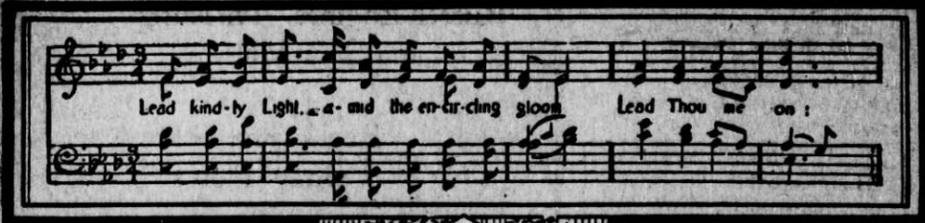


PRESIDENT M'KINLEY'S FAVORITE HYMNS.



Thousands of voices, through many years, have been raised in melodious utterance of the beautiful words of "Lead, Kindly Light" and "Nearer, My God, to Thee," but probably never before have these hymns been sung with such a depth of feeling and such a fullness of meaning as during the days following the death of President McKinley. Ever dear, the fact that they were the favorites of the martyred President around whose bier a nation mourned has made them more than ever precious. Bands of music played the notes in solemn dirge and in the churches of the land organs pealed forth the touching strains and lips uttered the words, while the mind dwelt upon the scenes where the spirit of William McKinley went out in sublime submission to the will of the Master.

How trustfully he yielded himself to the guiding hand of the Universe! Into the Great Beyond he passed, in the spirit so beautifully expressed by Cardinal Newman's hymn:



rooted in his affections than that other song of praise and yearning, the words of which he murmured as life was leaving the body—

Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a Cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Though like the wanderer, the sun gone
down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dream I'd be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly—
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

The latter hymn was written by Mrs. Sarah Adams and Lowell Mason arranged the music. It was in 1841 that it was produced, and was based on an old English melody. The author was the wife of Bridges Adams, an inventor and pamphleteer, who was born in Great Harlow, England, and died in August, 1843.

Lead Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on:
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the fair sun, and the clear blue sky,
But now I only in the gloom
Lead Thou me on!

PASSING.

Low in the West the daylight dips,
While by the pool the Summer stands,
With stain of purple on her lips
And scarlet flowers in her hands.

Within the watery mirror there,
Narcissus-like she sees her face,
So pale, so sweet, so mortal fair,
And lingers spellbound by its grace.

The morning red is vanished now,
The splendor of the moon is gone,
And, like a veil on cheek and brow,
The wreathed mist is clinging wan.

A breath from meadows shorn exhales,
A sigh goes down the forest ways,
The cry of the woe of the vale
Are mourning for the passing days.

And Summer hears the warning note,
As by the reedy pools she stands,
Her fading tresses all about
And scarlet flowers in her hands.

—St. Louis Mirror.

Briarsmere.

ESME BARTON, as she rode along on her trusty little cob, paid no heed to the weather, so absorbed was she in her own thoughts.

Ralph Underwood was coming that night to ask her to be his wife, she felt sure, for his manner at the Fletcher's dance had been unmistakable.

What answer should she give him?



ESME DISCOVERED A SHELTER.

Could she ever love a man she did not altogether trust?

Ah, if only Jack could speak she knew what answer she would give if he ever asked the same question, but Jack never would, now, though years ago he had shown in a hundred little ways that he loved her.

But that was before his father died, and Briarsmere was found to be mortgaged and all the affairs terribly involved. So now Jack was a poor man, and had even undertaken work as Underwood's agent to pay off the mortgage, which Ralph held.

Esme was rich, and could do as she liked with the fortune she had inherited from her mother, but was powerless to help Jack because of that unwritten law that "a man is to woo, a woman to be wooed."

The rain poured down and at last awoke Esme to a sense of what was going on around her.

The rain was coming down in torrents, and an ominous roll of thunder in the distance made Beauty tremble.

It was a lonely part of the road; only a little cabin, much out of repair, was in sight. She hastened toward it, not knowing if Mrs. O'Grady still occupied the place, or whether she had already gone to live with her sister in Kerry.

