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JAMES G. BLAINE

The end came at 11 a. m. on the morning of January 27th, 1893. Very peaceful and serene with him was the parting moment. He had recognized his friends and smiled upon them; then in a little while he sank into unconsciousness and from this into the last eternal sleep, the transition was without a shudder or an apparent pang of suffering. James G. Blaine was dead and the nation mourned such sorrow as it but rarely bestows, and that only upon those sons she has loved the best.

Born in 1839, Mr. Blaine was far from being an old man. Nature gave him an excellent constitution, and he never undermined it by any kind of dissipation. Whatever form, however, his fatal disease may have taken, he certainly fell a victim to overwork. His powers of concentration and endurance were wonderful. His last great labor was in conducting the correspondence with the Italian government over the New Orleans massacre. He could not regenerate after that strain. He had never spared himself in any public service, and no persuasion of friends could induce him to make a new departure then.

Mr. Blaine was one of the greatest secretaries of state this country ever had, which is saying a great deal, for the roll of that office, beginning with Jefferson and embracing John Quincy Adams, Clay, Webster, Marcy and Seward, is conspicuously honorable. Mr. Blaine's reputation as a statesman will largely rest upon his career in this office. As a member of congress and speaker of the house he was a party leader, a politician of the highest sense of that term, but still a politician. When he was put in charge of the state department he broadened his base and widened his vision. He then had to deal with nations, and not with parties. The interests in trust to him were those of all the people of the United States. He had a keen appreciation of the difference, and an adaptability which amounted to genius.

Whatever he had to do James G. Blaine has always done it so well that it seemed to be the one thing he was made for. In his early manhood he achieved state reputation as a campaign manager. An eloquent orator and popular on the stump, he conducted some of the most brilliant campaigns of American politics, all the while keeping his own personality in the background, and not showing any impatient haste to supersede older men in his own state. The consequence was that he acquired a hold upon the hearts of the people of Maine before he had begun to be so widely known which nothing could shake.

His national career began with his election to the speakership in 1869, but the country had very little appreciation of his superb powers until the first post-war democratic house of representatives came into power 1875. As the leader of the minority on the floor of congress he electrified the republican party and won a following of admiration which made him ever after a great party leader. He was the very embodiment of republicanism as an aggressive force. No other leader of his generation had such a great opportunity, and he improved it so well that when at last he was nominated for the presidency it took a complication of disastrous accidents to beat him.

That campaign of 1884 left Mr. Blaine with enfeebled health. His refusal to be a candidate in 1888 was due to the shadow of death, a shadow that steadily darkened and took more and more definiteness of shape until now it has given place to the substance.

It is difficult to estimate a great political career while the smoke of conflict still hangs over the field of battle. But certain it is that up to the time that Mr. Blaine was forced by failing health to gradually withdraw himself from public affairs he was the most potential personality in American politics.

As the dead statesman is followed to the tomb, candid men of whatever partisan belief, are paying tribute to his name according to his worth. As an instance the appended excerpt from the Evening Telegram, radically democratic and the ablest of its party in the state, is the germ of eloquence and considerate justice. We quote:

"Mr. Blaine's place in American history is as fixed and permanent as that of his great prototype, George Washington. There was much in

two men, and a striking similarity in their political careers. Both men were brilliant leaders; both the objects of hero worship among their partisans, and both died without reaching the goal of their ambition.

There can be no partisanship in the universal grief over the death of the great statesman. He belonged to all America, and all Americans mourn his loss. We are proud of his name and his fame, and, forgetful of all the foibles of the man, we cherish the memory of his greatness, and of his patriotic devotion to American institutions. After life's fitful fever may he sleep well."

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Many of our exchanges are in distress over the employment of so many clerks in connection with legislative work. There is a certain class of good, pious people who believe that a preacher ought to cut cord wood six days of the week and preach a learned sermon on Sunday. No doubt the number of clerks is excessively large and expensive, but in criticizing this fact, we must go beyond the fact to the cause of it.

If there were no committees needed, standing or special, there would be calls for very few clerks. Now then, if there were no public institutions—say normal school, agricultural college, etc., with their beneficiaries; no insane people to necessitate an asylum, no law-breakers making use for the penitentiary, no railroad traffic to call for investigation, no county division schemes, land grant jobs, special taxation bills and the thousand and one concerns of local or private character that spring from every nook and corner of the state every session—if there were none of these affairs to be attended to there would be no need for committees and consequently the "clerk nuisance" would be a matter unknown.

