Early Days in Yamhill.

Address Delivered at Annual Reunion of Pioneers by Hon. C. B Moores.

ago, an expedition comprising about 70 wagons started out from the little village of Danville, Ill., now a railroad center of 25.00 people, upon what was a hazardous trap of six or eight months, across the plains to the Oregon Eldorado. The company had been fully made up. The equip-ments of stock and wagons and provisions had been gathered. The date was fixed for the initial step in the long and trying journey. When every preliminary had been arranged, and everything was in readiness, as the final good-byes were said and the order to start was given, a and the order to start was given, a youngster but a few sizes larger than the proverbial pint of soap, was picked up interesting of all the characters and thrown into the straw in the back and thrown into the covered wagons, among other impediments that could not well be But these recollections are almost wholly dispected of otherwise. The patient oxen political. I have been fortunate enough that furnished the motive power for that plotter caravan were among the most important members of the expedition. The plebian yellow dog that during the nights of that long journey was to keep faithful vigil while the worn travelers slept was an indispensable adjunct, while on many critical occasions even the glory of the inanimate tar bucket on the hind

axle shone resplendent. The ox the dog and the tar bucket, all path, and postiferous flea. His pastimes were sitting in a pan of undone and plastic biscuit, upsetting the milk pans, tumbling head-first into a full churn, lighting un-derneath a feather bed in the bottom of a creek and occasionally varying the menotony of a day's journey by sitting down upon a well-matured cactus plant, timid and complainant and susceptible sultors, we exchanged confidences, more other infantile complaints, he so concentrations of the complaints of th other infantile complaints, he so con-tributed to the gayety and festivities of the camp as to make his presence felt continuous benediction. How can you define his relation to this great ploneer movement? What were ploneer experiences to him? What lessons was ne learning? What cared he for Indians, or cholera, or wrecked wagons, or starving stock, or bad water or short grass? What to him were the headaches or the Leart-aches of his toll-worn and discouraged elders who were the buffers and shields protecting him from the dangers and dis-comforts of the journey? What to him were all these trials and hardships that have been the topics of all the ploneer epies of later years? To him, as to all Oregonians of a later era, this journey acrors the plains to recalled only as a fascinating romance, the reality of which he can neither comprehend or appreciate. In no essential sense has he ever had any pioneer experience. He has indeed passed through the experience, but without a and the chief engineer of all my domestic taste of its real flavor. He bore no burdens. He faced no conscious perils. None of the hardships or responsibilities were his, and without the inspiration born of actual experience he cannot enter upon the contemplation of these ecenes, and recount them with the eloquence and enthuslasm of one who was a participant. His eloquence is the hollow and metallic eloquence of the graphophone, lifeless and artificial, and therefore not eloquence. Filtered through an intervening medium, the zest and the snap and the flavor are the zest and the shap and the havor are wanting. It is not the earnest and the homely eloquence of the mature and seasoned ploneer, warm with a realization of the history of the State of Oregon, and of the full import of all the trials which he and his companions endured. These are the men who should still be forced to the front at your pioneer gatherings. It cannot be truly said yet that the old new and does not stale with repetition. rous who remain are larging super- It to a story of the thous on the stage for many of them are all of this local world was new. Of the still active and capable factors, meanuring fully up to the responsibilities of life. The gape, however, that are constantly appearing in their depleting ranks life. The gaps, however, that are con-stantly appearing in their depleting ranks offer the opportunity and the excuse for forcing to the front and exploiting the

