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OREGON CITY, OCT. 3, 1902.

ALASKA has a population of 65,000. It is said that it can furnish homesteads of 220 acres each for 200,000 families.

DR. LEE, of Mississippi, declares that if a man will eat raw onions and drink wnisky he will never have malaria. Certainly a pleasant remedy.

THE fortune of Alfred Beit, the South African millionaire and associate of the late Cecil Rhodes, is said to exceed \$1,-000,000,000. His income is sufficient to make ten new millionaires every year. The whole of this colossal fortune was made within a period of 25 years, and was founded on diamonds.

REGARDLESS of what the world thinks of John Alexander Dowie's religious principles, he must be recognized as a man of more than ordinary ability. He has been in this country less than a dozen years, yet he is the leader of thousands and has millions of money at his command. His latest and most important project is the building of Zion City on Lake Michigan about midway between Chicago and Milwaukee. He secured the mone; for the enterprise by levying a tax of one-tenth of the income of all his followers. Within a little over six months he has built a city of 10,000 people, and the influx continues as great as ever. Cottages have been built for all these people, public buildings have bee erected, and industries established, among them the lace factory which covers five acres of ground and is the only factory of the kind in the United States. In Zion no individual can own his own land. He is only a lessee, although, as the lease does not expire until the year 3000, that causes little anxiety. The leases all specify that no lessee shall use his site "for any purpose contrary to the will of God, and particularly not for the sale of drugs, tobacco or alcohol in any form, for theaters, gambling houses, or for the raising of hogs or selling them."

GOLD AND SILVER.

Nothing could show more strikingly the change in the monetary condition of this country than a comparison of the stock of gold and of the money in circuation now and in 1896.

A fortnight ago, the gold in the treasmy amounted in round numbers to \$574,000,000, an increase of nearly \$80,-000,000 since July 1, 1901, and the largest sum, with possibly one exception, ever held by any government

In October, 1896, at the height of the free-silver campaign, the treasury held | doesn't know what he is talking about. less than \$122,000,000 in gold, and the So eat, drink and be merry!" And he total amount in circulation was only and his cronies would have been \$478,000,000—nearly \$100,000,000 less than is now held by the treasury alone.

Largely as a result of this increased gold supply the amount of money in circulation has increased from \$21.15, the per capita average for 1896, to nearly \$29 at the present time.

Meanwhile the commercial ratio of silver to gold, which was 30.32 in 1896, is now about 38. The treasury now holds 540,000,000 silver dollars, and there are nearly 70,000,000 in circulation, against 380,000,000 in the treasury and 56,000,000 in circulation six years

DOING SOMETHING.

The humorist who wrote the platform and declaration of grievances for the populists of Illinois, in state convention assembled, makes them say:

"We look upon the republican party, with its gold standard policy and banking policy, as our open enemy, without disposition to conceal its intentions, while we look upon the democratic party as a party of barter a d sale, without a definite policy, save to gain office Its history is one of fusion, broken promises, intrigue, deceit, and therefose, it is the secret enemy of a people's party, and while the republican party does something and raises hell, the democratic party raises hell and does noth-

How "the republican party does something and raises hell" is best illustrated by the castigation which the republican Governer Cummins of Lowa inflicts on at republican "captain of industry, John W. Gates, of Chicago. Says the governor of this quick-rich trust magnate, who, by the way way, was "fired" out of a respectable London hotel, on

account of his vulgarity: "He may not be any worse than scores of others, but to the masses of people in this western country he is a personification of trust greed, gambling, vulgarity. He is the nimble example gambling in industrial properties and profits which enable such men to exist. The great majority of the people do not like vulgar gamblers, who brazenly flaunt their habits before the world, and drunk and disorderly man howling ing, they assigned him a carriage all a fair way to become the scapegoat of through the streets serves to advertise to himself, which, after all, he did not the Roosevelt-Shaw administration of the existence of open saloons in a town.'

CHAMP CLARK'S LETTER

Roosevelt's Row With the Republican Congressional Committee. Whitelaw Reid's Disappointment w w

[Special Washington Letter.] get to ride in, poor thing! Hence these T may be taken and accorded as a tears. sure thing that Colorado is going Kin Democratic this fall and that that veteran statesman Henry M. Teller will be returned to the

senate, which he so greatly adorns and where he is so useful. The proof of all of which is that ex-Senator Edward O. Wolcott is about to shake the dust outriders and other royal and Imperial of the Centennial State from his shoes and to locate where his political prospects will be brighter. Rats desert a sinking ship, and Wolcott deserts the Republican party of Colorado. Everyand fight it out with Teller if he thought he had a ghost of a show.

