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REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

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MARION COUNTY REPUBLICAN TICKET.

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WEALTH AND POVERTY.

We publish Mr. J. P. Robertson's letter on "the financial question," because it is profitable reading, he holding well considered views on the subject he discusses. But we cannot devote space to the consideration of this question until after the election. The science of finance consists in giving a people a sound currency and securing its equitable distribution. To allow idle millions to gather in the hands of a few, and the mass to become so destitute as to suffer for necessities, is not science or statesmanship. It is social war where the strong trample on the weak, and law and custom sanction offenses against the brotherhood of humanity. Again: to allow usurious interest to be taken for the use of money loaned to the impecunious, and the energies of the debtor class paralyzed and their incumbered property absorbed by those who profess to help them in time of need, is but an adaptation of the violent method of the robber barons of old to the mercantile uses of a pacific era. Those mailed freebooters would sally from their strongholds with bands of armed retainers, and despoil the merchants as they carried their rich goods to someemporium or fair; while our money kings proffer their surplus wealth to those who are suffering and in need, and then by a process of painless extortion drain them of the last drop of blood. We boast of our growth in wealth and national prosperity, and yet there are thousands and tens of thousands of the yeomanry of the land prostrate under bond and mortgage, and the pressure of this dread instrument, like the "petre forte et dure" of the feudal days, (when they loaded iron weights on a man's chest to make him criminate himself,) is pressing pulsation and all the offices of life out of his body. This is an issue which, rightly directed, will win government control for some political party yet to be formed. The people—the wealth-producing people—must be protected from spoliation and impoverishment, and we believe the finances of the country can be so used as to avert this menacing evil.

We agree with our correspondent, this is a more profitable political inquiry than the interminable tariff discussion. THE ten-and-a-half in a day-and-a-half problem is not troubling arithmetical experts any more. They are now busy figuring out the knotty question, how to win an election when the voters are driven away from the polls.

CURSES LIKE CHICKENS.

We are printing an occasional letter from Elder Webb, who recounts with observant eye and ready hand the scenes he beheld and the incidents that befell him on his way from Salem to Indianapolis. The prolix are holding their national convention in that city, and Bro. Webb is a delegate. His jottings by the way are hastily written and loosely thrown together; but they are pleasant reading because he takes a cheery view of life, and they are profitable because they evince large experience in affairs and a sound judgment.

Rummaging among some old papers in a desk drawer lately we came across a visiting card, bearing the name, "J. W. Webb, pastor Christian church, Salem." At the bottom of the card this was printed:

The man whom the Statesman (See editorial, June 15th, 1887,) holds up to public scorn as "Not only an enemy to our laws, to our government, to our liberty, but an enemy to Christianity, and to our society, and all democratic institutions."

Can it be possible that our brisk and busy neighbor and friend—the man with an open hand and a cheerful greeting for all, can be so dangerous a character? Unless thus admonished, we should have taken him for a useful citizen, a man of progressive ideas, with push and vim to help the community along, pure in morals and a blameless servant of God. In his issue to-day, our brother quill raises his voice against detraction. Past services, he says, are no atonement for slander. An honest record will not palliate robbery. Does he not stand condemned by his own teaching? Has he not been guilty of what Hamlet points out as a cardinal sin, "mis-naming God's creatures?" Wherein is our excellent fellow townsman a foe to society, and to our democratic institutions? These beserious charges, and should not be alleged unless the public safety requires such arraignment. But the Statesman editor knew he was bearing false witness against his neighbor when he printed such a screed, and his readers knew that the victim of this assault was unspotted before the world.

These "treacherous stabs," to borrow our neighbor's phrase, this character assassination spring from a political evangel of hate. He is heady, intemperate, narrow in his sympathies, intolerant. He does not belong to the present all-embracing age. He should be with the church inquisitors, and his weapons fire and faggots. An editor who will ban and bar a fellow partisan because he goes in advance of the column, who will in the solemn hour of midnight excommunicate and anathematize with bell, book and candle, is not fit to counsel a party. His reason is astray. He is seized with frenzy, and the leech must be called.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased? This is the only charitable view we can take of his ailment. The power of reasoning, if he has it, he does not use. The milk of human kindness is curdled into hate. We have more than once reproved him for his ready and unstinted abuse, and applauding readers have said, well done. There is no limit to his detraction, no method in his madness. We hear that he will leave for the east in a few days to make a long sojourn. He needs rest and change of scene. It is to be hoped he will acquire a coolness and discretion during this period of rest he so greatly needs, and we can only join in Touchstone's prayer for the rustic maid Audrey, "God mend thee, and make incisions in thee!"