nly by tradition.
When I received the courteous note of your secretary conveying to me the invi-tation to appear upon this occasion, I asked what fitness for the designated task has this particular pioneer boy baby, whose feet never pressed the sod of "oid Yambill" until long after he had reached rears of manhood, and a train of reflecand Yambili traditions that had been familiar to me from my earliest boyhood. had here begun his career in Oregon, and with his associate, Captain Logan, who, with his wife, perished in the wreck of the Brother Jonathan, had. as a surveyor, run the original lines of ny of the old donation claims of Yam-County. I recalled my first sight of General Phil Sheridan, a Yamhill ploneer who narrowly escaped marrying a Yamhiii maiden and possibly missing his great military career, when, as a small boy, him on the porch of the old Unit Hotel in Salem as he was starting East to take part in the Civil War, boasting that he would earn a Colone's commis-sion or die on the field of battle. I recalled that even prior to my glimpee of Sheridan I had seen young Raswell Lam-son just before he left Oregon for Annapolis, little dreaming of the magnificent record he was to make as an officer of the Navy in the battles of the coming Civil War. I saw again the imposing figure of George I. Woods and heard again the campaign eloquence for which he was famous as I first heard it in the old Court House in Salem when, in 1866, was canvassing with Colonel James Kelly for the Governorship. I saw again the wiry frame of David Logan, the great criminal lawyer of our pioneer days, as he appeared with Hon. J. S. Smith, his competitor for Congress

pearance upon this occasion of the young-

ster who was dumped into the straw of

less hair-with more experience, if not

other scars, which, while marring some-

of power to rouse you to transports of en-thusiasm with any eloquent or graphic ac.

count of ploneer experiences in which he

had no real part and of which he knows

in years ago.

covered wagon at Danville, Ill., nearly

With less impetuosity and

I again saw the rather stern but attractive face of General Joel Palmer as he appeared in joint debate in Reed's Opera-House in 1870, with Hon. L. F. Glover, his competitor, for the Governorship of the state. Another figure familiar me for years was that of the erratic orge W. Lawson, who settled in La Fayette in 1850 and was prominent in the early history of this county, and who was one of the most unique and picturesque characters in the pioneer politics of the state. In 1854 he essayed to run against General Joseph Lane for Congress, draft. ing his own platform covering probibition sholition and non-sectarian schools, abol-Paine as the author of the Declaration of Independence and founder of American A fluent, but erretic and unbalanced man, for many years he practiced

DAYTON, Or., June 8.—Following is a narrative of the early history of Yam-hill County and character aketches of some of the most prominent pioneer settlers, as given by Hon. C. B. Moores, of Oregon City, is an address to the annual rounty of Yamhill County more reservation. reunion of Yamhili County pioneers at cemetery in a hearse followed by a single this place Wednesday:

One day in March, 1852, nearly 50 years

cemetery in a hearse followed by a single carriage containing but three or four members of his alienated and scattered

Other long familiar figures of Yamhiil ploncers were Medorem Crawford, W. T. Newby, Robert Kinney, A. R. Burbank and Uncle Andy Shuck, Yambill's first Sheriff, and six times her representative in the Legislative Assembly. Still another-list, but by no means least-was Dr. J. W. Warts, the dulcet-voiced Boanerges of Yambili Republicanism, whose refusal to desert his postoffice at La Fayette made him a National character and the most conspicuous Presiden-tial elector of the exciting campaign of 1876. He is one of the most sturdy and interesting of all the characters whose

political. I have been fortunate enough to run counter to old Yambili often in a social way Considerably more than 3: social way, Considerably more than 30 years ago, when just emerging from the blue apron period of my existence, I first met Mrs. W. F. Gilkey, and in 1866, when she appeared upon the stage as one of the graduates for that year of Williamette University, looked upon her as the incornation of all worldly wisdom. carnation of all worldly wisdom. In later years Mrs. J. B. Stilweil crossed my The ex the dog and the tar bucket, all path. As schoolmates we often swung played a part in contributing to the safety upon the same gate, not at the exme, but and the comfort of the expedition. But at distinctly different times. Another the ploneer boy baby was properly classed in the same category with Indians and choicra and short rations and sikali water as one of the trials and bardships of the trip. Normally, he was ravenous as a wolf and as omnipresent as the clusive associate for several years. His incumbency of that office propagity had been bency of that office propagity had been bency of that of the company of the several years. bency of that office probably had a beginning. It appears to have no end, Re-ceivers come and Receivers go, but Galloway runs on forever.

Another old Yambiil associate is Judge George H. Burnett. Years ago, in the in a court entirely different from that over which he now presides as the stern and unyielding autocrat of the bench of the

Third Judicial District.

Later still, in the Salem primaries and elsewhere, it has been my fortune to run counter to Hon, George G. Bingham, and with him as my associate to make my first political campaign in this county, with results so disastrous to those whose have never since been considered abso-

iutely indispensable.

