MAMMA'S HAN'KER.

Our dear little Helen, not three years old,
More precious to us than her weight in gold,
Had always slept in her mother's room,
On her own little bed by the larger one.

There, tired with play, fast asleep she would lie,
Mamie and Julie and Anna close by;
Those dear, precious dolls and nursey kept
The little one company while she slept.

But mamma was ill, and the child one night
Was carried away from her mother's sight—
Poor, little, grieved darling! She sobbed and cried.
Nor with dolls or book could be pacified.

All at once a bright thought entered her head—
"Pease, Damma, dear, mamma's han'ker," she said,
"To wipe my tears!" Grandma speedily went
And brought the han'ker to the child's content.

And every night, while mamma was ill,
For comfort she clung to the han'ker still;
Her favorite dolls on her pillow might rest,
But mamma's han'ker was hugged to her breast.

I clasped the child in a loving embrace,
And kissed very fondly the upturned face;
The tears were all gone—she smiled—and I thought,
What a magical change the han'ker had wrought-

My own eyes were dim, and the tears would come,
My thoughts went back to my childhood's home;
And I heartily wished—for all my years—
For my mamma's han'ker to wipe my tears!

(MRS.) MARY A. TOWNSEND.

"PIPPO."

There was once a little black and tan dog, whose name was Pippo; his mother's name was Nola, and his father's name was Cricket; Cricket had little sharp ears that stuck straight up in the air, and Nola had long ears that hung down, and Pippo admired both his parents very much.

When he looked at his father he would say to himself: "How brave and handsome Papa Cricket looks, with his ears standing up so straight," then he would try to hold his ears up in the same way; when he looked at his mother he thought: "How pretty and graceful Mamma Nola is, her ears flop so beautifully when she runs," then he would try to hold his down, so they would flop too.

Now I do not know whether one of Pippo's ears was stiffer than the other or not, but I do know that after awhile his right ear stood up all the time, while his left one always hung down, which gave him a very funny one-sided appearance.

Pippo lived on a farm where there was a big barnyard, he, his papa and mamma had a big kennel in this barnyard, and three times a day a good woman who was the farmer's wife, would come out and bring a plate of nice juicy bones, and sometimes a pan of milk for the dog family, then they would all three stand around the dish and eat until every bit was gone, and each of them had had just enough.

Pippo was very fond of the farmer's wife, and always wished he could do something to help her; he was a grateful little dog, and was always wishing to help someone.

Right next to the barnyard where Pippo lived there was a big hen-house, inside this hen-house, all along each side, was a row of square openings like little doorways, that led into a long box that was fastened to the side of the hen-house, and all partitioned off into little rooms, each room having one of those doorways into the hen-house, and nice clean straw all over the floor.

Pippo did not know all about that, but he had often seen the hens go into the hen-house, and after awhile come out and go about cackling as if they had done something very smart, then the farmer's wife would come out and go up to that long box, raise a little hinged cover, and take out something white and oblong in shape; sometimes she opened all the covers, (for there was one above each little room), then her whole apron would be full of eggs.

Now Pippo thought the hens must have something to do with those pretty white things; he did not know they were eggs, but he knew the farmer's wife liked to have all she could find, and one day he heard her say: "I haven't seen anything of old grey hen for some time." Then the farmer said: "I heard her cluckin' around here a good while, shouldn't wonder if she'd stole a nest somewhere and was goin' to set."

Pippo had no idea what all that meant, but the next day he saw the old grey hen, and made up his mind to follow her and see if he could find some eggs for the farmer's wife.

She had just come out of the stable, and had her feathers ruffled up so she looked a little cross; Pippo thought it might be better to go in the stable and look around while she was gone, so he slipped in quietly and looked through the empty stalls, and by and by he came to the one where Dell, the grey horse was; he kept out of the way of Dell's feet, and the good old horse put down his nose and sniffed at him, but he and Pippo were good friends, and Dell would not hurt the little dog for the world.

Dell was eating hay, and some of it had fallen through the cracks in the manger, and what do you think? the old grey hen had found it and scratched it around into a nest, and right there under the manger lay twelve beautiful white eggs; so far under that the farmer had never seen them at all.

Pippo was so happy he barked with joy, then he picked up one of the eggs in his mouth, and it was so large his little jaws could just hold it; he held his head up high, and started toward the house very slowly, for fear he would drop it.

He carried it to the back door and found that shut, so he went around to the front of the house, and climbed up the steps, which were very high, so high he could hardly climb up with the egg in his mouth; then when he got upon the porch he found that door shut, too; he did not know just what to do, but he thought if he put the egg right by the door the farmer's wife could not fail to find it, so he put it down, and waited for just a minute, and while he was waiting something happened that surprised him very much; the porch was made to slant down a little, so the water would run off when it rained, and when Pippo put the egg down it began to roll toward the edge of the porch, and before he could catch it it fell over on the first step and went spat, spat down the whole flight, and the outside of it came right in two, and a funny yellow kind of stuff ran out in a little stream all down the nice clean steps.

