THE SUGAR BEET

WHEAT AND HOPS QUIET.

BANKS.

A SENSIBLE FIR TREE.

Said a saucy little Maple
 To her cousin, Willow Tree:
"Miss Fir has no new mantle
 This spring, like you and me.

"She wears the same old garment
 That she's worn since I was born;
I should think she'd feel so shabby
 With no new bonnet on."

As she tossed her head and nodded
 At the Fir Tree's old-style clothes,
Willow laughed—she couldn't help it,
 At the turned-up, pea-green nose.

The Fir Tree, staid and modest,
 Answered Maple not a word,
Though I'm very sure, yes, certain,
 Everything was overheard.

She only softly murmured,
 As she rearranged her clothes:
"I'm glad my friends don't leave me
 With every wind that blows."
 —Christian Nation.

A Last Resort.

A dark night, and the sky hidden by a mass of hurrying clouds. A raw, chilly wind, the ground all mud, the tall grass and trees dripping from heavy rains. Just emerging into a dark cornfield from still darker woods, a young man, his clothing drenched and mud-stained, his face haggard and desperate, and his whole attitude as he leaned heavily against the rail fence telling of utter exhaustion. He was worn out. For more than two hours he had been flying for life over a country imperfectly known to him, though familiar to his pursuers.

More than once he had been compelled to retrace his steps when every moment was precious and every step through the yielding mud required an effort. Worse yet, there was no possibility of throwing the followers off the trail. Every step left its plain impression, to be followed as fast as horse could trot, and capture meant sure and swift death—no wonder he was desperate.

Turn which way he would, Gilbert Hazelton could see nothing before him but speedy and disgraceful death. Never to see the sun again, nay, not even a friendly face! Was this the end of the bright hopes with which he had kissed his mother good-bye only two short months before? It seemed like a far-away dream now. He had lived ages of fear and agony since then, gone through unspeakable humiliation and dread.

He had been accused of murder, tried for his life, found guilty and sentenced to death. His letter to his friends must have miscarried, for they had not come to his relief. Poor and alone among strangers, who persisted in believing him identical with the tramp who had murdered poor David Westford. Gilbert had yet fought bravely for his life. Some few had been convinced of his innocence, and his lawyer had succeeded in obtaining a new trial, in which new witnesses night at least prove an alibi.

But when this word went abroad, the townspeople were furious. They had seen more than one undoubted criminal escape through some technicality. Were they now to see the murderer of poor David Westford escape through the easily bought perjury of some worthless companions in crime? They vowed it should not be. Last night at dusk groups of stern-looking men stood before the jail talking grimly together, and a whisper in the air warned the sheriff what was coming.

The jail was old and rickety. He could not defend it, and his resolve was quickly taken. In the early dusk the prisoner was sent out by a side door, under charge of the sheriff's son, while the sheriff himself remained to make sure mob violence did not make a mistake and seize some other victim. But treachery carried the word to the mob, and they were soon in hot pursuit of the fugitives. In this emergency the boy, who was firmly convinced of the prisoner's innocence, released him, demanding only a promise to rejoin him at a place appointed, and himself turned back to throw the pursuers off the trail if po[illegible] v intended to keep his promise, but in the darkness he missed his way, and the bloodhounds in the rear caught his trail.

Now for two hours, which seemed two eternities, he had been running for life, and the unknown country and horrible mud had completely exhausted the little strength that two months of confinement and terrible anxiety had left him. Nothing but utter desperation could have driven him another rod. But when a shout came faintly from the rear he pushed forward with a great effort across the strip of cornfield, through the fence, and out on a well-traveled road.

To one less utterly worn out this would have given a glimmer of hope, for here at least the mud had become liquid ooze, which retained no footprint. The pursuers would not know which way to turn, and must watch both roadsides to see that he did not turn aside. But he was too tired to use the advantage, and when, after running a few rods, he slipped and fell, he lay there a full minute, too utterly exhausted to rise. What was the use, when his utmost endeavors could only put off death for a few moments? Why not take one moment for rest and thought before the end came?

