

ANOTHER JUGGLER

A Warmed-Over Populist Tries His Hand.

He Either Falsifies the Records or Makes the County Clerk Out a Prevaricator.

A gentleman familiarly known as J. W. Powell, who, by the way, is a warmed-over populist, attempts to come to the rescue of the Herald in bolstering up its claims for economy in the administration of county affairs and presents a garbled statement of figures which are so absurd that Powell is now the laughing stock of the community.

This obituary expert attempts to show that the reduction in the county indebtedness for the past year was only \$987.24. In so doing he shows his supreme ignorance of county finances. Either J. W. Powell made a willful and gross misrepresentation in his statement published in the Herald last week, or County Clerk Dixon has made a false statement over his own signature.

In April, 1898, Mr. Dixon made his annual statement, in which he certified that the indebtedness of Clackamas county on the first day of April, 1898, was \$147,481.72. He signed this statement as county clerk and it was published in the Herald. According to these statements, the indebtedness of the county on April 1, 1897, deducting outstanding taxes and cash on hand, was \$178,084.66. In 1898 the indebtedness was \$147,481.72, or a reduction in the indebtedness of the county in the last year of \$31,202.94. This is taken from the records of the county clerk and certified to by him as being correct, and are certainly more reliable than the unqualifiedly false and misleading statements of Powell, the warmed-over populist.

We do not accuse Dr. Powell of willfully misrepresenting the facts, as he is an honorable gentleman, but it does show that some smart aleck has been jobbing the doctor, or that his mathematical education has been sadly neglected.

But the most absurd part of the doctor's statement is, that after the Enterprise had proven to the satisfaction of every intelligent man that the cost of running the county had been \$1300 less under a republican administration than under a populist administration; after showing that under the wise and economical management of the republican county court the indebtedness of the county had been reduced more than \$31,000; after the Herald had admitted that the statement in the Enterprise was correct and its own published statement false; after complimenting the county court on its wise and economical administration of county affairs; then for a warmed-over M. D. populist to try and get in and make himself ridiculous and show his ignorance, proves that the doctor must be troubled with wheels, or is in his dotage.

But of course the doctor meant all right and if he has been jobbed by some wild and woolly populist, and induced to enter into a mathematical discussion, no one will blame him. As a matter of fact, Dr. Powell ought to have better sense than to train with a horde of wild-eyed barbarians and flat money advocates. This money question is a scientific matter, and sometimes intelligent physicians get badly tangled up in it. The doctor seemed all right a month ago, and there was no full moon last week and his wild hallucinations and juggling with figures cannot be accounted for by his best friends. We sincerely hope that the genial doctor will not again attempt to monkey with questions that are not strictly in his line of practice.

A Clever Trick.

It certainly looks like it, but there is really no trick about it. Anybody can try it who has lame back and weak kidneys, malaria, nervous troubles. We mean he can cure himself right away by taking Electric Bitters. This medicine tones up the whole system, acts as a stimulant to the liver and kidneys, is a blood purifier and nerve tonic. It cures constipation, headache, fainting spells, sleeplessness and melancholy. It is purely vegetable, a mild laxative, and restores the system to its natural vigor. Try Electric Bitters and be convinced that they are a miracle worker. Every bottle guaranteed. Only 50c a bottle at Charman & Co. Drug Store.

Send the ENTERPRISE to your friend in the East and thus give him an idea of what is going on in Clackamas county. It may induce him to locate with us.



F. I. DUNBAR, candidate for Secretary of State, is eminently qualified for the position. He is an expert accountant, and his record as County Clerk of Clatsop County is of the highest character. He is a sound money republican and is honored and respected by every man in Clatsop County, where he has resided since 1882. Mr. Dunbar will be elected by a large majority and will not, after occupying the office for four years join any Populist or fusion party to secure re-election.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

Wrinkled and old are those hands of hers, Hard and full of the scars Of labor and the years, Knotted the knuckles, And crossed and crinkled, The skin on the backs of them, Deep veined and large, With blotches of brown Between the drawn tendons, As if scored by tears, Thick the nails and blunted, Rough and with little ridges Hitting the touch of them, Callous the palms, And lacking all pinkness and prettiness, Old are those hands of hers, Wrinkled and hard. But, oh, what a story of Infinite tenderness And love Could they tell, Those hands of a woman Whose threescore years and ten Have been passed in doing the good That women do! —W. J. Lammont in New York Sun.