These reflections and the fact that the green hills of this county, looming up in the northwest like a vision of fairyland, have been familiar sights since my earlies: boyhood, and that from time immemorial the State Fair has made me familiar within Yamhill calves and Yamhili pumpkins and Yamhill pioneers, and that concerns, one who, though not a native daughter, got her start in Oregon, in Yamhill County, on the old Nehemiah donation land claim, have given me reas-surance and place me en rapport, in my own mind at least, with the members of your association. The pedigree of every New Engiand blue blood runs back to Plymouth Rock and the Mayflower. In Plymouth Rock and the Mayflower. In coming generations the coat of arms of every blooded Oregonian must bear the insignia of old Yamhill. My descendants are handly are, happily, already within the charmed

swinging cranes and an abundance of good cheer. Then a Bible and Shakes-peare and Plutarch's Lives and Baxter's Call to the Unconverted constituted a In the old ploneer days. This may explain library, and then the old blue-backed the action of the executive committee of speller was the leading textbook in our public schools, and our most exhibitating sports were shinny and townball and hot pepper and three-cornered cat, There was a wholesome simplicity in our mannere, in our labors and in our sports. Those were days of rude plenty, of open methods and of wholesouled hospitality, more discretion-with the scars of the cactus plants obliterated, but bearing when our intercourse was marked by fewer of the requirements and amenities what his pristine beauty, are badges of experience, if not of wisdom, he greets the sturdler virtues and generous qualiyou with a full realizatzion of his want ties which honor our race in its

estate. As upon Independence day we recall year after year, the names and achievements of those who were spleuous in the revolutionary era, it is proper that upon these annually recurring occasions we should repeat the life story of those around whose careers eddied the pivotal events that saved Oregon for the Stars and Stripes and contributed so much to the earlier development of the Pacific Northwest.

Medorem Crawford, one of the earliest and most conspicuous of your pioneers for many years a leading and influential factor in the state, who came to Oregon in 1842, tells us that the only citizens he can remember as then residing within the limits of Yamhill County were Sidney Smith, Amos Cook, Francis Fletcher, James O'Neill, Joseph McLaughlin, Will-iams, Louis La Bonte and George Gay. Of these, Sidney Smith was long conspicu ous as a forceful, energetic and pro-gressive citizen. He came to Oregon in 1839, helped raise the first house built in The Dalles; for many months worked barefoot in the winter rains of Oregon at six bits a day, living meanwhile principally on hope and boiled wheat. Later, as his financial condition improved, he succeeded to the dignity of moccasins and buckskin breeches, and ultimately be-came a leading landed proprietor. His marriage in 1846 was one of the first celebrated in this county, and his daughter, Mrs Calbreath, wife of the Superintend-ent of our State Hospital for the Insane, if not the first, is one of the first white

women born in the county.

It is believed that the first marriage celebrated in this county was that of B. M. Robinson and Elizabeth Chrisman, the parents of Mrs. Mary A. Gilkey and Mrs. Eliza Stilwell. This marriage was solemnized by Rev. Enoch Garrison on the 14th day of April, 1845. Mrs. Gilkey, now the wife of Hon. W. F. Gilkey, one of the leading agrostologists of the state, was their oldest child, and her birth antedates that of Mrs. Calbreath by about one year. It is worthy of note that Mr. Rob-inson, who located here his donation claim in 1844, has ever since continued to live on the same claim, and today, although 87 years of age, he is in the enjoyment of excellent health. Let us hope that he may yet be spared many years to enjoy the fruits of his labors as one of the builders of this community.

George Gay, another strong character heretofore referred to, is given the credit heretofore referred to, is given the of erecting the first brick building in of erecting the first brick building in Oregon, which is said to stand as one the monuments marking the boundary line between Polk and Yamhill Counties. To Hon. George H. Hines, secretary of the State Pioneer Association, I am indebted for the story that J. C. Nelson. an honored pioneer still living among 24, 1844, directed the collection of the out-you, who came here in 1844, made, and standing funds and their payment into here used, the first grain cradic ever used the treasury of the Provisional Govern-

overland journey beyond The Dalles, where it had been thrown away, with other articles, by some immigrant who anticipated no use for them in the Willemette Valley

We are told that the first full cargo of Yamhill wheat, and the first ever ship-

of Yambill wheat, and the first ever shipped from Oregon to Liverpoool, was shipped by Joseph Watt, for more than a generation a resident of this county.