On trying to lift the latch, Esme found it was locked, but discovered a shelter in the peat shed at the back.

As she stood there caressing her horse to allay its fears, she was startled to hear a key fitted into the lock of the door in front of the house.

The boards of the mud-covered walls were ill-fitted and rotten, and Esme could distinctly hear two men talking as they entered and shook the water from their clothes.

"A good thing we are here so near the place," said Underwood.

"Yes," answered a voice which made Esme blush in the semi-darkness, "it is a bad storm, but it will soon be over. I am not sorry it has come now, as you will see that something must be done to the place before another tenant occupies it. It isn't fit for a dog to live in."

"I shall do nothing; it's no use spending money on property of this kind. These peasants are used to pigging it. Leave the place alone."

"That is, of course, your affair, Mr. Underwood," said Jack. "In my position as agent it was my duty to point out to you what was needed, but I cannot make you do it. Only I tell you as man to man, that the neglect of your tenant's interests is a disgrace to the neighborhood. I have worked as your agent in order to work off the mortgage which you hold on my property, but I suppose the foreclosure which you threaten must come, for I cannot work for you any longer and have not money to redeem the estate."

"And, pray, why am I to lose your valuable services?" said Underwood.

"You know that during my management your profits have nearly doubled, but when it comes to distilling liquors in underground distilleries and expecting me to be a party to the fraud, I draw the line."

"How dare you speak like this to me!" said Underwood, choking with rage. "You pauper, if I had not employed you, you would have starved."

"You are exaggerating my poverty," said Jack, in a calm tone. "It is true, by honest work I hoped to regain my property, but when you expect dishonest work, you have come to the wrong man."

"By the way," continued Jack, and Esme could hardly catch his words, for he was already on the road. "I have ordered back the pipes and stills."

"The dickens you have," roared Underwood, as he paced the miserable room.

A quarter of an hour later Esme was in the cosy office of her friend and adviser, Mr. Rance.

"It is a large sum of money to invest in landed property, Miss Esme."

"I know," said the girl, in her quick, bright way, "but what does that matter? I have ever so much more when that is spent. Besides I happen to know the mortgage will be foreclosed if this

money is not paid, and I have other reasons as well."

Beauty trotting along in the twilight was within a mile of her own warm stable, when she suddenly swerved from a dark figure walking rapidly in the shadow.

Esme, who had been sitting lightly in the saddle, thinking over her afternoon's work, was taken unawares and flung to the ground.

Stooping over her, Jack—for it was he who had unwittingly frightened the cob—lifted her quickly in his arms. She was dazed and stunned, and as her head rested on his shoulder he stooped, and pressing his lips to hers stole the kiss that he had never dared to hope would be his by right.

"Esme," he said, after a pause, in which each read the other's heart, "I never dared to hope that you had given me your love, and I have no right to ask you to be my wife, for in a few weeks I shall have no home. Briarsmere is no longer mine. I kissed you because I could not help it as you lay in my arms, and I thought you had fainted."

"Briarsmere is mine," said Esme, smiling, "and it is mean of you, Jack, only to want to kiss me when I have fainted."—Chicago Tribune.

Why They Don't Have Gout.

A writer says that typical Southerners very rarely have gout in their lower extremities, and he explains his statement as follows: "The moment one sits down he looks about for some object upon which to elevate his feet, usually resting them on a chair or window sill if indoors or the balustrade if on the porch or piazza. Now, the location of gout being simply a question of specific gravity, it does not descend to the feet because of this habitual elevation. If it should get there it would be obliged to climb. The smallness of the Southern foot is accounted for in the same way—that is, of course, the Southern man's foot. The women sever elevate. Englishmen have whopping big feet, which they keep plastered down on the ground or floor at all times, as if afraid of letting something get away from them. They have gout in their feet in consequence."—New York Press.

The Lost Flag.

As H. M. S. Ringdove was cruising past one of the Solomon group of islands in the Pacific, the lookout reported that the British flag was not flying. An armed body of marines was promptly sent ashore to inquire the reason.

