

Rogue River Courier.

AN INDEPENDENT PAPER, DEVOTED ESPECIALLY TO THE INTERESTS OF SOUTHERN OREGON.

VOL. XIV

GRANTS PASS, JOSEPHINE COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1898.

No. 41

ROBERT G. SMITH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Practices in all State and Federal Courts
Office over First National Bank,
GRANTS PASS, OREGON.

HENRY L. BENSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Practices in all Courts of the State.
Office over First National Bank,
GRANTS PASS, OREGON.

ARTHUR P. HARTH,
DOCTOR OF DENTAL SURGERY,
Office over First National Bank,
GRANTS PASS, OREGON.

H. C. PERKINS,
U. S. DEPUTY
MINERAL SURVEYOR,
GRANTS PASS, OREGON.

Thomas Smith Residence
F. A. & Gilbert creek North 7th street,
near factory.

SMITH & HOLMAN,
UNDERTAKERS,
Parlors 6th street, opp. Court House,
GRANTS PASS, OREGON.

G. PHEBY, L. C. VAN EXXE

Carbon Photo Studio
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All Work
Finished in from
3 to 6 Days,
Regardless of
the Weather.

GRANTS PASS, ORE

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Vice President..... Garret A. Hobart
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Secretary of the Treasury..... Lyman J. Gage
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Secretary of War..... Russell A. Alger
Secretary of the Navy..... John D. Long
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Attorney-General..... Joseph McKenna

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Lieutenant Governor..... W. P. Lord
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J. B. Compton

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Commissioners..... Nick Thoss
Dick George
County Clerk..... Roy Bartlett
Ed Lister
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Treasurer..... J. T. Taylor
School Superintendent..... J. D. Hayes
Assessor..... Selma Pollock
Surveyor..... B. O. McCulloch
Coroner..... Dr. J. Myers

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Justice..... James Holman
Constable..... J. H. Colby
Mayor..... W. T. Colburn
Auditor..... W. Elmer McGregor
Treasurer..... Col. Johnson
Street Commissioner..... T. B. Elliot
Marshal..... F. W. Huggorth

REGULAR MEETINGS OF THE CITY COUNCIL OF GRANTS PASS ARE HELD IN THE COUNCIL ROOMS IN THE CITY HALL ON THE FIRST AND THIRD THURSDAY EVENINGS OF EACH MONTH.

COURT COURSE.
Meets on the third Monday in April and the fourth Monday in September.

COUNTY COURSE.
Probate court meets first Monday of January, April, July and September. County commissioners court meets first Wednesday after the meeting of the county court.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
— OF —
SOUTHERN OREGON.
Capital Stock, - - \$50,000.

Receive deposits subject to check or certificate payable on demand.
Sells sight drafts on New York, San Francisco, and Portland.
Telegraphic transfers sold on all points in the United States.
Special Attention given to Collections and general business of our customers.
Collections made throughout Southern Oregon, and on all accessible points.
J. D. FRY, President.
T. TUFFS, Vice President.
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Pioneer Truck and Delivery
GRANTS PASS, OREGON

Local Happenings

Shoes repaired at Hackets',
Gold-dust cashed at Cramer Bros.
Bicycle hospital for all repairing at Cramer Bros.

Take your blacksmithing to Trimble & Bacher for first-class work.
Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Easy and yet efficient.

Mrs. Rehkopf and Lola left Saturday morning for Igerna, Cal., for a week or more of recreation.
Miss Nell DePeat went to Medford Friday morning to take charge of the Postal Telegraph office at that place.

W. H. Simmons was in town Saturday with early watermelons, the first of the season. He has in an acre of early melons.

Golden Eagle Bicycles are honest wheels at reasonable prices. Write for catalogue. Mitchell Lewis & Staver Co. Portland, Or.

Mrs. M. F. Herrin was on Friday morning's train for Ashland, returning Friday afternoon at the meeting of the grand lodge of the Degree of Honor. That lodge honored her by electing her grand recorder, an honor which had not been thought of by her.

Good lead pencils 10c a dozen at the COURIER office.