Jesse Applegate, one of the resily great
men of our ploneer era, though thereafter most closely identified with Southern
Oregon, began in this county his Oregon
career. He, with Abljah Hendrix, was a
member from Yambill County of the first
Legislature under the Provisional Government, and he is awarded the crudit
of being the author of the first law passed
in that body—an emergency law, pushed in that body-an emergency law, pushed through in 30 minutes-against duelling, to prevent Messrs. Campbell and Hold-

erness, two trate and impetuous ploneers, from meeting on the field of honor.

The first nominee of any Republican convention in the State of Oregon was S. C. Adams, long a resident of Salem, where he recently died. He was nominated at a convention held in Various of the state of the same of t nated at a convention held in Yamhill County November 22, 1856, to fill a vacancy by the resignation of A. P. Ankeny of his seat in the lower house of the Legislature, and was defeated by the redoubtable Andy Shuck. The first Re-

any heirs of the estate who might appear | and establish their claim. This same act appropriated \$1500 of the funds for the crection of a jail at Oregon City, the first crected west of the Missouri River. A singuar chain of circumstances is linked about the history of this unique character. He was among the first of the settlers of the Willamette Valley. He brought here the first herd of cattle. He was the first white man to build a house on the west side of the Willamette River, the projector of the first dirtillery in Oregon, the builder of the first sawmili in this county. He lies buried on the Donation Claim of one of the men to lo-cate Yamhili. He furnished the first cantate of the Northwest for probate, and his death gave impetus to that move-ment for a Provisional Government which snatched this great Northwestern Empire from Great Britain and placed it for-ever under the dominion of the Stars and

"No sketch of the Moneer era of this county is complete without a reference to 'Parson Billy Adr. s,' preacher, law-yer journalist' and all around literary athlete. He was famous in our early journalistic annals under the noms-de-plume of Junius and Brakspear, and as the Whig editor of the Oregon City Argus. A descendant of Ethan Allen, and redoubtable Andy Shuck. The first Republican in the state elected to fill any office was John R. McBride, a brother of ex-Senator George W. McBride, and a brother-in-law of S. C. Adams, and now a practicing attorney in Spokane. He was chosen in 1857 to represent Yamhill

SCORES MODERN CHURCH. During the absence of her husband from his pulpit recently, Mrs. Mary E. Frey, wife of the Rev. P. I. Frey, pastor of the East End Baptist Church, of 'illiamsport, Pa., took his place in the pulpit, and not only delivered an eloquent

> sation by her arraignment of the modern church. She declared that "men stumble over the church into hell." and "the world is farther away from Cod today than ever in its history. "Friends, what the Church of Jesus Christ needs today is another Pentccost." raid Mrs. Frey. "Souls are perishing, men and women are rus ing enward into perdition, and the church is not able to stem the awful tide of iniquity, for the church, which should be a mighty life-saving station, has lost its power to a large extent and is drifting into worldliness and

non, but created an enormous sen-

Some people declare the world is getting better, and many fine sermons and essays have been written in an attempt to prove this. But it is not The old world is a wreck and men are a failure.
"The world by degrees has crept into

the church until it is difficult to tell a church member from a non-professor. Many church members run to theaters, operas, play cards, dance, drink wine, follow the fashions of the world, cheat and lie. Another reason for the church's lack of power is that it caters to the world in its efforts to raise money for God's cause. Fairs, festivals, bazaars, private theatricals, anything, anyway, nowadays to get money.

Imagine Paul saying to Peter: 'Peter, we had better get up an ice cream festival to pay the expenses of the church in Corinth.' "No. thank God, they owed no man anything. They had no elegant churches, with costly stained glass windows and steeples piercing the heavens and a \$12,000

'Again, another cause for lack of power is the whole word of God is not preached from the pulpit. When pastors step acide from it to preach poli on the leading topic of the day there will be a lack of power in their lives and sinners will not be saved."

