

THE SONG MY MOTHER SANG.

Through all my days of happy youth
A song of blissful comfort rang—
A little song of happy days.
The song that told me of my mother's love,
And in the evening hours,
The girls and boys who sang
With this sweet song as often sang
To happy dreams in slumberland.

She sang it softly while at work;
She sang it in the woods in May,
The gentle strain has saved us oft
From slumber in childhood's days.

It sheds a hush over our dreams,
And when we wake our happy home
It tells us of our mother's love,
In the great strange world to roam.

And when to distant home and friends
Our troubled minds would turn at times,
We send our hearts by singing loud
Our own dear mother's soothing rhymes.

These treasure words we never forget;
They brought us comfort, hope and rest—
To men who ever, ever, ever
With wondrous charm the song was blent.

That soft, melodious strain of old—
It gives me many a yearning pang
For I shall never hear again
The song that told me of my mother's love.

—Exchange.

STUFFING AN AMERICAN

Not long ago I met an American gentleman who, in my hearing, related in detail an amusing, not to say curious, experience he had been through. He is not a victim, but the subject of a case. As it goes to show that the stuffing process, as applied to unwitting foreigners, is not altogether of American practice on Englishmen, but that the boot may sometimes be on the other leg, I venture to repeat his story.

I may premise by saying that the gentleman alluded to is what you might call a young man, being about thirty, and possessed of a fair knowledge of the world and society, with a backing of considerable private means. He is not in strictness of the term an anglo-man, as that nauseous creature is ordinarily classed, but he came over supplied with letters of introduction to several members of the nobility from mutual friends in—no, I will not say where he is from—and it was his aim and object to meet and see as many of the big swells as he could during his visit.

Unluckily he came at a bad time. The London season was just over, and his calls to present his letters in Grosvenor place, Belgrave square, Park lane and Queen's Gate were unfruitful. His letters bore only the London address of their intended recipients, and he was not yet up in the way of reaching them by seeking their country address in the peerage or leaving the letters to be forwarded.

Naturally Mr. Pettigrew—such let his name be—was disappointed. What he had come to see was the British nobility at home, and he was not in New York and Boston, and even out west. But it was at "some other fellow's" home. He had liked them at the other fellows' homes, and he looked forward to increasing the acquaintance when he met them at their own. It was too bad to be thus thwarted after coming so far, and he was forever growling about it and threatening to go home by the next steamer.

These particulars were imparted to me by a friend of Pettigrew, after I had heard him tell his experiences. I may also add that it was in the American exchange, where I was waiting with a friend while he wrote a letter. Pettigrew had begun when I sat down, but the thread of his narrative had not been spun out too long to the little knot of listeners who surrounded him to cause any tangle in seeking the ends.

"I told him how disappointed I was about it, and that I'd a mind to go straight back home to the old White Star boat, when he said: 'Why, pet! I'll bet a small sized corky he never said that!'" exclaimed a fellow-faced man with a gray mustache, taking his cigar out of his mouth to exhortate into the spittoon beside his chair.

"Perhaps I'm a liar?" said Pettigrew warmly.

"No, I don't say that," replied the fellow-faced man. "I—"

"You'd better not, by—"

"I only say that no born Englishman I ever met ever says 'Why, pet!'" But proceeded, Pettigrew.

"Lookee—where was I?" began Pettigrew, pulling out his under lip with his finger and thumb. "Ah! 'Why, pet!'" said Lord Smith.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the colonel.

"Lord Smith! That's a good one! Ha, ha, ha! Lord Smith, eh? Lord Smith!"

"Who's telling this story?" asked Pettigrew hoarsely.

"Everybody said, 'That's all right.' 'Go ahead, pet!'" or something to that effect, while the colonel kept on chuckling and muttering to himself, "Lord Smith!"

"Why, pet!," said Lord Smith, "recommenced Pettigrew, with a determined look at the colonel. 'I can show you all the lords you want to see, dukes, barons, marquises, knights' (the colonel shook his head in silent pity at the order of this enumeration) 'and earls. Just come with me to-morrow. Gone out of town, indeed! Whoever could have told you such a lie! I told him that many of the surrounding circumstances corroborated the statement; whereas he sniggered and said: 'Well, come with me to-morrow, I say, and I'll show you all the nobility you want. Meet me at the Metropole at 11, and I'll take you where you won't see anything else.'"

