LOVE'S KISS.

Alan kissed me! All the weary
Years of waiting rolled away,
As the silvery mists of morning
Flee before the brightening day.
Though the snows of time have shifted
Thickly o'er my tresses dark,
To my heart that kiss brought spring-time—
Scent of violet, song of lark.

Alan kissed me! All my lifetime's
Cup of bitterness and gall
Turned to nectar, as the water
Turned to wine in Cana's hall
At the touch of Love Incarnate,
Love transformed life's barren sands
To the plains of deathless verdure
Where the Holy City stands.

Alan, though Death's seal had frozen
Welcoming lip and eye and heart,
At your kiss the spell would vanish,
Close the doors flung wide apart.
Backward from the grave's dark yawning—
(Love, and Love alone, is true)
From the life immortal dawning
I would turn to earth and you!

—Gillette Kirke, in Bohemian.

Her Hoodoo.

IT was because the doctor insisted that my system needed ozone that I went to Colorado on a hunting trip. It was there that I met her, and it was there, by the way, that I became convinced that when a man with a lame lung undertakes to hunt ozone in the wilds of the Rocky mountains he ought to provide himself with a guide. I went alone, and that's why I got lost.

For two days I had tramped, half starved, toward the rising sun, with the hope of reaching some cattle ranch near Denver. On the morning of the third day, as I was trudging through a thick undergrowth, I was suddenly startled by a woman's voice:

"You didn't happen to spy a little speckled heifer back yonder, did you, stranger?"

It is said that upon the approach of a human being the first impulse of a man who has been lost in the woods is that biblically ascribed to the wicked, namely, "to flee when no man pursueth." But at this time I was too far gone with hunger and weariness to flee from anything.

I simply leaned against a tree trunk and awaited the appearance of the voice's owner. She came riding a broncho across the crest of a hillock. She was slight and wiry, and she wore her huge sombrero and man's canvas shooting-coat with an air that at first suggested the cowboy. A later glimpse of feminine drapery, however, proclaimed her something infinitely more interesting—a real Rocky mountain cow-girl in all her glory.

"No," I answered weakly to her repeated question as to the heifer's whereabouts. "No, I've seen neither hoof nor hide of your heifer, which is lucky for you, as I should probably have eaten it if I had."

"You do look hungry," said the strange horsewoman; and as she spoke the bold lines of her aquiline face relaxed into an expression of womanly solicitude.

"Here, take this," she added in a business-like tone, producing from a bag that lay, meal sack fashion, across her saddle, a can of pressed beef and a square foot or so of corn bread. "No," as I tried to speak, "never mind explanations. Have some lunch with me and talk afterwards; that is, if you ain't afraid to eat with a cow-girl.

"You see," she continued, when we were comfortably seated on a moss-grown log that served as a whole set of dining-room furniture, "I know myself what it is to get lost and nearly starve to death. 'Having experienced misfortune myself, I know how to pity others.'"

I choked over a morsel of corn bread and stared at my companion with ill-bred astonishment. A cow-girl who quoted Virgil, even in a translation, was something not dreamed of in my philosophy.

"Yes, I don't wonder that you look surprised," said my hostess good-naturedly. "I suppose I don't look as though I was up in the classics, but the fact is I'm a graduate of Iowa Wesleyan University, and I've studied Latin, Shakespeare, geometry, and all the rest.

"Yes," musingly, "once I expected to pursue a literary career. Indeed, my professors all told me that I might become the George Eliot or Mrs. Browning of America. But that speckled heifer I was asking you about just now knocked all my plans into a cocked hat."

"How was that?" I asked.

"Well, it was like this," said the cow-girl college graduate, as she pushed aside her corn bread, untasted, and, planting her elbows upon her knee, propped her chin upon her palms, man fashion. "In the spring of 1885, several years after I had graduated, my father died, and mother and I came to Colorado and bought a ranch at Plum Creek, some twenty-three miles south of Denver. You see, my father had been an invalid, and ever since I can remember we'd been chasing round from pillar to post, trying to find a climate that agreed with him; so this was really what you might call the first chance I had to go to work in earnest. It was a lovely quiet spot, an ideal place, I thought, for communing with nature and pursuing a literary career. But it was not so to be. Like—what's his name with a tender heel?"

"Achilles?" I suggested.