R. R. Morris left for Lakeview Tuesday morning to visit his brother and to be with his aged mother who is ill.

A strong nation is made up of strong men and healthy women, and health and strength are given by Hood's Sarsaparilla, America's Greatest Medicine. Get only Hood's.

Christie and Reyer have a 40-acre melon patch which will soon keep them busy shipping. They are already troubled by small boys who have a mouth for melons; last week some boys came in the night with express wagons and captured a number and another night one boy speared a dozen or more with a sharp stick and plucked some. The boys had better leave the melon patches alone or they may get themselves into trouble.

A series of articles on village life is begun in the August Ladies' Home Journal under the heading, "The Twentieth-Century Village." Writers who have made a study of the smaller communities will contribute the articles, so that they will be entirely practical. All the conditions of village life, and the adjuncts that serve to bring the village in closer touch with modern improvement and development, are treated in practical detail, and the articles will doubtless be most useful to people living in the smaller towns and villages.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.
The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sore Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25c per box. For Sale by W. F. Kremer.

The University of Oregon graduated last June the largest class in its history. The class numbered thirty. The fall term will begin September 19th. Students who have completed the tenth grade branches can enter the sub-freshman class. No examinations are required for graduates of accredited schools. Reasonable equivalents are accepted for most of the required entrance studies. Catalogues will be sent free to all applicants. Persons desiring information may address the president, Secretary J. J. Walton, or Mr. Max A. Plumb, all of Eugene, Oregon. The courses offered are those of a good university. There are departments of modern and ancient languages, physics, chemistry, biology, geology, English, psychology, mathematics, elocution, advanced engineering, astronomy, logic, philosophy, and physical education. Music and drawing are also taught. The tuition is free. All students pay an incidental fee of ten dollars yearly. Board, lodging, heat and light in the dormitory cost \$2.50 per week.

The Oregon Industrial Exposition.
Lovers of good music—and they are plentiful everywhere—are glad to know that the coming Oregon Industrial Exposition is going to treat the people to the best music that can be procured. The committee has engaged Bennett's Military Band for the full term of the exposition, and that is an assurance that the music will be of the best,—not only classical but also abounding in old time melodies and every-day tunes that everybody understands and appreciates.

Superintendent Baker of the Oregon Industrial Exposition has made a trip to Omaha and inspected the Trans-Mississippi Exposition and saw how things were done there, and acquired ideas on modern fairs, which he will introduce and improve on here. Every new attractive and useful feature of fairs will be introduced at the coming Oregon Exposition, and the surroundings will be so pleasant and agreeable that all will be glad they came,—and people will come from all parts of the northwest, and full descriptions of the things they exhibit will go to all parts of the country and many parts of the world, and the result will be a large influx of new people to the northwest and a corresponding increase of wealth, and everybody will be benefited.

In the great exposition building, or rather group of buildings, are to be gathered the products of the field, forests, orchard, mine and factory, and the food harvest from the sea, and combined with their exhibition will be music, flowers, fine arts and amusements, combined with instruction, all in daily installation.

It is an opportunity for useful amusement and sight-seeing which is placed within the reach of all. Few can afford to miss it, and excursion rates will be very reasonable.

The producers of the northwest are invited to send samples of their fruits, grains, grasses, dairy and all other products, and all such exhibits will be given prominent places and well cared for.

THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS IS
due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not grip or nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

CRESCENT WHEELS
The High Grade Wheel
No. 9 Nos. 11 & 12
\$35 \$50
T. A. HOOD - BICYCLE STORE

Sundries
A large and complete assortment of Bicycle Sundries in stock.
Repairing a Specialty
Have a regularly equipped Bicycle repair Shop. Parts supplied.

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL SESSION STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, MONMOUTH, ORE.
Strong Academic and Professional Courses. Well equipped training department of nine grades, with 250 children.
Regular Normal Course of three years.
Senior year wholly professional.
Graduates of accredited high schools and colleges admitted directly to professional work.
The diploma of the school is recognized by law as a life certificate to teach.
The graduates of the school are in demand as teachers.
Light expenses.—The year for from \$120 to \$150.
Beautiful and healthful location. No saloons.
The first term will open Tuesday, Sept. 29. Catalogues, giving full details of work cheerfully sent on application. Address: P. L. CAMPBELL, President, or W. A. WAIN, Secretary of Faculty.