These matters, like the poor, "ye have with ye always," however, and the only question about it is, who is accountable for it. Unless it be that everlasting, restless, energetic, discontented, ever-changing combination of the body politic yelp "we the people!" Legislators in the outcome are judged by the salutary measures they accomplish for the benefit of the commonwealth as well as their peculiar constituencies. They are granted a certain time to do their work in. This does not contemplate that in addition to their legitimate duties of examining into, introducing and considering measures they shall be expected to keep books, and accounts, and other clerical details that in most instances make up a good man's work by itself. It may be that the coming legislator will be one of those we hear of, who will hurl himself into the breach, fairly aching to devote 24 hours each of 40 straight days as a wise law-maker, a general swash-buckler for the deluge of petty jobs, a book keeper and accountant for the whole caboodle, while at the same time he will be willing to work for his board, and do chores for what he eats, thereby saving the people that expense. Such a personage, however, doesn't answer to roll call at this assembly; his name in fact does not adorn in prismatic brilliancy the sable horizon that shades the dim future from our ken. Hence the obnoxious clerk is legitimately here; he is here to stay until that felicitous period when the average constituency has nothing to ask of its legislative champions—no, not even so much to ask for as a cushion for his various county seat.

The bill before the legislature requiring railroads to fence in their lines is pronounced by the press generally as a good one. Of course it is. There is no reason why a railroad juggernaut that generally forces its way through men's lands whether they are willing or not, should be allowed peaceably to further transform those premises into a system of slaughter pens on a pay-nothing basis, any more than a circus should have unquestioned license to turn a herd of elephants loose on the same sort of a swath across the country. The railroad animal ought to be restrained from violence upon the interests of men, as well as the circus animal.

When King's bill to distribute the 5 per cent. fund, now in the hands of the state treasurer, came up for its third reading yesterday in the house, Geer of Clackamas moved to amend it so as to distribute the fund equally among the counties regardless of area, etc., but it was lost. Upton wanted to amend by directing Curry county's portion to be expended on the road between Port Orford and the Coos county line but that, too, failed of adoption, and the bill passed with 47 yeas to 10 nays.—Statesman.

Judge Pennypacker of court No. 2 yesterday granted a charter to the "Society of the war 1812." The society numbers among its members fifty-five veterans, scattered throughout the Union. David McCoy, aged 102, is probably the eldest. He resides in San Bernardino, Cal. When he volunteered in 1812 he furnished his own gun and horse. There are several members whose age, it is said, approach 100, and Abram Daily of Brooklyn, who is over 97, signed the charter without glasses in a clear, legible hand.—Philadelphia Record.

MURDER'S FRIGHTFUL RECORD.

The murder role of 1892 shows the same steady increase of crime and the steady decline of justice that has been noted for many years past.

The Chicago Tribune has carefully collected the statistics of murders, lynchings, legal hangings, suicides and the like for several years. The number of murders it shows for 1892 was 6,792. In 1891 the number was 5,905, in 1890 it was 4,290, in 1889 it was 3,567 and in 1887 it was 2,335.

The increase of murder has accompanied a steady decline in hanging by judicial decree. The number of judicial hangings was 123 in 1891 and 107 in 1892. To make up for the decrease in judicial hangings there has been an increase in the number of lynchings. The lynchings that were 135 in 1891 jumped to 236 in 1892.

What is the reason this remarkable increase in murder? Is the country becoming more lawless? It would certainly appear so when the number of murders is doubled in four years and exceeds by over 1,000 men the number killed on both sides in the bloodiest battle of the civil war.

The explanation says the Examiner is not hidden very deep under the figures. The declaration of the shrewd criminal that "Hanging is played out" is justified by the record. Only one murderer in sixty five was punished by judicial hanging. The lynchings scored a better record, but lynchings have their drawbacks, and even these took only one murderer in thirty.

A lynching is as complete in its way in disposing of a murderer as a legal hanging, but it accomplishes only the least important part of a set punishment for murder. The object of hanging a murderer is not only to avenge the crime, but to warn other evil-disposed persons that the death punishment will follow murder. The action of mob law is so sporadic that any moral effect in deterring criminals is usually wanting.