"Yes, like Achilles, I had one weak spot that was going to be my ruin. I was crazy about pets. Why, if it hadn't been for that weak spot I might be wearing laurel instead of lassoing cattle—but this is neither here nor there. What I was going to say was that before I'd been settled on that ranch three days some men came our way driving a herd of Texas cattle to Denver, and, as a late snowstorm came up just then, they decided to camp on good feed in the hills in front of my ranch. That afternoon they came over to our house to buy bread, and while they were there they mentioned to me that they had a nice cow that had just calved, and offered if I would buy the cow to throw in the calf, as they were just going to kill it. Well, here was where my weak spot came in. No sooner did I hear about those animals than nothing would do but I should have them for pets. Besides, the cow was offered mighty cheap, only eighteen dollars, while I'd been going without milk rather than pay the fifty or seventy-five dollars asked for a milch cow; so now I thought was my chance to close a good bargain and get two nice pets, beside. Yes, sir, I even planned while the men were gone after those animals how I would domesticate them in a few days."

"And it took longer?" I asked.

"Domesticate! I might as well have tried to domesticate an active volcano—but I mustn't anticipate.

"My first impression of my pet cow wasn't exactly encouraging. I had imagined her ambling serenely up to the house, mild-eyed and gentle, with the little calfet trotting at her side. Instead, she was dragged upon the scene by four men who had spent at least an hour in catching her and bringing her to me. The calf, meantime, after an equally exciting chase had been led up and tied to a large plum bush.

"However, I wasn't one to let a little thing like that phase me. I was determined to make friends with that cow; so when, about two hundred yards from the house, the men threw her and took off the rope I advanced with that idea. But I wasn't half so anxious to make friends as the cow was. As soon as she set eyes on me—and if ever an animal had the evil eye, that cow did—she made a bee line for yours truly.

"'Look out,' shouted the men. But I was already footing it pretty lively towards the thicket where the calf was tied, the cow after me, snorting like a steam engine almost in my ear. The next thing that I knew I had slipped and fallen on the ice in the north side of the bushes with the cow on top. I believe that I tried to grab the creature by her horns, with a wild hope that I might hold her down until the men came to the rescue.

"I might as well have tried to hold down a hurricane. As she rose so did I, and was on my feet twenty yards away before she could see where she was at. Just as she rushed from the bush and lunged after me, I saw a rope swing through the air, and the next thing that devil-possessed cow knew she was tied to a clump of thicket and left to meditate upon the evil of her ways."

"What did the men say to this?" I asked.

"Of course they made out that they were awfully surprised at the cow's antics, fearfully scared at my close call, and all that; but I saw them grinning and chuckling as if they were ready to burst as they rode off, and I felt dead sure they'd planned to have a double funeral, cow and calf both, if they hadn't found a tender-foot to unload them on.

"However, I never was one to give in that I was beaten by anything, first off, especially by a cow. Besides, that idea of having two nice pets had got a great hold on me. I made up my mind that if kindness could reclaim that erring cow she should be coddled like an infant. So next morning, bright and early, I started for the plum bush where she and the calf were tied, determined to make peace. Fortunately, two gentlemen, who had heard of the episode of the day before, rode over to see me that morning and joined me on my peace-making expedition. No sooner did the cow see me within thirty feet of her than she gave a fearful surge; the rope that she was tied with—worn thin by rubbing against the tree all night—gave way, and the cow made for me as though fifty devils had taken possession of her and were urging her on.

"I tell you I didn't stop to think about the power of kindness on the brute creation. I simply yelled, 'Murder,' and made for a sand gulch near by as though a band of wild Indians were on my trail. As I reached the gulch and dropped ten feet or so down the steep bank, digging my heels into the loose sand to stop myself, that acrobatic cow sailed straight over my head and lit about twenty yards below. At first I thought she was dead, but no such luck. In a moment she got up, looking foolish and dazed, but very much alive, and began shaking her head and pawing fiercely, when the two gentlemen reached down and lifted me out, as much as to say, 'This is what I'll do when I get hold of you.'

"Which she didn't, I hope," I put in.

"No, indeed; you can be precious sure that I took particular care that she didn't have another chance to get hold of me or to get back into the yard again. For an hour or so after she had hoisted herself out of the gulch she stood outside the fence that separated the yard from the field, shaking her head and pawing whenever she saw any of us at the doors or windows. At last, towards evening, she trotted off with a zigzag wabble down the bank towards the creek among the willows, and there she lay in ambush, you might say, so that for a week after we didn't dare to go down to make a garden or do anything else, for fear of having that cow descend like a wolf on the fold."

"And after that week?" I inquired.

"Well, finally she grew bolder, and ventured on the mesa near the railroad track, where she made war on the section hands, and I was warned that I must take her out of the field or they would shoot her. So to prevent her from demoralizing the entire neighborhood I had her killed and used her for beef. And tough eating she was," said my hostess, laughing; "but in any case she was better dead than alive, for there wasn't room for that cow and me in the same country."

