

The New Age.

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EDITOR CAYTON AND HIS ENEMIES.

The manner in which Editor Cayton, of the Seattle Republican, one of the most influential weekly publications in the state of Washington, was treated by representatives of the sheriff's office, at his home in Seattle on Monday night, is outrageous in an extreme degree; and The New Age will predict, without having full knowledge of all the circumstances leading up to and attending it, that it will be remembered sorrowfully by those who so brutally and vulgarly mistreated a man, although colored, of Mr. Cayton's prominence and popularity in the politics of the state.

Mr. Cayton has just returned from a visit to the South. During his absence his editor gave the enemies of the paper excuse to charge it with having criminally libelled the new mayor of Seattle. For this Cayton was arrested in his home at a late hour of night, the sheriff's representatives treating him most shamefully. They behaved like ill-mannered tramps in his elegantly furnished house, and refused to permit him to tarry until his wife returned to care for their two-months-old babe. A neighbor was awakened and given the custody of the child, while Cayton was hauled to jail in the patrol wagon like a common criminal. He was not even permitted to call any of his friends in his assistance until after he had "registered" at the prison.

Subsequently, Banker Hoge, who formerly controlled the Daily Post-Intelligencer, and who is one of the prominent and wealthy men of the state, submitted his check for the \$500 bail required, but the authorities refused it, promising to release Cayton only on a cash deposit of that amount. This was done.

The chief element in this outrageous proceeding is politics. Those who have precipitated this scandal will be sorry, beyond a doubt. Their first act is disgraceful to the state and a rank discredit to the city in which it was done.

DEMOCRATS WILL REORGANIZE.

Oregon democracy, which has been suffering from congestion of the nerve for a long time, has at last concluded to apply the heroic treatment of reorganization of what remains of it. The prostrate form of the decadent democracy of the state has been subjected to a most scrupulous examination by eminent party doctors for marks and scars received in its battle for years with an impregnable foe, and the result of the diagnosis is the discovery that the party yet possesses life enough for reorganization of its fragments. The sentiment of those who have proposed this resuscitation is that the various and varying elements of the original organization can be harmonized and amalgamated.

The meeting of these hitherto discordant elements, including democrats straight, gold democrats, silver democrats, populist democrats, social democrats, fusion democrats and all other makes and brands of that peculiar political tribe, will be a mutual consolation conference first, and second, a comparison of various types of gold bricks, trinkets and mementoes with which they have been favored during recent elections, state and legislative. After shedding a few of last year's tears, a quantity of carbonated cement will be applied to the eczematous surface of the party and the healing process will begin in earnest.

As a matter of fact, democracy ought to be reorganized in this state. It will help to unite the republican factions, and add gaiety to future contests. Encourage democracy to reorganize, by all means.

AGUINALDO IN JAIL.

General Funstan, of Kansas, now doing notable service in the Philippine islands, has finally captured Emilio Aguinaldo, leader of the Filipino revolt, and the intrepid war-nilla jail. There appears to be no nilla jail. There appears to be no doubt of the authenticity of this report.

This will probably have a strong influence in speedily bringing the insurrection to a close. Without Aguinaldo's encouragement to the leaders of his tribe in Luzon the war could not doubt have been determined many months ago. With the chief deprived of his liberty and, therefore, of his authority, the Filipinos will certainly lose courage in their confusion and consent to the conditions long ago presented by the commission.

General Funstan's exploit was one of the most daring in the history of the work of the American forces in the Philippines. Although Aguinaldo was hidden away only 200 miles distant from the capital of the islands, the mountains and swamps and the temper of the people through whose districts the general and his body-guard had to pass in order to reach him rendered the undertaking a task of extreme peril.

THE FIFTH YEAR.

The New Age closes its fifth volume, with this issue, in a spirit of gratitude to its many patrons, among whom are the most substantial business houses of the city and state, and to its thousands of readers throughout the Northwest.

No weekly publication in Oregon has succeeded more satisfactorily than has the New Age. Its patrons are among the most prominent business concerns and professional men in the state. The constancy of their patronage is a source of infinite pleasure to its publisher. Its continuance will be received with an equal degree of gratitude, and it will be attended in future, as in the past, with faithful care.

The coming year holds much in promise for the increased growth and development of the Northwest. Oregon naturally expects an abundant interest in that development. The New Age will be a busy factor in it. And it expects to grow and expand proportionately with the growth and expansion of our wonderful resources. Less than that would not satisfy its ambitions.

