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TODAY'S WEATHER: Fair and continued warm; northerly winds.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, JUNE 3, 1900.

The Oregonian fully believes there is no need of amending the Constitution of the state as to the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court.

There has never been a time when the complexion of Congress meant so much to Oregon as it does today. The fight for the gold standard was a fight for the whole country.

Compared with this June election, the event of November is of little consequence. The essential thing for us is the complexion of Congress.

The fight on the Republican cause in Oregon is made by men who profess to be Republicans, but who are really for their selfish interests.

What is the objection to Mackay? That he robs the city by selling it lumber at exorbitant rates shown to be a pure invention.

to Farrell? That he sells the city hay at double prices and short weights—charges without a shadow of fact to support them.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

Though duties of men and of women touch at nearly every point, nevertheless there is a broad general line of difference between them.

This nature has established distinctions between men and women that never can be overpassed.

There is far too little deliberation in exercise of the suffrage now. Introduction of the feminine element would immensely increase this evil.

Let it not be forgotten either that the suffrage would be conferred not merely on the better class, but also on the inferior class and worse class of women.

But the assumption that women are treated as citizens only for the purpose of taxation is the summary of their wrongs blazoned in manifestos by the leaders of the movement.

Woman is not inferior to man because the law does not give her the right of suffrage.

amount, is formed by daily contact and collision with the world, which impresses upon them in its rough school support them.

A SLANDER ON SHERIDAN.

A General Stephen H. Manning, who, according to a Boston dispatch to the New York Press, was "second in command of the Sixth Corps" during Sheridan's famous Shenandoah campaign of 1862, denies that General Sheridan at Cedar Creek, by his arrival, snatched victory from the jaws of defeat.

It is absolutely true, his coming changed nothing. The truth is that when he arrived our lines had been reformed and were rapidly marching upon Early's demoralized forces.

It was too good an opportunity for Sheridan to miss, and he was wisely and bravely using a brave army and its noble general. All history furnishes no greater example of prudence and justice.

A SHATTERED IDEAL.

Rev. Dr. Elliot's argument for woman suffrage is the same that was originally pleaded by Wendell Phillips and subsequently by George William Curtis.

The "education" of the ballot in Colorado does not make women's influence felt in any other way than in the duplication of their particular man's or men's ballot.

This was the situation when Sheridan arrived, about 10 A. M. The bleeding Union Army, leaning on the shoulder of Gettysburg's Division, had finally caught up with the rebels.

OUR INTERESTS IN AFRICAN PEACE.

Now that the end of the Boer War is at hand, interest is centering on the effect of the resumption of normal and industrial trade conditions in the big country affected by this deplorable strife.

The influence of the Oregon Humane Society, as witnessed in the attention given to the suggestions of its officers in shipping animals from this port to the Philippines, was a credit to the society and to the community that stands behind and indorses its good work.

behalf of the animal cargoes shipped from Seattle and Tacoma to Manila and Alaska, is witnessed in the tales of exposure, overcrowding, suffering and death of many of the wretched brutes sent out from those ports within the past few months.

One feature of the situation, however, will not be appreciated by Oregon whatshoggers, although its unpleasantness is being felt by the community.

The census enumerator is not only certain of holding his office until the term expires by limitation, but he will be compelled to do so on penalty of fine and imprisonment.

The Methodist Church may continue to be officially down on dancing, card-playing, theater-going, horse-racing and other wicked amusements, but we observe that the Epworth League keeps on in its mad whirl of gaiety, giving picnics, excursions, parlor entertainments, playing copenhagen, and so on.

Virginia is to have a Constitutional convention, the purpose of which is to disfranchise the negroes of the state. The vote polled upon the question was quite small; the majority for the convention hardly exceeding 15,000.

William Frazier has given to the Sheriff's office capable management and intelligent direction. He has systematized the work and given prompt and efficient service to all who have business with his department.

Mr. Moore's correct apprehends the issues in this county. If the Republican ticket is defeated, it will be celebrated everywhere as a Fison victory.

Such a man we should hardly call a "man of affairs," for, while Curtis tried to be "a man of affairs," the only place he was ever fit for or really succeeded in was in pure literature.

Montag was candidate for Mayor two years ago—Penney's candidate. His victory would have meant a continuation of bunco games, dancehalls, municipal steals, fake fights, sure-thing traps. So he was beaten. Now he wants to be Sheriff.

Charles H. Moore seems to be a Federal Brigadier of another color. His is the true blue.

SLINGS AND ARROWS.

The census man is on his rounds. With questions great and small, with questions grave and questions gay, he'll ask you your marble brow.

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MASTERPIECES OF LITERATURE—XVI

The Death of Paul Dombey—Charles Dickens.

Paul had never risen from his little bed. He lay there, serene to the end in the street, quite tranquilly; not caring much how the time went, but watching it and watching everything about him with a steady eye.

When the sun struck into his room through the rustling blinds, and quivered on the opposite wall like golden water, he knew that evening was coming on, and that the stars were twinkling in the reflection died away, and a gloom went creeping up the wall, he watched it deepen, deepen, deepen into night.

By little and little, he got tired of the bustle of the day, the noise of carriages and carts, and people passing and repassing, and would fall asleep or be troubled with a restless and uneasy sleep.

"And who is this? Is this my old nurse?" said the child, regarding with a radiant smile a figure coming in. Yes, it was the old nurse, who had been with her these ten years at sight of him, and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor blighted child.

"Good-by," said the child, and Mrs. Pipchin, hurrying to his bed's head, "Not good-by!" For an instant, Paul looked at her with the wistful face with which he had so often gazed upon her in his former life.

"What a week later orders came direct from the States for that poor old man, can imagine how he felt about it. He took it pretty hard at first, but the rest of us believed that there was some mistake about it."

He had a wistful face with which he had so often gazed upon her in his former life. He had a wistful face with which he had so often gazed upon her in his former life.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

In the Cafe—Curtis I tell you, that water is a gentleman from head to foot. D'Hot—You mean from tip to tip—Chicago News.