"But you've been telling me about the cow. What about the heifer? I thought you said that she was the cause—"

"Oh, yes. The heifer was the calf. Now, whether the cow disowned the calf, or the calf the cow, I never found out. Anyway, the day that the cow disappeared into the bottom land that little calf trotted up to the house and tearfully begged to be loved. Well, you might have thought I'd had enough of pets for one while, but, no; the helplessness of that poor little calf so went to my heart that for weeks I rode nine miles every day for milk, and fed it to that little creature with my own hands."

"A sort of foster-mother," I suggested.

"Yes, I was a mother to that little orphan calf. But, if you'll believe me, it was a case of 'how sharper than a serpent's tooth is an ungrateful child,' or however that goes. Yes, sir, that calf followed in the evil course of its mother, only if anything it was worse, sort of like Agrippina and her son, Nero, only this was a daughter.

"You see, the cow was perfectly open about her evil deeds, but the calf was underhanded. After trotting around me, looking as innocent as though butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, she'd all of a sudden disappear, and come back after a few days with an ear torn and the skin raked off her side; and pretty soon I'd hear that she'd been attacking horses or fighting other cows.

"One day she chased an unlucky workman out onto the railroad bridge and kept him there until a train came along and the engineer slackened enough to take him on and carry him to Plum station. Another time she got after a tramp that was camping on the bottom land among the willows, and forced him to take refuge in the forks of a crooked tree, where he roosted until one of us went down and called off Miss Bossie. In fact, the only return that calf ever made for all my loving care was to scare away tramps. If I could have kept her around the house just for that purpose she would have been one of the best investments I ever made.

"But as years went by that calf became more and more abandoned to evil. She would wander farther and farther from home, until now I spend half my nights worrying about her and more than half the day following her up and taking her home with me."

"I should think you'd get rid of the creature," I interrupted.

"Kill her? Yes, I suppose that would be the most sensible thing to do, but you know how it is about always loving the prodigal son the most. Yes, sir; wherever that animal goes it takes my heart with it, and, though it's nigh onto eleven years old, I never can think of it as anything but a pet calf."

"And so it was bringing up that heifer that interfered with your literary career?"

"Interfered? Well, I should say so! Back at the start I did publish some poems in the local papers, and I read one or two essays at the Zion church literaries. But people wouldn't believe they were original. No woman, they said, who spent her time chasing wild cows over the country could write odes to spring and essays on Shakespeare.

"My literary career was killed, blighted in the bud. And, as my income was small and I had to do something to make out a living, I've just turned my hand to anything that came along.

"Instead of gaining fame as the American George Eliot, I've been called Colorado Cow-girl and Broncho Buster. Instead of wielding the pen, I've driven a four-horse stage, branded cattle, broken saddle horses, sung in a church choir, run a blacksmith's shop, kept school, given music lessons, run a hotel, taught painting, carried mail, roughed it on horseback all the way from Colorado to Oregon, and taken a hand in pretty much everything else, except shoveling wind off the roof. But there"—breaking off suddenly—"you aren't interested in all this. What you want now is rest and shelter.

"Take my outfit and make tracks for Wilkins' ranch. Just give the pony his head and he'll land you all right.

"It's over that way," rising and gesturing toward the southeast.

I tried to protest against this plan, but the Colorado cow-girl was already several yards away.

"That's all right; meet you later at the ranch," she cried, turning for a moment before she plunged into the thicket. "But first," she added, with almost maternal solicitude, "I think I'll just look around and see if I can't find that little speckled heifer."

GUARD AGAINST SINGLE CROPS.

Diversified farming may seem to some farmers too much of a hobby in certain quarters, but experiments in that direction this season are certainly meeting reasonable anticipations. It would be a misfortune if wheat should pay so well this year as to induce anyone to look to it as the sole dependence in the future. It will need but few such seasons to forever dispel the delusion that any part of this Northwest is a one crop country. The gospel of a "little farm well tilled" is full of promise for the future of this region. We know of farmers in Minnesota who have made more off of eighty acres with a score of different products than many big wheat farms have netted. As suggestive of the benefits of irrigation, in a strongly diversified sense, as now successful in South Dakota, a farmer in Utah gave Joel Shoemaker, census enumerator, these figures: He has 80 acres; 10 of orchard and vineyard produced $2,250; 10 acres in beans, potatoes and corn yielded $750; 20 acres in alfalfa produced hay and seed to the value of $1,000; 20 acres in pasture furnished feed for cows and hogs, and yielding in butter, pork and wool, $1,500; 10 acres in wheat and oats, $250; 5 acres in root crops produced $500; the other 5 acres were occupied by dwelling house, farm, lawn and stockyards, on which 110 stands of bees produced an average of $750. Total annual receipts from 80 acres, $8,000. His land is irrigated, of course. Mr. Shoemaker says this is but one of many farms scattered through the Western states, showing what can be done by diversified farming.—Ex.

