GENERAL NEWS.

A straw paper trust has been found in Chicago with a capital of $20,000,000.

Ex-Congressman Bland continues to improve. His friends have strong hopes that he will recover.

The condition of Congressman Bland who is sick at his home in Lebanon, Missouri, is much improved.

The United States has granted Spain the principle of ransoming Spanish prisoners in the Philippines.

Paymaster Willis B. Wilcox will be court martialed at the Mare Island navy yard for bad conduct while intoxicated.

The harbor of Havana has been thoroughly cleaned by the government authorities and 10,000 barrels of lime dumped into it.

Mme. Dreyfus has received the following telegram from her husband: "Leave Friday. Await with joy moment when I kiss you."

The American line steamer Paris, which ran on the rocksoff the Manacles May 21 has been abandoned. Her officers have left the wreck.

Lieutenant-Colonel Louis Thompson Morris, U. S. A. retired, died at his home here today of Bright's disease and dropsy, aged 60 years.

Harry J. Agnew, one of the best known breeders of trotting horses on the coast, is dead of heart disease at his home at San Jose, Calif.

There have been 21 cases of plague in Alexandria, Egypt, and seven deaths from that disease. Two new cases have just been reported.

Count Christiani was sentenced to four years' imprisonment for smashing President Loubet's hat with a cane at the races at Paris a few days ago

The steamship Paris may be saved after all from her position on the Manacles. The salvage experts are superintending operations upon her.

Earl Hauchette shot and killed his wife and himself at Los Angeles, Cal., Tuesday. Hauchette was the son of a well known Chicago newspaper man.

A brewer's trust is in course of formation with a proposed capital of $1,000,000,000. It is proposed to buy up all the breweries in the country.

Chief of Police Claire and daughter, of Hamilton, O., were killed by a train. His wife and mother are dying from injuries received in the accident.

Congressmen Hull, of Iowa: Payne, of New York: Dalzell, of Pennsylvania; Steele, of Indiana, and Heatwole, of Minnesota, are en route to Alaska.

The Ohio democrats are confident of victory in the governatorial election in that state this fall, as Nash, the candidate of the republicans for governor, is unpopular.

The supreme lodge of the Ancient Order of United Workmen is in session in Indianapolis. There are 300 delegates in attendance, who represent a membership of 366,000.

Congressman David B. Henderson, the next speaker of the house, was born at Old Deer, Scotland, March 4, 1845. He was brought to Illinois in 1846 and to Iowa in 1849.

According to advices brought by the steamer Tacoma, the Japan Gazette of May 22 reports cholera as having made its appearance in Yokohama and Suto Yuzo. Several deaths have occurred.

England has bought an additional £500,000 in American eagles to strengthen its reserve. The report that Russia is a buyer of gold in New York is regarded in London as being significant.

The fact has just leaked out in Washington that General Otis has asked for 30,000 soldiers exclusive of those needed to garrison the towns in the Philippines, which will require fully 30,000 more.

Admiral Dewey may be prevented from stopping at Mediterranean ports because of the rigid quarantine regulations. On his journey home he will pass through the Red sea, where the bubonic plague is epidemic.

At Sardis, Miss., a few days ago, a mob of negroes lynched Simon Brooks, a negro, for committing an assault upon a negress named Armistead. The white people knew nothing of the affair until after it occurred.

Hong Sling, the first Chinaman to take advantage of the bankruptcy act, filed his petition in Chicago Monday, scheduled debts amounting to $24,000, with $6800 assets. The largest creditor is F. J. Kiessel, of Ogden, $17,000.

Thomas Gardiner, manager of the San Diego Union, who was one of the oldest and best-known publishers on the coast, died Saturday after a lingering illness, at the age of 73. Mr. Gardiner was a native of Scotland.

The United States court of appeals sitting at Milwaukee has rendered a decision affecting the alien labor law. The decision interprets the law so as to apply solely to common laborers, exempting clerks and all kinds of skilled artisans.

A hot wave similar to the one affecting New York prevails over Europe. Hot weather so early in June almost breaks all records. Thermometers in London registered 88 in the shade for five days. There have been several deaths from heat.

President Robinson, of the Mexican Central railway, has estimated that Mexico will probably produce $12,000,000 worth of gold this year, and predicts that when the richer mines are reached by railways, Mexico's gold production will rise to $25,000,000 or $30,000,000 annually.

At Faribault, Minn., Wednesday, the Episcopalian clergy and laity of the Northwest united in celebrating in an impressive manner the 40th anniversary of the consecration of Bishop Henry B. Whipple, the venerable missionary bishop of that church.