THE MURDERER NOT MOBBED.

James Green, who assassinated E. Benjamin in such a cowardly manner near Underwood Landing, on Sunday morning last, because the latter was friendly to a woman who at one time had agreed to become Mrs. Green, but who finally changed her mind about it, has been arrested and jailed. He confessed that he was Benjamin's murderer; that he slipped up to the widow of the residence in which the dancing party, of which Benjamin was a member, was lurching, and deliberately shot him to death. But Green was not lynched. No mob appeared to wreak swift vengeance on the fiendish assassin, although his guilt is fully established by circumstance and the murderer's own confession. Let this be said to the credit and honor of the community in which the tragedy was enacted. But, were Green a colored man, and had committed his awful deed in the South, he would have been burned at the stake within twenty-four hours after his capture. There's the difference between the civilization of the West and that of the South.

The Press Association of Oregon will go to the Brooklyn Exposition in a special car. Oregon will be advertised extensively. The car will carry the banner for the state on its "outer walls" and much good will be done by every member of the Association as it passes along its way to its destination, as well as grand work for the state when the delegation shall reach its destination in the great fair.

The deadlock in the Nebraska legislature seems harder to break than was that of Oregon. Probably Bryan's influence has been good in an inverse order, as it usually is in other things.

DO YOU LIKE GOOD BUTTER?

And Is Your Wife Fond of Good Cheese and the Choicest Cream?

The T. S. Townsend Creamery Company, at 44 Second street, has already acquired a leading place in the business in this city. This company is both a jobber and manufacturer and handles creamery butter and full cream cheese of the first quality. On this fact it has established its reputation. The manager says: "We prepare a cream that will carry to Chicago in a perfectly sweet condition." Nobody else in this city has been doing that.

Those who have tested the butter, cheese and cream that The T. S. Townsend Company puts out are never found going elsewhere for those goods. They are the best to be had—and the buyer knows it. Give this company a trial order and see for yourself. Order by phone, Grant 1421, or go in person to 44 Second street, between Pine and Ash, and examine the products.



Hon. John F. Caples, for many years one of the republican war-horses of Oregon and to whose campaign speeches much of the party's success may be attributed, is coming home, having resigned his position in the consular service at Valparaiso, Chile, to which he was appointed by President McKinley. Mrs. Meta Mathieu, who is a daughter of Judge Caples and manager of the *Whale* and *Piano House* of this city, recently received a letter from Consul Caples, dated Valparaiso, February 6, in

which the Judge says that his resignation has been accepted, and that he and his daughter Jennie were prepared to leave on their return home on the following Tuesday, via Liverpool and London, their purpose being to enjoy a glimpse of the Old World on the way back.

Judge Caples will receive a cordial welcome on his arrival in Portland. He is one of Oregon's pioneer business and professional men, and as a political campaigner he has had few equals on the Pacific coast during the past quarter of a century.

WHAT ANTS CAN DO.

Some Things that Show Their Superior Intelligence.

There are a good many ants of different varieties on the lot at my country place near Covington, and last year I began to make a systematic study of their habits. I found it a most fascinating pursuit, and have resumed it with much enthusiasm during several visits this year. A little investigation will convince almost anybody, I think, that the ant approaches nearer to a man in point of intelligence than any of the lower animals. Some of the things I have seen are so marvelous that I would hesitate to speak of them if similar wonders had not been fully recorded by trained scientists.

Near one of my flowerbeds is a colony of small red ants that are extremely industrious in collecting food, and they frequently perform the most astonishing engineering feats in transporting heavy burdens to their homes. Not long ago I watched a party of about a dozen that had found the body of a small spider, and were dragging it toward the nest. The spider had hairy legs, which struck out in every direction and caught on obstacles, greatly retarding progress. For several minutes the ants rolled away with their awkward booty, and then stopped and seemed to hold a council. A minute fragment of dry leaf was lying on the ground; presently they all laid hold and pulled the spider on top of it. They then seized the edges and slid it along without difficulty.

On another occasion I saw a large body of these same ants start out for a raid on another colony. They marched like an army, with scouts thrown out at the sides, and, when several feet distant from the nest, divided into two parties. One kept straight on and was soon engaged in fierce combat with the other tribe, while the second detachment made a detour and fell upon the hill from the rear. The result was a great victory for the invaders.