FRUIT TO THE EAST

SALEM'S RECORD IN THAT LINE THE PRESENT YEAR.

Satisfactory Results in Green Fruit and a Hopeful Outlook for Dried.

Salem has closed a successful season in its green fruit industry with the Eastern markets. Dried fruit has now opened and is already getting brisk in the line of shipments. Through the courtesy of the managers of the Oregon Fruit & Produce company, a representative of the Statesman was shown through the commodious ware rooms and fruit handling apartments of this local company yesterday. A glance at the books shows to what extent the Eastern markets demand Oregon's products. Plums, prunes and pears form the bulk of the commodities handled. The season just closed shows that 7,550 crates of plums and prunes, and 2,935 boxes of pears were forwarded to Chicago and other Eastern points. The crates containing the prunes and plums will average in weight 25 pounds, making the total number of pounds 188,750. The pears will average 50 pounds to the box, thus making 133,250 pounds, and a grand total of 322,000 pounds, which is by no means a small result, when considered that the entire amount, besides several carloads not mentioned in the list, has come from Salem only. In the ware rooms about twelve carloads of dried prunes and plums are awaiting shipment. These will bring all the way from 3 cents to 4½ cents per pound, according to the grade. Prunes averaging 40 or 50 to the pound will, of course, bring the highest price.

The grades, which are four in number, decrease in price at a ratio of ½ cent per grade. Raspberries are bought for 17 cents per pound. A large stock of sacked raspberries, weighing 4,200 pounds, is also awaiting shipment. As the selling to Eastern markets is done by sample, it follows that some little time must elapse between receiving the fruit, grading it, sacking and boxing it and preparing for transportation. Just what the dried fruit season will show, has not been calculated as yet by the promoters, owing to the fact that shipments have not assumed a definite character.

The few figures above given show Salem has entered into a brisk Eastern market business this year. As many of the orchards in this vicinity will bear their first next year, it may safely be presumed that the figures covered this year will be doubled and perhaps tribled next. At least, that is the expectation of the shippers. Towards that end preparations are now in operation amongst the shippers for extension of handling service to meet the advance in bulk.

EARLY LAYERS.

There is no breed of fowls that we know of, or have had any experience with, that matures earlier than the brown Leghorns, says a correspondent in Farm and Home. It is a quick race with the pullets of this noble breed, from the shell to the nest. The young roosters are even more precocious than the pullets. It is really wonderful to see how early they assume the ways of grown fowls.

Several years ago we had a young cockrel that was hatched on the 27th of May, to crow as big as life on the morning of the 4th of July. He was hardly six weeks old, yet he had a large bright red comb, and the ways of his sire.

And again, a pullet hatched on the 3d of April laid her first egg on the 8th of July. A small egg, it is true, but an egg nevertheless.

Leghorns make desirable autumn chickens because of their rapid growth and early maturity. Pullets of this breed, hatched in July or August, will be laying before the first of March. This is also true of several other varieties that grow fast, such as Minorcas, Games, Hamburgs and the smaller sized common fowls; those with smooth shanks, rather large combs, and a tendency to the white earlobes, which marks indicate Leghorn, Spanish or Hamburg blood.

We favor early autumn hatched chickens, especially on the farm, where they can have the range of the stubble fields and the pasture lots, where insects and green food are abundant.—Farm Poultry.

LOOKING AFTER THE GAME

How Long Wild Birds Should Hang.

The Way to Tell the Age of the Fowl.

Some Interesting Recipes for Cooking and Dressing—Ideas for Improving Flavor.

The important question about game is the keeping of it, for upon it depends the goodness of the birds. The taste of the consumer must be considered to decide the length of time hanging, and the weather and the age of the bird must also be taken into calculation.

The older the bird the longer it will have to hang to make it tender. A cool, dry place must be selected for the game larder, through which a current of air must pass, for this is indispensable to the keeping of game. In damp and murky weather game turns rapidly, and should not be kept longer than three days at the outset, while in frosty weather it can be kept from three to four weeks. Game also should be left as long as possible unplucked and undrawn. When once drawn the bird or animal should be cooked immediately.

The experienced housekeeper can always tell the age of the bird by its plumage and the appearance of the feathers, for the latter vary considerably with age, but a safe test for the ignorant is to lift the bird by the beak, which, when young, snaps off shortly. The quill feathers of young birds are soft and the legs smooth, while the breast of the bird, when in condition, feels firm and hard and is well covered with flesh. The hen birds are as a rule the tenderest and juiciest.

ABOUT WASHING.

It should also be remembered that birds should not be washed inside, but simply wiped with a clean cloth. Game that has to be washed inside is not fit for use. Woodcock and plover, which are now in season, are not drawn, the trail being looked upon as a delicacy.