The chief did not, according to a British Columbia paper, waste words in replying. He summoned his favorite wife, and when she appeared, pointed to her. She was clothed from head to foot in the missing Union Jack, the flag having been cut and fashioned into a loose-fitting blouse and skirt.

This, of course, does not settle the question whether trade follows the flag or the flag follows trade in the cannon-covered advance of empire, but it does prove conclusively that the ladies of the Pacific Islands, when they acquire civilization, will not need to take lessons of their Anglo-Saxon sisters in the art of "making over."

It is astonishing how ignorant railway officials are when asked for the details of an accident on their road.



You may ride all day through the country without seeing one rural school-house the yard of which has been properly planted with shade trees or ornamental bushes. Ordinarily school yards are not planted with anything, and as a result they have a dismal and forbidding look. There are few people who take any interest in the district school, either inside the building or outside. This is a mistake. Every parent should visit the school and manifest an interest in it. This will greatly encourage the teacher. If in addition to this the good people plant the yard with maples or elms, with groups of flowering plants along the borders, they will do much for the present as well as the coming generation.

At the beginning of the present school year there were 6,189 school teachers in New York County (Manhattan and the Bronx boroughs), 8,970 in Brooklyn and 1,000 in the boroughs of Queens and Richmond, a total of 11,159 in the whole of the Greater New York.

Chicago has 6,000 school teachers, more than one-half the number of New York, but Chicago is a city of large area, with a compact population in only a few wards, and it is, moreover, a city in which, by reason of the variety and diversity of the languages spoken by school children, a larger relative proportion of teachers is required than in New York.

There are 3,500 school teachers in Philadelphia, 1,950 in Boston, 1,750 in Baltimore, 1,300 in Washington, 1,275 in Cleveland, 1,000 in Cincinnati, 1,800 in St. Louis, 1,000 in San Francisco, 700 in New Orleans, 900 in Detroit, 800 in Milwaukee, 850 in Minneapolis, 800 in Newark, 1,000 in Pittsburg, 750 in Rochester and 650 in Providence, R. I. There are in the whole United States nearly 300,000 teachers and instructors, including those who give lectures or special instruction.—New York Sun.

Every parent of a public school child must be impressed with the superficial development of the latter's education. The absorbing capacity of the growing mind is taxed to the limit and often far beyond it, while the reasoning faculties are left almost inert. Pupils are graduated from grammar and high schools every year with high per cents, and extraordinary records of scholarship. Question them, however, in matters of general intelligence, or even endeavor to have them use their hardly acquired information in any practical way, and they are dazed and helpless. Pupils, teachers, school boards and superintendents are the victims of a system that has been expanded injudiciously until it has become attenuated to a degree that threatens the serious weakening of what should be its vital principle—a preparation for life. It is an injustice to the average boy or girl who, statistics show, leaves school at 15, that this precious time should be so misappropriated. The subjects essential, and of paramount necessity to them in after years, are only half taught, because to satisfy the requirements of a too ambitious curriculum so many nonessential subjects are taken up. Only in a few special schools is development of character regarded as of the fundamental importance which it is. A gift cleverness is stimulated that without the balance of moral principle becomes, in weak natures, sometimes actually perilous in its after effect.—Harper's Bazar.

In Round Figures.

Not long ago a lady was giving a lecture. Her subject was the human figure, and the requirements in the way of proportion, for beauty. She herself was of generous—one may say unwieldy—size, and her manner was supercilious and lofty. She was trying to demonstrate the relative sizes of the limbs as they really ought to be.

"For example," said she, "twice round my thumb"—she held it up—"once round my wrist; twice round my wrist, once round my neck; twice round my neck, once round my waist."

Here she paused, and a shrill voice from the audience exclaimed:

"Twice round your waist, once round Hyde Park!"

The lecturer hastily passed on to another branch of the subject.—London Answers.

It's Explanation.

"How old are you, Uncle William?"

"Well, sub, I was bo'n in de time er de big win'."

"And when was that?"

"Hit was endurin' er de big freahet, sub."

"And when did that occur?"