Anybody that feels interested in the subject, and that will put in a little time at close study, will be certain to witness exploits fully as astonishing as those I have described.—*Times-Democrat.*

A WITTY ECCLESIASTIC.

Good Stories Recalled of the English Bishop of Oxford.

An amusing story is told of Dr. Stubbs, bishop of Oxford. An importunate lady, knowing his experience of the holy land, kept on asking him what places she ought to visit, as she was starting on a trip to Palestine. After answering topographical questions without number he was again asked: "But, really, what place would you advise me to go to?" "To Jericho, madam," said the bishop, sweetly.



"TO JERICHO, MADAM."

Another story turns on a remark he made some time ago at a big meeting of church dignitaries. On the way to the meeting he had passed through a somewhat hilarious crowd, from which he emerged with a damaged tail hat. This caused no little amusement on his arrival, and some one proposed that the hat should be brought forward and put on the table for general view. "I propose," said the bishop, "that it be

Surface Indications.

From "A Book on Dartmoor," written by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, comes a story which might have come from a less trustworthy source:

The wild and romantic country of Dartmoor consists of a table-land with rugged peaks or tors, and all but impassable marshes. After a dry summer it is easy to pick one's way across parts of which at other times are full of pitfalls. At one of the latter periods a man was cautiously threading his way across one of these treacherous marshes when he saw a hat lying brim downward on the sedge. He gave it a gentle, good-humored kick in passing, and almost jumped out of his skin when a choked voice called out from beneath:

"What be you a-doing to my 'at'?"
"Be there now a chap under'n?" exclaimed the traveler.
"Ees, I reckon, and a hoss under me likewise."

Princess Royal.
The title of Princess Royal, borne by the Empress Frederick of Germany before her marriage, is not given to the eldest daughter of English sovereigns, but only to the first child should it happen to be a girl.

BIRD SUPERSTITIONS.

Some of the Quaint Rhymes That Used To Be Believed.

To dream of the lark is a good augury for future wealth, health and riches won by industry. It is somewhat doubtful if a search among old lore and records of the past would reveal a single open, legend or proverb disrespectful to this merry bird. We are told, "If larks fly high and sing long, expect fine weather," and another prognostication is evidenced if they rise before they sing at dawn, with an overcast sky, when rain may be looked for, but when they fly very high, singing as they rise, a fine day is to be expected. If field larks congregate in flocks severe cold is indicated. Regarding finches, the plaintive note of this bird is by many taken as indicating rain, and in Scotland the following jingle is common:

"Weet-weet
Dreep-dreep!"
The feathered denizens of the farmyard have ever been associated with proverbs, such as "Children and chicken must always be pickin'." "Curses, like chickens, come home to roost." "A laying hen is better than a standing mill," "Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," "The fool puts his last hen in the pot," "The crowing cock loves his own music," and "Geese follow their leader, if he's a big enough goose." Of fowls there is a rhyme thus:

If fowls roll in the sand,
Rain is at hand.
And when they look toward the sky,
or roost in the daytime, rain may be expected; but if they trim their feathers during a storm the rain is about to cease, while their standing on one leg is considered a sign of cold weather.
With regard to ducks and geese, we are told:
"When ducks are driving through the burn
That night the weather takes a turn."
In the Morayshire there is a rhyme thus:
"Wild geese, wild geese, ganging to the sea,
Good weather it will be;
Wild geese, wild geese, ganging to the hill,
The weather it will spill."
The whiteness of a goose's breastbone is supposed to indicate or foreshadow the quantity of snow during the coming winter, as shown in the following lines:

"If the November goosebone be thick,
So will the winter weather be;
If the November goosebone be thin,
So will the winter weather be."
When turkeys perch on trees and refuse to come down snow may be looked for. When swans fly it is a sign of rough weather, while guinea fowls squall more than usual just before rain.

No doubt the stockholders of the Rival Oil company will be pleased to know that the company is drilling on well No. 1, and have passed the first oil sands, with oil. Stock can be had for 50 cents per share. They own their land, and will make for the stockholders many times their investment. Mail orders will receive prompt attention, and parties interested are invited to call at the company's office, room 1, Multnomah block, Portland. They refer, by permission, to Merchants National bank, Portland; E. W. Godfrey, stamp department, post-office; H. J. Martin, druggist, corner Washington and Sixth.

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