Teddy on His Ear.

The press dispatches inform us that President Roosevelt is on his auricular appendix because Brothers Babcock band of hired boys-in livery, of course and Overstreet, chairman and secretary of the Republican congressional triumphe! Io triumphe!" In his mind's committee, in compiling their campaign book left him and his administration out in the cold, when he not unnaturally thought that he ought to occupy the center of the stage. On out a title and with his precious knickdit that Teddy, in a fit of anger, peremptorily ordered those palpitating patriots to squeich their publication, which they could not do, inasmuch as they had mailed out 20,000 copies before Teddy discovered how scurvily he had been treated. As Bab and Overstreet recently dined with the president, it may be assumed that they have agreed to issue a new edition. But Teddy may possess his soul in peace, for nobody reads Republican campaign books.

A Sanguine Prophet.

General David Bremner Henderson, speaker of the house of representatives, has taken up the role of prophet and has assured the world in an offhand sort of way that the country is going Republican this fall, which is important if true; but nobedy ever accused General Henderson of being any kin to Isalah or any of the rest of the major prophets. All their mantles fell on the shoulders of General Charles Henry Grosvenor, prophet maximus of the Hocking valley, who is very quiet these days in his vaticination department. No Democrat need be scared by General Henderson's prophecy. The wish is father to the thought. He is the most cheerful of mortals, the Mark Tapley of American politics. He's an optimist, which it is a rattling good thing to be. If he had lived at the time of the flood, when Noah was building the ark and predicting the destruction of all things by water, David going to be much of a shower. Noah caught out in that forty days and forty nights of rain, as they are likely to be caught in the flood this fall. If reports from Iowa are not greatly overdrawn, General Henderson had better quit wasting his breath and time in prophecy and get down to work or the country is likely to lose the services of those great Republican statesmen-

Hepburn, Lacy and Smith. Whitelaw's Sorrowful Homecoming. As Mark Antony remarked on a cele-

brated but doleful occasion, "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now." Wherefore? Because Whitelaw Reid, flunky extraordinary to the coronation of King Edward VII., did not, after all, get to wear his knickerbockers and other royal finery-that is, in public-a thing on which he had set his heart. No doubt he donned them in private and exhibited his lean and padded calves to his wife, children and domestic servants in that magnificent house in Grosvenor square, the ultra aristocratic quarter of London, "the modern Babylon," which he rented for that august occasion. But, God be praised, he was defeated in his mean ambition to sport them in public, where the world's eye could feast on the degradation of America and where lords with pedigrees running back to the conquest were walking backward and making salanms to do honor to Albert Edward Wettin. That's the point on which all good Americans will congratulate themselves. Whitelaw Reld, the American aristocrat, did not have an be regarded not unjustly as his fareopportunity to cut his un-American and fantastic flunky capers before overthrew the principle of the Dingley high heaven. Whitelaw did not get to bill, sapped and mined its foundations, march in the royal and imperial pro- by declaring in favor of a general polcession and make a holy show of him- ley of reciprocity, which is free trade self and of us. His spirit was willing, in spots; but the trouble is that Mceven eager, to thus abase himself and his country and her institutions, but his tact and the weight of his great fate spared that degradation, and Uncle Sam was not chained to the char- kis Buffalo speech he borrowed from iot wheels of the great-grandson of the Democrats. He is dead, and he George III. Yea, Whitelaw, the son- alone could wield "Excalfbur." He is in-law of his father-in-law, was anx- in his grave, and the Republicans are ious. He spent thousands on his wrangling and jangling on every pubknickerbockers and other royal gimcracks. He quarreled with garter its daughters, the trusts. Even the king-at-arms, or whatever the chief Iowa Republicans, who were doing who has served to call popular attention much-a-chuch of the coronation cere- their best to walk in the light, lauded to a system-a system of stock jobbing, monies is called, because he was assigned to ride back foremost in the taking out of the consumer the enormous | Procession while the unspeakable Turk | truth uttered by Mr. Havemeyer when and the head of the French flunkies, in the same carriage, rode face front. He tariff is the mother of trusts. reared so loud because the flunkies of Shaw Versua Gage. the effete monarchies of Europe, Asia and Africa should outrank our flunky Mr. Gates has managed to attract at- in chief, the son-in-law of his fathertention to the system very much as the in-law, that finally, to stop his whin-