THINKING ALOUD.

A Ruse Which Roused Lord Dudley and Formed a Friendship.

One of the earls of Dudley, who was addicted to the practice of thinking aloud, found himself in a very awkward predicament on a certain occasion, if a story told of him may be credited. He was to spend the evening at the house of a friend and ordered his carriage early, as he had a long drive back to his own home.

When the hour arrived, the carriage was not forthcoming. Seeing that Lord Dudley was considerably annoyed by the delay, one of the guests, whose way homeward lay past his lordship's house, politely offered him a seat in his carriage. The gentleman was almost a stranger to Lord Dudley, but the offer was accepted.

The drive did not prove a very sociable one. Lord Dudley took his seat and immediately relapsed into silence, his thoughts apparently engrossed by some unpleasant subject. Presently he began to speak in a low, but distinctly audible tone of voice, and his companion, to his astonishment, heard him say: "I'm very sorry I accepted his offer. I don't know the man. It was civil certainly, but the worst is I suppose I must ask him to dinner."

Silence followed this bit of audible thinking. His lordship was unaware that he had betrayed his thoughts and was probably still meditating upon the same unpleasant subject when the voice of his companion broke the stillness.

Apparently this stranger was afflicted with the same malady from which his lordship suffered, for he exactly imitated Lord Dudley's tone as he said: "Perhaps he'll think I did it to make his acquaintance. Why, I would have done the same to any farmer on his estate. I hope he won't ask me to dinner, for I shan't accept his invitation."

Lord Dudley's abstraction was all gone. He listened to the other's words, immediately comprehending the joke against himself, and frankly offered his hand to his companion, making many apologies for his involuntary rudeness. The stranger proved magnanimous, and from that night the two became fast friends. —Youth's Companion.

Corn For Fodder.

The Illinois experiment station some years ago made numerous experiments to determine the comparative merits of thick and thin planting of corn, and the conclusion reached was that the thicker the planting within reasonable limits the greater the amount of fodder, but that there was very little difference in the value of both combined. If the object is to get a liberal supply of fodder without much reference to ears, thick planting is advised.

Hobo is a common word among the Sioux or Dakota Indians. They use the word in referring to young men who have nothing to do. An old chief will correct a son for any such tendencies by saying, "You act like a hobo."

Horace Greeley as an Orator.

Mr. Greeley was not an orator in any scholastic sense. He had a poor and somewhat squeaking voice, he knew nothing of gestures, and he could not take an orator's pose, which adds such emphasis sometimes to the matter and argument to be set forth. Not all his years of practice on the platform and on public occasions ever changed his habits and methods as a speaker, and he ended as poorly equipped in the respects named for the vocation as when he began. But he had one prime quality, without which all the others are exploited in vain. He invariably had something to say, and he said it in such clear and wholesome English with such sincerity that he was an orator in spite of all the rules.

To state it briefly, of all the eminent speakers I have introduced—and more than once—there was not one who gave better satisfaction, different and notable as they were, than Horace Greeley. As a consequence, he came to me oftener and wore the best. We might or might not agree with some of his peculiar premises, as when he says, "The moment a drop of alcohol is received into the human stomach that moment the stomach recognizes a deadly enemy," but he set his audience thinking and illuminated his theme. —Joel Benton in Harper's Magazine.

Archbishop Temple.

Speaking of Archbishop Temple in the Lambeth conference, the St. James Gazette says: "It is well known that the utmost good feeling and unanimity prevailed at that historic gathering, but it is not perhaps surprising that some of the exotic prelates were at first a little astonished at the blunt, plain spoken straightforwardness of the archbishop. No doubt sometimes their lordships were told exactly what they had to do and how they were to do it with an absence of circumlocution which was entirely new to them, and one of the American bishops summed up his feelings upon the perhaps rather more than military decision of the present successor of St. Augustine in a highly successful epigram. 'I love that old man,' he said, with the characteristic Yankee drawl which even bishops upon the other side of the Atlantic rarely quite lose, 'but if he behaved like that in my country he would be shot.'"

He Couldn't Plow.