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County in the state constitutional con- married and started in life in the Missisvention and was the only Republican in that body. He was afterwards, in 1858, the first Republican nominee for Congress, but withdrew before the canvass gress, but withdrew before the canvass over in favor of David Logan, who was over in favor of David Logan, who was defeated at the polls. In 1882 he was was defeated at the polls. In 1882 he was again nominated and was the first Reagain nominated nomi

ever, in the earliest history of this county, and one of the central figures in the history of the state, was Ewing Young, a speculator and cattle baron, whose range at one time extended from Wapato Lake to the river east of Newand from the top of Chehalen Mountains on the north to the Handley hills on the south. A native of Tennessee and later a resident of New Mexico, he here from California in 1834 with herd of California mares and There soon followed an unsolleited letter f introduction from Figuero, General of California, to Dr. McLough lin, denouncing him as a horsethief. Later however, this letter was recalled with expressions of regret. Young has been of great force of character;" by another as "a man of mark, fond of adventure, and endowed with force of character," by another as "a very candid and scrupulously honest man, He erected the first dweiling built wes of the Willamette River, and started here, with a man named Carmichael, the building of the first distillery in Oregon This was appropriately located near the present site of the Quaker and prohibition town of Newberg. His distillery project, however, was abandoned out of respect for the earnest protests of Dr. McLoughlin, the Methodist missionaries and others, and instead he erected the first sawmill in the county. In 1836 he was at the head of a great cattle com pany, and as such went to California and purchased about 800 head. The story of the drive of this drove of cattle from California into the Willamette Valley which he reached with 630 head in Oc tober, 1837, after being harassed by the Indians for many weeks, well illustrates the determined character of the man, and reads like a veritable romance. These cattile were the progenitors of the herds that in later years swarmed in the Willamette Valley. His turbulent career ended in the Winter of 1840-41, when he dled attended by his friend, Sidney Smith and his body found its last resting place on the Sidney Smith Donation Claim in this county. His prominence and his wealth made his death a matter of more than passing importance,

It has been said that the early Pro visional Government in Oregon grew out of the death of Ewing Young and that its treasury was first filled from the funds of his estate. Who can estimate what was the effect of his death at that particular time, or how the current of affairs might have changed if it had been postponed 10 years? He left a large estate, but no then known relatives, and, dying intestate, the disposition of his perty became an important question emphasized the chaotic condition of affairs and led to the first attempt to form a Provisional Government. At his funeral was gathered a large proportion of the people of Oregon, and immediately after consigning his body to the grave. those in attendance selected a cor tee to call a mass meeting of the inhabi-tants of Oregon south of the Columbia River, to be held at the Methodist mission in the Willamette Valley on the 17th and 18th of February, 1841, "to take steps for the government of the community and to provide for the disposition of the estate of Ewing Young."

"The meeting which followed comprise nearly all-the white male adults south of the Columbia River and was designated as the 'primary meeting of the people of Oregon.' This primary meeting seems to have lapsed, but it was revived and consummmated in the famous meeting of May 2, 1843, at Champoeg, where the Pro-visional Government had its actual in-ception. Thereafter the provisional au-thorities took possession of Young's es-tate, settled it, loaned the proceeds to various individuals and later. Decembe anced man, for many years he practiced in Oregon. The story runs that he conment, pledging the faith of the Govern-law in Salem with but indifferent success.

sippi Valley with a threadbare suit of blue jeans and a purse of \$32,of which \$15 was furnished by his wife. After a check-ered experience he decided to set out for Oregon. President Campbell, hearing of his plans wrote him savients.

