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LEADING PAPER OF CURRY COUNTY

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING.

A Munchausen.

In his report of his visit to Wedderburn, lately published in the Portland Journal, Fish Warden McAllister "made a fool of himself, or nature made fool of him in the beginning." Yet it is no more than was to have been anticipated when this two-year old Oregonian was appointed wherein he is salient as a salmon eggs as any pin-feathered rooster.

He is The Cream.

"The way to make property valuable is to make a town a pleasant place to live in." The same is true of a county. Good roads, good schools, good streets, good morals, these are the elements of community progress and happiness.

We clip the above sensible article from the Umpqua Valley News. It fits any community. Our public spirited men are the salt of earth. Without them all civilization would lapse to barbarism.

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FRANK B. TICHENOR.



To the PORT OXFORD TRIBUNE: By F. B. TICHENOR, special correspondent at the Democratic convention Denver, Colo.

Waves of sound, surges of acclaim came out to me even before I had fairly come in sight of the big auditorium. "And that's the way they make Presidents—may be," said I to myself, "being the only person of my acquaintance adjacent to me in the moving crowd."

"Who's that speaking now?" It was a wayfaring man. "Ask me—I live in Denver," I quoted, and he did, but I didn't answer.

Then I went in one of the wide ways, under the waving flags, into that atmospheric turbulence of 12,000 breathers, and soon I knew that the orator was temporary chairman Bell, of California, whose notes rang out so clearly as if his name were a true description of a material thing.

The hurrahs, the applause and the flag-wavings were impressive. Indorsement and vibrant accord would not have been more moltenly formed out. Mr. Bell drank some water, not so much because he needed irrigation, but perhaps for the reason that he has an ear for music and the rousing reverberations of multitudinous approval were sweet.

George Washington, who came early and received a good, high and commanding position of the platform distinctly approved Mr. Bell's sentiment. I saw him wink—I think old Andrew Jackson was more conservative. He listened carefully, you could not see that, but he made no demonstration.

Many eagles swarm above the platform. They wear badges and carry flags and are evidently duly accredited parties to the great doings.

Keynote speeches that open conventions and incidentally inaugurate campaigns are always awaited with the greatest interest by members of the party to which they are addressed, and with keen expectancy by the opposition.

Not only are the words of the speaker to be taken as the battle cry, but they lay out the field of action, show where the fight is to be most vigorously waged, and on what particular point in the enemy's breastworks the great guns will be trained. In the speech of Chairman Theodore A. Bell at the opening of the convention there is small aid or comfort for that branch of the press which opposes Mr. Bryan.

There appears nothing which conservative citizens should condemn; apparently it contains but few points upon which an enemy may seize for the purpose of political capital. Mr. Bell did not rail at the courts or abuse the Judiciary. He did not strike at any tradition or image that has grown dear to, or been enshrined in the hearts of the people.

tear down what others had builded, but rather to build higher and better. Corporations had formed great monopolies by which the people were neglected, then it was only fair the strong hand of the government should protect the victim. If courts and govt a little too far at times in the matter of injunctions, then it was quite within the province of the people to define the extent of the future Jurisdiction, and the courts, which, after all, derive their power from the people, should not feel offended.

Committees have been appointed, the first day of the convention is over, and the thousands pass out of the building, the press stands are arranged in good shape, and we are the first out of the large house.

The first day your correspondent had a good seat, and the New York and Chicago papers are no better than the PORT OXFORD TRIBUNE, and I made the New York Journal reporter move over and give me room. It is not always the size of the paper but the man; he was somewhat dried up and weighed about 110 pounds, about as large as a Port Oxford fish. After you leave the Convention hall there is plenty to do, for one must get the news fresh from the different states. I find myself in the Brown hotel. I am not alone for two or three thousand people are here. Many come only to watch the crowd, while others are trying to get through the crowd to find the delegation from New York. I stop to rest at the Sevey hotel. I am in the Washington Headquarters. An old war horse from Delaware is talking to Towne of New York: "How this world grows smaller year by year," says the delegate from Delaware. "The Gold Standard has made of civilized people a single nation, organized labor is becoming international, and the political history of other countries is fast repeating itself here with strange fidelity."

"Yes," says Mr. Towne, "twenty-five years ago a handful of men met in London and formed the Social Democratic Federation. They sought political and industrial reforms through the conservatives and failed. They sought it through the Liberals, and failed again. They organized the Political Labor Party and today forty-two members of that party are in Parliament." "Yes," says the Delaware man, "in Australia and New Zealand, the same thing happened, only more rapidly, and in both of those countries the Political Labor Party is either in control of the government or the party of direct opposition. Now, in America, organized labor appealed to the Republicans, and, rightly or wrongly, failed to get what it wanted. What we may grant them may be more promising. Political Labor Party in America is one that few thoughtful men will deny. If Republicanism under Mr. Taft proves as progressive as under President Roosevelt, this new party may be deferred, but its evolution is being driven forward by these "blind forces" that do so much more than conscious effort. The occurrence of new parties under popular government is so frequent as to be a historical commonplace, but the novel significance of Labor in politics is the incisive character of its objects and the stubborn way it works to gain them."