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American Navy Cuba & Hawaii
The ill-fated Maine and all the great battleships are pictured. No clearer idea of these vessels can possibly be obtained than is given by these superb photographic reproductions accompanied as they are by introductory chapters and by concise descriptive text under each view. The combination affords the most complete information regarding
Our Floating Armament of Steel
The Fifteen Portfolios containing a wealth of information can be obtained at this office for 10c each.
16 Superb Photographic reproductions of our great war ships for only 10c each.
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Send in your orders at once to
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SYRUP OF FIGS
NEVER IMITATED IN QUALITY.
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New line of 2 ply pasted wedding card stock for calling cards, for sale at the COURIER office.

If you want the finest thing that ever happened in wheels get the new Stearns at Redfields. They are beauties finished in Black or Orange enamel.

The August number of McClure's Magazine will be a special fiction number, with a story of school life by Rudyard Kipling; a story of lines and icebergs by Cutcliffe Hyne; a new chapter in the life of the King of Boyville, showing the King in his first experience of love, by William Allen White; the story of a love adventure in a London fog, by Hester Caldwell Oakley; a railroad story by John A. Hill; and a characteristic story of rural life by Rowland E. Robinson.

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Cuba and Porto Rico.
(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

PORTO RICO.
The island of Porto Rico, according to a recent report of the British consul (Foreign Office, Annual series, No. 1917, 1897), has an extent of about 3,668 square miles—35 miles broad and 95 miles long. The Statesman's Year Book, 1898, gives the population (1887) at 818,957, of which over 300,000 are negroes. There are 470 miles of telegraph and 137 miles of railway, besides 170 miles under construction. According to a report by United States Consul Stewart, of San Juan (printed in Highways of Commerce), there are about 130 miles of good road on the island. Elsewhere transportation is effected on horseback. The British report above referred to says that the telephone systems of San Juan, Ponce and Mayaguez have recently been contracted for by local syndicates. In Ponce, a United States company obtained the contract for the material. There are 130 stations already connected, and it is expected that 200 more will be in operation shortly. There have been recent harbor improvements in San Juan.

In 1895, the value of the total imports was \$16,155,056, against \$18,216,971 for the preceding year. The exports were valued at \$14,629,494, against \$16,015,065 in 1894. The principal increases in 1895, as compared with the preceding year, were in meat, fish, olive oil, and tobacco. Decreases were noted in flour, vegetables, and wine. The exportation of coffee diminished, and that of sugar and honey increased. Owing to the troubled state of affairs in Cuba, prices for tobacco have increased enormously in Porto Rico. A large amount has been planted, and the crop promises well.

CITIES.
San Juan.—San Juan is situated on a long and narrow island, separated from the main island at one end by a shallow arm of the sea, over which is a bridge connecting it with the mainland, which runs out at this point in a long sand spit, some nine miles in length, apparently to meet the smaller island; at the other end, the island ends in a rugged bluff or promontory, some hundred feet high and three-fourths of a mile distant from the main island. This promontory is crowned by Morro castle, the principal fortification of the town. At this end of the island is the entrance to the harbor, with a narrow channel and rocky bottom, so close under the headland that one can almost leap ashore from a passing vessel. The water here is some 30 feet deep. To a mariner unacquainted with the locality, or when a norther is blowing, this entrance is one of difficulty and danger. After rounding the bluff, one finds a broad and beautiful bay, landlocked, and with a good depth of water, which is being increased by dredging. It is by far the best harbor in Porto Rico, and probably as good a one as can be found in the West Indies. However, it has its drawbacks. Sailing vessels are frequently detained by the northerly winds during the winter months, and even steamers with a draft of over 20 feet are sometimes delayed; but these occasions are rare. When they do occur, the "boca," or entrance to the harbor, is a mass of seething, foaming water and presents an imposing spectacle. To see steamers of 16 to 18 feet draft enter in a severe norther is a sight to be remembered, as the great waves lift them up and seem about to hurl them forward to destruction. At such times there is need of a staunch vessel, steady nerves, and a captain well acquainted with the channel, as no pilot will venture out.