Rev. J. N. L. Goss, of San Francisco, has been appointed customs inspector by Collector Jackson. His name was taken from the eligible list. He is an Episcopal minister, originally from Ouray, Colo., and will abandon the pulpit to enter the government service.

The Call says that a corporation is being formed to erect a $2,000,000 hotel, 11 stories in height, on the site of the old Baldwin. It states that $1,000,000 has already been subscribed and that including the purchase of the land, the total amount to be invested will be about $4,500,000.

President McKinley is credited with favoring an extra session of the Pennsylvania legislature to fill the vacancy in the United States senate and to avoid a factional contest for members of the next legislature, which might involve the success of the republican presidential election.

According to mail advices from China, the collision between Germans and Chinese at Kio Chou, May 20, in which three German officers and a number of Chinese were killed, was caused by German soldiers despoiling a josshouse. About 2000 Chinese gathered to resent the outrage, and a bloody fight followed.

Mike Johnson, one of the union miners under arrest at Wardner, attempted to escape from his guards on Saturday. He jumepd into the river, which flows past the guard house, and was fired upon several times, escaping the bullets to be drowned in the turbulent waters. He was out of his mind, being subject to crazy spells. At one time he was an inmate of a state institution for the insane.

The news of the heavy fighting almost in sight of Manila, and adjacent to the navy yard at Cavite, where Admiral Dewey landed his forces more than a year ago, was received with intense interest in Washington. It is evident to the government officials that the insurgents are either stronger than has been realized, or that they have come to the end of their resources and are making this last struggle in sheer desperation.

Instructions have been sent to all recruiting offices in the United States to enlist as many men as possible for service in the Philippines, until further orders. Orders have already been issued by the department directing 2500 recruits now at the Presidio, San Francisco, to proceed within the next 10 days to Manila, and, reinforced by the additional 2600 men to be recruited, General Otis' regular force will consist of 29,000 men.

Rev. Mr. Jeffries, father of the world's champion pugilist, in an address to a crowd on a street corner in Los Angeles from a rickety old wagon, said: "I'm opposed to prize fighting. I don't believe in it. But Jim will keep it up till he gets thrashed. Then he'll quit. He'll keep it up long enough, but he'll get licked. He'll keep up his deviltry till he gets licked and then he'll quit and come to salvation. I'd wish him to get licked if he was going to fight three minutes from now."

PACIFIC NORTHWEST NEWS.

The Cascades will not be free of snow before the middle of August this year.

Selley Koontz, aged 7, fell in the river at Spokane and was drowned Sunday.

Salem succeeded in raising a fund of $600 for the purposes of a Fourth of July celebration.

The salary of Postmaster Horton, of Oregon City, has been raised from $1700 to $1800 a year.

Miller & Lux have driven 1500 head of cattle from California to the Silver Lake county in Oregon.

The 27th annual reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association will take place Thursday at Portland.

The cup defender Columbia, launched at Bristol, R. I., on Tuesday has a mast made from an Oregon pine.

The Eugene postoffice has been raised to the second-class and the postmaster's salary increased to $2000 a year.

The courts hold that Seattle's eight hour labor ordinance is in conflict with the city charter and therefore invalid.

Rev. L. A. Smith, aged 79, died at Colville, Wash., Saturday. For 50 years he never missed a Sunday in the pulpit.

A Corvallis boy writes from Manila that company M, Second Oregon, killed Prince Lowenstein, who proved to be a German spy.

Stephen Butts, of Ilwaco, Wash., died at the hospital in Astoria Tuesday of a complication of diseases. He was 86 years old.

The county court of Washington county, Oregon, has been offered money at 4 per cent for the purpose of refunding the county's indebtedness.

Clifton M. Butler, of Oregon, was among the list of cadets who passed the examination for admission to the West Point military academy.

Frank B. Forward, aged 24 years, died at his home in Silverton, Marion county, Tuesday, of appendicitis. He was the son of ex-Sheriff Forward.

P. Foster was shot and killed by "Doc" Campbell, a half-breed, at Marcus, Wash., Monday. There was no apparent cause for the shooting.

Brick Johnson, who broke jail at Enterprise and was shot by Deputy Sheriff Luttrell, is in a critical condition. Luttrell put five bullets into Johnson.

Charles Lutz, of Stayton, has sued the bank of Scio, Linn county, for the stakes in a horse race which were not paid him because the race was "crooked."

The order of the council to enforce the closing of the places of business in Salem on Sunday was ignored by the saloons, which remained open last Sunday as usual.

President J. D. Farrell, of the Pacific Coast company, announces that the company will establish a steamer line between Puget Sound and Honolulu next September.

The fencing contest between Sergeant Elliott, of Portland, and Ivan de Melchin, of Vancouver, B. C., Walla Walla, was witnessed by a crowd. Elliott was defeated by a score of 15 to 12.