icss among savages?"
"He replied: Tilinois is not big enough

or good enough for me. My soul hun-gers for something Illinois cannot give. In Oregon I expect to find what I de-"To Oregon he came, reaching it only after many hardships. His money was exhausted when he had reached Oregon City, and he borrowed \$2 and paid all of it for ferriage across the river, except 10 cents, which he lost through a hole in his pocket. Thereafter his career re-opened in Yambill. Here he traded his wagon for 10 Spanish cows, whose increase kept him in meat for years. In 1848-9 he opened one of the first schools this county, his boy scholars coming to school in buckskin suits and mocca-sins and his girl scholars dressed in shirting, colored in tea grounds. These girls in after years had a creditable share in building up the pioneer commonwealth and among the moccasin-footed bo Dr. L. L. Rowland, afterwards State Su dent of Public Instruction, John R. McBride, afterwards a member of Congress from Oregon, and later Chief Justice of the State of Idaho, and George L. Woods, famous as a campaigner and as Governor of both Oregon and Utah, "Although still living, Adams has for almost a generation lived in comparative retirement. During the 10 years closing with the Civil War he was as a jour-nalist and campaigner the veritable storm center of the bitter political strife then raging in this state. He, as editor of the Argus, Dryer, as editor of The Oregonian, and Bush, as editor of the Salem Statesman, were a famous jour-nalistic trio, whose trenchant and vigorous editorials gave us what was long known as 'the Oregon style' of journal-ism. In one of the initial numbers of the Argus George L. Woods, the future Go ernor, is advertised as 'our traveling agent in the countles of Yamhiil Washington and Poik.' In one of his early editorials Adams denounced the Donation land law as one cause 'why schools were so few and so poor, as the land was held in such immense tracts—a mile square usually—that a school district could not support a decent teacher, nor could the legs of the children support the strain of carrying their owners so far to school. "The most prominent figure in ploneer history, who was identified with this immediate locality, was General Joel Pal-mer, a pioneer of 1845, and the founder of Dayton, who made the trip across the plains three times. Twice a member the Indiana Legislature before coming to Oregon, he was in 1858 appointed Superintendent of Indian Affairs for this state, and in that capacity gathered and centered on the Siletz and Indian Reservation all the Indian tribes of Southern and Western Oregon. Later he represented this county in the State Senate. In 1870 he was the unsuccessful Republican candidate for the Governorship of Oreogn. After first casting his fortunes with the pioneers of this state, he went to California and narrowly escaped becoming a citizen of California, but his love for the pastoral beauty of this locality brought him back to Dayton, where he erected our first mill, and later erected a second on the ruins. Here he spent his middle age and closing years, honored and respected as one of the most sturdy types of ploneer American man-

"Another of the well known ploneers of Dayton was A. L. Alderman, who, in 1848, here bought of a French half-breed, for 190 head of cattle, a tract of land whose boundary lines were somewhat inaccurately described as follows: "Begin in the morning on a cayuse horse; go west till the sun is very high; then go south till it is around towards the west and then back to the river." Here for a long time he went barefooted, sowing his wheat and planting his orchard and at one time selling the former at \$5 per bushel and the apples from the latter at \$16 per bushel. It is recorded that on this land he paid his first taxes in 1848 to Sheriff Hembree in cattle hides. "No roll of the ploneers of this county

would be complete that did not include the names of Burch, Holman, Snelling, Lamson, Burbank, Robinson, Hunsaker, Etton, Loughary, Eckman, Hewitt, Garr.son, Hembree, Chrisman, Watts, Laugh-lln, Merchant, Collard, Graves, Durbam, Stout, Olds, Bendrix, and scores of others living and dead. Those who have been referred to at long h are recalled because They present to our view presenting types of the men who conquered this land for civilization and made it a constituent part of the great American Union. These men were not outlaws. They were not roaming adventurers. They were not mere speculators. They were, as a rule, home builders of the best ploneer American type, and as a result, our early history is singularly free from those turbulent scenes of riot and personal violence which marked the early history of California, Nevada, Idaho and Montana.

"The motives that prompted our earliest immigration were various but the dom-inant motive was legitimate and patriotic, Senator Nesmith once declared that he was not quite certain that any rational answer could be given to the question why, in those days, any man should take his family and brave the terrors of mas-sacre and starvation to reach a land of vague and unknown possibilities such as Oregon then was. No journey within the confines of the civilized world, at this day, presents, in hardships and perils, parallel to the six months' journey in the 40's and 50's across what was known as the Great American Desert, Governo Peter H. Burnett has told us that the motive which inspired him was "more room, better and broader acres, better health, better returns for labor, and a land a little nearer Heaven than Missourl then was in which to die." Another has declared that he came "because the thing wasn't fenced in and nobody dared to keep him out."
"Hon. W. Lair Hill illustrated another