It is clear enough to any one who will use his eyes that the law has become so tangled up in technicalities that it is less and less a deterrent to violence and murder. When a man knows that there is only one chance in sixty-five that he will be hanged for murder the evilly disposed are not likely to hesitate to shoot and cut when any one offends them.

This is why murderers are not convicted, sentences of death are not executed and the murder record runs up at the frightful rate presented above.

Hanging is "played out" under the present laws and murder holds the board. It is time there was a new deal.

The Hawaiian native government was turned out to grass, by a revolution the other day, and a provisional government having been formed it made an appeal for annexation to the United States. Commissioners are at Washington negotiating. It is said the preponderance of governmental sentiment, including President Harrison, favors annexation. A representative of the British government is reported as intimating that England, France and Germany are not likely to consent to American acquisition of the island. Adherents of the deposed queen say the revolution was a put up job in which Americans took a prominent part, and this is denied. The facts in the case may be known later on. There is an admirable opportunity for the United States government to "make haste slowly" in this business.

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A LETTER FROM DOVER.

DOVER, N. H., Jan. 22, 1893.

EDITOR GAZETTE.—Do you know what you have done for me? I say do you know what you have done for me? I would not write to you while the full heat of my just and righteous anger was upon me for fear I might use language unworthy a man of my ability, but now that my wrath has somewhat abated I think that I may trust myself to read you a short lecture, which—though it may not be acceptable—I trust will be beneficial. Here had I been three whole weeks telling everyone with whom I held converse of the many advantages we possessed in far away Oregon, dwelling at length on our delightful summers, our mild though misty winters; I had told them of our noble forests, our fields of waving grain; I pictured to them the beautiful Willamette as it winds its way through a country rich in agriculture; I had told them that high winds were unknown to us, that snow was a curiosity—in short, I had given them to understand that with us it was almost perpetual summer, and that our scenery was unsurpassed and while I have been thus eulogizing my "sunset home," you have been seated in your editorial sanctum and, while surrounded by every luxury, ignoring the many gifts with which nature has surrounded you, have with one sweep of your diabolical pen unraveled the whole beautiful fabric, causing my hitherto spotless name to be used as a synonym for everything untruthful. Nevertheless, like Banquo's ghost "I will not down," but, Phoenix like, out of the ashes of my former defeat rise to higher, a nobler life.

Speaking of a nobler life naturally suggests love and marriage, now how love can exist in this climate I am at a loss to understand. Picture to yourself a young bride standing at the altar with icedrops on her silky eyelashes, an icicle hanging from the nose of the groom, while cold waves play at hide and seek up and down the spinal column. Can love exist under such conditions? Never. The idea is preposterous, and without love marriage is a failure. Now I do not intend reading you a dissertation on this subject—I am an simply giving you some of my thoughts—one cannot help thinking even though imbedded in an iceberg, and I am so near it that the illustration is applicable for this has been the coldest winter known in these parts for fifty years. The mercury has been caving around down about zero—most of the time away below for the past six weeks, and out of door exercise has not been considered, generally speaking, pleasant. But having friends living at Portsmouth, a seaside town of some twelve or fourteen thousand inhabitants, ten miles east of Dover, whom I was anxious to see, I boarded the train one frosty morning and wended my way thither.

On first entering Portsmouth, the narrow, irregular streets, the old style of architecture, the absence of street railways, etc., are so suggestive of the good old colonial times that one cannot help noting the absence of the powdered wig, the clawhammer coat with gilt buttons, the frilled shirt-front, the knee pants and buckles, and other articles that went to make up the apparel of our good old forefathers of yore ancient times. But on further investigation the many modern improvements not noticed at a casual glance, gradually dispel the illusion and one finds oneself in an active, bustling city. Portsmouth boasts of having the largest dry and fancy goods store, the largest and most commodious hotel, the largest and best equipped brewery, and the largest boot and shoe factory in the state of New Hampshire.

I would have greatly enjoyed visiting all of these establishments but my time being limited had to confine myself to a visit to the last named, an immense brick structure six stories in height. I was taken in charge by Col. Berry, the superintendent, who kindly showed me over the entire building; and I assure you it is a sight worth seeing. Twelve hundred operatives were busily engaged tending machinery, there being but little of the work done by hand. I had known something of the inner workings of a shoe factory twenty-five years ago, but I find it was then in its infancy; the inventive genius of the past quarter of a century has been something wonderful. I passed a couple of hours in this establishment, and then my time having expired took my way homeward, thinking if every one were as pleasant as general Col. Berry what a happy world this would be. W. E. PAUL.

