## STORIES OF WESTERN LIFE

CULIAR PASCINATION.

Indian's Experience With a Chost "Professional Enters" Among Aborigines-Soda Dam in Artsons.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 6.-There seems to be a strange fuscination about the work with surveying parties sent out by the Geological Survey every Summer that clings to a man fur years after he has had his first experience. A young man, new private secretary to a prominent Government official, who more than it was an area. 12 years ago spent a Summer with a sur-veying parts in Asisona, was speaking of this the other day, and said: "I seemd give a good deal today if I could get out of office work and into the field once more. That was life, a life worth living, when you could feel yourself a man, and not a machine, which the Government or any emilning occupation makes of oc-in these days we had to work, and we had to go at it with a will. Hours were long, accommodations were what you get in any moderately well-regulated camp, and play was unknown, but we liked it, and, once having experienced it, you can never get over a longing for just auch another experience. Our party went into the petrified forest region of Arisona. The climate was extrema, but it was exhitarating. We were up every morning at 4 o'clock, and, after a speedy break-fast, set out for the scene of operations. We kept at it all day, getting back to camp about 6 at night. Meals were served twice a day, breakfast and dimes, but no meals were ever relished more than those two. I tell you, I have seen meh cat, and I have seen them sat with relish, but never as they did in the wild Arisona country. Each narty the wild Arizona country. Each party that its own cook, generally a Mormon, a man well equipped for the work in camp. When our supply of tresh meat ran out, and that was not long in that hot country, we were thrown on our own resources, and each man had to shoulder his gun and go out after game. We soon came to appreciate the difference between shooting for amusement and shooting for our diamer. As necessity is the 'mother of invention,' so is she the mother of good marksmanship.

An Element of Danger.

Down in the Southwast there is generally more or less of an element of danger involved in the surveys, and for many this has a peculiar fascination, for many men will take to work that the volves danger where they will not relish anything that is purely routine. When we worked around and over the tanyons, many dangerous chances were taken, and in order to secure choice photographs the instrument often had to be placed in some simost incressible point. But there were always some men in the party willing to take the risk. The average reader so take the risk. The average reader perusing one of the elaborately lilustrated reports of the Geological Survey does not realize what periis were haved in order to make that volume more attractive, or what difficulties had to be surmounted in order to give him accurate information about this or that locality. But we know what it means. I recall one instance when the phosographer of our party wanted a view of one of the conparty wanted a view of one of the canparty wanted a view of one of the can-yons in Arisona. He tried place after place, but could get no satisfactory view-point. Finally he discovered a project-ing point of rock which answered every purpose, and set his heart on getting there, which he did. The cameras in those days were not the compact instru-ments of today, and the size used by our ments of today, and the size used by our party made up a package much larger and heavier than the average dress suit calas when lightly packed. When he got down he called for some one to hand him his camera. He could only be reached by a jedge not more than 15 inches wide, sloping at that, and looking over its edge you could see almost straight down in the canyon for a thousand feet. It was enough to curdle your blood to leak ever enough to curdle your blood to look over, let alone try to climb around with a heavy camera, and no one would venture heavy camera, and no one would venture around. Finally, in a rage, he came clambering back, grabbed the instrument and made a dash for the rock. He got back, safely, but every step he took over that ledge sent a shower of earth to the bottom of the canyon. His photograph proved a success, but no one but those in the party ever appreciated at what a risk it was secured.

Lusses Through Accident. through accident. Many times the trails that we had to follow would lead along ledges on the side of some canyon, and our instruments would always be carried by pack animals. Those ledges are not always reliable, and once in a while a mule would make a misstep, or the rock would slip from under him, and both he and his burden would be precipitated in-to the canyon. If the fall was for any considerable distance, there was never any use in going down; for the instru-ment would be smushed into a thousand places and the animal dead if not crushed a jelly. Sometimes there might be a slight fall, and in those cases the dam-age was slight. I recall one incident of our Arlzona survey. Our packtrain was crawling along one of these ledges on the side of a curyon, when the leading mule made a misstep slipped, and over he went. The fall was long, but the side of the season applications than ordinaly. However, it was such a great dis-tance to the bottom that no one even looked over the side to see where the poor animal landed. We kilew, it was useless to try to recover the fragments of the instrument. When our party returned two months later, over the same trail, one of us looked down into the ednyon and there in a little grassy plot, much fatter than he had been before, was our long-last mule, given up for dead. He had had two solid months of good pasturage all to himself with no work. and had made the best of it. Some of the old straps still clung to him, but the slope had evidently broken the force of his fail, and he probably gained his feet before he reached bottom, and made the semainder of the descent at his leasure." An Indian Chost Story.