Pippo had not had any idea such a thing as this was going to happen, and he hurried down the steps to run and hide, but just at the foot he met his mother, who asked him in dog language what he had been doing; and he told her he had ben trying to help the farmer's wife, and she saw the broken egg and asked him if he did that; so he told her all about it, for he had found it was better to tell his mother everything.

She told him to come home with her, and when they got to the kennel she talked to him a long time, all in dog language; it sounded like this: "Bow wow, wow, r, r, r, rf, rf, rf, yap, yap, yap," but when translated it meant: "You are a kind little dog to want to help the farmer's wife, but you see you are not old enough yet to understand about everything, and it would be better to ask your father or me, before you do anything like that, besides, you have no right to take the old grey hen's eggs while she is gone; do not take any more, but wait awhile, and see what will happen."

Just then the farmer's wife opened the door and saw the spilled egg. "My goodness!" said she, "what a nasty mess on the front steps. I wonder how it came here." She got a broom and some water and scrubbed it all off, and never found out how it came there, for Pippo could not tell her.

And Pippo waited, as his mother had told him to, to see what would happen, and did not disturb the old grey hen, and Dell never told what was going on under his manger, and one day while Pippo sat in front of the kennel in the sunshine, right out of the stable door stalked the old grey hen, clucking loudly, just like the fussy old thing she was, and all around her, cheeping at the top of their voices, were eleven little yellow chicks, and the old hen could not count, so she never knew that there ought to have been twelve.

IN BROADCLOTH GARB.

What a Well-dressed Man Wears—Hints to Our Male Society Buds.

A man in his salad days is apt to pay much attention to his clothes, indeed it is one evidence of the approach of the tender passion. In later years that fatal indifference that steals upon us unawares is sure to invade even the sacred domain of the tailor and hatter with disastrous results. A bachelor may grow more finical in taste as time slips away, but a married man is doomed; some even becoming so depraved as to let their wives select their neckties.

While Salem is not subject to the same fluctuations in styles that obtain in our large cities yet the innate love of the beautiful that impels a man to gaze into every inch of mirror he sees, may make a few suggestions timely in regard to what a well-dressed man should wear.

For morning wear the coat is confined to the sack or cutaway. A Derby or soft hat should be worn with the former, a silk one being permissible with the latter. The accepted afternoon dress is always a Prince Albert frock coat. This is full dress for any social function that occurs before dinner. Trousers should be inconspicuous at all time, checked ones being a relic of barbarism.

A dress suit is never correct for any occasion whatever before dinner. It should be worn to formal dinners and for other evening entertainments at discretion. Incidentally, the cut of the dress coat is longer than formerly, indeed there seems to be a tendency to lengthen all coats, while trousers are made full at the top and smaller at the bottom in peg-top style. A man's linen should be severely simple, not too highly polished, and above suspicion in its purity. He should avoid embroidered and fancy styles in shirts. Collars and cuffs should be made on the shirt and pearl studs are in better taste than diamonds.

While the artistic nature of the well-dressed man is largely shown in his linen, the tie should be the piece de resistance, the finishing touch to a work of art. The four-in-hand scarf is the most approved. When in black it should have some pattern in it. Perhaps there is nothing so abused as to time of wearing as the white tie. Like the dress coat it should not be donned before dinner. Even in the dog days, delicate pink, blue and lavender linen ones are better form.

To that rash mortal who would wear a ready-made tie, one word of advice is given: Don't."

If the fin-de-siccle youth would be very English let him wear his watch chain attached to a trousers' button leading down to the right trousers' pocket where the watch is kept.

TAXATION OF CHURCH PROPERTY.

We believe that all church property to exceed the value of $1,000 should be taxed just as other property. Almost every community is now unduly taxed by the too numerous church buildings. If taxing church property does away with some of the church buildings in each community, there will be developed a more tolerant and religious spirit for men and women with but an almost imperceptible shade of diverence in religious beliefs will be drawn closer together and worship God in true holiness, and much of the petty jealousy and enmity now existing will be done away. Let us build hospitals where they are so badly needed and do away with superfluous churches. Real religion is practical, and practical outside of church buildings in deeds of love. While we maintain that all men should be allowed to worship God according to the dictates of conscience so long as such "dictates" interferes not with the business or liberties of others, we do advocate the taxation of valuable church property, and would call the attention of the present legislature to this matter. We do most heartily endorse this part of Gov. Lord's message. "Where one class of property is taxed and another to any large extent allowed to escape, the burdens of government are not equally shared." It may be said of Japan that she thoroughly understands her own affairs, and resents interference. She has shown herself capable of chastising and dictating terms of peace to a mighty empire. Why then should she ask help from a nation which like America, has shown herself incapable of harmonizing her own discordant elements, chief of which is the clash between labor and capital? When America has swept her own doorstep then will it seem more consistent for her statesmen to offer to arbitrate and legislate for other nations. Perhaps Japan has not forgotten the strained relation that once existed between herself and America, when the latter gobbled up Japanese shekels without value given.