Judge F. A. Moore, of Salem: C. B. Moores, of Oregon City; Bishop E. Cranston, of Portland, and J. D. Lee, of Portland, have been elected trustees for three years of Willamette University at Salem.

The Indians living in the neighborhood of the upper waters of the Stewart river are in a most deplorable condition. A terrible famine prevails in that district and many have already starved to death.

Rev. J. R. N. Bell, the well known Presbyterian preacher, editor, lecturer and statesman, has returned from Hollister, Cal., after a year's absence, and expects to take charge of the Presbyterian pastorate at Baker City.

Nicholas Gregorious discovered the body of an unknown woman floating in the Columbia river, near Sprague landing, Sunday. The body bears evidence of foul play. The face had been beaten fearfully, and the arms were bruised.

The bear which has been one of the attractions at Point Defiance Park, Tacoma, has escaped and is now running at large in the park. She pulled herself loose some time Friday night. The superintendent has warned visitors to avoid the bear.

The game warden, the food commissioner, and a number of other commissions in the state are raising a row because the attorney-general has instructed the state printer not to do their printing free of charge, as it has been done in the past.

The three remaining joint indictments against P. H. D'Arcy, S. T. Richardson, John Carson, W. J D'Arcy, William Rafter, charged with altering the election returns of certain precincts in Marion county, have been dismissed at Salem on motion of the district attorney.

I. M. Martin, a pioneer school teacher of Lane county, and until recently connected with the state reform school, died at his home on the Siuslaw, Tuesday, of apoplexy, aged 64. He leaves a wife and two sons. He came to Eugene in 1868, and was for a time pastor of the Baptist church.

The defalcations of Ex-Deputy State Auditor George D. Evans, of Olympia, Wash., will figure up nearer $50,000 than $15,000 as was first supposed. Evans was the deputy under Auditor Frost, who retired from office two years ago. Evans forged many warrants which recently began to come to light.

Fooled With Dynamite.

Maurice McDonough, the 11-year-old boy who was reported to have been shot by some careless hunter while he was driving cows near Astoria, proves to have been a young Ananias and the victim of his own ignorance and recklessness. He now confesses that he and his brother had taken some dynamite cartridges from a cabin near his home and in exploding them, particles of the shell struck him in the face and breast, destroying the sight of the left eye and cutting off a piece from one finger. The physician thought from the nature of the wounds they were not caused by shot, and after much persuasion the boy finally confessed.

A Big Turtle.

Capt. William W. Jeffrey, for 40 years a pound fisherman along the New Jersey coast, caught a species of sea turtle known as a rubber turtle in his pound, near Elberon. It is the first of its kind ever seen in the locality.

The turtle weighed more than 1200 pounds and was about seven feet in length, three and one-half feet across the back and three feet thick.

STONE OF MISSOURI.

A Democrat of the New School of Democracy.

Of all the young men who have achieved distinction in the democratic party in that vast and influential portion of the United States lying on the sunset side of the Allegheníes, perhaps none is better known than William J. Stone, of Missouri. Stone is a democrat of the new school of democracy. He is a democrat militant. Nominally he is a Southen democrat, because it is the habit of the party in the East to call all men Southern who live below the Ohio. Really, however, he has attained a stature in the party that is so commanding that the state of Missouri no longer can claim him exclusively as her own, for now he is a national figure. His fame, like his ability, is provincial no longer, and he is as much at home in the councils of the party at the East as at the West. North, South, East and West nowadays are at one in recognition of Stone's ability as a leader, and in achievements.

Stone hails from the great Southwest, where the atmosphere seems to be unusually conducive to the development of stalwart democrats, men who cling to and fight for a principle through storm and stress, be that principle popular or unpopular. Missouri in the olden time was a state where men literally had to fight for the political faith that was in them, and it is because of that that Missouri has given to the nation a group of fighting democrats who have held aloft the party banner in all sorts of political weather. Political life in the West is not, even under the most favorable conditions, conducive to quietude; and Stone learned the great game of politics in one of the liveliest schools in all the West.

Stone is a strenuous fighter, and has led his party into and out of some of the most enlivening political battles fought in the great and ebullient Southwest, where they take their politics as seriously as their religious beliefs, and are just as eager and willing to fight for them. He is a thorough Missourian, which means that his forebears came out of Kentucky, for Kentucky blood dominates in Missouri, and is a strain made much of in business, professional and social life. He is a typical Kentuckian in appearance, being tall and slender, narrow of flank and broad of shoulder. He carries his chin well up, like a man who respects himself and his neighbors, and there is that in the lines of his clean-cut profile that suggests the man of power and of action. His eyes are set wide apart below a broad, intelligent forehead, and they look out on the world with a keen glance that seems to miss nothing of interest. The lines of his mouth indicate that he has a keen sense of humor, and when he laughs his merriment is as catching as measles. All in all, Stone, of Missouri, is a fine figure of a man.