"Well, sub, hit was some time after de stars fell; ter know sackly how far I is, I was bo'n w'en dat oak tree yan-der was a small caplin', an lightning hit of Maree Bee on de head an broke his jug er liquor."—Atlanta Constitution.

NEWS OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

A Good Week's Record of Commercial and Industrial Progress and Development in Oregon, Idaho, Washington and California.

Railroad and Smelter for Oregon Mines.

The Helena and the Musick Mining & Milling Companies, of the Bohemia district, announces that arrangements have been completed for building a railroad from Cottage Grove, Or., southeasterly, a distance of 35 miles through a region of heavy timber to the Bohemia mines. It is expected that construction work will be commenced this fall and that about half the track will be laid before spring. Connected with this, though not yet wholly arranged for, is the project of building a smelter, either at Portland or in the Bohemia mining district. The smelter enterprise is expected to follow the completion of the railroad and it is deemed probable that both will be in operation in less than a year from date.

"We have gone so far," said President Jennings, yesterday, "that the rest of the work is easy. We have \$500,000 assured for the railroad, largely on the basis of the mineral richness of the district as shown by developments already made. Capital is eager to build an adequate smelter, but there would be no use for the smelter without the railroad, so the road is to go first. This is the natural order. I have not a doubt that the smelter will be provided when we are ready for it. The field is too important to be neglected and the problem of ore, fuel and fluxes practically solves itself here."

The money for the railroad enterprise will be supplied by Eastern capitalists.

Big Thing for Eastern Or. gen.

William Polman and a number of other Baker City men have filed on the waters of Rock creek, and have announced their intention to establish a power system for the generation and transmission of electric power to this city. It will be necessary to construct a ditch about three miles long, to convey the water to the site of the power-house, where a fall of several hundred feet can be obtained. From the power-house, which will be located several miles from the city, the electric current will be transmitted by means of copper wire to this city to run mills and factories and light the city. The company, which is to be formed by Mr. Polman and his associates, will expend about \$50,000 on the power plant. It expects to have from 2000 to 5000 horsepower to distribute. This will be all the power that will be required in Baker City and vicinity for several years. The work of building the plant will be started as soon as the arrangements for the necessary material can be made. This is a very important matter for Baker City and all of Eastern Oregon.

Will Handle Anything Afloat.

The first section of the Moran Brothers Company's floating drydock has been launched at the company's yards at Seattle.

The new structure is 200 feet in length and 80 feet in width, with towers 30 feet high above the pontoon, which is 12 feet deep. It has a floating capacity of 3,000 tons and its own weight is 2,000 tons. In its construction there was used 1,500,000 feet of lumber and 150 tons of iron. Centrifugal pumps, operated by electric motors, will be used to empty the water compartments by which the dock is to be lowered or raised in the water, together with any vessel which may be placed in it.

Work will immediately be begun on the second section of the dock, and when it is completed the two will be used together, making a dock 400 feet in length and large enough to raise the largest vessel afloat in the Pacific ocean, while the addition of the third section, which is in contemplation, will enable the company to handle and repair the largest vessels ever under construction anywhere in the world.

The Guernsey Does Things.

The big whaleback steamship Guernsey, which was the first vessel that ever carried over 3,400,000 feet of lumber out of Portland or any other Pacific coast port, left Manila to load lumber and piles for the Orient. Unlike the most of the lumber-carriers which come across the Pacific in this trade, the Guernsey is not coming in ballast. She is reported to have on board 1500 tons of hemp for Portland and San Francisco. The consignment for the Bay City will be landed in this city and sent to its destination by rail. The Guernsey has been in the service of the Pacific Export Lumber Company for nearly two years, and on her last trip across the Pacific made herself famous in marine annals by having a broken shaft repaired and a new propeller shipped in mid ocean.

New \$10,000 Church.

Work has begun on the new \$10,000 church being constructed by the congregation of St. Paul's Episcopal church, at Walla Walla, Wash. The structure is to be of stone, and will be modern in every particular. It will occupy a pretty site near St. Paul's school, an institution of the church. It will replace an old building the first to be erected in Walla Walla, which, with repairs and remodeling, has served the congregation for over forty years.