"I have heard all kinds of ghost stories in my day," said Supervisor A. O. Wright, of the Indian office, in recounting his various experiences among the red-shims. "but the most novel that ever came to my ears I had from a halfbreed Slour, who related the following story to me as an actual occurrence, in which he played

opposits the ghost:
This hillbreed, far more intelligent
than the average Indian, after serving
through the Civil War in an Iowa regiment, enlisted as a scout, and was sta-tioned at Fort Sill. He had not been at his post many months before a band of Klowas were taken captive by a detachment of troops from the fort. Like other Indians, however, they watched their opportunity, and under cover of darkness slipped away the second night of their

extensively through that section of the country west of the Missouri River, in siderably worried for fear they would begin a disastrous raid among the unprocountered in his tours, alluded to this social whites, although it was possible they would resume their hunting. In order to find out the exact facts, he detailed two secuts the following medium; to follow the trail and see if there was any real cause for apprehension. One of the secution white trail and see if there was any real cause for apprehension. One of this half-breed.

Extensively through that section of the speaking of strange things he has encountry west of the Missouri River, in speaking of strange things he has encountered in his tours, alluded to this social dam. Asked what he meant by a social dam, he said:

"In Box Canyon, just above the hot working of the jumes of the jumes of the jumes there was a dam extending from one wall of the gorge to the other. This dam is nothing more nor less than a massive wall of pure social, fining to a height of 100 feet, and probably 600 feet from end to end.

polition, with no intention of destroying markable repidity, too.

"Just 10 years ago the Jemes River rose

very well spend the night on the open prairie, for there was no water. The helf-breed suggested that they make their camp mear a clump of trees, a short ways above the Indian camp, but on the same stream, but the white secont dissented and went off by himself.

"Left wholly upon his own resources, the other, after nightfall, cropt stealthily over to the bank of the stream and picheted his peny in a protected patch of grass. When he came to look about he found that his noffee-pet and cup were gone. He had nothing in which to make coffee. About to give up in despair, he recalled that a bed Indian shortly before killed in a fraces, was buried in due of the trees nearby, according to the custom of his tribe, and that there would surely be a bowl or cup of some sort custom of his tribe, and that there would surely be a bowl or cup of some sort placed on his bier, it being the belief of those Indians that the spirits of departed Indians return and must be fed. Generally an Indian, like his white brother, will not venture in a graveyard after dark, but for this particular one the dead then had less terror than the living and then had less terror than the living, and he chanced it, climbed the tree, borrowed the bowl from the dead Indian, and re-turned to his fire, built in a projected crevice, where it could not be seen.

"When he had supped he carefully re-placed the bowl, half filled with coffee, saying to himself, 'Any decent ghost would be satisfied with that.'

Ghost From the Heavens "Hardly had his eyes closed before a ghost, horrible to see, came swooping down from the heavens above, whistling and screeching in the face of my friend, in his fright he pulled his blanket over his head, but the ghost only reached down, clutched it in his bony hand and anatched it off, laughing in a flendish manner as he witnessed the growing fear in the poor scout. As the ghost continued his deriston, however, this fear gave way

"The only thing the scout had with him, aside from his rifle, which he knew would not hurt a ghost, was his lariet, with which he had staked his pony. He jumped to his feet, ran to his pony and was about to mount and make a break to get away from the haunted spot, when he realized that the ghost could follow, and that the noise of a speedy escape might also bring into the chase some of the unfriendly Indians. So he loosened the pony, and, doubling the lariet, watted for the unearthly flend to approach. As the ghost flew at him he gave the rope a swing, hoping to lash his antagonist into submission, but a successful dodge saved

submission, but a successful dodge saved him again and again.