He is a lawyer, but there is about him none of the pose seemingly so dear to the average practitioner. His legal attainments are of the highest order. He is the leader of the Missouri bar, learned in the statutes of his state, and a master pleader in the federal courts. His briefs have the directness of thrust of a rapier, and there is a literary quality to them that suggests the wide reading of their author. He was graduated from the University of Missouri—a university, by the way, which has given to the state and the nation many men of distinction in all lines of human endeavor

Stone's forensic abilities made themselves manifest early in his career, for he won several prizes for oratory at the university. He was admitted to the bar at an early age, and, when he became prosecuting attorney for Vernon county, he quickly made a reputation as one of the shrewdest, courageous and most adroit prosecutors in the state. Out in the West, the post of prosecuting attorney usually is a training school of politics. Nearly all Western politicians of broad repute have at one time or another served a political apprenticeship as prosecuting attorneys. It is a post which gives men an insight into human nature that is to be attained in scarcely any other office of public trust; it brings them into close touch with the people and their interests, and brings out whatever of latent ability for the management of public affairs they may have.

It was in such sufficient school as this that Stone received his early training. Later on, when the democrats of the Nevada district looked about for a capable man to represent them in congress, it was quite in the order of things that they should select young Stone. They made no mistake in their choice, for he proved during his first term in the house the quality of the mettle that was in him. He was renominated and re-elected four times in succession to congress, a rather rare record. In the house, Stone soon won a place among the leaders. He was an unusually ready debater; was thoroughly well informed upon all national topics, and was as much at home in a lively debate upon tariff technicalities as he was in one upon plans for the improvement of his native river.

Stone's reply to Henry Cabot Lodge, the pompous member from Massachusetts, on the famous Force bill (they call it infamous in the South and Southwest) was one of the really great speeches of that session, and it had a circulation throughout the South that would have made the author's reputation if it had so happened that he had had none before. Stone, in the language of "Bill" Sterritt, a breezy Texan correspondent, "skinned Lodge alive and hung his quivering carcass on the fence to be pecked at by all the fool crows in the neighborhood." That speech showed at its best Stone's extraordinary command of satire, sarcasm and invective, and was of more influence in defeating Lodge's shockingly impolitic and partisan measure than any other single address made during the long and extremely spirited debate upon the Force bill.

After his term of service in congress, the democrats of Missouri nominated and elected Stone governor. The campaign he made is still talked of as the most extraordinary made by any candidate in the state's history. He was triumphantly elected, after a most strenuous campaign, by the largest plurality ever known. Under Francis, democratic pluralities had reached their lowest ebb, but with the election of Stone they were restored to old-time proportions. It was during this campaign that he added to his reputation as one of the best stump speakers in the West. His fluent speech, his ability to present an argument in a simple and understandable way, his lucidity and precision of statement, his keenness of satire and readiness of repartee, and his ebullient humor were qualities that won the admiration even of hostile audiences, and there are few such in Missouri when Stone holds the rostrum.

Stone's administration as governor was highly satisfactory, not only to his party, but to the people, regardless of party affiliation. Under his administration the finances of the state were put upon a sound basis; the public institutions were enlarged and improved, and Missouri took its place high on the roll of well-administered state governments. Upon leaving the governor's house, Stone went to St. Louis, where he resumed the practice of the law. Within a very short time he had one of the largest and most lucrative practices in the state, and took his place as the leader of the Missouri bar.

Despite the demands of his profession upon his time, he did not cease his political activities, and continued to be the chief of his party. So strong an affection for him had his party that when Senator Vest's term expired, a majority of the caucus called to select Vest's successor insisted upon sending Stone to the United States senate. The governor, however, would have none of it; he insisted that Vest be returned, and so it came that Vest was able to add another six years to his long service in the senate. Few men in public life have the ruggedness of character and steadfastness of purpose —not to say generosity—to decline such a flattering offer of high office, but Stone has them. Vest was his friend, and he would not supplant Vest, no matter how powerful the party desire to retire him.