A farmhouse stood a quarter of a mile farther on, and as he lay there panting, exhausted, waiting only for death to overtake him, his hopeless glances fell upon its light. How placid and peaceful looked the lamp, shining serenely through the parted curtains! Doubtless a happy family were sitting around it, father and mother, sturdy sons and pretty daughters, laughing and talking, and never dreaming of the dark tragedy enacting so near. Would they care if they did know? Would they come to his aid if some instinct should tell them? And then he suddenly scrambled to his feet, resolving to make one last effort for his life. He would struggle on to the farmhouse, and appeal to the quiet family circle. They might give him concealment. It was but death if he failed, and it would be no less if he did not try.

It took all the strength this last faint hope gave him to carry him to the gate and up the cinder walk, whose hard, dark surface would betray not footstep. Yet his heart failed as he reached the door, and leaned, utterly exhausted, against the doorpost.

"If I only knew there were women inside! A woman would be merciful. But it may be some stern old farmer, who will only order me off and set the dogs on me."

The window was but a step away. He crept to it, and looked between the curtains. A plain, neat farmhouse kitchen, and two women, evidently mother and daughter, sitting by the table before the fire, the mother sewing, the daughter reading aloud. No one else in sight, yet Gilbert gave a smothered gasp and fell back in despair.

"David Westford's mother and sister! That settles it!"

He had seen both faces at the trial—the elder, sad and patient under its silvery hair; the younger, pure, pale, and clearcut, thrown into strong relief by the dark eyes, long jet lashes and heavy black braids.

He stood there still, hopeless and helpless, when there came a sudden break in the clear voice within. The girl had ceased reading. He looked in, and saw her pick up a pitcher and come toward the door. A moment more and she had come out, all unconscious of the man so near, gone straight to the pump, on which the lamplight shone, and was filling her pitcher. Nerved by desperation, Gilbert stepped toward her.

"I will appeal to her. Why shouldn't I? I did not kill her brother. She may pity me. She is a woman, and they are half Quakers I have heard," he muttered—and aloud, "Miss Westford, help for God's sake."

The clanking of the pump ceased. The girl looked around with a startled air. "Who spoke?" she demanded.

"A fugitive, utterly exhausted with flight from a bloodthirsty mob. They are close at my heels. I can't go farther, and I am doomed unless you have pity and give me help or concealment."

"Who are you?" she inquired, and with a dreadful sinking at his heart he gave his name, "Gilbert Hazelton."

She uttered a sharp cry and looked away where the distant lanterns were gleaming through the cornfield—the pursuers on his track.

"I must ask mother," she said, and snatching up her pitcher swept past him into the house.

He heard her quick voice, and Mrs. Westford's startled outcry, and in very desperation followed her in.

The old mother met him, white-haired and venerable. "So thee can seek shelter here, of David Westford's bereaved mother?" she said, bitterly, wonderingly.

"Why not? I never harmed you or him," he urged, desperately. "As true as there is a heaven above us, I am innocent of what is laid to my charge. It will be proved when my friends come. But that will be too late unless you help me."

"But I do not know," Mrs. Westford wavered. "Thee speaks fair, but do not all criminals the same? A trial was given thee and thy innocence was not proved. Why should I save the murderer of my boy?"

Gilbert fell into a chair, too exhausted to stand. "You will know when it is too late if you refuse me aid. Madam, will you risk it?—risk feeling that you might have saved an innocent man, but instead let him go to his death?"

"Ernestine," cried the old mother, piteously, "what ought we to do? How can we risk a life-long remorse, or how can we risk letting David's murderer go free to break other hearts as ours are broken? What does thee say?"

The girl stood in the open door, her glances alternating between the pleading face of the fugitive and the lanterns coming along the roadside.

"We must decide quickly, mother," and her clear voice quivered with feeling. "He may be innocent. It hardly seems as though a guilty man would come here—to David's home—for shelter. And if we are accessory to his death—mother, it is murder for them to take the law into their own unauthorized hands. Our choice lies between one man, who may or may not be a murderer, and a score who will surely be if we do not hinder."