They are now talking in lower tones of voice, and I move to the table beside them. "Excuse me, young man," says the giant from Delaware, "you are writing down what we have been discussing!" "Yes gentlemen, that's what I am here for." They were happy when they found out that I would not hurt them in the convention, such is the way of the politician. Tomorrow will be Wednesday and the second day of the convention, and being one mile above sea level, we from the coast, must have sleep.

Breakfast at 10 is not late when one is up most of the night, for what do young men attend conventions if it is not to learn, and the big ones work at night. Meals are the same as in any city and at the same old prices. "Oh the hotels, \$20.00 to \$60.00 a night for a room. Denver is not holding the people up,—it's the big East who bid the rooms up to the sky. If you want a nice room in a private family you can get it at \$2.00 a night \$1.00 each for two in a room. Denver did herself proud, she wore her best, all during the time the visitors were with her. The crowd is moving towards the big Convention hall. The second day of the convention might have been grand opera, or the

roof show, or the opening of a roof garden in gay, staid, old New York; or a sensational divorce trial with a 400 guests, judged from the splendor that splashed about in section 5 of the Auditorium. Society and all its opulent and prominent relatives left their dinner tables early in order to be on time to watch Ignatius J. Dunn of Omaha light the Bryan fuse.

Thousands were in the street, many had tickets to this session but the chief of the fire department, would allow no more to enter, and inside was more than two thousand who could not find a seat; the fair were crowded like tinned fishes. Before entering the Convention hall a man walked up to me and offered me \$90.00 for my seat in the press row. I was present for the PORT OXFORD TRIBUNE and money could not buy the ticket.

It was some time before the convention was seated, and then the Committees were not ready to report, so to fill in the time prominent Democrats were called to the platform. Several had spoken when the thousands in the gallery began to yell for Senator Thomas P. Gore. The blind senator from Oklahoma was led to the platform, as his dead eyes faced the thousands, quiet was supreme. He had not talked long before the people knew that he was a great speaker. He said, "Taft waged war against our constitution, and asked us to give our right to liberty and self government, but the greatest apostle of human liberty advised us not to accept it,—and by a majority of over 100,000, Oklahoma rejected the advice of Taft and accepted the advice of Bryan." At once I looked at my watch for this was the first time his name had been mentioned during the convention, it was now 1:15, and at 2:50 you could first hear the chairman. No one expected such a demonstration, and after seventy minutes of yelling the representatives of the press looked at their watches,—the PORT OXFORD TRIBUNE is the only paper with the correct time of the demonstration.

In Chicago the Republicans cheered the President forty-seven minutes and the world marveled, to day the Democrats cheered for Bryan almost twice as long, and were willing and able to keep it up. All records for enthusiasm of all conventions the world has ever seen were broken. It wasn't much to start with just the flicker of a flare—but it set the convention hall on fire. Senator Gore, responding to the pent up enthusiasm of those 16,000 souls, touched the button that flashed the spark that made the flicker of a flare and started the mighty wave on its triumphant mission. Never was there such a long pulsating and piercing shout sounded for any man before,—never in any convention in this big land. One hour and forty four minutes and not an intermission! Delegates were swept from their feet and in sheer joy embraced those who took them off their bearings, gray haired men danced with the younger ones. Gen. J. S. Carr, of North Carolina, 72 years of age, hair white as snow, doing a lively two step in front of the press station that brought the perspiration to his brow. Think of it! I, born in Oregon, compelled to pay 35 cents for a glass of water; still I was glad to get it at that price,—women fainted, strong men fainted,—it was the greatest pow wow, since my brother set the Heads on fire at Port Oxford. A man who has been defeated twice, a man without funds, newspapers, or leaders, to have three fountains of delegates yelling their heads off,—what does it mean? You cannot say he is not popular.

This has been a great day in the convention. If there was any doubt of the hold Bryan has on the masses of the Democratic party, that doubt was dispelled to day, when the wires of the Associated Press flashed the news to the world that the

cheering at the mention of Bryan's name lasted an hour and forty four minutes,—well, doubt of Bryan's popularity died a sudden death, and a number of incipient booms and plots died likewise. No man cheered for Bryan for fear of losing his job if he didn't cheer; no man cheered for Bryan because he had received orders from his superior officer to do so, for Bryan hasn't had the chance to appoint superior officers. It was just an outburst of loyalty and pride, with no ulterior motive, and no force of vested authority back of it.

There is very little left of this great day. The convention did not take kindly to Hobson; and Guffey, the man with the odor of oil was thrown out of the convention and sent back to his oil tanks. It was a long time from the rap of the gavel until Bryan was nominated. The committee on platform was not ready and a committee was sent out to learn at what time to report, not before twelve o'clock was the report of the committee. The time was then taken up by nomination speeches. The big clock was stopped at twelve for the wise ones said it was bad luck to nominate on Friday. This was the reason for stopping the clock.