The island upon which the city stands is shaped much like an arm and hand; it is about 2 1/2 miles long and averages less than one-fourth of a mile in width. The greatest width is a little over half a mile in the portion representing the hand, which also contains the major part of the city. San Juan is a perfect specimen of a walled town, with portulicos, moat, gates and battlements. Built over 250 years ago, it is still in good condition and repair. The walls are picturesque, and represent a stupendous work of art and in construction. Inside the walls, the city is laid off in regular squares, six parallel streets running in the direction of the length of the island and seven at right angles. The houses are closely and compactly built of brick, usually of two stories, stuccoed on the outside and painted in a variety of colors. The upper floors are occupied by the more respectable people, while the ground floors, almost without exception, are given up to negroes and the poorer class, who crowd upon another in the most appalling manner. The population within the walls is estimated at 20,000, and most of it lives on the ground floor. In one small room, with a flimsy partition, a whole family will reside. The ground floor of the town reeks with filth, and conditions are most unsanitary. In a tropical country, where disease readily prevails, the consequences of such herding may be easily inferred. There is no running water in the town. The entire population depends upon rain water, caught upon the flat roofs of the buildings and conducted to the cistern, which occupies the greater part of the inner courtyard that is an essential part of Spanish houses the world over, but that here, on account of the crowded conditions, is very small. There is no sewerage, except for surface water and sinks, while vaults are in every house, and occupy whatever remaining space there may be in the latrine not taken up by the cisterns. The risk of contaminating the water is very great, and in dry seasons the supply is entirely exhausted. Epidemics are frequent and the town is alive with vermin, fleas, cockroaches, mosquitoes and dogs. The streets are wider than in the older part of Havana, and will admit of two carriages abreast. The sidewalks are narrow, and in places will accommodate

but one person. The pavements are of a composition manufactured in England from slag, pleasant and even, and durable when no heavy strain is brought to bear upon them, but easily broken and swept for heavy traffic. The streets are unlit except a day by hand and, strange to say, are kept very clean. From its topographical situation the town should be healthy, but it is not. The soil under the city is clay mixed with lime, so hard as to be almost like rock. It is consequently impervious to water, and furnishes a good drainage. The trade wind blows strong and fresh, and through the harbor runs a stream of sea water at a speed of not less than three miles an hour. With these conditions, no contagious diseases, if properly taken care of, could exist; without them, the place could be a veritable plague spot. Besides the town within the walls, there are small portions just outside, called the Marina and Porto de Tierra, containing two or three thousand inhabitants each. There are also two suburbs, one, San Urue, approached by the only road leading out of the city, and the other Catao, across the bay, reached by ferry. The Marina and the two suburbs are situated on sandy points or spits, and the latter are surrounded by mangrove swamps. The entire population of the city and suburbs, according to the census of 1887, was 27,000. It is now (1896) estimated at 30,000. One-half of the population consists of negroes and mixed races. There is but little manufacturing, and it is of small importance. The Standard Oil Company has a small refinery across the bay, in which crude petroleum, brought from the United States, is refined. Matches are made, some brooms, a little soap, and a cheap class of trunk. There are also ice, gas, and electric light works. The climate is warm, but for three months of the year agreeable, although one is subject, from the sudden changes, to cold and catarrhs. The natives are particularly susceptible to this class of ailments, and to consumption and bronchitis.