"Then thee says save him?" Mrs. Westford asked, doubtfully.

"I dare not refuse it, mother. Do you?"

The old lady hesitated, then, opening a corner cupboard, took out a pair of handcuffs—relics of the days when David had been deputy sheriff and earned the enmity of tramps and evil-doers—and held them toward Gilbert.

"If thee will put these on, that we may have no fear from thy violence when the mob are gone, we will conceal thee safely, and when the search is over send thee back to thy lawful guardian. That is all. I cannot place myself and my daughter at the mercy of one who may have none. Will thee consent?"

She was only prudent. Gilbert bowed silently and extended his hands. It was his only chance for life, and it would be the height of folly to object. Yet a faint color came into his face as the cold steel snapped on his wrists, rendering him helpless—yet scarcely more so than fatigue had already made him.

The hesitation of both was over now. Ernestine bade him remove his muddy shoes, while she swiftly closed the door and drew down the blinds, and the mother hurried into another room. Thither Ernestine beckoned him to follow, pausing only to thrust the shoes out of sight.

At the door she turned. "It is David's room," looking keenly into his face. "Come in!"

Did she think he would draw back? Guilt itself would hardly have done that now, with the pursuers so near.

"If David can see, I know he is willing," Gilbert answered quietly.

It was a small, plainly furnished room. Mrs. Westford had drawn the bed from the wall and thrown back the last breadth of carpet revealing a tiny trap-door. At his entrance she opened it, and motioned him down.

"It is only four feet. You can drop that far," said Ernestine, encouragingly. "There is no outer door. You will be quite safe."

Her mother smiled sadly. "How many frightened fugitives have slept there in safety! But that was years ago—before the war. Thee need not fear. Now—but stay, thee must be faint. I will bring thee food and drink."

She hurried away, and he swung himself down. It was not very easy, with his manacled hands, and Ernestine helped him. His heart thrilled at touch of her cold, trembling fingers.

"She shrinks from my touch. She thinks my hand stained with her brother's blood," he thought bitterly.

But another glance at the pure, pale face relieved him. She was listening anxiously, and said with hurried kindness, "There is an old bed down there. Look, while I hold the light down. There! Even half an hour's rest will help you. But you must eat and rest in the dark, for this cellar extends under the kitchen, which is carpetless, and has cracks in the floor. Here comes mother."

V[illegible]ly Mrs. Westford passed the well-filled dish and pitcher to him, reporting the mob almost before the house.

"Cover up, quickly, Ernestine. I am going to wake Harry."

That was her youngest son, still sleeping soundly upstairs.

She hurried away, and Ernestine quickly lowered the trap-door and pushed back the bed.

Shut down in the darkness, Gilbert groped his way to the old bed, and sank down on it in utter exhaustion. He could do no more, be it life or death. He heard the girl's quick steps, the closing door, the louder steps directly overhead, and a slender spur of lamplight came down through a crack. She was back in the kitchen—and there were stern voices indistinctly to be heard without. Ernestine heard them more plainly, and stood with clasped hands and pale face, praying silently, but oh, so earnestly, that the innocent, if he were innocent, might be saved, when her young brother came rushing downstairs just as there came a thundering knock at the door.

Mrs. Westford had told him no more than that a crowd of men with lanterns were approaching, and it was in perfect good faith that he flung open the door and angrily demanded their business. They soon satisfied him.

"The tramp that murdered your brother is at large, and we are hunting for him. We have looked all up and down the road, for we know he came this way, and it looks mightily as if he had slipped into your premises and hidden somewhere. Your folks will have no objection to our searching, I reckon?"

"Not a bit. I don't think he would stop here, but if he did I hope you'll catch him and hang him to the nearest tree," the boy answered fiercely.