"You ain't going to a levee or a drawing room?" said I, "because I've got no coat dress ready." "A levee or

drawing room in August!" he exclaimed with a loud laugh, but checked him self suddenly and said: "Oh, no, the levee and drawing room will be too crowded for comfort. I shan't take you there, you know." This ought to have given me a hint, but I was too intent on seeing the lords and ladies to think of or notice anything else. Well, next day he called for me at the little old Metropole.

"Pardon me, one moment," the colonel said; "how did you meet this—ahem—Lord Smith, if all the lords were away?"

"I'll explain that presently," said Pettigrew; "you just wait. Well, Smith had a very funny turnout. High wheeled dogcart, tandem team of dark roans, and a tiger baring in livery and top boots. I tell you, I felt fine dashing through the swell streets of London, and every one turning to look at us. We struck right out into the country as soon as we could get there.

"We haven't got to the place yet," explained Smith, in reply to my question as to how far we had come; "but we're not far off now. You see, the place I'm taking you to is a favorite resort of some of the greatest peers in the kingdom. Hardly any one knows this except people in the swim, you know. It's a small town about six miles from Highgate, and out of it leads one of the best roads in England for driving. The peers come here to drive."

"Four-in-hand coaches, I presume," said I.

"Now," said he, "there isn't a bigger mistake than to suppose that four-in-hand coaches are driven by the best people in England. Snobs do, but peers—the sort of peers that I'm going to show you presently—drive simple one horse carts, and many of them don't even have a groom with them. You see, I'm letting you into some secrets, and he laughed. I thanked him and he went on. "You may also note that the horses do not look much, and have generally the appearance of being badly groomed or not at all. That's a sort of fad or snigger. Snobs go in for smartness so much that noblemen like to affect the opposite. But here comes one now."

He looked keenly ahead, while I remember thinking I did not find the road we were on anything to brag of. But I forgot it the next minute when Smith began again.

"Now, look well at this man, and I'll tell you presently who he is. You will be surprised, I can assure you." A very commonplace cart and horse came lumbering along. The cart looked as though it hadn't been washed for a month or the horse groomed for two. In it, driving, sat one man. He was a fat, red faced fellow of between sixty and seventy, with bushy gray whiskers meeting under his chin. He was muffled up in what I thought a very shabby great coat for a peer, over his knees was a faded striped horse blanket, and on his head a dingy, broad brimmed hat. Between his teeth was a blackened briar pipe. A beam of intelligence lit up his face as he caught sight of Smith, and he touched his hat. He said something, but I couldn't hear it, for Smith waved his whip and shouted, "Fine day, my lord!" The old peer smiled pleasantly and made some reply, but I could not catch what it was.

"Now," said Smith, "can you guess who that was?" "I should never think he was a peer," I answered. "No, I daresay not," he said. "Nor would most people who didn't know. Well, that's Earl Cadogan, and he flicked his leader's ear with his whip. 'Earl Cadogan?' I asked. 'Yes, he said, 'I thought you'd be surprised.' 'I am,' said I; 'I never should have thought it.' But, steady," said Smith, catching me by the arm; "here's another, and in the distance a lot more. We're in the thick of it now." Is this the good road?" I asked as the wheel slid into a rut of some dimen-

"Hush, don't say a word. I don't want to speak to him. Just look at him out of the side of your eye or he'll pull up and bother us for half an hour." "I should like that," said I, "if he's a great swell." "He's all that," replied Smith; "he couldn't be a greater. But he's a most awful bore. That's his servant beside him. He's the small man." It was lucky he told me or I shouldn't have known which was which.

"I hadn't time to see much, for Smith whipped up his horses. But the small man was the sorriest looking peer you could imagine. Thin, dried up, badly dressed, unshaven, unshorn and dirty he was. 'That's Sir William Harcourt,' said Smith. 'That!' I exclaimed, 'why I always understood Harcourt was a big, burly man.' 'Used to be,' replied Smith, 'but he's been trying the bathing system to reduce his size. It's had a wonderful effect in only six weeks.' 'Well, I should say so,' said I.