"The one thing on which my Indian friend prided himself was his ability to lasso the wildest horse or steer. Almost in deperation, he coiled the lariat and waited his opportunity. The third throw was: successful, and raught the ghost around the seek. Then, with heathenish gice, he dragged Mr. Ghost away off to one side, pleketed him out as he would his pony, and proceeded to pelt him with rocks, feer at him and torture him in every way for an hour, getting back a full measure of revenge for what he had suffered. At last, when he tired of it, he went back to the bienket and to sleep.

"Next merning before daylight, he "Next morning before daylight, he awake, knowing he would have to reach a point of safety before the Indian band was astir. His first thought was of the ghost, but he dismissed the thought, sayghost, but he dismissed the thought, saying it was all a dream. When he came to pack, he found the pony loose, and the lariat gone. This made him doubt, and even wonder if, after all, it had not been a dream. To assure himself, but only half hoping to find the lariat, he set out for the place where he remembered picketing his captive ghost. Sure chough, there was the stake driven fast in the ground, the end of the lariat securely fastened, but at the other end was apparently an empty noose. Upon close apparently an empty noose. Upon close fispection he found inside the noose a little pile of fresh ushes. What became of the ghost he knows not. How to account for the ashes he knows not. This is his atory as he gave it to me. I have no explanations to offer."

The "Professional Enter." One of the most striking customs of the past that is preserved by the Indians of foday is found among the tribes on the Den's Lake Reservation, in North Da-kota: Supervisor Wright tells the follow-ing story in regard to this peculiar prac-

'From time immemorial the Devil's Lake

Sloux have adhered to an old custom regard to the treatment of a guest. cording to their etiquette, it is the bound en duty of the host to supply his guest with all the food he may desire, and as a rule the portion set before the visting Indian is much in excess of the ca-pacity of a single man. But by the same custom, the guest is obliged to est all that he placed before him else he gross-ly insults his entertainer. It was found that this practice would work a hardship, but instead of dispensing with the cus-tom, the Indian method of reasoning was applied, and what is known as the Pro-fessional Eater was brought to the front. resistant Eater was brought to the frost. "While the guest is supposed to eat all that is placed before him, it serves the same purpose if his neighbor assists in devouring the bountiful repast, the main object being to have the plate clean when the meal is finished. It is not always practicable to depend upon a neighbor to have the plate of the plate of

at table to assist in getting away with a large dinner, and in order to insure the final consumption of the allotted portion, visiting Indians call upon these Professional Esters, whose duty is to sit beside them through a meal, and eat what the guest leaves. The Professional Esters are never looked upon in the light of guests, but more as traveling companions with a particular duty to perform.

'These eaters receive from \$1 to \$2, and even \$3 for each meal where they assist. It is stated by the agent at the Devil's

lake Reservation that one of the Profes-stonal Eaters has been known to dispose of II pounds of beef at a single sitting. That they are capable of eating a fabu-ious amount I myself can destify." True to His Training.

For a great many years the Indian Bureau has striven to impress upon Poor Lo a proper realization of the facts that his only redemption lies in work. The education of the indians everywhere has been simed at making them bread winners, making them independent of Gov-ernment support, and in fact making good citizens of them in every way. But how hopeless has this effort been in so many

instances. They cling with such persistence to their old customs.

Supervisor Wright recently visited the Klowa Agency. In Oklahoma, and just pefore leaving for Washington, was an costed by a strapping Indian buck of it or M, but yet in the school, who said to

him:
- "I like our acheol. I like to study. I like the teachers. I like it all except one thing, and that is bad. I want you to go to the Great Father when you go back to Washington, and have him cor-rect this at once. They make the boys work here. It is all right for the girls to work, but the boys ought not to be made to: work."

A Soda Dam.