The fugitive, plainly hearing every word, shuddered, but he had no idea how many times that old house had been searched in vain for hunted souls, or he would not have feared. Harry knew the secret of the long unused cellar, but never dreamed that his mother and sister could know anything of the hunted tramp-murderer, and so had no idea that he could be in the house. So the outbuildings and premises were thoroughly searched, while Ernestine and her mother looked on with pale, quiet faces and wildly beating hearts, and the fugitive lay and listened in the darkness. Then the men rode on, grumbling and cursing the sheriff for letting the prisoner escape. Harry fretted a little, never guessing that his every word reached the ear of the man whom he would willingly have surrendered to his murderers, and then went back to bed.

Silence settled on the old farmhouse, and Gilbert actually fell into a light doze from which Mrs. Westford's soft call aroused him. Half asleep he made his way to the trap door, and was helped up. Ernestine, in cloak and hat, stood waiting.

"Mother thinks it best that you should be back in safety before daybreak," she said simply. "I can drive you over very soon."

"I hate to let thee go, dear," her mother said anxiously.

"It is only for an hour, mother," reassured the girl; "and we can hardly trust Harry. He is only a boy, and so impetuous and bitter."

Mrs. Westford sighed. "It seems to be a duty—and surely our Father will not let thee suffer for doing thy duty. Well, go. My prayers shall go with thee. But be careful, child."

The light wagon and bay pony stood at the door. The prisoner was helped into the back seat and Ernestine sprang in before. The big watch dog followed at her call and curled up under her seat, and Gilbert felt that however kindly these women might feel they were not disposed to run any useless risks.

"Good-bye, mother. Don't fret," was Ernestine's parting word, and Mrs. Westford's earnest "May God protect thee" showed her uneasiness. Yet she added a kindly word to the prisoner, "And may He bring out the truth! I hope we shall see thee free before all the world right speedily."

Then they drove away in the darkness. Ernestine spoke little; her heart beat too fast. She half apologized for taking the dog.

"The roads would be so lonely, coming back," an apology which he readily accepted. Could he resent her prudence when she had given him his life? But he could not help being intensely thankful that the dog had been asleep in the barn when he approached.

Their trip was about half done when lanterns gleamed ahead, and wheels and voices were heard approaching. "The mob!" was his first thought, and Ernestine whispered hurriedly, "Down under your seat till they pass!" then with a sudden joyful change in tone and manner, "Oh, it is the sheriff! Thank heavens!"

The sheriff it was, looking anxiously for his charge, but with little hope of ever seeing him again alive. Ernestine turned quickly.

"Your wrists, please," and the manacles fell off. "There! You need not tell that part unless you wish. It was only—but you understand. Mother had a right to be cautious, you know."

And then the sheriff was hailing them, and as much surprised as delighted to find his prisoner in such hands. The transfer was soon made, and with a kindly word of farewell Ernestine hastened back to her anxious mother.

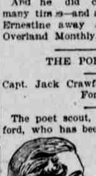
At the new trial Gilbert Hazelton had no difficulty in proving his own identity, and was triumphantly acquitted. Of all the warm hand-clasps and congratulations he received, none gave him more pleasure than those of Mrs. Westford and her daughter.

"You must come and see us," Ernestine said, blushing. "I know we were not over-polite to you, mother and I; but come again, and you will find that we can be civil."

And he did come—not once, but many times—and at last carried sweet Ernestine away as his bride. The Overland Monthly.

THE POET SCOUT.

Capt. Jack Crawford Goes to Find a Fortune.

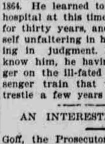


CAPT. J. CRAWFORD

The poet scout, Captain Jack Crawford, who has been living in Chicago lately, sailed for Scotland about the middle of July to see if he can prove a claim as one of the principal heirs to the $20,000,000 Wallace estate now held by the state and city of New York. Jack Crawford is one of the most unique and interesting characters of the frontier, and was, until his recent resignation, the chief of scouts for the United States government. His life has been a most eventful one. The intemperance of his father left the support of the family on him at a very early age. Though but a 16 year old boy picking slate in a coal mine in Pennsylvania when the war broke out, he entered the service of the Union and was severely wounded in 1864. He learned to write while in a hospital at this time. He was a scout for thirty years, and has proved himself unfaltering in heroism and unfailing in judgment. Many in Oregon know him, he having been a passenger on the ill-fated Lake Labish passenger train that went through the trestle a few years ago.