"But the road was now alive with carts. They were all carts. Nothing but carts. And they came so fast that I had no time to give more than a hasty glance as Smith rhymed off the names of the occupants. I noticed one thing, and that is that but one had a groom sitting behind. 'That's the Duke of Argyle,' said Smith, pointing to the middle of a jumble of vehicles; and that man in the white felt hat is Viscount Wolsley. He's grown awfully stout lately. There is Lord Hartington, and he nodded his head at a clean shaven man of about (in looks) forty-five.

"I thought the marquise had a board," I gasped, for I felt my breath beginning to give way. 'Used to have,' said Smith, 'but they say the dowager Duchess of Manchester coaxed him to shave it off. Anyhow, there he is. Yes, he is a young looking man for his age.' (Included on second page.)

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MARKETS BY TELEGRAPH.

Portland, June 11.—Wheat, \$1.00 per bushel. Flour—standard, \$2.50. White, \$2.00. Oats—white, \$1.00. Bran, \$1.00. Corn—white, \$1.00. Middlings, \$1.00. Butter—Oregon fancy dairy, 22¢. Creamery, 21¢. Eggs—Oregon, 20¢. Poultry—old chickens, 40¢. Potatoes—60¢. Cheese—Oregon, 12¢. California, 10¢. Sugar—Golden C, 4¢. Dry, 4¢. Beans—small white, 30¢. Pink, 35¢. Bays, 40¢. Butter, 40¢. Lard, 40¢. Dried Fruits.—Market is firm. Quoted: Italian prunes, 10¢. Raisins, 25¢. Currants, 10¢. Apples, 10¢. Peaches, 10¢. Apricots, 10¢. California figs, 10¢. Raisins—dry, 10¢. Apples, 10¢. Peaches, 10¢. Apricots, 10¢. California figs, 10¢. Raisins—dry, 10¢. Apples, 10¢. Peaches, 10¢. Apricots, 10¢. California figs, 10¢.

First National Bank

SALEM OREGON.
WM. N. LADUE, President.
J. W. ALBERT, Vice President.
J. H. ALBERT, Cashier.

GENERAL BANKING.

Exchange on Portland, San Francisco, New York, London and Hong Kong. Bank in new exchange block on Commercial street.

Capital National Bank

SALEM - - - OREGON.
Capital Paid up, \$75,000.
Surplus, \$15,000.

MISCELLANEOUS MARKETS.

SALEM, June 11.—Wheat, May 11/12, 100¢. Oats, 100¢. Corn, 100¢. Beans, 100¢. Potatoes, 100¢. Cheese, 100¢. Sugar, 100¢. Lard, 100¢. Butter, 100¢. Eggs, 100¢. Poultry, 100¢. Fish, 100¢. Fruit, 100¢. Vegetables, 100¢. Miscellaneous, 100¢.

CARTER'S LIVER PILLS.

Small Pills. Small Dose. Small Price.

CURE SICK HEAD.

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BANKING CO. Paper Hanger.

CAPITAL STOCK, all Subscribed, \$200,000.

Transact a general banking business in all its branches.

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Proposals for Supplies.

THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THE OREGON STATE PENITENTIARY invites sealed proposals for furnishing the asylum, near Salem, Oregon, the following supplies for the six months ending Dec. 31, 1901.

GROCERIES.

10,000 lbs. of apples, extra fresh.

10,000 lbs. of raisins, California.

10,000 lbs. of golden C sugar, 100 lbs. casks.

10,000 lbs. of granulated sugar.

10,000 lbs. of cheese, Oregon's or as good.

10,000 lbs. of cream, best, fresh ground.

10,000 lbs. of cracked wheat, fresh ground.

10,000 lbs. of rolled oats, American, fresh ground.

10,000 lbs. of salted corn.

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PRINING

ONE OF THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENTS in the State, Lower California, Portland, Oregon, has been established for the purpose of printing and publishing all kinds of books, pamphlets, and other printed matter.

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UNION PACIFIC

The Overland Route.

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PRICE'S
Cream Baking Powder
Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

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Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

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