Probably but few people ever heard of a soda dam, but such a freak of sature really exists in an unfrequented part of the great West. Mr. Wright, who travels

in halftreed.

Together they followed the trail across as prairie for two days before they ighted the band. On the evening of the second day smoke was seen rising ahead. Nature's forces, of course, started their work of a scloser inspection disclosed what impedited to be a permanent camp on the unkn of a stream. Tepess had been by the springs, were made at the base of what has since developed into one of the natural wonders of the West. Those deposits must have also must have also made with remaining with no intention of destroying markable rapidity, tax.

the abnormal pressure of the toront, as lower section of the dam gave way, leav-ing a breach in the wall of sods about 20 feet high. When the water subsided, the lake formed by the dam was, of

ARTHUR W. PAN.

STATE TREASURER-ELECT MAYNARD.

C. W. Maynard, of Lewis County, the Republican candidate for State Tressurer,

born in Bockford, Ill. December 7, 1855. He attended the public schools and academics in the vicinity of his birthplace until 12 years of age, when he came West, and took up a farm in Lewis County, which is now his home. He is extensively interested in farming fin Lewis County, and is also engaged in the hardware business in Chehalla, the county seat.

He has always been a Republican and his strength and popularity are attested by the fact that he was elected County Treasurer at a time when all other county offices were failed with Populata, and served in that capacity for four years. He has held no other political

farmer than the latter amount, but they childish words, "Rean perridge hot, bean

are none the less worthy on that ac-

anly two people, I lived pretty close to them, and I knew how thriftless they could be when they were not encouraged to do otherwise. I have discharged more clerks for that sort of thing than for any

other cause. They spent their salaries,

large or small as might be, in a reckless fashion, and let debt accumulate quite re-gardless of the rights of creditors. As

my business increased, and with it my profits and my force of people, I began to give the matter more study, and in the end, when I felt able to be of material assistance in encouraging thrift and hon-

esty, I proposed a yearly recognition to those who would save something out of their salaries. It was small at first, but

their salaries. It was small at first, but was so successful that today I haven't

a clerk who has not some kind of a bank

account, and not one who wilffully re-fuses to pay his debts. When we get a new one who refuses to take advantage of the opportunities afforded we let him

go at the end of the first year.
"My present plan is to double the sav-ings of all clerks who receive \$10, \$12 and \$15 a week; to add 25 per cent to all who

receive from \$15 to \$15, and 10 for those over \$25. A clerk on \$15 a week or under cannot save much, but as a rule that

class of cierks have no one to maintain but themselves, and if one cannot save

more than \$35 out of his years labor, it is rather pleasant for him to get \$35 clear profit. Those who receive the larger

mounts usually have families and their

amounts duality meet a meet and savings are not large, but whatever they are they are comfortably increased. One of my \$1200 a year clerks, with a wife and

two small children, saved \$400 last year,

and my check for \$100 additional was de-

posited to his account the day after New Year. A young woman in charge of a

department at 1900 a year has almost paid

department at END a year has almost paid for a nice little cottage in the suburbs out of her extra, and so the list rups on through every branch of the business. I make it a condition that all current poligations must be met at the end of the year, so that the savings are actual net profit. Every year some of the clerks are not entitled to any extra, but if this is

not entitled to any extra, but if this is the regult of sickness I assume a part or all of the dector's bills. You may say it costs something for me to do this, and I am under no obligation to do it, and you are right. But I have the best class of clerks in the city, and as a result I have the best class of custom in the city, and I guess. I don't lose enough by it to ne-cossitate an assignment at an early date,"

Autumn Tragedies.

Philadelphia Times.

To Mrs. Bartlett Fear.
"You're growing vary plump, madam,
And also very fair.

"And there is Mrs. Clingstone Peach,

Said Mr. Baldwin Apple

So mallowed by the heat,

Have blushed so resy red

"Just see the Imbellas; They're growing so apace.

That they really are beginning
To get purple in the face.

Upon my word she really looks Quite good enough to eat.

"And all the Misses Crahapple

That very soon-the farmer's wife To pluck them will be led.