"SADIE."

(A Southern Oregon Sunbeam.)

The latter part of May, 1894, a small party started out from Jacksonville, Oregon, to visit the famous Sturgis mine—nine miles distant. The day was perfect, not a cloud in the sky to shadow the ardor of anticipation, as the occupants of carriages and buggies started to ascend the mountain that rises back of Jacksonville; the foothills were broidered with vineyards and orchards, rich in their green foliage, and high above them the broad driveway wound around a steep circuitous grade, with here and there a small stream of sparkling water dropping from the mountain side into the culvert below, forming a pleasing contrast to the heat and dust that oppressed the air. When the summit was reached and the tired horses stopped for a short rest, while with widely distended nostrils they drew in the fresh air of the mountain top, the entire party turned its eyes backward to gather in the beauties of Rogue river valley, that lay spread out like a gorgeous panorama at its feet. From the deep blue line of the Siskiyous, to the Table Rocks, the placid waters of Bear creek flowed in ceaseless murmurings, until they were lost in the waters of Rogue river, and swept by its resistless tide onward to the sea. Numerous villages and hamlets, silent in the distance, but with the smoke curling up from mills and workshops, told of the ceaseless rounds of busy life within them. A Southern Pacific railway train was sweeping southward through the valley, telling its story of commercial and industrial life that had called it hither. In the east Mt. McLaughlin reared its snow-capped head high above the Cascade range, and numerous smaller peaks were variously conjectured to be worthy of historic names with never a caviler, whether to call them Mt. Tacoma or Mt. Ranier, and for once that vexed question was sweetly settled by giving place to each. Surely no fairer picture was ever transferred from summer landscape to the imperishable walls of memory than swung out that day from a cloudless sky in the valley of Rogue river. Again the mine; down the steep hillside, over mountain gorges, and across the limpid streams, the party wended its way, basking in the grateful shade of the forest, and drinking the variegated beauty and bloom that filled the air with delicious fragrance. The home of the proprietor of the mine was reached; not the ideal miner's cabin of the past, but the neat modern home of the householder, holding in its treasures a delicate, refined lady, and a lovely little 9-year-old girl, —the Sadie of my story. What mattered it if the roots of the alfalfa and orchard trees were gathering their life forces from a soil rich in virgin gold, and the tiny rivulets that rippled from the mountain side, made bare the bedrocks seamed with the precious metal? Here, forty years before, had the owner of the mine builded his miner's cabin. Here had he grown gray in simple pastoral life. Here had he wrested from nature by honest toil, the knowledge of geology that revealed to him the wealth upon which his possessions rested. In the mountain fastnesses he had wooed and won the delicate woman who had crowned his life with loving kindness, and separated the dross from the fine gold of his better nature. Ah! here had come to the home a diviner revelation, a fair and delicate flower was fast unfolding its tiny petals in the sunshine of love and affection; a Southern Oregon sunbeam was giving an added effulgence to the home life, and shedding a ray serene upon the mining camp. Whence the grace and courtesy with which the miner and his wife received their guests? Had nature in its finest harmony, imparted to them a benison that radiated in their cordial welcome? Eagerly the party listened to the story of the miner's experience, and with that strange fascination that the sight of gold begets, they admired the specimens and nuggets, that were brought out from nook and corner for their inspection. Still in the gold pan on the top of the bookcase were several hundred dollars taken from the sluice-boxes the day before. Little Sadie carried about the specimens and tossed the golden dust in the blower and balanced the larger pieces in the gold scales with the childish unconcern that indicated that she had never realized the value of gold; to her it was simply a part of the great scroll of nature from which she had learned, untouched by the greed and avarice that later on darkens the pathway of human life. When the father spoke of the happy, carefree life of the child, and that she must soon go away with her mother to school, the little one caught the gentler cadence of his voice, and into the startled blue eyes at once came the full meaning of the coming separation. She slipped around to her father's side and climbed deftly to his knee, and stroked the grizzled beard with her tiny hand; the father turned upon the child a loving look of affection that indicated that she was the dearest of all his earthly possessions. Not less loyally did the child give to the mother a lingering fond embrace, and again she was caroling with the wild birds, with no thought of the clouds of tomorrow. Over the rushing tide of water that poured through the ditch down to the mine, the party wended its way, led by the child. A full force of men were cleaning the bedrock with steel picks and little willow brooms. In great shallows, upon the cleaned bedrock, clear pools of water were standing, left by a mountain storm that had swept the mine the day before. In these the child splashed and dabbled, now here, now there, with a kindly word from the miners who paused to greet her as she passed. On the uncleaned bedrock, where the gold glistened among the sand and boulders, and in the riffles of the sluice boxes, where it was caught in shining meshes, little Sadie gathered up the gold and tossed it about until her sensitive ear caught the notes of a wild bird, and she mingled her gleeful voice with its carol. The pipes were still while the work of cleaning the bedrock was on, but the party would see the mine in motion, and the proprietor started to the bulk head a half-mile distant to turn the water on. Soon the roar of the water was heard thundering down through the pipes and the water in the by-washes poured over the 20-foot bank in rainbow tinted spray. A huge pine tree root was firmly embedded in a point upon which the pipes began to play. The party grouped about watching the mighty forces of nature, yielding to the inventive and mechanical genius of man in carrying on the gigantic enterprises of the mine, and all propelled by the inherent desire for gain, that formed such striking contrast with the sinless soul of the child which was as yet untouched by the baser elements that flourish and fatten and devour each other in the world's great marts of trade. For more than an hour the mighty torrents poured through the giants against the bank and rolled down in a muddy stream into the tail race. The blinding spray had rapidly cooled the atmosphere, and a strange silence fell upon the scene. Even the glad, happy voice of the child was silenced by the roar of the water and she was gathered in her mother's arms, and became at once an interested spectator. Presently the great point of dirt and boulders tumbled down, and was soon dissolved by the pipes, and carried down the muddy stream. The ride homeward was filled with wondering thoughts of the great inventions and mighty machinery that are tearing out the heart of the mountains in the mad search for gold. Enshrined above the sordid rush for gain, is the beautiful home life, where the grace of the presence of little children keeps bright and beautiful all the nobler impulses and higher attributes of humanity. Such is the Divine mission of Sadie, the Southern Oregon Sunbeam.