One of Stone's St. Louis clients is Colonel Moses Wetmore, of whom much will be heard in Southwestern politics in the immediate future. Wetmore is a very wealthy man. He was a member of the rich tobacco manufacturing firm of Liggett & Meyers, whose business, against the protests of Wetmore, was sold to the Tobacco Trust recently Wetmore publicly denounced the action of his partners, and in a speech to the employees of the firm declared that he would devote the remainder of his life to fighting corrupt combinations of capital such as the Tobacco Trust is. Wetmore's speech brought him instant popularity, for if there is one thing that the Missouri populace hates more than another it is a trust. It is altogether probable that Wetmore may be the next candidate for governor in Missouri, and if he is there need be no fear that he will not be elected, for, with Stone at the helm, election is certain on a platform of "Bust the Corrupt Trusts."

Stone's loyalty to party is intense. He was loyal to the Chicago platform and to Bryan. Today Bryan thinks Stone the ablest man in the Southwest. Stone and Bryan are more than friendly; their political and personal relations are intimate. Bryan wanted that Stone should manage the '96 campaign, but professional engagements made that impossible. If Bryan be renominated, he will make strenuous efforts to induce Stone to take the chairmanship of the national committee. Time only will tell that tale.

Meanwhile, Stone will continue to be the most conspicuous figure among the democrats of the Southwest. The future holds in store for him political honors higher than any he has attained in the past. You'll be hearing much of Stone, of Missouri, in the years to come, wherefore this slight and inadequate sketch, showing the manner of man he is, may not be without interest to the democrats all over the country.—The Verdict.

THE CHILD A SAVAGE.

The child of civilized parents is a savage; probably the male of the species is more nearly a wild creature than the female. And because he is a savage a boy is brave just so long as he holds to the traditions of savagery. When he begins to regard his raiment and to fear dirt, when he begins to take account of personal comfort—which, although "scorned of devils," is cherished in polite society—the boy begins to lose his valor and becomes a well-regulated member of society, with an ambition to sit at a desk and to avoid doing anything unusual

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Now, the key to the character of Frederick Funston, recently appointed brigadier-general of volunteers for gallant conduct, is the fact that in the 33 years of his romantic, adventurous and eventful life he has never passed the period when he thought the second time about the dirt on his clothes. He wandered into the fringe of civilization in the years of his adolescence, and all of his life it has been of more importance to him to accomplish his end than it has been to keep his cuffs clean. Many a heroic deed in this world has been left undone because it would soil a shirt; but with Funston the deed, not the shirt, has been of primary importance, as it is with every boy. Funston is still a boy—a devil-may-care, earnest, honest, patriotic boy, who will not be impressed with his gold braid and his star too deeply. He has lived all his life out of doors, in lands of danger and amid alarms.

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The visions that boys see have come true in Funston's daily life, and he has never awakened from his dream to find his feet chained to a desk and his mind the slave of a column of capricious figures which will not obey the reasonable requirements of a balance. His mind has grown with experience and with the culture that comes from wide reading. He has the keen intelligence of a scholar and a gentleman, and writes as well as he fights, having contributed to Harper's Weekly and to Scribner's Magazine and to St. Nicholas. But his body is a boy's body, that does not shiver nor falter at hardships, and his eyes are a boy's eyes. They see expedients which reason and sage logic would hoot at. It was a boy who swam the Bagbag: a boy who charged the Filipinos from a raft. For a man would have thought of fever germs and rheumatism, and would have been a cautious colonel. But the boy in Funston put the star upon his shoulder, and the boy in the heart of all the world rouses to throw up its hat at these splendid achievements.—William Allen White in Harper's Weekly.

MIXED THE BABIES.

Now Unable to Distinguish One from the Other.

That was a sad case down at Orange, Va., last month, when heirs of neighboring families happened to arrive at the same hour and lost their identification tags in the shuffle. One happy household was doubly favored with a whole pair of future presidents. The other outfit was blessed with just one embryo United States senator or something of that sort. The crowd of old women who acted as accoucheuse thought the twins a good pair to draw to, so they put his lonesome little jaglets with the brace of brothers in order to give the father of the latter jams-jams of joy by making him think he held three of a kind. 'Twas a happy thought, but alas! the tearful trio were uniformly clad, and while together were juggled by the women like the mystifying pasteboards in a game of three card monte. When it was all over nobody could tell which from 'tother. All new babies look alike, you know—especially when they happen to be of one sex. Those two familes are hopelessly mixed and ought to be mighty neighborly now. Well, it's a wise father that knows his own child, anyhow. It was a good joke all right, but it's hard to tell who's over at Orange these days.—The Gatling Gun.

