

The Oregonian.

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For sale in Portland, Wednesday, Jan. 13, 1904. The battle for the gold standard in 1896 was won as a moral issue.

The appeal to the National conscience for the National gold standard is a moral issue. The appeal to the National conscience for the National gold standard is a moral issue.

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with the herd, and as soon as one locality was grazed off the camp outfit moved on and the stock was driven to a new range. The herds were run by practical cowmen, who were, of course, daring and practiced horsemen.

The cattle were segregated and returned to the owners in October, the caretakers receiving a stipulated sum of from \$1 to \$150 per head for those returned and forfeiting \$5 for each head that was lost through careless handling or lack of vigilance.

The story of co-operative herding—the branding, the round-up and the final disposal of the herds, that have been depleted by the Fall shipments, for in the winter months the herds are in detail the methods by which all of these things are accomplished with satisfaction and profit to all concerned.

General Gordon says that Lee placed at his disposal, in addition to his own corps, a portion of A. P. Hill's and a portion of Longstreet's, and a detachment of cavalry, in all about one-half the army.

Charles J. Bonaparte, grand nephew of the great Napoleon, in certain lines, one of the most prominent members of the United States Army, is a cautious, relentless public prosecutor and a useful citizen.

He has fought for civil service reform and a young man still has lived to see many of his American friends. Personally, he takes life easily and does not grow excited.

President Roosevelt clearly knew his man when he chose Charles J. Bonaparte to investigate the Indian and postal frauds. He had known his man before, having fought with him years ago in the battles of civil service reform.

The virtues of the Ben Davis apple are quickly enumerated. It is red, of fair size, and a good keeper. Red, it takes rank in deceptive appearance with the "pound pear," and outranks in tastelessness the great, overgrown, pumpkin-like Gloria Mundi, which was a product of pioneer orchards when apples were scarce in Oregon.

Every citizen of Portland should interest himself in the project of establishing at this city the packing-house with which the National Livestock Association proposes to fight the packers' trust. The desirability of such an establishment here is known to all readers of The Oregonian's columns.

A Spokane lad "who could not live without her" settled the vexed question quite reasonably in his career by shooting himself. He was but 15 years old, but not for their selections from great opera, but rather for the songs of the people which were given at recalls.

The announcement that the Burlington railway system in Nebraska will not oppose the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt for President is distinctly interesting. While the public may not be exactly prepared for the Government's ownership of railroads, it is certainly reassuring to learn that the railroads do not, as yet, own the Government.

The motto for all communities. Dallas (Tex.) News. "The motto which can be very promptly accepted, the whole country over, by order and law-abiding citizens. The motto and the motto go." That is a good motto for the whole country.

repulsed Early's last assault, charged in return, broke Early's weak line, drove it into demoralized flight and wrested Early's brilliant victory from his grasp. There is such a thing as luck in the affairs of peace, and there is luck in war.

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IN REMINISCENT VEIN. The passing of General John B. Gordon recalls an incident that occurred a number of years ago when the famous Confederate leader and myself were fellow-passengers on a train from Pensacola to Jacksonville, Fla.

We were the only through passengers in the sleeper, and the occasional short-fare occupant of the car who came and went in the course of the forenoon never disturbed us. It was a momentary pleasure of the finest war-talker to whom I ever listened.

Naturally the conversation was of the strife between the North and the South, the anti-slavery struggle, secession and the Civil War. "Perhaps I have used the word incorrectly," for I had never used it before, but I had used it in my mind.

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THE HAPPY MARRIAGE. A Ballad—London Punch. (A sermon has been caused in Portland, Or., by the arrest of two ladies and their husbands on a highway robbery.)

Her numerous attractions bowled him over on the spot; At first distinctly timid, gaining courage by degrees, He rushed into her presence and addressed her on his knees:

"Oh, Sadie Q, I worship you, and not as other men; My love had proved a worthy theme for Poe's Shakespearean pen; My groans and sighs excite surprise whenever I pace the street; I really cannot sleep at all. And, worse, I cannot eat."

"For ham and eggs (Virginia style) I've ceased to care a jot; No strawberry shortcake tempts me now, nor Boston beans, served hot. The other, now I wave aside; I cannot touch a clam; From these remarks you'll judge in what a wretched state I am."

"So do decide to be my bride; oh, heed a lover's prayer; You're as unobtainable to a lot, which now is dark with care. But lest without reflection you are tempted to decline, I'll picture what will happen should we form the said combine."

"Most husbands treat their wives as dolls, and, sorrowful to state, Refuse to let them take a hand in things of any weight; Myself I mean to act upon a widely different plan; For lovely woman's duty lies, I hold, in helping man."

"If you elect to marry me, my angel bride, As partner in my business quite invaluable to me, And what that business is, without preamble, I will tell; You see in me a footpad. And I'm doing very well."

"Way out in pleasant Oregon my humble trade I ply; Few highwaymen have got a larger clientele than I. Think not these are the idle words. With truth my claims agree; You may have heard of Sand-Bag Bill? Exactly, I am he."

"So, if I proffer hand and hand you'll but consent to do, You'll come with me on every expedition that I make; Together, hand in hand, my love, at night we'll roam about; Entrap the glib-tongued traveler, and—bridegroom—clean him out."

"His speech was scarcely finished, when quoth Sadie, 'Wal, I vum! What, marry you, my Emerson? I calculate! Why, I'm afraid, it strikes me as being a little queer. Stray travelers in Oregon will soon be mighty sleek; Ring up the parson on the phone, and get it over quick.'"

"The parson put the service through without the least delay; And Emerson and Sadie Q. were wed that very day; Their happiness, I'm glad to say, is wholly free from care; I never knew so prosperous a married life as theirs. For every night, when dinner's o'er, and sparkling shadows fall, They take their knickerbockers from the hat-stand in the hall; And Emerson says, 'Sadie, have you carted my iron, my pet and bright?' And Sadie says, 'You bet!'"