From November 1st to January 1st prairie chicken, pheasant, quail and wild turkey will be in season, as will also the juicy meadow lark. Wild duck will be good until April 1st.

Game of every sort requires careful cooking; it should never be underdone, and if it is overdone it is ruined. Wild duck alone may be served a little underdone. The great secret about cooking game is to roast it over an open fire. Where it must be roasted in an oven it should be placed in a double-roasting pan, with water between the two, and the basting must be carefully attended to. Skewering the breast of a bird with bacon helps it materially, and the small birds should be wrapped in a wineleaf besides.

Pheasants, partrides and grouse should be cooked in no other way but roasted or broiled, their flavor being so fine that it would be criminal to apply any other method. Other game may be used for game potpies, which, if properly cooked, make an excellent dish. A game "hot-pot," such as is made of beef or mutton, is also very palatable.

Cold game covered with good brown game sauce, stiffened with aspic jelly or plain melted gelatine, makes a delightful supper dish. As a garnish for birds fried bread crumbs, bread sauce and gravy are used, but none of these should be put in the dish with the birds. Both crumbs and bread sauce must be prepared with care. For the crumbs run a thick slice of bread freed from the crust through a wire sieve onto a baking dish, and add one ounce of butter to each half-pint of crumbs, set the tin in the oven and stir it occasionally until the butter is absorbed, the crumbs are golden brown and crisp. Drain them and serve in a heated tureen.

A SAUCE RECEIPT.

For bread sauce boil a half-pint of milk with a small shallot and a clove, and as soon as the milk comes to a boil add one ounce of butter, two ounces of white bread crumbs, and let it all boil for 15 minutes. Then add two spoonfuls of good cream, salt and pepper to taste, and remove the shallot and clove. It must be served in a hot dish.

A process that adds greatly to the goodness of game is the soaking in good vinegar for a few days. This may be done with all larger birds as well as deer and hare. The game is thoroughly covered with vinegar, and a few cloves, slices of carrots, lemon, salt and pepper are added. The vinegar makes game thoroughly tender, and adds a pleasant flavor without destroying the flavor of the birds.

Some cooks lay game in sour milk for a few days, and say that this gives even a more delicious flavor than the vinegar.

Another thing not well known to American game cooks is the basting with sour cream. The cream soaks into the pores of the meat, and adds a delicious taste to both the bird and the crevy.

POULTRY SIGNS.

An experienced eye can tell a young chicken at a glance, for it has several points of distinction from one that is old. If it has spurs or a comb, they are small and undeveloped; the legs are bright and soft, instead of dull and scaly as when old; and there are practically no pin feathers on a very young chicken, while an old fowl has a great many, the number being in proportion to the age. The young chickens are usually not very fat, and there is more bone in proportion to the meat than on old ones.

When a chicken is more than a year old it is called a fowl, and is in prime condition for roasting until it is from two to three years old. When it has been caponed it brings a higher price, and is particularly good for roasting because there is more breast in proportion to the size than on an ordinary fowl. A capon may be recognized by his withered comb and gill; and it is usually sold with its head on so that these distinctive parts may be observed. Next to the capon, a young hen is the best selection for roasting. Any fowl to be used for this purpose should be fat and have a full, soft breast.

After a fowl is three years old it is likely to be tough; but for boiling, for salad, croquettes, or any made dishes, the flavor is as good as if the fowl were younger, provided it is fat and in good condition; and the price per pound is several cents less. Such fowls are, of course, in season the year round; while roasting fowls are considered choicest during the fall and winter, and broiling chickens are best during the summer and fall. To tell when any of them are freshly killed, see the eyes are bright, and the body moist, soft and limber. A dry, stiff skin and white, dull eyes indicate a staleness.—Demorest's Magazine.

IT SHOULD BE HIGHER

This Refers to the Price of Wheat.

Oregon Farmers Not Getting Enough.

The Spokane Review Thinks It Has Found a Leak of Four Cents per Bushel.

Spokane Review: Wheat is selling in this state for four cents less than the Liverpool parity. That is to say, the price paid the farmers of eastern Washington, plus the freight rates to Puget sound, plus the shipping charge to Liverpool, plus a reasonable charge for commission and other expenses, is 4 cents less than the price paid for the grain in Liverpool.

In other words, the wheat growers of this section are paid 4 cents per bushel less for their crop than they ought to be getting.

The proof of this statement lies in the market quotations at Portland and San Francisco. At San Francisco on Saturday No. 1 shipping wheat was quoted at 193¾ cents per cental, or 56¾ cents per bushel. On the same date eastern Washington wheat was quoted in the Portland market at 48½ cents per bushel, a difference of 7¾ cents per bushel.