AN INTERESTING FIGURE.

Goff, the Prosecutor Now Investigating in New York.



JOHN W. GOFF.

One of the most interesting men of the day is John W. Goff, prosecuting attorney of the committee investigating the New York municipal government. Mr. Goff was born in the south of Ireland about forty-five years ago, and came to America when he was 16 years of age. He has become a famous lawyer and is admired by all who know him. In appearance Mr. Goff is a decidedly colorless man. His hair and beard are almost white, though he is still young. He looks like a man whose mind has used up the greater part of his physical energies. He is a man of remarkable intellectual powers, and naturally an instructive and entertaining talker. Mr. Goff cares little for society. He has two children, a boy and a girl.

A SILVER DOLLAR STORY.

An Illustration of the Value of the Coin in El Paso and in Mexico.

A good story illustrating one phase of the silver question was told at the Boston club.

"People living on the border between Mexico and the United States ought to be pretty well satisfied with the present condition of affairs," said he, "with things as they are in the vicinity of El Paso, Tex.

"El Paso is located on the Rio Grande. If you cross the river you are in Mexico. In El Paso an American silver dollar is worth 100c, but if you go over into Mexico it is only worth 85c.

"A Mexican silver dollar, on the other hand, is subject to a discount of 15 per cent in El Paso. So that there is retaliation, you see.

"When a citizen of El Paso is thirsty he steps into a bar room in his town and orders a lemonade or something stronger and planks down an American silver dollar on the counter.

"The drink is placed on the counter.

"After the customer has quenched his thirst he picks up his change.

"This does not consist of eighty-five American cents. Oh, no! The price of the drink was 15c, but the change consists of a Mexican silver dollar, worth but 85c.

"Later in the day the citizen of El Paso crosses the river and pays a visit to the Mexican town on business or pleasure.

"He becomes thirsty again.

"Entering a Mexican bar room he steps up to the counter and says:

"'Whisky!'"

"The drink is placed on the bar, and after draining the glass the El Paso man settles. This time he pays for his drinks with a Mexican silver dollars.

"The Mexican bartender smiles deprecatingly as he gives the customer his change—an American dollar, worth, of course, but 85c.

"Then the American crosses over to El Paso again. He can go home and spend the night with his family or he can buy another drink in his town and get another Mexican silver dollar.

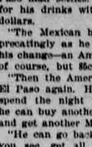
"He can go back and forth all day, you see, get all he wants to drink and still have a silver dollar in his pocket.

"It may be an American or it may be a Mexican silver dollar, it makes no difference to him.

"Is it any wonder that the people of El Paso are satisfied with the present status of the silver question?"—N. Y. Advertiser.

SHE WILL WED.

Soon to Marry Barrie, the English Author.



MISS MARY ANSELL.

Here is what is considered a very good likeness of Miss Mary Ansell, who is soon to marry J. M. Barrie, the English writer and author of the "Little Minister." The love match has a romantic foundation as becomes the mating of an author and actress, for Miss Ansell is a member of the profession. She was to take the leading part in his play, "Walker, London." He never saw her, though, until he went to London to see his play. He was fascinated when he saw her and the result was he persuaded her to relinquish her career for married life, and thus the story ends as all good stories should.

PULLMAN'S SPOKESMAN.

THOMAS H. WICKES.

Geo. M. Pullman during the recent strike has done little talking. The man who represented the Pullman interests throughout was Thomas H. Wickes, second vice-president of the car company. Wickes was born in Leicestershire, England, August 23, 1846, and in youth received only the rudiments of an education. From the farm he went into a grocery and then into the railroad business. He came to America in 1866, living in Canada for two years. In 1868 he went to work for the Pullman company at East St. Louis, as ticket agent, and in 1873 was made superintendent for that division. Since then his rise has been rapid. He lives in Chicago, has a family, and wonderful executive ability is his great characteristic.