King Edward was sick, and consequently flunky Whitelaw, with his knickerbockers and his finery, did not have a chance to overawe Cheapside, Rotten row, Piccadilly, Whitechapel and Bloomsbury square with his ribbons, gewgaws, state carriage, liveried paraphernalia. Perhaps since the days when Sancho Panza failed to secure his island throne or since Darius Green and his flying machine came down to earth with a dull, sickening body knows that he would stay there thud there never was a greater disappointment in this world than Whitelaw's when he didn't get to ride in that royal carriage, solitary and alone, as chief of all American flunkles. He had planned, so it is said, to have a -precede his carriage, shouting: "Io eye he saw himself knighted Sir Whitelaw of Ophir Farm by King Edward. But all that has passed, and he returns to despised America witherbockers in his trunk. Wonder what the tariff is on knickerbockers and other royal outfittings! Whitelaw knows unless our customs officer at the port gant one that ever legislated for the of New York failed to do his duty. This sore disappointment came to Whitelaw because a pestiferous berry seed slipped into King Edward's ver-

miform appendix. Great God! On what a slender thread Eternal matters hang!

Over the entrance to the office of the New York Tribune, of which Whitelaw is editor in chief, thanks to his father-in-law's money, is the legend, "Founded by Horace Greeley." Wonder what old Horace, who was an American from skin to core, would think of Whitelaw and his royal and a fall was there, my countrymen!"

A Pointer.

Once upon a time I was engaged in a private jawing match with General Charles Henry Grosvenor. I was contending that the Democrats would elect the house this fall and both a house and president in 1904. The general said that the present prosperity would prevent our doing any such "But, general," I replied arthing. guendo, "there is no greater prosperity now than there was in 1892, when the Democrats wiped the Republicans off the face of the earth, even securing one electoral vote in Ohio, which goes to prove that prosperity has nothing to do with it." This seemed to nettle would have said: "Boys, there isn't the venerable Buckeye warrior and statesman, and he exclaimed, "Oh, it was that blankety blanked Homestead strike that made the country go Demcratic in 1892! Or course the profanity is General Grosvenor's, not But, while that conversation happened two years ago, I have been thinking about it a good deal lately and have concluded inevitably and necessarily that if the good gray general s correct in his diagnosis of the situation in 1892 we are dead sure to carry the country in 1902, for preci ely what happened at Homestead, Pa., in 1802 is now happening in both Leansylvania and West Virginia this year. Far stranger things have happened than that Judge Jackson and General Gobin should unwittingly and unintentionally elect a Democratic house of representatives and a Democratic president of the United States, a consummation devoutly to be wished. Democrats who are inclined to be timorous should remember General Grosvenor's words and cheer up.

Republican Disintegration. The recent falling of the campanile at Venice, which both startled and Interested the entire civilized world, is not more thoroughly indicative of the ultimate destruction of that ancient city of story and of song than is the platform declaration of the Iowa Republicans in favor of tariff revision as a remedy for the trust evil a presage of the dissolution of the Republican party. The campanile was the glory of Venice; the Dingley bill has been regarded as the Gibraltar of Republicanism, True, Mr. McKinley in his remarkable Buffalo speech, which may well address to the American people, Kinley did not live to carry out by name the Democratic policy which in lie question, especially the tariff and the tariff while they condemned the trusts, utterly oblivious to the great he declared that "the high protective

Lyman J. Gage, former secretary of the treasury and wet nurse to the Fowler bill, of which he and his bank expect to be the chief beneficiaries, is in