"And then, through quiet streets they stroll, They stroll in pairs, and they stroll in pairs; They intercept the passer-by, as he is hurrying home; And Emerson's destructive club upsets him with a crash; While Sadie's nimble fingers gather in the needful cash. So on they go from day to day, as happy as can be. And in a simple tale, I think, a moral we may see: The married state can never be completely free from strife, Unless a man's profession also interests his wife."

NOTE AND COMMENT. "Come, My Corinna, Come." As Jim Ham Lewis was slumbering in a Pullman highway robbery, he was poked in the ribs with an umbrella by a woman, who thought the berth was occupied by her sister, whom she wanted to "roust out."

It's time we were up and your breakfast is a-coming. Come, Kitty, my pretty, it's surely a pity a girl should be choosing to be a snooty snooty. The beautiful beauties of scenery lying. Wake up just as quick as a lambert or pigling. So off with your nightie, my slug-a-bed goddess.

Ex-Congressman Briggs was sentenced to one day in jail, and for all that is told in the dispatches the day may have been a Sunday. Gin a body see the shoddy coming through the door. Gin a body's wearing shoddy, watch the glassy eye. Gin a body's dressed in shoddy he had better fly.

Mary had a little lamb, Its fleece was white as snow; It heard the cattlemen were here— You should have seen it go! When is a steer not a steer? The only use some fellows have for wool is to pull it over other fellows' eyes. Municipal action concerning slot machines is almost as uncertain as the machines themselves.

Of all "rummy" strikes, surely that of the Peruvian pawnbrokers is the rummiest. The knights of the golden balls—in hoc signo—apparently want a pledge from the government, not content with those they get from the people. In the city health reports yesterday appears the name of little Miss Marquand Hill, who is unlucky enough to have the measles. It would be curious to learn whether or not there is a boy in the state bearing the name of Mount Hood.

Bryan advocating better residences for our Ministers abroad is a strange sight. Perhaps since prosperity has caused a painting of Nebraska barns, the change to the bleak legations proved too much for even Mr. Bryan's homespun faith. Poolrooms in New York defied the efforts of the police. But the telegraph companies put their tolls up a couple of notches and the poolrooms closed their doors. The gamblers felt that the companies were kinder raising the juice.

A painting of "Custers' Last Stand" was presented to the Capitol at Topeka by a brewing company. The anti-alcoholics were very indignant, and the name of the brewery was erased. Now a fair Kansas dame has sliced the canvas into sections as a slight token of disregard for brewers and their gifts. As the churches will not refuse money from a gambler, why should nondrinkers refuse a painting from a brewer? Sir Herbert Maxwell, a Scottish sportsman and essayist of note, says the word whiskey means water and nothing else. The Gaelic name for whiskey is uisce beath, which is the exact equivalent of the French eau de vie. In the course of time the hgh was dropped, and uisce, which means water, came to be the name of a drink which no self-respecting McWhisker would touch.

"Penny," the Oldest University. Philadelphia Record. That the University of Pennsylvania is the oldest university in America has been established by William W. Duffie, a graduate of Pennsylvania. The university is not the oldest college, though it was established in 1763, but it was first to take the name of university. The university department for graduate study the School of Medicine was first re-founded in 1875. This was the first actual realization of the university idea in the colonies, but the idea of university was in the minds of the founders as early as 1755 when the College of Philadelphia was given the power to grant "the usual university degrees." Both Harvard and Yale are considerably older than Pennsylvania, the former dating back to 1636 and Yale to 1700, but neither established separate departments for medicine and law until after the university had led the way.

Fatal British Climate and Cooking. London Truth. The climate of England kills half the population; the cooking kills the rest. Throughout the world, wherever it is the sun is in a spring, there are Englishmen and women endeavoring to repair their constitutions. The medicine bill of the English people—together with its accompanying expenses—is sufficiently large to support a second-rate Power, and does mainly support many large and small towns on the Continent and elsewhere.

OUT OF THE GINGER JAR. "That Mr. Galley must be very poor." "Why?" "I asked him how he made his money and he said he earned it."—New Yorker. "Badger—Come, tell me, do you ride an automobile because you like it, or Cader-Part-er, but principally because the other folks don't like it?"—Boston Transcript. "This seems to be the age," grumbled the housewife, "where you are unable to get anything except something that just as good as something else."—Chicago News. "Bargaine—There's an agitation to reduce the price of theater seats. Mr. Bargaine—Oh, Henry, won't it be lovely when one can buy a matinee ticket for \$1.49!"—Town Topics.

Agent—Well, did the preparation I sold your grandfather make him seem younger? Stubb—Yes; we gave him an overdose and ever since he has been crying and playing with a rattle.—Chicago News. Calvert, Jr.—What is your uncle doing now? Balty Moore—Sitting on jurist. Calvert, Jr.—What? Why, I thought he was Judge in one of the higher courts. Balty Moore—He is.—Baltimore American. "See here, mister, this meat is half meat." "You are mistaken, sir; that is good meat." "Botheration! Do you suppose I don't know when it's meat? I say this is bone." "You're certainly that's bone. The bone is bone, but the meat isn't. You said that the meat was half bone."—Kansas City Journal.

78,003 to Start With. Baltimore Sun. Perhaps some of his opponents have not noticed the start that Mr. Roosevelt already has in the United States. The strenuous candidate can, therefore, put down in his "aggrin-book" 78,003 votes to start with, including General Leonard Wood, Jacob L. Riley and Dr. C. C. Young. There would be a big "plus" for Mrs. M. D. Wood, of Woodland, Miss., unfortunately is not able to cast a vote.