But the California wheat brings 2 cents per bushel more in Liverpool than is brought by the Washington wheat. Allowance for this difference in price therefore reduces the difference between the Portland and San Francisco markets to 5¾ cents.

Charters are higher, too, on the northwest coast at San Francisco. Well-informed grain dealers say a fair average of this difference is 2½ shillings per ton, or less than 1¾ cents per bushel. This, as matter of fact, is the present difference between the charters at San Francisco and Puget Sound.

After an allowance is made for difference in value and the difference in charters, there still remains four cents per bushel. In other words, the shipper of this state and Oregon is making 4 cents per bushel more than is being made by the California shipper.

In these times, when the cost of production is so close to the upshot price of wheat in the open market, this loss of 4 cents per bushel becomes an alarming leakage. If the farmers of this section could have this 4 cents—if they could obtain that which the California dealers concedes to the California growers—it would go a long way towards lightening their burdens. Then, in addition to this 4 cents per bushel, if they could secure a reasonable reduction in freight rates another 4 cents would be added to the credit side of their ledger, or a total of eight cents per bushel.

This is the difference between success and failure, between profit and loss, between holding the farm and losing it under foreclosure. On an export crop of 10,000,000 bushels it means $800,000.

In the face of these facts, who can doubt that the farmers of eastern Washington have a grievance?

THE SPIRIT OF THE LAW

Lady Cook's Discussion of Liberty.

Tenny Claflin's Semi-occasional Essay.

She Says Reactionaries Are the Foes of Freedom and Must Be Guarded Against.

(By Lady Cook, nee Tennessee C. Claflin.)

Montesquieu in his great work, "The Spirit of laws," says of the English, "They know better than any other people on earth, how to value at the same time these three great advantages—religion, commece, and liberty." The same profound writer lays it down as an axiom that "A nation in slavery labors more to preserve than to acquire; a free nation, more to acquire than to preserve." He shows also that the indigence of the poor may be "the consequence of their slavery" under a severe government, while the poverty of others "constitutes part of their liberty." If he is right, and no competent judge doubts it, then it follows that we as a free people should not only be jealous of such liberty as we already possess, but should endeavor to acquire as much more as is needed for the most perfect and, therefore, the happiest, state of society. Any infringement of our just liberties is treason to our best interests. Every enlargement of them is an additional step towards the general good. Thus it behooves all true citizens to be on the alert and to guard them against "reactionaries," who are foes of freedom. For these have been very active of late in regard to religion, commerce, and liberty."

Man, by nature, is independent; free as the birds of the air or the untamed beasts of the forest to do whatever seems to him good. When "wild in woods the noble savage ran," he practiced the license of other wild creatures and consulted only his appetites, which he satisfied as he could by strength and cunning. But, in every state of civilization, men have given up their natural freedom to live under political laws, and the natural community of good to live under civil laws. The first renunciation gives them liberty; the second property. Thus the safety of the liberty and the goods of the people is the supreme law of all communities. The more these are assured the more perfect is the stage of civilization, and the farther its members are removed from license and communism. Every encroachment, therefore, on either liberty or property is a retrograde and deteriorating step towards the savagery from which mankind has sprung.

"Liberty," according to Montesquieu, "consists principally in not being forced to do a thing where the laws do not oblige." Locke's definition is longer but fuller: "The natural liberty of man, is to be free from any superior power on earth, and not to be under the will or legislative authority of man, but to have only the laws of Nature for his rule * * * The liberty of man in society is to be under no other legislative power but that established by consent, in the commonwealth; nor under the dominion of any will or restraint of any law but what the legislative shall enact according to the trust put in it." Again Locke says, "Powers are relations, not agents; and that which has the power, or not the power, to operate itself, for freedom, or not freedom, can belong to nothing but what has or has not a power to act." He demonstrates that will is a power only not an agent, and adds "So that the idea of liberty is the idea of a power in any agent to do, or forbear, and particular action, according to the determination, or thought of the mind, whereby either of them is preferred to the other; where either of them is not in the power of the agent to be produced by him, according to his volition, there he is not at liberty, that agent is under necessity; so that liberty cannot be where there is no thought, no volition, no will; but there may be thought, there may be will, there may be volition, where there is no liberty." The man who delivered himself of these views was one of the world's intellectual giants, and it is refreshing in these days when we are surrounded by a multitude of turbid rills of falsehood or stupidity, to drink a draught or two from the cool and limpid fountains of philosophy.