Ponce.—The city is situated on the south coast of the island of Porto Rico, on a plain, about two miles from the seaboard. It is regularly built—the central part almost exclusively of brick houses and the suburbs of wood. It is the residence of the military commander and seat of an appellate criminal court. There is an appellate criminal court, besides other courts; two churches—one protestant, said to be the only one in the Spanish West Indies—two hospitals besides the military hospitals, a home of refuge for the old and poor, a perfectly equipped fire department, a bank, a theater, three first-class hotels, and gas works. The city has 115 electric machines, and there are 115 vehicles for public conveyance. The inhabitants, who number about 15,000, are principally occupied in mercantile pursuits; but carpenters, bricklayers, joiners, tailors, shoemakers, and barbers find good employment. The department of Ponce counts about 40,000 inhabitants. The chief occupations of the people are the cultivation of sugar, cocoa, tobacco, and oranges, and the breeding of cattle. Commercially, Ponce is the second city of importance on the island. A fine road leads to the port (Playa), where all the import and export trade is transacted. Playa has about 5000 inhabitants and here is situated the custom house, the office of the captain of the port, and all the consular offices. The port is spacious, and will hold vessels of 25 feet draft. The climate, on account of the sea breezes during the day and land breezes at night, is not oppressive, though warm; and, as water for all purposes, including the fire department, is simply supplied by an aqueduct, it may be said that the city of Ponce is perhaps the healthiest place in the whole island.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

W. C. T. U. COLUMN.
The regular meetings of the W. C. T. U. of Grants Pass are held the first Friday in each month, at 2 p. m. at the Baptist church. The mothers' meetings are held on the second Thursday in each month in the parlors of the Presbyterian church. A cordial invitation is extended to all to be present. Mothers especially invited.

"Here I Am, Mother"
In 1884 I was in one of the Ohio river counties in western Kentucky, and for some weeks stopped at a hotel where a young civil engineer had his headquarters. Harry Gendrin was one of those mellow, open natures who have popularity for a bright and was soon a favorite in the town and hotel. He liked to come into my room and sing. His voice was a deep bass; my room-mate, Manis, sang a part that I was never musician enough to name; Harry's room-mate, Jervis, sang a rich tenor; and I tried to carry the air.

On one occasion we sang, "Where is my Boy Tonight?" and at its conclusion Harry said:

"If you care to hear the story, I will tell you where I first heard that song."

"Tell it by all means," said the rest of us.

"I will have to begin by saying that until recently I was a pretty reckless chap. My father has always been a railroad prospector and surveyor, and I have been with him in camp ever since I was a mere kid. He is a good man, the leader of a choir in Evertsburg, where my mother frequently sings solos. I never hope to hear anything this side of the glory gates that will satisfy me as well as my mother's voice in the First Cumberland church at Evertsburg.

"Father was not careful enough about my companions in camp, and soon I had drifted a long way from the right. But I learned his business, and when I was about eighteen years old he put me to work on one of his jobs.

"The pay was not large, but it was nearly all clear money and I was too young to understand the proper disposition of so much. I got into the habit of

agreeing when I went to Evertsburg, or when father was not in camp. I managed to conceal most of my bad conduct from him, while mother never suspected my wild ways, although her pastor and three-fourths of the congregation were well acquainted with my shortcomings.

"Well, when I was about twenty, we reached a point in a job where we had been two weeks in the rain and mud, and got to the end of a section one Thursday noon. Father said that we would have to lay off until the next Monday morning because his plans for the next three days at Evertsburg on a grand old jamboree.

"So I walked back to the terminus, and the 2 o'clock freight bumped and banged forty miles to Evertsburg. Here I disappeared in a saloon down town, and soon became oblivious to surrounding events. The saloon-keeper was careful that my whereabouts should be kept quiet, and I bundled me into his own living rooms when I became unable to care for myself.

"Father stayed at his job preparing the next week's work until Saturday afternoon, when he went to Evertsburg to be present at his choir meeting at seven in the evening. His train was delayed, and he went directly from the depot to the church. By a strange destiny, it seemed, mother was selected to sing, 'Where is my Boy Tonight?' for evening service.

"On the way home father asked for me, and mother replied that she had not seen me. They both became very uneasy, father with an inkling of the truth, mother with all sorts of nameless dreads. As I did not turn up that night father started a private policeman on a search for me before breakfast. He unearthed me and got me to a hotel, where a servant was fed to sober me up. The policeman then went to report, but as my father was not at home, the whole miserable truth came out to my mother. He said as he was leaving:

"Mrs. Gendrin, I would advise you not to see Harry today. He will be all right tomorrow morning, and you can see him before he starts back to camp. You would only be needlessly distressed at what you would see today, and you can do him no good now. If possible I will get him home tonight after supper."