A certain incident connected with the great Napoleon while he was in exile in Elba is commemorated in the island to this hour by an inscription affixed to the wall of a peasant's house.

A man named Giaconi was plowing when the famous exile came along one day and expressed an interest in his work. Napoleon even took the plowshare out of the man's hand and attempted to guide it himself. But the oxen refused to obey him, overturned the plow and spoiled the furrow.

The inscription runs thus: "Napoleon the Great, passing by this place in MDCCCXIV, took in the neighboring field a plowshare from the hands of a peasant and himself tried to plow, but the oxen, rebellious to those hands which yet had guided Europe, headlong fled from the furrow." —Youth's Companion.

A Successful Authoress.

Returned Tourist—By the way, Mrs. De Beanti, I have not seen your charming daughter since my return. When I left, she had determined to submit her first novel to the Heighton Magazine. Has she been successful in her literary aspirations?

Mrs. De Beanti—Perfectly. She married the editor. —New York Weekly.

Abbreviations.

The St. Louis Star is greatly worried because the Boston Globe abbreviates the word "president." We notice that the Star abbreviates the word "saint" in the name of its own town. Why isn't a saint entitled to as much respect as a president? —Boston Globe.

CURIOS STATISTICS.

What a Healthy Man Consumes In Seventy Years of Life.

Taken all in all, a healthy man with a good appetite and moderate thirst consumes in 70 years 90 3/4 tons of solid and liquid foods. If the consumer weighs, say, 150 pounds, he will eat and drink during his lifetime 1,280 times his own weight. Transforming all this foodstuff into mechanical labor, the strength derived would be sufficient to lift 87,600,000 tons one foot from the ground or to raise the Forth bridge at Edinburgh, which weighs 264,600,000 pounds, to a height of 1,285 feet.

Excluding the first 20 years of a lifetime, the quantity of cigarettes consumed by a regular smoker who smokes a dozen every day would in 50 years reach the number of \$19,000, or a monster rolled cigarette more than 16 feet in length and about 5 feet thick, beside which the tallest man would resemble a veritable dwarf. A cigar smoker consuming six of his favorite brand a day would during his lifetime smoke a gigantic cigar of more than 16 feet long and almost 2 1/2 feet thick. It would weigh 4,410 pounds and would take the suction power of a steam engine to puff it.

As the smoking habit is not necessary to existence it is easily seen how much money a smoker wastes in the course of years. A pipe smoker consumes in his lifetime a half ton of tobacco. —New York Herald.

The Cave Dweller as an Artist.

We must remember that there are no such things as lines in nature. Whether we use them to represent a human profile, the depth of a shadow, the darkness of a cloak or a thundercloud, they are mere conventional symbols. They were invented a long time ago by a distinguished sportsman who was also a heaven born amateur artist—the John Leech of his day—who engraved for us (from life) the picture of a mammoth on one of its own tusks. And we have accepted them ever since as the cheapest and simplest way of interpreting in black and white for the wood engraver. —George du Maurier in Harper's Magazine.

The Music That He Found on a Necktie.

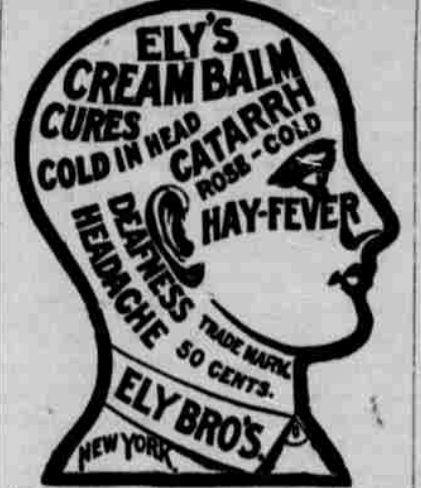
"The other day," said a young bachelor, "I received as a gift a necktie, marked across one end of the white satin lining of which I found a bar of music. I don't read music myself, but I took this to somebody that does, and what do you think it was? 'Blest be the tie that binds!' I thought that was pretty slick, eh?" —New York Sun.

Needy Individual—Can't you give a dime to a poor, homeless wanderer?

Well Dressed Individual—No home? Why, man, you're in luck! I've got a bill in my pocket for \$200 taxes on mine six months overdue that I can't pay. —Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

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