HOP INTELLIGENCE.

Puyallup Commerce: Spraying is very general throughout the Puyallup district now, and the hop lice are thus being held in check.

Kent Journal: The hop situation in this locality cannot be said to have undergone any material change during the past week. Many growers are spraying, but more as a prevention than a cure.

Yakima Ranch: The vine is doing its utmost to make up the deficit caused by the early storms, but like the stunted animal complete recovery is impossible. The harvest will be a week or two weeks earlier this year, and growers are hastening their preparations for the event.

N. Y. Price Current, 21st: Our market has ruled dull all the week and there is nothing apparent which indicates a larger trading soon. Brewers have taken lots only as they had immediate need of them, and their consumption at this season is small. Holders have been willing sellers and prices show a decline for the week of about 1c per pound. For choice state 12c is now a full price and there are hardly any Pacific coast lots remaining choice enough to reach 13c. In yearlings and old-olds there has not been sufficient business to establish values, and we quote them as nominal. Purchases in the interior of a few lots of 1893's are reported at say 9 to 9½c, rarely 10c, for good to choice, and 6 to 7c for common to fair. Nothing unfavorable as to the crop has been reported from any section of the state; everything indicates a good crop as to both quantity and quality. Some complaints of lice come from Oregon and Washington, but they have not been serious enough to at all affect the market. A German letter of 7th inst. reports the growing crop in that country as in splendid condition, and a good yield is anticipated. In England a few lice are reported, but not enough to create any anxiety and a good crop is expected.

From letter of Thomas & Short, factors of American hops, London: The Borough, London, is the great center of the hop trade, and the London hop market is the largest in the world, usually influencing all other markets.... From an area of about 57,000 acres, England produces an average crop of about 300,000 bales, in addition to which some 110,000 bales annually have to be imported to provide for the consumption of the United Kingdom. America now supplies the larger portion of these imports, the use of American hops by English brewers having greatly increased of late years. There is no import duty on American or other foreign hops....The English growers, who regard with increasing jealousy and disfavor the competition from American hops especially, are agitating for a protective import duty on foreign hops; but their chances of success appear very doubtful.

THE OREGON STATE CENSUS

Will Be Taken Next Year—How It Is Done and What It Contains.

The state of Oregon will have an invoice taken, as it were, next year and have her accounts balanced up to ascertain how her profit and loss account stands after the past ten years' business. Perhaps not all the people know just when and how this periodical reckoning is provided for, so the Statesman proposes to give them the necessary information.

Sec. 5, Art. IV of the constitution of Oregon provides that the legislative assembly shall every ten years following 1865 cause an enumeration to be made of all the population of the state.

The legislature, following the directions of the foregoing, have made provisions in chapter III of the annotated law of Oregon, page 1071 as to who shall do this, what he shall do and when he shall do it.

The duty devolves upon the county assessor to begin the work of enumeration on the 10th day of May and to make out an enumeration roll in the following form:

One column each for
Legal voters;
Males 21 and upwards;
Males under 21 and over 10;
Males under 10,
Females of 18 and upwards;
Females under 18 and over 10;
Females under 10;
The number of acres under cultivation;
The number of bushels of wheat raised during the preceding year;
The number of bushels of oats raised;
The number of bushels of barley and rye;
The number of tons of hay;
The number of pounds of wool;
The number of ounces of gold dust;
The number of bushels of corn;
The number of sheep;
The number of hogs;
The number of horses;
The number of cattle;
The number pounds of tobacco;
The number bushels of potatoes;
The number bushels of apples;
The number feet of lumber;
The number barrels of salmon;
The number baskets of oysters;
The number of mules;
The number pounds of cheese and butter.