"Mother promised that she would not try to see me until I should be sober, and went to the morning service. Father came to me early after noon, but I was sleeping heavily and he thought it best not to disturb me. When I awoke, about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, I was dully sober, but had a raging headache. When I learned that it was Sunday I knew that my spree was at an end, so I called for a cup of strong coffee. While I was drinking it I heard from the policeman that mother knew everything that I was doing.

"I was terribly cut up about it, and my mother's sorrow-laden face arose before me with great distinctness as I sat on the edge of that hotel bed. What with that face and my conscience, you can easily believe that the next few hours were simply awful. Then the church bell rang, and at the sound I roused myself and said:

"Mason, I'm going to church."

"Where at, Harry?"

"At the First Cumberland."

"You are in pretty rough shape for church."

"Yes, but I haven't time to go home and put on more suitable clothes. I will sit under the gallery behind a column and will not be noticed. You must go with me to steer me safely past the rum shops, for it is very important that I keep straight, as I have to go to work tomorrow."

"Mason smiled, but answered that he would go with me.

"I had on my corduroy surveying togs and a wool shirt. The servant brushed me up, but I must have looked pretty rough when Mason and I slipped quietly into a side entrance and took seats in a secluded corner, but near the pulpit and choir. I was greatly agitated by entirely new sensations, and felt that a critical point in my career was at hand.

"There were very few in the room when I entered, but in 30 minutes the immense auditorium was packed, for Dr. Darby was then in the height of his popularity and drew immensely.

"After the opening prayer, my mother rose to sing her solo. This was my principal reason for coming, but I had no idea of what she was going to sing. She had sung it a time or two, and it was now by the request of several that she was to sing it again. She would, if possible, have avoided it after the morning's developments, but she had been announced in all the papers and nothing new had been rehearsed, so she must perform, sing what must surely have lacerated her soul at every word. As I have already told you, it was the first time I had heard it.

"At the first time, 'Where is my Wandering boy tonight?' the audience, who all knew the sad truth, were wonderfully affected. Mother did not dream that I was present, but supposed I was yet in the hotel. All her gentle, patient, loving nature stood revealed in the painful moan of those first words.

"Oh, how I hated myself for making it possible for her to sing those words from the heart. I dropped my head in my hands, and rocked like a tree shaken in the wind.

"Every word struck deeper and deeper into my soul. I began to pray. I asked God to forgive me for bringing that tender, loving mother's heart. I called myself an ingrate, a scoundrel, for her tones impressed my insensate brain, with the thought that she was dying. The refrain, peculiarly composed, as you know, gives the impression of a wail, and when she reached it the second time I thought I should shriek aloud.

"Then I remembered that I had sinned, not only against mother, but against God. I asked his pardon and

got it, just as she had reached the last stanza:

Go to your wandering boy tonight;
Go search for him where you will;
But bring him to me with all his blight,
And tell him I love him still.

"Then came the refrain:
O where is my boy tonight?
O where is my boy tonight?"

"When she sang that second 'where,' with all the emphasis of her genius, her longing, her mother heart could give it, the agony of her soul seemed so great that it irresistibly drew me to my feet, and I walked up the aisle towards her with my arms outstretched. Further words died on my lips, the organist ceased playing, and in wondering surprise turned to look at my mother. For the briefest moment silence reigned, then I sobbed like a child:

"Here I am mother."

"How could a carefully studied melodrama have been better acted? Mother came hastily down the choir steps and folded me in her arms. Then Dr. Darby seized one hand, and father took the other. 'Old Hundred,' and almost as one voice, the congregation burst into the Doxology, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow,' and I think they sang it about 10 times while they were shaking hands with me.

"All that was more than two years ago. I date a different life from that night."

"Last summer I was making a horse-back survey in Southeastern Kentucky. A local preacher, by the name of Logan was guiding me and I was to stay at his house one night.

"Several days previous he had come upon a party of gamblers in the woods. His son Thomas was one of the number, but he had impartially reported all of them to the