I. N. Dunn placed the commoner in nomination, it was nearly one o'clock, when Mr. Dunn in his speech referred to "William J. Bryan, the Peerless One." A demonstration started,—a fiery furnace of enthusiasm. The tumult grew from a murmur to a tornado of sound in the twinkling of an eye. All the states joined in the outburst and tore their standards from their places to carry them in a confused, struggling, mass of humanity to the platform. The scene outrivalled that of Wednesday for frenzied excitement. The hall was packed from basement to the topmost gallery, and no fewer than 15,000 people witnessed the third triumph of the peerless one on the floor of a Democratic convention in twelve years. The demonstration lasted one hour and eleven minutes and would have lasted much longer, but the lights were turned out, and the struggling mass could not navigate in the dark. At 4:40 the same day John W. Kern, of Indiana was nominated for vice president and again they made it unanimous, spontaneous, uproarious, once more and loudly, did the Democracy of the nation shout for a candidate, and again they sounded the clarion call to victory! It was interesting, inspiring, exciting—the closing session, the day on which the Democrats nominated a vice president, and adjourned sine die.

H. T. STEWART, NOTARY PUBLIC, Port Orford, Oregon.

GEORGE M. BROWN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, ROSEBURG OREGON

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KEROR, (No. 51,609) was a prize-winner at the District Fair at Roseburg in 1906, taking four first prizes as follows: First as percheron draft horse; first premiums on two colts; first on horse and family of five colts.

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AMES S. JOHNSTON, GENERAL MERCHANT, Port Orford, Or. NEW GOODS, and fresh supplies will be received by every steamer. It shall be my purpose to keep a full stock of everything required by the trade in the West. GROCERIES and PROVISIONS, BOOTS and SHOES, MENS' and BOYS, CLOTHING, LADIES' DRESS GOODS, HARDWARE, GRANITE and TINWARE, CIGARS, TOBACCO, PIPES, CANDY, NUTS and NOTIONS. In fact, a supply of everything usually kept in a well stocked General Merchandise Store. ORDERS TAKEN FOR ANY ARTICLE NOT IN STOCK. Call and examine goods and get prices.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Groceries & Provisions, Port Orford, Curry County, Ore. BARGAINS In Everything. Ladies' & Gents' Furnishing Goods, Dry Goods, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Cigars and Tobacco. Fine Assortment of Ladies' Dress Goods, muslins, calicoes, flannels, etc. Hardware & Tinware, Harness, Leather, etc. All Goods New and Up-to-date. Orders taken for articles not in stock. A first class millinery shop in connection with store. Call, get our prices, and be convinced. N. C. NIELSEN.

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the County Court of Curry County, Oregon, Administrator of the Estate of N. B. Neely and Mary E. Neely, deceased. All persons having claims against said Estates are required to present the same within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice, with proper vouchers, to O. Leneve at Port Orford, Curry County, Oregon.

Notice for Publication.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, United States Land Office, Roseburg, Oregon, July 16th, 1906. Notice is hereby given that C. E. Moulton, of Suite 913, Board of Trade Bldg., Portland, County of Multnomah, State of Oregon, has filed in this office the application of the Northern Pacific Railway Co., to select, under the act of Congress approved July 1, 1898, as extended by the Act of Congress approved May 17, 1906, the NW 1/4 of Sec. 14, Tp. 34 S., R. 14 W. of W. M. Any and all persons claiming adversely the lands described, or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land, or any other reason, to the disposal of applicant, should file their affidavits of protest in this office, on or before the 4th day of September, 1906.

JEWELRY.

Send your Agates for Mounting & Polishing also your Watches and Jewelry for repair to Fred H. Van Norden, Bandon, Oregon. Careful attention given to mail orders.

Notice for Publication.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, Land Office at Roseburg, Ore., April 21st, 1906. Notice is hereby given that James Guigley of Port Orford, Oregon, has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 12901, made Dec. 29, 1902, for Lots 3 & 4, Section 9, and Lots 1 & 2, Section 9, Township 32 S., Range 15 West, W. M., and that said proof will be made before J. H. Upton, U. S. Commissioner, at his office in Langlois, Oregon, on Monday, July 30th, 1906. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, the land, viz: Charles W. Zammatt, of Port Orford, Or., Andrew J. Parrier, of " " Eugene G. Pelroy, of " " John W. Brock, of " " BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

Wm. H. Ladd, Pres. Theo. B. Wicks, V. P. COLUMBIA LIFE TRUST COMPANY OUR NEW POLICIES OFFER ALL THAT IS BEST IN LIFE CONTRACTS. LOW NON-PARTICIPATING RATES. HIGH CASH VALUES. W. A. WOOD, Local Agent, PORT ORFORD, ORE.