The assessor returns these rolls to the county clerk, who makes a copy of them to be kept in his office and another to be filed with the secretary of state. There are heavy penalties attached for a failure on the part of either of these officers to do his duty and for the assessor who falsifies the record.

The enumeration to be made next year will show a vast difference from that of a decade previous in Marion county, in population and products. The population of this county at that time was 15,453 and next year will find it more than double. In the June election there were 6,430 votes cast for governor, which indicates a 30,000 population at least and there will be a goodly increase in the current twelve months.

In the items of acreage in cultivation, the production of fruit, hay, hops, butter and cheese as well as in the number of cattle, horses, etc., the difference will surprise a great many. Altogether, the census of 1895 will be an interesting study for this part of the Willamette valley.

NEAR
DEATH'S DOOR
FROM
Inflammation of the Kidneys

Dear Sirs: I can scarcely realize I was so near death's door, the result of a bad attack of inflammation of the kidneys. My urine was bloody and terrible pains near the spine. I tried several remedies, but got no relief. When I was suffering terribly a copy of your Medical Adviser was received by some one in our household. After reading part of it I sent for a bottle of Dr. Grant's Kidney and Liver Cure, and after five doses I felt relieved. I continued taking until I had taken three bottles, and was completely cured.

Gratefully yours,
J. A. ALEXANDER,
773 Hoyt street, Portland, Oregon.

Price $1 per Bottle

ELMIRA, OREGON.

Do You Know Where It Is?

MRS. W. T. KAYSER,

Lives There and tells in the Following Letter of the Wonderful Benefit Received from using Dr. Grant's Medicines.

ELMIRA, OREGON, April 6th, 1894.
DR. PAUL GRANT, President O. W. R. Mfg. Co., Portland, Oregon.

Sir:—I wish to express my heartfelt thanks to you for the great benefit I received from using your medicines. I have been a constant sufferer for

Twelve Years

with spinal trouble and the complaints so peculiar to women. I have doctored with several different doctors, and from some of them I received temporary relief, but from none of them have I received the relief I have from using your remedies. The

Congo Oil,

was particularly beneficial, as it instantly relieves the pain and quiets the nerves, and after using it I can go to sleep and not awaken until break of day. I am very grateful for the relief obtained and will do all I can to encourage the sale of your medicines. I have used one and a half bottles of Congo Oil and two and a half bottles of your Native Discovery for women's diseases, and that is all the medicine I have taken in

Six Months,

and I am in better health than I have been for the past twelve years—weigh more and can work without feeling as though I should

Drop Dead

every minute, and it is due to your medicines that I feel this well; and I am willing that all who are afflicted should know of the wonderful results from using your medicines.

Respectfully,
MRS. W. T. KAYSER.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.
Congo Oil, price 50c. and $1.00. Native Discovery, price $1.00.

FROM THE SPEECH OF SENATOR MANDERSON.

He Shows the Great Profit in Growing Sugar Beets in California.

The following extracts are from a speech of Senator Charles F. Manderson, delivered in the United States senate, June 1st, regarding the sugar beet industry, which subject is of special interest to our people at this time. The senator said:

"Is there profit in the growing of beets? I wish every member of the senate could investigate, as I have investigated and as the senator from Kansas has investigated, the substantial profits, the great pecuniary advantage that comes to the farmer from the growth of beets. I have here a statement showing the profit of beet farming in the year 1892 in California. This is a statement of Mr. Gird, who found himself some years ago the owner of some 30,000 acres of land in Southern California. It was land that should have been productive and advantageous to own. He found its ownership was a burden to him. Some grass grew upon it, and he had leased it out to small grazers. But that source of profit, small as it was, seemed about to disappear, and at last he conceived the idea, having had some knowledge of the subject from observation abroad, that here was a tract of land well adapted to the cultivation of the sugar beet. He did not propose to start a beet sugar factory. He wished that someone of experience would in that immediate vicinity start such an enterprise, that he might grow the beets which should be converted into sugar. He corresponded with those who were experts and had knowledge upon the subject. The result was that in his neighborhood a beet-sugar factory was built, and now almost every acre of that 30,000 acres of land is under cultivation by small farmers who have leased, and I believe in some instances bought, small tracts of land, and have devoted themselves to the cultivation of the beet.