EUGENE REGISTER: From all appearance there is no chance for any of the county division schemes to get through the legislature. There are too many of them and there is a strong tendency to treat them all as the road bills were treated two years ago.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A lodge of the Native sons of Oregon is talked of in Salem.

Tramps are shying throughout the Willamette valley numerously.

The Knights of Pythias of Eugene are working on their new rituals.

Putting up ice is one of the industries at The Dalles. Boogie! Poke up the fire, please.

John Corbett, a brother of the famous pugilist, is in jail at Portland on a charge of vagrancy.

The late storm was severe throughout eastern Oregon, the wind blowing at the rate of 40 miles an hour and driving the snow into drifts.

Of 522 persons admitted to the insane asylum of this state the past two years 77 were natives of Oregon, 235 of other states, and 169 were foreign born.

Prune raising in southern Oregon has proved most profitable, one farmer last season receiving \$2079 for prunes raised on ten acres, while a neighbor received \$1892 for the product of eight acres. From one half to seven-tenths is the net profit, according to variations of prices.

The Territorial Enterprise, published as a morning daily at Virginia City, Nevada, for more than 32 years, has stopped. In its prosperous days it had such versatile writers as Mark Twain and Dan de Quille. That state is decreasing in wealth and population. Her electoral vote, which was 19,700 in 1876, was only 49,700 in 1892.

Two bills have been introduced, nearly alike. One provides that "If any person other than an officer on lawful business, being armed with gun, pistol or other firearms, shall go or trespass upon any inclosed premises or lands, without the consent of the owner or possessor thereof, such trespasser shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction thereof shall be punished by a fine not less than \$15 nor more than \$50, and in default of payment of the fine imposed shall be committed to the jail of the county in which the offense is committed one day for every \$2 of the said fine." One of the bills to make it unlawful for hunters to shoot from or upon the county road, and dogs trespassing upon the premises or land of another may be killed by the land-owner without further ceremony.

A FIRE BRAND fell into camp the other day, when a bill was introduced to require a two thirds vote necessary to locate or relocate a county seat. The delegation from Polk is expected at this juncture to paddle out its little log.

MISSIONARY'S STORY

How He Suffered from Eczema. Doctors Failed. Grew Worse. Death Only Relief Expected.

I have been troubled with chronic Eczema on my limbs for many years, and it has caused me much suffering and loss of time. I had tried many remedies, but without success. I had consulted a good physician, but he could do nothing for me. I was in a desperate condition, and I was expecting death. I was in a desperate condition, and I was expecting death. I was in a desperate condition, and I was expecting death.

Worse and worse. Death would have been a relief, and it was the only relief I expected. Just then my wife (I thank God for a good one) found the book you sent in some out-of-the-way place and read it through. She discharged the attending physician and said we would try the

Cuticura Remedies

Procured one box of Cuticura, one cake of Cuticura Soap, and a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent. I began to use them about the middle of last August, procuring a new supply when the first was exhausted. I am now well and strong, and I am engaged in missionary work in the county for eighteen years. To recommend the Cuticura Remedies to suffering humanity will be a part of my missionary work in the future.

P. O. BOX 11, MORGAN, SULLIVAN CO., N. Y.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times. Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50c. Soap, 25c. Resolvent, 50c. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Paine & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

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Columbus at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella.

And besides all this, THE EXAMINER will this year distribute among its subscribers 9,000 Premiums, aggregating in value the stupendous sum of \$135,000. This is the fourth annual distribution, and the list of premiums is larger and more valuable than ever before offered. Remember that these premiums entail no additional expense to the subscriber whatever. They are absolutely free. The cost of the WEEKLY EXAMINER, together with these magnificent premiums offered, is

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Among the counties proposed to be divided at this session of the legislature, Benton county comes in twice, Lane twice, while other counties are Umatilla, Union, Grant, Gilliam, Crook, Wasco, Tillamook, Benton and Clackamas.

Bishop Brooks, the eminent Episcopal divine of Boston, died suddenly of heart failure the 23d inst.

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A tract of land situated on the Little Elk road, known as the Pariah ranch, for sale at \$10.00 per acre cash, on or before the 1st of November, 1892.

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