Sage she knows unto her sorrow Preserving time has come."

"Tes." said Mrs. Bartlett Pear,
"Our day sis almost o'er,
And soon we shall be smothering
"In sprup by the score."

They were all of them in pickle, Or in some dreadful scrape. "I'm cider." sighed the apple: "I'm jelly." cried the grape.

And before the month was ended The fruits that looked so fair. Had vanished from among the Jeaves. And the trees were stripped and bare

They were all in lars and bottles Upon the shelf arrayed: And in their midst poor Mrs. Quince Was turned to marmalade.

heat smiled with a very evi-

the beginning, when I employed

porridge cold, bean porridge in the pot-nine days old," antil such time as the

If the Nebraskan candidate is wiped out

at the polls, the Bryan clothing clerk will have to trip lightly into the saloon of

not permit even his intimate friends to low with him, nor is his immediate au-titude toward atrangers who approach him even in a properly reverential spirit

invariably cordial. So it ought to be easy to imagine the sort of reception a freek election better would be likely to get at his hands, particularly one who could

presume to tap him ptayfully on the cheek, and more particularly still, one who would take such a grievous chance

just after John L. had been turned loose after a month's restless confinement in a hospital. The black middle-weight is also a person of dignity, and would not be

apt supinely to submit to having his ribs oked and to have anybody bewl dog-erel at him at short range. So that t looks as if the loser of this rash wager

had his work cut out for him.

A Bryan man who lives in the Twenty.

first Assembly district will, when his

candidate is found to have been swamped.

be compelled by his wager to walk into the office of Russell Sags and blandly ra-

quest that gentleman to let him have the loan of \$1,000,000 spot cash. Now, this should be a somewhat dangerous under-taking, under the most favorable circum-stances. A number of years ago a crasy

man walked into Mr. Sage's office and made a similar demand in all earnestness, and when the demand was refused he

hurled a satchel containing a bomb at the

capitalist. The crazy man was blown to smithercons by the explosion, and Mr. Sage escaped only, by the barest chance.

Sage escaped only, by the barest chance. Since that time Mr. Bage has been by no means accessible, and extreme care has been taken that nothing of the sort should happen again. So that if this Bryan loser succeeds in running the gauntlet and actually made his way to Mr. Bage for the purpose of preferring his idiotic request, he is likely to produce such a sensation around that office that at the end he will find himself rough-housed almost beyond recognition.

Another Harlem Bryanite, who has nev-

Another Harlem Bryanite, who has never seen Mr. Croker in his life, has bound himself to do a very foolish thing when it is found that the Boy Orator has been

snowed under. He will have to walk up

to the garrulous and embittered Croker and solicit from that eminent personales a subscription of \$10 to be added to a

a subscription of \$10 to be added to a fund for the purchase of a huge floral wreath to be presented—that is, the leading freak election better will have to say that it is to be presented—to Senator Hanna. Considering the state of mind that Mr. Croker will probably be in when the returns are tabulated, this Silverite is doubtless in for what is veruscularly

known as a "bunch of language" that ought to cure him for all time of the habit of making election bets of such a

habit of making election bets of such a nature

A clerk in a Broadway sporting goods establishment has bound himself for a solid month of that gruelling kind of unhappiness that springs from ridicule. Beginning on the morning after election, when the Bryan catamaran is found to have been swept by green seas and converted into a derelict, this rash youth will have to wear to said from his work—and he lives in One Hundred and Thirty-ninth street—a brimless silk hat, subbed the wrong way. All the rest of his dress is to remain just as usual, and the young man has he pretty natty dresser. But his make-up will have to be surmounted by the brimless, coylighy top hat for one month after Bryan's defeat.

ex-champion of them all takes

ENCOURAGING THRIFT.

ing Employes to Lay Up Money.

Washington Evening Star ...

PEOPLE WHO AGREED TO MAKE SPECTACLES OF THEMSELVES.

The section of the dain might and dry.

