

G. A. R. ENCAMPMENT.

Waterson's Address of Welcome at Louisville, Kentucky.

Mr. Waterson spoke as follows: "That promissory note, drawn by the city of Louisville, indorsed by me and discounted by you in Pittsburg a year ago, has matured and I am here to pay it. Except that the historic distinctions have long been obliterated here it might be mentioned that I come before you as the representative alike of those who were the blue and those who wore gray in that great combat which, whatever else it did or didn't left no shadow upon American soldiery; no stain on American manhood. But in Kentucky the war ended 20 years ago. Here at last the lesson has been taught and learned that you cannot chain the eagle, you dare not harm the dove, but every gate barred to hate will open wide to love.

"And the flag; God bless the flag! Can you doubt the loyal sincerity of those who from house top and roof have thrown it to the breeze? Let some sacrilegious hand be raised to haul it down and see. These are honest flags with honest hearts behind them. They are the symbols of nationality as precious to us as to you. And why not? What is left for you and me to cavil about, far less to fight about? Slavery is gone, secession is dead. The Union, with its system of statehood still intact, still survives. Lifting open the gates of these gateways to the south I bid you welcome in the name of the people whose voice is the voice of God. You came and we resisted you; you come and we greet you; for times change and men change with them. You will find here scarcely a sign of the battle; grim visaged war has smoothed its wrinkled front and, whichever way you turn on either side, you shall encounter, as you pass those smouldering heaps, which remind you of valor and travail, only the magnanimous spirit of dead heroes with Grant and Sherman and Thomas and McPherson and Logan looking down from the happy stars, as if repeating the words of the master—Charity for all, malice towards none."

It was impossible to describe the scene that followed Waterson's address. The speaker himself was overcome with emotion and left the front of the stage. Men rose in their seats and not only cheered by turns but hugged each other and threw hats, fans and handkerchiefs into the air.

Mrs. John L. Logan was seated a short distance back of the commander-in-chief's stand. As Mr. Waterson walked away with tears coursing down his cheeks, General Lawler presented him to Mrs. Logan. Neither could speak, and the white haired, motherly looking lady took his hand in both of her and, when she found her voice, said: "I am glad I have been permitted to live to hear your speech." That was all she could say and she sat down and wept.

PEACE REIGNS.

It is a remarkable and interesting gathering that is being held in Louisville this week. This is the first time that the Grand Army has gone south to hold its annual encampment and the result more than justifies the theory upon which this year's meeting was taken to the Kentucky city. The Blue and the Gray have mingled in a manner that has demonstrated the disappearance of animosities that were left by the war.

There have been other gatherings at which the growing spirit of fraternity has been reflected, but never before has there been such a satisfactory illustration of the change that has taken place. The veterans of the southern armies have marched with those that fought for the Union, and the ladies of the south have cheered both alike. Those who went south years ago with guns in their hands and were met there with shot and shell have gone there on this occasion marching under banner of peace, and at the head of their column has tramped an ex-confederate bearing the Stars and Stripes, upon the staff of which was mounted the dove and olive branch.

When Lee surrendered his sword at Appomattox the conquerer uttered the laconic and historic sentiment, "Let us have peace." Now the message sent over the country from Louisville is "Peace reigns." Hereafter what differences may exist between men of the two sections will be differences of opinion respecting live questions, and they will meet, discuss and settle them without any of the old war feeling entering into their discussions and deliberations. The past is put behind; the future shall alone concern the men of both sections, and they will face and solve the problems as becomes citizens of one grand country.—Statesman.

COSTA RICA.

Mr. A. C. Auldon has received the following letter from an old resident of Oregon who is now a resident of Costa Rica, Central America, and which is a good pen picture of life under a tropical sun:

CARTAGO, July 12, '95.

DEAR SIR:—Yours of April 20th received some time ago. W. J. Windham to whom it was addressed is a brother of mine and also a partner, and I have instructions from him to receive and answer his mail. He is at present on the farm and has been ever since I received your letter. The farm is 110 miles from here, and I sent your letter to him by a negro, but understand that the man never showed up.

W. J. Windham likes Costa Rica fully as well at present as he did when he wrote last fall. I like Costa Rica, but do not quite agree with him in regard to the amount of capital required in farming. I have been here 20 months, and am working for the Costa Rica Railway, although I am engaged in farming, and find that it requires capital to carry on farming. My brother and I got a concession from the government of 2500 acres of land on the Caribbean sea, and we are planting bananas, chocolate and coffee.

The cost of planting bananas is about \$20 per acre, and it is about fourteen months before you can get any returns. Chocolate costs \$50 per acre and takes three years to

bear. Coffee costs \$90 and requires three years to bear. You will see that it requires capital. After once planting any of the three crops they are good for from 10 to 20 years.

The land here is mountainous and broken, very much like Oregon and Washington. The climate here in Cartago is the finest that I have ever seen, and I have lived in Oregon, Washington and California, most of the states of the Union. It is healthy here, but where my land is on the coast it is warm—about like the summer in Oregon the year round—and somewhat unhealthy; they have chills and fever once in a while.

We employ the Gamaca negro for all kinds of labor here, as they never get sick and are the cheapest labor. We pay them 50 cents per day and they board themselves. So you see this is no place for a laboring man, as it will cost a white man more money to live than the negro gets.

The natives of the country are of Spanish origin and speak the Spanish language, although you will see very few Spanish people here. They are a mixture of all nations. They are from a chalky white to as black as the ace of spades. The negroes all speak English. There are about 500 farmers here, that is Americans, English Germans, and French.

Costa Rica has 200 miles of railroad, built by an American named McKeith, but owned and controlled by English capital. Four of the principal cities are lighted by electricity, that is San Jose, Cartago, Heradia, and Alajula.

We have about the same rainfall here as in the Willamette valley, and a wet and dry season. The rain commences in May and lasts until October. We never have a shower until 3 o'clock P. M., but when it comes it is no Oregon mist. We have also earthquakes. I have felt as high as twelve in one night.

They are usually light and seldom do any damage. I would not advise any married man to bring a wife here, as all women are afraid of earthquakes, and besides I have never seen an American lady that liked Costa Rica—they cannot tolerate the native girl. I sometimes think it is because the native girls are better looking; although they say that it is because they cannot speak the language—and you know that a woman might as well be dead as to be in a place where she could not talk and here what all are talking about.

I think that Central and South America are the coming countries, although it will take time to develop them. English and Americans have made them what they are. Costa Rica is the most advanced of all the republics, and they like Americans because they say that they have made them what they are. You can find men here worth one hundred thousand dollars that never wore a pair of shoes, and it makes an American tired to try to do business with them, as everything is tomorrow, tomorrow. I think that they are the slowest people on the face of the earth, although as a whole they are not bad. The better class live well, and in very fine houses, and take the world easy.

I was born and raised in the southern states, and can say that there is no finer climate than Costa Rica.

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