motive in his story of a Western orator who was flying the American eagle in the presence of a stranger who was paying such attention to his eloquence as indi-cated lively appreciation. Said the ora-tor: 'My foreign friend who sits before me would testify that even across the Atlantic the people are looking to the Stars and Strines as the source of their ultimate deliverance from kingly tyr-anny. You left the fatherland and braved the storms of the surging seas that you might enjoy the blessings of liberty under the segis of this very glorious old flag. did you not, my foreign friend?" 'Vell, no, mein freund, 'he answered, 'I can nicht dell no lies; and to dell the drood. Ich came to dis coundry to sell cheap ready made clodings.' But whatever the motive or lack of motive, whether or not it was mere instinct, or naked impulse, or well matured judgment, it brought us to a land whose resources and whose possibility yet almost totally updevel-oped, will ultimately make it the seat of a commercial empire that has yet had no parallel in history. It is not state pride or the exuberance of an evanescent enthusiasm that prompts this remark. America has but just begun the making of history. The century whose portals we are now entering will see, on this continent, more in practical development and commercial achievement than has seen seen in all the days since the landing

"Only two generations ago our ablest statesmen were standing on the floor of the United States Senate thanking God that he had interposed the impassable barrier of the Rocky Mountains between the National capital and the Oregon Ter-ritory; giving pledges that none of their boys should ever people this country un-less they were fit subjects for Botany Bay; giving elaborate figures to show no representative from this state could go and return from the National capital in less than 531 days and at an expense of less than \$3728, proving beyond a doubt the impossibility of build-ing a transcontinental railroad without tunneling through mountains five or six hundred miles in extent and at a cost that would absorb all the wealth of the Indies. The brilliant Senator McDuffle, of South Carolina, publicly proclaimed that for agricultural purposes the whole territory was not worth a pinch of snuff, and Daniel Webtster denounced it as a vast and worthless area, a region of avages and wild beasts, of deserts and shifting sands, whirlwinds of dust, of

cactus and of prairie dogs. were spouting eloquent nonsense in the National halls of legislation, thousands of men, with less reputation, but more patriotism and common sense, were in-vading these shores, and Lieutenant William Peel, son of the English Pre-Sir Robert Peel, lending a cavalcade from the English sloop of war Modeste, and standing upon the soil of Yamhili County, within gunshot of where we are now assembled, was declaring This is certainly the most beautiful country in its natural state my eyes ever beheld. I only regret to say I am afraid we are not going to be the iwners of it.'
This was the cool and defiberate utterance of an allen whose disappointment at the prospective loss of the country would rather lead him to depreciate than to unduly praise. Surfeited, for half a century, with the fruits of her rich soil, and lulled to lethargy by the influences of her soporific climate, your content-ment is mute, but convincing, attestation of the fact that Oregon in her surpassing wealth of natural endowments stands second to no other in the great sister-

"The natural habitat of the old story of the evangelist and the ploneer is Yamhill County. After a lurid exposition of the torments of the infernal regions, the preacher said to his congregation: "All of those present who wish to go to Heaven will please arive." All rose except an old ploneer.

hood of states.

"All of those who wish to go to hell will please rise." Nobody rose. The evangelist, adressing the old man, said: "My friend, I see that you do not respond to either proposition." "Well, stranger," was the response, "the fact of the business is I don't care to

go anywhere. Old Yamhill is good enough "That is the spirit of absolute content. out to make this land pre-eminent as the world's paradise, we need the steam and enthusiasm of California, the land of brag and sand and sunshine and jack-California is man-made. Oregon is God made, and many of us hesitate to attempt to improve upon the handlwork of the Almighty, and we suffer in the estimation of the world thereby. Southern California, sweltering season after season in the vapors of her own far-famed and ncomparable ozone, boasts of her glorclimate, projects endless sche irrigation, deprecates with a patronizing air an annual rainfall of 40 inches in Oregon, and periodically sends up petition for remission of taxes on account drouths, and begs the Governor to set apart a day of fasting and prayer for a copious downfall of rain. Nerve like that, coupled with money, will overthrow em-pires and establish kingdoms. "It has required enormous sums to give to California what God has given in mani-