IF I HAD KNOWN

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind,
I said when you went away,
I had been more careful darling,
Nor given you needless pain,
But we vex "our own"
With look and tone
We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it might be
That never for me
The pain of the heart would cease.
How many go forth in the morning
That never come home at night,
And hearts have broken
For harsh words spoken
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thoughts for the stranger
And smiles for the coming guest;
But oft for our own
The bitter tone,
Though we love "our own" the best.
Ah! lips with the curve impatient,
Ah! brow with that look of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate
Were the night too late
To undo the work of the morn.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

J. Frank Davis, chief deputy in the office of D. M. Dunne, collector of internal revenue for the district of Oregon, Washington and Alaska, has been suspended, pending a decision of the department at Washington. Davis is charged with various violations of the internal revenue laws during the administration of ex-Collector Henry Blackman.

BURNING THE FLAG.

The story was told me years ago floating by Dead Man's Slough one hot afternoon in June. The slough is a bayou of the upper Mississippi. Fishermen sometimes find humans there attached to their lines.

"See," said Bristow, the story-teller, pointing to a bay on the western shore of the river. "Sebastapol was there once—a bloody town that when out in the night. How do I know who laid it out or what became of those who were there? Perhaps the river swallowed it up, perhaps the lightning blasted it out. I wasn't there. But right where the water's breaking on the bank now the town stood, and because the bluffs and the hills bound it in they called it Sebastapol and the sugar and wheat beats come and go and the women and children kidded about the streets, and the men waited for the town to make 'em all millionaires. All towns in that Sioux and Winnebago country were gold mines in those days —days when everybody had a dream.

* * *

"A boat throws out her lines one night and ties up, and when the captain comes ashore and the best of the town was going down his gully he tells as how the South is for secession an i going to quit the North. He says in the cotton fields men were working with guns by their sides, and that there was a new flag, one with stars and bars, what was put up over the other with Stars and Stripes. And it was all about the nigger. Sebastapol didn't care for niggers; there wasn't one in the town, and those what come up on the boats stayed on 'em when at Sebastapol. One what come ashore they put at a foot of a hill with the oak and the elm so thick you couldn't see the top, and they started him on the climb up with the hounds after him. And it was music to the ears below when the hounds reached him and the yell of his despair was shut off with the yelp of the dogs. Did he get away? Nobody went to see. He didn't come back, but the dogs did.

* * *

"Fifteen hundred miles away from Washington Sebastapol learns of secession and decides it'll go out of the Union, too, and on a vote there was seventy-one men for destroying the town flag, what was a proper banner of stripes and stars. There was one man, a Vermonter, whose name was Jessup, who voted for the flag, and he got his notice that night to follow the nigger over the hills, only they didn't set the dogs after him. He takes his rifle and he goes to the top of the highest bluff what overlooks Sebastapol, so high up he could look right down into the town, and he sets right there all night. I heard as how when morning come some people, maybe women, sees him kneeling as if he had prayers to say.

* * *

"Ten o'clock that morning the town folks all meets in the little square what was the landing place for the boats, and there's some wood piled up there, and over the top of the wood two men stretched the old flag. And then to show they wasn't afraid, they brings out a little girl all dressed in white, and she has a little torch and she puts that to the wood and it lights up. Perhaps in ten or twenty minutes the flag and the wood is all gone and Sebastapol is satisfied that it's seceded. The men was so excited they didn't work, and the women hung about the doorways and wondered what would come next. Somebody said as how the South was going to take everything along the river from N'Orleans to St. Anthony, and as how Jeff Davis would be king. Some of the Sebastapol people knew him, because he'd been at Fort Prairie du Chien when he was in the regular army.

* * *

"While they were all speculating, somebody looks up to the top of the hill where ol' Jessup had gone, and there they sees the Stars and Stripes waving from a pole, and Jessup standing by it, leaning on his gun and looking down. Nobody knew how he got the flag—suppose he must have had it in his kit for a long time. It wasn't a big flag, but big enough for all Sebastapol to see it and get redhot mad. The men goes for their guns, the women got inside the houses, and there's going to be trouble sure. There was just one way to get up to Jessup, and that was a straight climb through the brush to where he was. A couple of men took a shot at him from the town, but he never moved, and the first fellow that got anywhere near him, Jessup gave him warning and shot him dead. That stopped the others and they went to speculating. They speculated all day and night, and for several days, but Jessup and the flag didn't move until they got ready to.

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"When they did nobody saw, and the next word what comes to Sebastapol was that the regulars at Fort Snelling had been notified of what the town had done, and there was going to be trouble. Sebastapol laughed, but just like a woman what has the lung trouble, not bad, but coming slow and gradual, the town fades away. This family goes and that one, the docks break away, the flood comes, the houses tumble in, the timber wolves get nearer, there's a freshet, Lake Pepin backs up, and one morning there ain't anything where Sebastapol was but sand and the wood grass and some birds and squirrels. Of course, God does some queer things, and I don't never meddle with His business. It's enough for me to know that He's around, sawing wood, but I just have kept a-thinking ever since I knew about that flag that somehow what Sebastapol did, didn't agree with the Almighty, and he put out His hand and laid it upon the town, and that was enough."