"I passed through that section of Arisena this last Summer, and purposely visited the soda dam. I was most astonished to see that the M-foot breach had been nearly filled in. The soda from the springs had made fresh deposits, and A Man Who May Have to Be Funny With John L. Sullivan-Another to Tackle Croker. gradualy patched up the hole made in 1880. At the present rate, the breach will be entirely closed in another year, and the lake will assume its former pro-

New York Sun.

Those peculiar individuals known as freak election betters seem to be storing portions.

"Previous to the break in the dam, the lake above was fully 800 feet wide, and extended up the canyon for at least three-quarters of a mile. Scientists who have examined the dam are of the opinion that it, will never attain a height much above 100 feet, for the deposits in the water seem to stak in that great depth before the brink is reached, as they tail how. op more post-election humiliation or themselves just now than any predecessors ever did in the story of National campaigns. Many of the plans whe shy the loser is to make himself foolish in the eyes of his friends, neighbors and fellow citizens are ingeniously contrived with that end in view. If, by some miracle, McKinley fails of re-election, a Wall-Street curb Broker will be compailed to mount the Subtreasury steps on the day after election, and, from that conspicuous restrum, declaim, "Mary Hai a Little Lamb," from start to finish, ten times. The Silverite with whom he made the bet undertakes to make the same sort up more post-election humiliation the brink is reached. As they fall, how-ever, they will tend to strengthen the base of the dam, and will gradually decrease the depth of the lake at its lower the bet undertakes to make the same sort of a spectacle of himself if the 18-fo-1 can-didate loses; with the difference that the Brynnite will be compelled to recite the A Western Merchant's Way of Helpplece only twice, the prevailing odds of 5 to 1 on Mr. McKinley governing the bet, A couple of clerks in an uptown clothing store made a freak bet on the general result the other day. If the Republican loses, he has undertaken to wak up to John L. Sullivan, as that bulky worthy elts he state in the rear room of Washington Evening Star.

"I 'always have confidence in people who save a little money out of their satisfies," said a prominent Western merchent, "and I do what I can to encourage habits of thrift. I employ about 75 clerks in my establishment, to whom I pay worthy sits he state in the rear room of weekly salaries ranging from \$10 to \$40.

Naturally enough, more of them get the

Can it be doubted that he will regret that he did not perish in his extreme youth long before his month of misery has rolled by?

by?

A middle-aggd and otherwise respectuble citizen is now bracing himself for
an ordeal to which he will have to submit on the night following the election.
He is a follower of the is-to-l candidate.
On Wednesday night next, at 8 o'clock, he
will be accompanied by a delegation of will be accompanied by a delegation of his friends to a Sixth avenue corner, and he will have to bestow as osculatory caress upon the first Afro-American woman, of whatever age or condition. who passes that corner. He has got to take the chance of finding himself the central figure in a race riot when he does this, and it is a virtual certainty that he will be arrested for disorderly conhe will be arrested for disorderly con-duct, anyhow. A Bryanlte made a sim-fiar wager four years ago. The ducky Amazon whom he clasped in his em-brace didn't resist a little bit. On the contrary, she seemed rather to cling to the freak better, whereas the least he had expected was that she would endeavor to macerate his countenance to a pulp. It was not until fully 10 minutes after he had ful-filled the terms of the bet that he discovered that his fine gold watch and walls

ered that his fine gold watch and wailst were absent, and his three-carat dismond stud had been bitten off close to the screw.

A young Southerner, employed in a railroad office, will in all human probability be seen standing for an hour on one leg at the main entrance to Central Park on next Wednesday for the delectation of one of his office mate, below naturally confident to office mate, below naturally confident. the office mate, being naturally confident that any odds were good odds, bound himself to stand on one leg for five hours

if Bryan won. A Brooklyn Bryanite, who is known among his friends for the meekness with which he submits to the dictation of his wife and the domineering of his wife' mother, who is his permanent guest, is just now standing on the verge of a lot of domestic infelicity. When it is found on Wednesday that Bryan and has theories have been buried out of sight this meek partisan will be forced by the terms of his wager to acquire a jag of large proportions, and make the best of his way across the bridge and to his home, and when he finds himself under his ewn vine and fig tree, proceed to sling and lambaste his mother-in-law to a finish. A large party of his friends will have quietly assembled around the house to see the finish and to call up the ambulance in cuse of need. The betting among this poor man's friends is already 8 to 1 that he will never mus-ter up enough courage, Dutch or native,

to make this bet good.