The word law comes from the Anglo-Saxon verb "lagyan," which is equivalent to the Latin "ponere." It means something or anything laid down as a rule of action or conduct. But if a law is made without our consent or approval, and we are obliged to conform to it, so far as that law goes we are not free agents and, therefore, not in a state of liberty. If we enter voluntarily into a society saying, "Admit us and we will agree to abide by your laws," we cannot afterwards complain if these do not suit us, but if we are born into a society without any will of our own, and do not approve of its laws, then they are a tyranny to us unless we are empowered with a vote which will enable us to repeal them and to substitute others. The women of England today are in this position. We have said so often, and have been scoffed at by many for our pains. But we appeal to Locke and other experts on this matter. Our women have no more legislative power by law than children or poodles. They were not consulted as to whether they would be born under the English flag. They outnumber the men. They may pay rents, taxes, and contribute liberally to the national exchequer; they may contribute more than half the industry of the country; they may be far more law-abiding and more moral than the men; they may equal them in learning and intellectual abilities, but they must have no voice in the legislature of the state. A chimney-sweep or costermonger may vote for a member of parliament, but not a Somerville, a Barret-Browning, a Fawcett, or a George Elliot, because they are women. Women, then, have no political, and a very small share of civil, liberty. Who can gainsay this? And if none, how can we be blamed or be thought unreasonable if we continue to agitate for an equal political and civil status with those of the men? To those who have no part in enacting the laws either by themselves or their authorized representatives, it is all the same whether they are made by many or by one; whether they are constitutional or despotic.

In matters of religion we are now legally free to worship as we will, or not at all. Nevertheless many suffer unlawfully in various ways for their opinions. And, what is of more consequence, children are taught on compulsion, dogmas that mature judgment rejects when they reflect, or approves when they are indolent. It appears to us a crime against religious liberty to impose upon the young as absolute truths these things on which all are not agreed, but which are only portions of sectarian creeds. All believe in morality, therefore they should be taught its meaning and precepts. All believe in the Divine power, therefore they should be taught the existence and beneficence of God. But all do not, for example, believe in a Trinity, and could not if they would, and, therefore, abstruse points like this, impossible to be understood by well-educated adults, should be kept far from the minds and notice of children. If this be not done, they may never be strong enough to recover their liberty. Most sects know this so well that they make it their policy to capture the very young. Hence the school board struggle.

A man may impose a restriction on himself for his own preservation, and he will still be at liberty so long as he does not place it beyond his power to retract without injuring others, should he afterwards wish to do so. If I promise myself to drink neither wine nor strong drink, I can alter my mind subsequently if I think fit. I have not parted with my liberty of action. But if I take a pledge of total abstinence to a Tectotal society, and am enrolled as a member, my liberty is no longer mine. I may have been before this a slave to drink, and the pledge may have been necessary, but what a weak and despicable being it proves me; so unfit to possess a will that I, of my own will become a corporate vassal. No pledged teetotaller, then, can truly say he is a lover of liberty, and any one who asks another to take "the pledge," proffers him an act of enslavement.

The slavery of the body is a great evil, but it is as nothing to the slavery of the mind. Yet most people think much of the former, and little of the latter. The physically free are often the greatest mental slaves. Esop was a slave; so was Epictetus. But who is there who would not wish to have been either ? It is in servitude that a man more frequently appreciates the value of freedom, and millions who were their master's chattels have compensated themselves by enlarging their mental bounds. Tyrants might shackle their limbs but not their souls.

We have much physical freedom, and, perhaps, that is the reason why we have not more liberty of the mind. The two ought to correspond, but they do not. We sympathize very much with slaves, and are slaves ourselves in other ways. We paid twenty millions, earned by British labor, to emancipate the West Indian blacks, and we would not give half the money to emancipate ourselves. On the contrary, we pay others more than this annually to prevent our emancipation. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" appeals to our hearts. We weep over Sterne's Prisoner. We feel a pang of pity even for the caged starling who cried so plaintively, "I can't get out." And it may be that all the time we are engaged in some spiritual or moral dungeon, bound by shackles and chains far worse than those of iron, and surrounded by Cimmerian darkness. The position commences early in life, and those who are not rescued by some kindly hand or by their own energies, fall into apathy and remain content with their lot. Like those fishes with sightless eyes in the underground rivers, they are blind from birth and never long for light. Nature shows us everywhere, liberty in order, liberty with law. Anarchy is foreign to the whole universe. Philosophers like Locke tell us what is liberty and what is not. But who reads Locke? The poets sing of liberty and all its glory. But who cares for the poets, people who fall into raptures over a primrose, a daisy, or a dandelion? Historians tell us how men are made slaves or free. Their ponderous tomes lie dust-covered on the shelves. No, give us bread, beer, beef, and a grandmotherly government to tell us what to do and how to live, and then all the rest may go as they will, for Britons never, never, will be slaves!"

The foreign market is in a bad way. The brewers there are so linked with ours that they are like Simese twins. Their price can be kept just where our brewers and dealers wish to have it kept, they are sure to send our best goods whenever they desire to have them.