* * *

The boat swung outward to avoid a sandy bar, and we passed from sight of the town upon which the withering blight of an unknown power had fallen, after the destruction of the flag.

H. I. CLEVELAND.

THE DECLINE OF THE SUN.

Science, speaking through the lips of a certain Prof. Barkendal, has sounded an alarm. A cold wave is coming—one that will beat all records since the world began.

According to this Norwegian investigator it were better for our grandchildren never to see the light of day—so brief will be their chance of seeing it. For he points to a blackboard full of figures and declares that the sun is but a burned-out candle, which, though likely to outlast our time, is low in the socket and sure to sputter out by the third generation. Mathematician Mohn, also of Norway, has carefully verified Mr. Barkendal's calculations, we are told, and "finds them correct."

* * *

Now this announcement, if we are to take it seriously, is like the sounding of the last trump so far as the earth is concerned. For with the extinction of the sun would come a chill which it is a nightmare even to think about.

Fires and furs would help our grandchildren very little in such a situation. They would burrow deep in the earth—and freeze there. The ocean would soon become an arctic Sahara of drifting ice dust; at last the very air would mist and fall—and freeze. Then all would lie still and dark, while the unimaginable cold of outer space descended to earth's centre, cracking its very marrow. The frozen mummies of our race would outlast the balsamed Pharaohs; there would be nothing to disturb their quiet. And each rigid shape would be its own alabaster monument.

* * *

To this, doubtless, it will come at last. Astronomers maintain that the heavens are full of just such black ghosts of suns and worlds. They flit through space unseen. They outnumber the stars.

To this it will come—but when? Can any man's figures convince us that such is the inheritance of our children's children?

Figures sometimes lie; and sometimes, also, figures disclose unwelcome truths. It is useless to juggle here with mathematics which only professional experts can understand. Plain common sense is often better than a late. Let us glance at a few of the established facts, to which all theories must conform. They may prove reassuring; anyhow, they are extremely interesting.

* * *

The first fact we meet, however, is the reverse of reassuring. The sun is for the most part simply wasting his heat—flinging away the golden rays that are the life of the world with a recklessness beside which all human waste is mere parsimony. It is almost beyond belief. Scarcely one sunbeam in two thousands million alights upon the earth; and allowing for the whole solar system, not more than one in a hundred million ever hits anything, so far as we can ascertain.

The New York Sunday World is a big newspaper. Take all its sheets and spread them out on the floor—if the floor is large enough. Now make a little pin-prick in one of them. That pin-prick, compared with the whole carpet of paper which you have laid down, far more than represents that part of the sun's heat which ever finds anything to spend its warmth upon.

Here is Sir Robert Ball's illustration of the same amazing fact: Suppose a man with an income of a million dollars a year. He spends for useful purposes one cent and throws the rest away. His wastefulness is no greater than that which this old prodigal the sun has practiced for untold ages.

The total amount of heat which thus leaks away through the cracks in the sky cannot be expressed by figures. It is only by considering what it might do that we can get any conception of it. This is probably the most striking illustration, and is given by an eminent astronomer:

Suppose a solid shaft of ice two miles square to be extended like a bridge across the gulf which separates the earth from the sun. If a track were laid on its surface an express train running at full speed would require more than 150 years to traverse it. Yet if the whole heat of the sun were turned upon it for a single second it would be melted, and in a few seconds more all, even to the railroad iron, would drift away as vapor.

* * *

But there is one great fact, convincing beyond all the rest, that gives us confidence. During the whole period of recorded history, from the building of the pyramids to the building of East River Bridge, in spite of all this waste there has been no perceptible change. The sun is just as warm for us as it was for Abraham; in view of which circumstance Messrs. Barkendal and Mohn will not easily persuade us, even with several slates full of figures that our grandchildren will see the end of it.

But what is the source of this heat that flows into space as the Gulf Stream pours into the Atlantic, warming the earth and other planets like little islands in its course? What keeps up the supply?

* * *

If the sun were merely a white-hot ball gradually cooling, our grandchildren would indeed get a chill. Or rather, neither they nor we would ever have seen the sun. The final frost would have fallen long ago.

Nor can the heat be maintained by fire, as we understand the word—such fire as warms and now and then consumes our houses. If it were a globe of flaming coal it could have lasted but a few thousand years; it would have been burned to ashes long before we were born. All the coal on the earth would hardly keep the sun going for one tenth of a second.