Over in Tenth avenue there is an elderly, Hibernian saloon-keeper who froths at the mouth with rage when a tramp walks into his place and tries to panhandle him for a free drink. A Seventh-avenue saloon-keeper who likes Bryan to win will have to walk into this old-frishman's saloon on Wednesday morning next, made up in the sarb of a hobo. ing next, made up in the garb of a hobo, whiningly beg for a hoster of the red stuff, and take his chance on bungstarters, and flying beer glasses.

ers and flying beer glasses.
Another peppery-tempered Irishman, who keeps a lumber-yard far over on the West Side, will probably have a young man to thrash on Wednesday marning next. The young man is the proprietor of a sign-peinting establishmant, and an expert workman in that line himself. When Bryan is found to finish in the ruck with Debs and the rest of the also-rans. with Debs and the rest of the also-rans on Wednesday, this reckless, young man will have to walk over to the Irishman's lumber-yard with his paints and brushes. and start in to paint, in huge orange let-ters, on all four sides of the lumber-yard office, the letters, "A. P. A." The amount of bother that is likely to ensue by the time he has completed one inscription of that kind will undoubtedly prevent the young man from becoming chilled.

## THE DOMINANT SECTION.

Where the New England Conscience Has Gone to Live.

New York Evening Post. Mr. Charles Francis Adams never delivers an address which falls to be interesting and suggestive, and these characteristics peculiarly mark the one that he made at the dedication of the Wisconsin Joe Walcott, the abony Barbadoes mid-dle-weight pug, who has walloped a num-her of heavy-weights, skittlahly poke him teristics peculiarly mark the one that he made at the dedication of the Wisconsin Historical Society's new building in Madison. Particularly noteworthy seems to us that passage in which this Bostonian, In the ribs, and then exclaim with the full power of his lungs, "Pat-a-cake, pat-a-pake,, baker's man, bake a cake sa quick as you can," etc.

a boy. Here is his statement:

"I hold it not unsafe to say that, looking forward into a future not now remote, the mission of the Republic and the ideas of the founders will more especially rest in the hands of those agricultural communities of the Northwest, where great aggregations of a civic populace are few, and the principles of natural selection have had the fullest and freest play in the formation of the race. Such is Wissonsin: such lowa; such Minnesota. In their hands, and in the hands of communities like them, will rest the ark of our covenant."

Mr. Adams mentions three states in the Northwest, but what he says applies with equal force to the others which are commonly grouped with these under the title of the Middle West. The common wealths which lie between the Allegha-nies and the Missouri-Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa-these are the states which any discerning observer can already see are coming to constitute the dominant section in the development of the Nation, The policy which can command their deliberate approval will be pursued by the Government: the party which they reject will lose the country.

It is interesting to contrast the share of these seven states in the electronic college when the Republican party first ran a National ticket, and 16day. In 1866 Minnesota was still a territory, and the other six states had 62 electors out of 181, or a trifle over one-fifth. Now they have 110 out of 487, or almost exactly one-fourth. Fourteen more states have come into the Union since then, and old commonwealths have doubled their population with this region now become onetion, but this region, now bed tral, is relatively more powerful than it was half a century ago. Mr. Adams speaks of these communi-

ties as largely agricultural, with few great aggregations of a civic populace, and as having allowed the principles of natural selection the fullest and the freest play in 'the formation of the race.' In fruit. the Middle West is the most cosmopolitan section of the country in the con-stituents of its population. It was orig-inally settled from the East and from the northern frings of the South, while it owes its rapid growth largely to immigra-tion from all nations of Europe. More

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over, it has secured the best of such im- President Harrison showed the other day migration. It was only the strong, thrifty, and enterprising who could make their way 1200 or 1500 miles in order to establish new homes, like the many thousands of Norwegians and Swedes who are now liv-ing in Minnesota. The seaboard cities know such races as the Poles and Bohe-mians chiefly by the "leavings" Which remain where they land, but Milwankee finds this element industrious, saving and

finds this element industrions, saving and lawabiding.