IS HE A CANDIDATE?

DOES HARRISON HAVE HIS EYE ON THE PRESIDENCY?

A Study of His Characteristics Proves That He Is a Candidate for the Presidency.

One of the principal political questions of today is, Will ex-President Harrison be a candidate for the third nomination before the republican presidential convention next year?

Mr. Harrison himself has refused to express any opinion to questions propounded. During his various movements throughout the country he has been approached by leading politicians, who have sought to sound him on this most important subject. To them he has made no reply, beyond that of silence or evasion.

Two personal friends of Mr. Harrison—John C. New and General Michener—have been interviewed. Mr. New has been quoted as saying that Mr. Harrison would not be a candidate. General Michener, on the contrary, led his interviewers to believe that Mr. Harrison would be a candidate.

These conflicting statements to those near to Mr. Harrison and his own silence on the subject have led many to believe that it is among the possibilities that Mr. Harrison has had enough of politics, and that he will remain in private life.

These conclusions are wholly unwarranted. A careful study of Mr. Harrison's characteristics will demonstrate to anyone familiar with politics that Mr. Harrison is a candidate, and that he will cheerfully accept a nomination and the burden of a return to power. The man is yet to be born in American politics who will refuse a presidential nomination. The fatigues of the presidential offices have never made anyone of its incumbents any the less eager to continue to bear its burdens, or to reassume them after being retired to private life. Everyone knows how joyfully Mr. Cleveland took up the burden of public duty when he was elected to the second term of office, and no one who has any knowledge of politics has any doubt that he would cheerfully and patriotically sacrifice himself to bear even the burden of a third term.

Mr. Harrison, in one sense of the word, occupies the same position that Mr. Cleveland did four years ago. He originally desired a second term for the purpose of improving, if possible, upon his first four years of administration. So it is logical and natural for him to believe today that political justice entitles him to a renomination such as was tendered Mr. Cleveland after a lapse of a term of four years as a private citizen.

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Independence to Portland.

PORTLAND, OR., August 6, 1895.

EDITOR WEST SIDE:

DEAR SIR:—Owing to the extreme low wate and short days it will be impossible to continue our regular trips to Indepen dence longer than this week. After Monday, August 11th we will make but one trip per week to Independence, which will be Sunday, arriving in the afternoon and leaves Monday morning at 6 a. m. Please change time table to that effect during low water—trips to Salem will be as usual, except that we wil leave 7 a. m., instead of 7:45.

CAPT. A. W. GRAHAM.

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These old reliable specialists of many years' experience, treat with wonderfu success all lung and throat affections, Cancer, Piles, Fistula and Rupture.

EYE All cases of acute or chronic inflamation, ro faredngiranetsh ness of vision, scrofulous eyes, closing of the eye duct, squinting, cross eyes, wild hairs, syphilitic sore eyes, granulated lids, tumor, cancer of the lids, etc

EAR Deafness from catarrh, singing or roaring noises, thickened drum, in flamation of external ear, purulent discharges from the ear, etc.

HEAD Neuralgia, sick, nervous, or congestive headache, dull, fall feeling loss of memory, dizziness, softening of the brain, tumors and eczema of the scalp.

THROAT Catarrhal and syphilitic sore throat, acute and chronic pharyngitis, enlarged tonsilitis and palate, hoarseness, loss of voice, thick phlegm in throat, which causes hawking.

LUNGS Consumption in the first and second stages, hemorrhage and chronic bronchitis, dry and loose cough, pains in chest, difficulty in breathing hepatizations, asthma, etc.

HEART Valvular diseases, weak and fatty hearts, dropsy, and rheumatism of the heart, languid circulation, etc.

STOMACH Catarrh and ulceration and acid dyspepsia, indigestion, pain and fulness after eating, heartburn, waterbrash, and difficulty in swallowing.

LIVER SPLEEN All diseases of the liver, spleen, bowels, constipation, chronic diarrhœa, kidney and bladder, all nervous and reflex disorders, rheumatism and all skin diseases, eczema, salt rheum, ringworm, hip joint disease, old sores, fever sores, stiff joints, hair lip, spinal irritation, nervous prostration, rupture, piles, fistula, rectal ulcers, which produces pain in small of back.

SEXUAL ORGANS All private diseases, spermatorrhea, nightly or daily losses, which, neglected, produce nervous irritation, los of memory and ambition, softening of the brain, idiocy, insanity, etc., syphilis stricture, inability to hold the urine, impotency or loss of power, sterility, pro tatorrhea, ropy, sandy sediment in urine, or gravel, varicocele treated by a new surgical operation, hydrocele, all losses or drains, atrophy or shrinking of the organs.

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