons from Anaheim and the factory has received 14,736 tons.

The sugar percentages still average high, and many fields yielding 15 to 18 tons per acre are giving 16 to 17 per cent sugar. Some very large beets have been harvested this week.

There were 806 tons of beets delivered yesterday—the largest day's delivery yet.

Nearly 20,000 gallons of oil are consumed daily in the ten boilers now.

The Steffens plant, the operation of which has caused some trouble, is giving better results, and is hoped soon to have it give the same satisfaction that a similar plant has given the company in Nebraska.

Standing at almost any point in the factory grounds or buildings, one sees a scene of activity, of industry and of prosperity that is a marvel these "hard times," and one which cannot be rivaled any place in southern California. The employment of a million dollars' worth of machinery and buildings and over 300 American workingmen, the consumption daily of 700 or 800 tons of the product of the soil and a trainload of supplies in the shape of fuel, rock, etc., the shipment every day of a trainload of fine granulated sugar, all are sights to gladden the heart of the American citizen.

The sugar output for the week ending last night was 972,457 pounds, making the total for the season to date 2,535,850 pounds, or 1,267 tons. —[Champion, September 1.

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—VIA—
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—OF THE—
SOUTHERN PAC. CO.

EXPRESS TRAINS LEAVE PORTLAND DAILY:

South				North
6:15 P M	Lv	Portland	Ar	8:20 A M
10:45 A M	Ar	San Francisco	Lv	7:00 A M

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.

ROSEBURG MAIL DAILY:

8:30 A M	Lv	Portland	Ar	4:30 P M
5:50 P M	Ar	Roseburg	Lv	7:00 A M

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Second-Class Sleeping Cars
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BETWEEN PORTLAND & CORVALLIS.
Mail Train Daily (Except Sunday).

7:30 A M	Lv	Portland	Ar	5:35 P M
8:50 A M	Lv	Hillsboro	Lv	4:22 P M
12:15 P M	Ar	Corvallis	Lv	1:00 P M

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of the Oregon Pacific Railroad.

Express Train Daily, (Except Sunday).

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

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