fold measure to the State of Oregon. Here is the happy mean, where we escape alike the discomforts of the heat of the tropics and the cold of the North, Indeed, our genial climate and our fertile soil would tend to enervate a man of even the superior type of a Bradford, and temper the snap of a Miles Standish. The harsh climate of the sterile soil of New England has given strength and fiber to citizenship, as the sunny skles of Italy have had largely to do with making her a third-rate power. In a measure, we are here handicapped with the disadvantage of superior advantages. For three-quarters of the year ours is the best climate on the face of the globe. For the remainon three-quarters of the globe. Handlcapped as we are, like a pampered fa-vorite of fortune, the great outside world will yet force our development, for we lie directly in the line of the future great highway of nations. If we do not choose to lead, the current will eddy and circle

about, and sweep over and en

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with its surging waters. General Cass could boast that he had talked with those who had conversed with the children of the Pilgrims. Three centuries hence, he who can boast that he' has talked with those who had conversed with the children of Oregon's pioneers will stand in the light of three centuries that have seen greater achievements than all the precd-

ing ages of the world.

"The march of the pioneer along the lines of geographical exploration and de-velopment is nearing its end, but the march will still continue along the avenues of commerce and invention. Morgan and Carnegie are but the forerunners of a new era of development, and Edi and Tesla and Marconi are merely children playing at the threshold of the temple of invention. The Almighty has placed no limitation upon the genius of man, and coming achieve-ments will outrun the dreams of our wildest visionaries. In coming days, how pitiactus and of prairie dogs.

"In two more generations this North-cles of the statesmen who ® years ago west Territory will equal a dozen such states as South Carolina and Massachusetts. While these political theorists opening up this great highway for the armies that were and are to follow, for here, over the graves of those who con-quered this land, will resound the tread of millions, and over their head will sweep

the current of the world's traffic. "The day is coming when this remote corner will be no longer a remote corner, but a teeming center with millions of souls and billions of wealth. What was once the wilderness is to assume power and the proportions of a mi the empire. That day will see these towns as cities, these villages as towns, farms as throbbing hamlets, and hills and fields of beauty, smiling in their heavenly garniture of green, blooming anew at the touch of genius and of edu cated industry. Thomas H. Benton, fight ing the cause of the Northwest, and pointing his prophetic finger Oregonward exclaimed: "There is the East; there is India!" His keen vision was even then penetrating a future ripe with greater posibilities than those that have ever ye confronted any age or any people, and a destiny in the face of which language is mute and eloquence is dumb. When ut-tering these prophetic words he pointed over the trackless wastes of a continent, divided by great rivers, and by mountain barriers cut by trails known only to the Indian and the trapper, while still beyond rolled the restless waters of a great ocean. That undeveloped continent has been re-claimed. Those mighty rivers have been bridged. Those mountain trails given way to a half dozen transcontinental lines, and across the wastes of the ocean beyond our commerce has made its way by well-defined paths into the citadels of

the Orlent. "Our real history and our real development is all in the future. Here soon throb the loudest pulsations of world's great heart and along these lines will course back and forth the commer-cial currents of National and international life. In the coming days some future Benton from his seat in the Natio capital may paraphrase the words of his great predecessor, and, looking hither-ward, say that here is the brightest jewel in the American crown, and, pointing along the line of Hawaii and the Philip pines and over an ocean white with the sails of American merchant marine, ex-"There is the East; there is America." Then will have ripened into full fruition all of the hopes and all of the labors of those whose lives and whose work we commemorate upon this occa-

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circuits from the Niagara power-house to Buffalo, two of which are copper, and in-stalled on the same pole line. The third circuit is strung upon a separate pole line throughout its entire length, and is of aluminum instead of copper. This aluminum line has the same resistance as each of the other two, and is composed of three cables of 500,000 circular miles each, made up of 37 strands. At the present market price of copper wire, it is cheaper to use aluminum for overhead lines where conductors do not have to be insulated. The conductivity of aluminum is less than copper, and the price per pound is greater, but the volume per aluminum is much greater than that of copper, on account of the lower specific gravity of the metal. When, therefore, esistance per pound is taken as the basis for comparison, aluminum is found to be

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