the treasury affairs, and it serves Lyman right, for be it remembered that In 1896 he deserted the Democrats and ratted to the Republicans in order to secure for himself high office, which he had never been able to do while training with the Democrats. He received his mess of pottage-namely. the secretaryship of the treasury. That he used the great powers of that office for the benefit of the plutocrats is generally believed; that he was offered and accepted a highly remunerative position at their hands when squeezed out of office by President Roosevelt is known of all men. He quit the treasury when all was serene with the reputation, self exploited, of being a great financier, but there are breakers ahead for Lyman. His successor in office, Leslie M. Shaw of Iowa, is like Major Bagstock-"sly, sir; devilish sly," if not "tough, sir; devillsh tough," There Is a growing deficiency in the revenues of the government, constantly growing larger, and Governor Shaw-"sly, sir; devillsh sly"-is unloading the odium thereof on Lyman. He attributes this "woeful plight" of the treasury, to borrow your Uncle Grover's phrase, to Lyman's plan of paying more for bonds than they were worth, and he proposes to have it thoroughly understood that Gage, and not Shaw, is the architect of the treasury deficit. Shaw is running for president, don't you know, and must have a scapegoat; hence Lyman plays goat.

Strange that it never occurs to a publie official so eminent, so astute and so ambitious as Mr. Secretary of the Treasury Shaw that there are two ways for the government to make buckle and tongue meet-the one is to increase the revenues, the other to curtail expenses. The latter method never suggests itself to a Republican. The present congress is the most extrava-American people. Its appropriations were wicked and wanton waste. Its motto appeared to be "after us the deluge," and the chances are that it will be a deluge indeed. Personally I like Governor Shaw. He is an able and amiable man. If he has the courage to act on old Pen Franklin's mot, "a penny saved is a princy carmed," and to insist that the expenses of the government shall be retrenched, as ne knows they ought to be, he will pass into history as a great financier cloug with Gallatin, Walter and Chase, and as a great public benefactor, whether imperialistic knickerbockers! "What he gets to be provident or not. A more petty squabble with Lyman J. Gage as to which created the defeit in the revenues will not avail of our race Shaw In his quest of the profice. If he has to large bonds to raise the money to can the government, he will stand no more values of reaching the White House than he has of becoming autocrat of all the Russias.

> Utopian. It is really refre hing to run across somebody who believes in Utopia and the political millennium. The Minne-

apolis Journal proposes, apparently in good fuith, to realize both by reviving the old scheme, the unterly explored theory of a permanent artiff commission as the solution of the ills that the body politic is helr to, for it says;

When will the day come when our government will be ready to adopt the plan which is quite generally regarded as calculated to protect the country in a large which periodical agitation of tariff revision as a political issue is likely to produce? It is to be hoped that some day we shall refer this matter of the tariff, we shall refer this matter of the tariff, which should be purely a business affair and never allowed to become a political issue, to a strong commission in which business men of all political faiths would have confidence and which should be non-partisan in character. Recommendations of such a commission made from time to of such a commission made from time to time would commend themselves to the judgment of the country as a basis of congressional legislation, the modifications of the tariff being not general and sweep-ing as the result of long agitation, with consequent hesitation and demoralization of business, but gradual and incidental, affecting but few articles at a time and justified always by thorough investiga-

Such an administration of our protective principle and revenue policy by a permanent commission and the conse-quent greater or less elimination of the subject from the field of practical politics is a consummation most devoutly to be wished. It has received the commenda-tion of public men and students of public affairs and the indorsement of political conventions, but it has yet to be actual-ized in legislation and intrusted with the discharge of a service of great impor-tance to the commercial and industrial interests of the country.

Certainly nothing more guileless than that has ever been printed since Faust invented movable type. Fancy the conclusions of a commission made up of such eminent business men as Tom Johnson, Charles M. Schwab, Mr. Cramp, Mr. Sereno E. Payne and Senntor Aldrich! Bah!

A Missouri Humorist.

Tom Lloyd, the young son of Congressman Lloyd of Missouri, bids fair to rival Mark Twain as a humorist. Not long since he wrote his father as

Hon, James T. Lloyd, Shelbyville, Mo .: Dear Sir-I would like for you to look up my pension claim and if possible have my check sent to me immediately. I have served for about one week in the First volunteer corps of the Lloyd House-cleaning brigade, commanded by Lleutenatt General H. H. Duckle (mamma). My back is nearly broken, and my hands are covered with blisters so that I am unfit for any more active service. My number is 422,176,984,126,982. Trusting that you will have the check forwarded me. I remain, respectfully. THOMAS L. I.LOYD. Private in Rear Rank.

A Hot Factional Fight.

The latest news from Nebraska is to the effect that Hon, Edward Rosewater, editor of the Omnha Bee, is hot foot after the flossy scalp lock of David H. Mercer, present congressman. Both are Republicans, and unfortunately so is the district.

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