In the hands of these communities, as Mr. Adams perceives and confesses, "will rest the ark of our dovenant." Happily the record of this section during the last haif of the 19th century justifies hope as to the effect of its dominating influence in the 20th. The most striking characteristic of its settlement was the devotion of the people to public education, which led to the establishment not only of a good common school system, but of the state university as its can-sheaf. The support of versity as its cap-sheaf. The support of this system is as hearty in a common, wealth like Minnesota, where pearly two-thirds of the voters are men of foreign birth, as in one where native influences are more powerful. The Eastern critic may sneer at Western culture, but no candid observer could deny that the great metropolis of the West, materialistic Chicago as the country considered it, produced a scene and a setting for the World's Pair of 1888 worthy of an ancient European capital.

The Middle West has from the first been microsely, interested in public questions, Political campaigns engage the attention

Political campaigns engage the attention of the people more largely than in the East, and the voters are glad to bear thoughtful discussions of pending lasues. The first great National question to come before this section was the extension of slavery, and it furnished the champions of the two conflicting policies in Lincoln and Douglas. When Fremont ran in 1864, Indiana and Illinois remained steadfast quick as you can," etc.

The bet was made before "yours on the level," the penderous John L., went to the hospital to have an operation performed, but it is to hold good until the mighty man from Boston gets back to his saloon, in case the man who took that ends of it loses. Mr. Bullivan does

"I hold it not unser to many the saloon in the saloon in case the man who took that ends of it loses. Mr. Bullivan does

"I hold it not unser to many the saloon in the saloon in the saloon in the might put one or another state temporarily on the wrong the saloon in the saloon is the saloon in t

> Rico legislation was before Congress. The East zeemed apathetic by comparison, and "the New England conscience" appeared to be less stirred by the proposed turiff than the sense of justice beyond the Alleghanies. Republican Congressmen from Indiana, Michigan, Iowa and Minnesota stood out against the programme of their party, and many more would have done the same thing if they had reflected the wishes of their constituents. Nor then every was this an evenescent feeling. Ex- States and Canada.

President Harrison showed the other day that he considers like polley adopted as dangerous as ever, and a Republican Senator from that section recently admitted that he found the people still talking about the treatment of Porto Rico. The lasue has been practically submerged by the general feeling that Bryanism had to be dealt with once more, and that a windlet for sound money was again the all-important thing; but the sentiment in favor of fair pulsa-for Porto Fical. important thing; but the sentiment in fa-sor of fair play-for Porto Fican. For Cuban, for Pilipino-remains, and it is sure to make itself felt as powerfully in the future as in the past has the sentiment against the extension of alavery and against a dishonest dollar. The ideas of the founders of the Republic continue dominant in that section which is itself ciping dominant, and the history of the Middle West assures an ultimate victory for the right on this lesue.

Patience. kiese not where I wish to kill; press not where I wish to Kill; I feigne not love where most I hates breaks no sleep to winns my will; I wayte not at the nightles gate; scorpe no poore. I feare no rich; feels no want, nor have too much. Catarch is a disease affecting the blood, Remove the cause by taking Hood's Sar-

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Will Not Reach. The cases that Pyramid Pile Cure do not reach are so few that physicians are do-ing away with operations for piles, and depend more and more upon this simple but safe and effective remedy to accom plish a complete cure, and it never disap-points in any form of piles, whether pro-truding, itching or bleeding.

Mr. Thomas E. Wood, of \$13 Seventeenth

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a careful and frequent analysis of the remedy has proven it to contain no inju-rious drugs whatever, but it ourse by astringent properties and healting offs, The Fyramid Pile cure is sold by drug-glats everywhere at 50 cents for full-sized

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