"I have here the testimony of several of these farmers who have cultivated this vegetable. Among them is E. Robertson, who cultivated 10 acres. Ten acres of land in Nebraska, Kansas or the Dakotas, devoted to the cultivation of wheat or corn or potatoes, would lead to starvation rather than life. But here this man with 10 acres sold 222½ tons of beets at $4.05 a ton, amounting to $901.12. I will not give the detail of the expenditures for the seeding, for hoeing, thinning, cultivating and gathering the crop, but his total expenditure was $287.20, leaving a net profit to him of $613.92; a net profit per acre of $61.30. Mr. A. F. Keys gives testimony that he cultivated four and three-quarter acres of land, and he received for his beets, 117 1-3 tons, $453.91. He paid out for the cultivation of his crop $182.32, making a net profit of $261.50, or $51.07 per acre net profit. Gustafson Bros., who I understand are Swedes, say that they came to that section of the country without money, but were helped to buy the seed with which to plant the little place which they had rented and they put out 10 acres of beets getting for it $4.03 per ton.

"Let me say, while it is in my mind, that the old method of the purchase of beets from the farmers, prevailing in some sections even until this day, was that the price per ton of beets depended upon the extent of the saccharine matter in the beets upon test. Therefore it was that one man got $4.03 and the other $4.05, but by the careful cultivation of the beet, by a plan of selecting, a method of the survival of the fittest beet, there is such an extent of saccharine matter in the beet of Nebraska, Utah and California, that it is safe for the beet-sugar factor to make his contract at a fixed price in advance of the crop. In Nebraska all the contracts for the coming year are made at $5 per ton of beets.

"I might say in passing that this method of purchase is a most important consideration to the farmer. He grows his wheat or his corn, and he is subject to the vagaries and the whims of the market. He is the victim of the speculator, of the man upon the board of trade, but with this crop he has the assurance that he will receive $5 a ton for whatever he gathers. His crop is sold in advance, and he is not troubled about the market or the rise and fall in sugar.

"But I was speaking of the Gustafson brothers, who cultivated 10 acres. They got $910.78. They paid out $323.42, making a net profit of $587.36, being a net profit of $58.75 cents per acre.

"Many acres produce 20 tons to the acre, but on the basis of 15 tons to the acre, at $5 per ton there is a gross receipt of $75, and deducting the cost of the crop, $24, it leaves a net profit of $51 to the acre. This, of course, may vary even under good conditions and be much less and even more.

"Every acre planted in beets means twenty days' labor for one man. How important is this consideration. If 2,000,000 acres of land are needed to supply this country with the sugar it consumes, it means, if we can foster and bring this industry to its full capability, that we will give forty million days' labor to the laborers of this country."

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No. 4. 27 acres, all in cultivation with summer fallow wheat, buyer gets one-third crop. Two and a half miles to Sheridan, one mile to school and church. Land all level, No. 1 soil for fruit or hops; price $30 per acre.

No. 5. 19 acres, all level creek bottom land, 15 acres in cultivation, 4 acres of ash timber watered by Mill creek; 2½ miles to Sheridan; 1½ miles to school and church. Buyer gets possession immediately; price $30 per acre.

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Leaves Independence.	Leaves Monmouth.
7:00	7:30
8:10	8:25
9:30	10:00
11:15	12:30
1:30	2:15
3:45	4:05
5:00	5:15

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South		North
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10:23 P. M.	Lv. Albany Ar.	4:25 A. M.
10:45 A. M.	Ar. San Francisco Lv.	7:00 P. M.

Roseburg Mail (Daily.)

Leave.	Arrive.
Portland .... 8:30 A. M.	Roseburg .... 5:50 P. M.
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9:40 a m	Lv.......Portland.......Ar	3:05 p m
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