MUST KEEP SOBER.

Gov. Martin, of Kansas, has issued a conditional pardon to a convict, named Charles B. Petrock, who filled himself with benzine some years ago, and then quite naturally went home and killed his wife. He has behaved well in prison, and the governor being convinced of the fact that the liquor was homicidal and not the man, has pardoned him on condition that he forever abstain from the use of intoxicating drinks. To such potations he owes the loss of a loving wife, a conscience that rankles like the flames of hell and the mark of Cain on his brow. One would think that on being restored to liberty he would require no such condition to keep him from the flowing bowl. The attorney general advised Gov. Martin that the condition imposed in his pardon would be sustained by the court.

THEIR HEADS ARE NOT LEVEL.

Passing a neighbor's spacious door yard the other day, we noticed him directing some workmen in the erection of a circular staging round a massive fir tree. The defective carpentering arrested our attention, braces and supports being entirely lacking. We paused and looked on awhile, and then suggested the possibility of a collapse. Our neighbor explained his purpose. "Levitation," he said, (levis, light) "is a great mechanical force in nature as gravitation. Smoke ascends through the atmosphere, vegetation mounts upward. See this tree, 150 feet high, is that not a controlling force that can lift this immense growth into the heavens? Mountains are thrown up in vast ranges, and the whole created system, traversing space and suspended on nothing, is an evidence that levitation is the one great force."

Then coming down to the business before him, he said: "I am building this staging on the correct scientific principle. As the tendency in matter is to fly up and sustain itself in mid air, I want no props or supports to this structure. The natural law that holds this tree upright will sustain my platform."

We sighed as we left this poor fellow. Like the Apostle Paul, much learning had made him mad. Yet his lunacy was no worse than that of the Statesman editor, who fancies a political party can be sustained without the force of public sentiment, and that an election can be won without votes. Both may be ingenious and well meaning men, but their heads are not level.

The Statesman quotes Thomas Moore to the confusion of this editor. But he missed the proper passage for quotation. This pleasing bard tells of a French king being troubled with insurrection among his subjects, and he used his army as extinguishers. But the extinguishers caught fire, that is, the troops took part with the insurgents, as French soldiers are very apt to do, and then the monarch was in dire perplexity to find a way to put out the extinguishers. The Statesman editor is yelling out "for a tongue" to curse somebody, but the story of Balaam and Balak is repeated. The king called on the prophet to curse his enemies, and three times he blessed them. By the same token, hearty commendation comes to this writer from all sides. Cursing is out of date.

THE blessed patter of rain drops fills the ears with music as we write these lines. The heavens have withheld their riches for awhile, the sun and the wind have sucked the moisture from the earth, and vegetation has been suffering. The grain fields that were winter killed have been replanted, and a drouth of any intensity would have been fatal to these tender plants. But with the humid air blowing from the sea coast, and the treasure-laden clouds passing landward, the early rains never fail to descend and the latter rains visit us in their season. The fears of the farmers are relieved, and the replenished earth joins in the general gladness. Surely our lines have fallen in pleasant places.

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CAMPAIGN ADDRESSES.

The candidates on the Marion county republican ticket will address the public on the political issues of the day at the following times and places, and respectfully invite opposing candidates to participate in the discussion. Gervais, Saturday, June 22 o'clock. Salem, Saturday, June 23 o'clock. G. H. BURNETT, Chairman Republican Co. Central Com.

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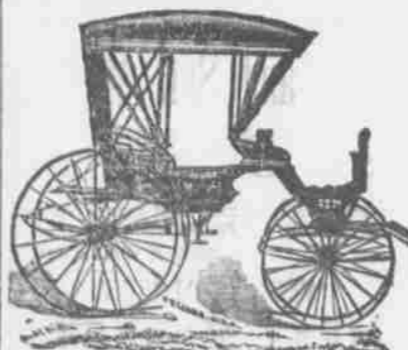
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