A falling meteor gives out great heat, just as a bullet is heated when it strikes the target. Some have conjectured that a vast stream of these little hailstones raining upon the sun supply its fuel. But if the whole mass of the moon were put into a stone crusher, broken up and thrown against the sun it would barely furnish heat for a single year. And no such weight could possibly approach the sun without our knowledge.

* * *

Yet in its own chosen way the sun really has its fires. With proper instruments we may see the red flames spouting from its edge, sometimes to a height of 400,000 miles—higher than the moon floats above the earth. To some of them our world would be no more than a water-drop falling from a fountain.

To gain any idea of the almost inexhaustible reservoir from which the sun draws its heat we must first picture its actual condition. Matter there is in a state unlike anything ever seen upon earth. It is neither solid nor liquid nor in any familiar sense gaseous. The sun is a boiling, seething, flaming mixture of the gases or vapors of all the elements condensed by the tremendous squeeze of solar gravity until it is thicker than pitch, and so hot that its vaporized iron might be used for steam power if there were any boiler fit to hold it. It has no definite surface but shades away from this incandescent paste, through leaping flames of blood-red hydrogen to the faint streamers of the corona, as filmy as a comet's tail.

* * *

This writhing mass, heavier on the average than water and yet as unstable as air, does not even rotate like other orbs, but swirls around its axis.

In the terrific tension of these gases is stored up the energy of the sun. As this escapes in gushes of heat they do not cool, but slowly contract; it is quite possible that they even grow hotter as they thus settle downward and compress themselves into a denser fluid.

A total shrinkage of 220 feet a year will account for the whole expenditure, and so small a change in the size of the disk could not be detected until it had been watched for thousands of years. This will go on until the substance of the sun ceases to be essentially gaseous. Then will come the beginning of the end, for from that time forth the actual temperature of the sun will decline.

But no grandchildren of ours will see that waning day. Calculations quite as trustworthy as those of Mr. Barkendal assure us that our race will enjoy undiminished sunshine for at least 5000 years, and perhaps for twice 5000.

Then, while the sun slowly reddens and darkens, our earth will die. After that comes the night of ages.

CHARLES KELSEY GAINES.

A Daring Feat.

Alexander Jarvis, a Panhandle brakeman, rescued an infant from certain death by an act of rare heroism just east of Richmond Indiana, a few days ago.

The train was running at a high rate of speed when the engineer saw the child on the track ahead of him. He reversed his enigne, but it was clear that the child would be killed, as it continued to play upon the track, and the momentum was such that the train would be sure to reach it.

Jarvis climbed out of the cab and ran along the running board to the pilot. Bracing himself with one hand he leaned forward, and just as the engine reached the child he grasped its clothing and brought it out of harm's way into his arms.

Yellow Fever in Mexico.

Yellow fever continues to create a panic, in Vera Cruz, Mexico, as it is unusually virulent this year. The mortality the past week has been more than 60 per cent. The fever has gone up the line of railway to Cordoba, where there have been several cases and some deaths. The authorities of that city are taking measures for a thorough disinfection for the purpose of staying the progress of the disease.

The Ohio society in California has sent to President McKinley an invitation engraved on a plate of gold, asking him to become the guest of that organization in San Francisco. The society is already raising a fund for his entertainment, it being generally believed that the chief executive will visit the Pacific coast later in the year.

EARLY STORE CLOSING.

A Denver Firm Sets an Excellent Example.

A recent advertisement of Daniels & Fisher, Denver. Colo., reproduced a house notice or order issued the day before to all employes to the effect that the store would be closed at 1 p. m. on Saturdays during the latter half of May, all of June, July and August, and the first three Saturdays in September. The notice also stated that this step necessitated pecuniary loss and requested the employes to endeavor to make up this loss as much as possible by extra efforts on Saturday morning. This house order was followed in the advertisement by a word to the public explaining that the early closing was done for the benefit of the 600 employes and requesting that the customers would overlook any inconvenience that might arise from the closing of the store. The Denver incident, which has attracted a good deal of attention throughout the country, is of interest here, as it is understood an effort is to be made along similar lines by the Womans' Club in behalf of young women who work in the large stores. Early closing movements are among the familiar phenomena of Eastern retail circles and are succeeding in an increasing degree.—Portland Oregonian.

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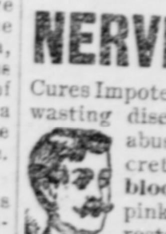

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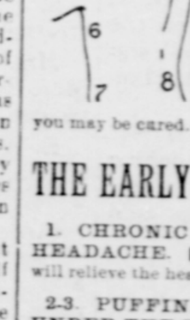

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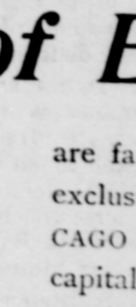

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