Chrysanthemums Take a Back Seat.

The newest floral wonder is the "Shasta daisy," originated by a flower grower of California. It measures a foot in circumference, and when one was exhibited recently in a florist's window in San Francisco people literally flocked to see it.

It is really a new kind of flower, and has been produced by several years of crossing and selection, three different kinds of daisies being used—the common American species, the larger and coarser European sort, and the Japanese daisy.

There are three rows of petals of the purest white, and each blossom is upheld by a single strong and wiry stem which is nearly two feet long.

One advantage of the Shasta daisy is said to be that it is exceedingly hardy, enduring much cold, so that it can be grown out of doors. It is claimed that it prospers in almost any kind of soil, blooms all summer long (in California nearly all the year round) and may be rapidly multiplied by dividing the roots.

A peculiarity of this new and beautiful blossom is that it sometimes shows colors, indicating that daisies of various hues and of gigantic size may be placed on the market before long.

To Open Boise Basin.

The railway project from Boise to the Boise basin is being put on a firm foundation. A surveying party is in the field under the supervision of the chief engineer of the new company, D. O. Stevenson.

It is now investigating the feasibility of a railway line in the More creek canyon from the mouth of More creek to the mouth of Grimes creek, a distance of about 21 miles. This is a very bad piece of country, broken, rocky and precipitous. If the railway is feasible here, it will be easy the rest of the way.

The railway is projected chiefly because of the great timber belt traversing a large portion of Boise county, which the line would tap. The mines of Boise basin, Idaho City, Placerville, Quartzburg, Centerville, Bannock, Grimes Pass and Pioneerville would add largely to the business of the corporation, but it is entirely upon their timber that the business men at the head of the project figure for sufficient revenue to justify the line.

Made Some Pin Money.

R. C. McCroskey, who owns and cultivates 1400 acres of land near Garfield, Wash., has finished threshing his wheat and finds that he has a total of 35,000 bushels of wheat for this season's crop. Mr. McCroskey's crop averaged 35 bushels to the acre. He had about 1000 acres of wheat, the remainder of his land being in oats or other crops. He has figured all expenses of the crop just harvested and finds that his wheat cost him an average of 23 cents per bushel placed in the warehouse. He sold 15,000 bushels before the beginning of the harvest for 45 cents per bushel. Wheat is now worth 40 cents per bushel, and if it were all sold at the present prices Mr. McCroskey would net 17 cents per bushel, or \$5.95 per acre from this single crop. But adding the amount sold at 45 cents per bushel makes the total average, if the remainder were sold at present prices, \$6.57 per acre net profit. Multiplying this by 100 gives a total net profit on this crop of wheat of \$6570.

Gigantic Steel Mill at Everett.

There is no longer any reason to doubt the report given out nearly two years ago that a gigantic steel and iron mill company was in a state of formation to build a mill on Puget Sound. Since that time the coke and coal mines at Hamilton, Wash., near Everett, have come under the control of President Hill, of the Great Northern, and further and exhaustive prospecting on Hamilton and Tacala islands prove them to be liberally supplied with ore. Railroad and street car building in addition to the numerous trolley line projects has rendered an enterprise of this kind an absolute necessity. A plant to meet all the demands sure to be made upon it will have to be a big one, the estimate running up to as high as \$18,000,000. It will in all probability be erected at Everett, or in that immediate vicinity.

Cable Out Prices.

The Western Union Telegraph Company will soon begin the construction of a new line between Boise, Idaho, and Pendleton Or. The new wire will double the capacity of the line between the places named. From Pendleton west there are several wires. It is the intention to put up another wire between Ordan, Utah, and Boise, and when that is up most of the through business from the East to Portland will come over this new wire instead of going by the way of San Francisco.

Trying a New Port.

As an experiment, 3000 tons of Washington wheat was shipped, October 3, to the port of Galles, Peru, from Seattle on the big steamship Memphis. This is the first consignment of this grain ever made to this port, and the shippers are confident that the venture will prove profitable, in which event other ports will be traded.