"CHRONICLES."

Chap. I. It came to pass that the days of Sylvester the Pennoyerite were fulfilled that he should reign over the various tribes of the state of Oregon. And he arose and opened wide his mouth in the presence of the Sanhedrim sitting in the synagogue of the state of Oregon, and he spake thusly: Lo ye men of Salem, take heed! for the time cometh that I, the mighty Hoodad, the ruler of the synagogue shall retire to my mill where the buzzsaw buzzeth not, for the times are hard and lo, the people have waxed great in poverty and haveth neither shekels in their pockets or grain in their graneries, and the corn and wine in the land bringeth forth no revenue as it once did, the song of the codlin moth is a burden in the land, the calf and the young kid gambolleth not on the hillsides, the hop hoppeth not, and the hop grower hangs his harp on the lank hop-pole and by the waters of the Willamette he sitteth down and weeps and wist not what he shall do, while the tax-gatherer stalketh abroad in the land and taxeth everything under the sun. Lo! the only thing that flourisheth is the tax. Therefore I steppeth down and out and attendeth to my own business and it pleaseth me greatly if you attendeth to yours. Selah. Hearken ye rulers, ye high priests, ye mighty men in Oregon, there cometh one after me whose shoestrings I am not going to unloose. He is mightier than I, hear ye him. Selah.

Chap. II. Then arose the mighty judge in Oregon, whom the people had chosen to reign over them in the place of the Hoodad Sylvester the Pennoyerite. He was mighty of stature and commanding of voice, and he spake to the tax-gatherers, Scribes, Sadducees, Pharisees, the Republicans and Sinners Populists and Democrats and that were gathered together with the Sanhedrim in the temple, and they were well pleased and stampeth their feet and clappeth their hands and shouteth, Verily the Lord reigns! Let the people rejoice! let them sing Psalm tunes in the market places, let the cymbals sound, bang the Psaltery, play upon the hautboy, flourish the Hewgag, blow upon the ramshorns, for we are delivered from the rule of the Pennoyerite. Rejoice greatly. Verily the face of the Lord doth shine upon us. Then again spake William the Lord and taught them saying Blessed are ye when ye "Make a resolute effort to reduce the burden of taxation to the lowest possible limit consistent with the wise economical administration of the public business." Blessed are ye when ye realize that "There is a wide complaint against the inequality of our tax laws. If these defects exist they should be speedily remedied." Blessed are ye that ye openeth your eyes to the fact that the "Law inflicts punishment upon the criminal and to deter others from the commission of crime. The punishment consists in confining him in the state penitentiary for a period of time proportionate to the enormity of his offence," and not in loosing the jail-bird that he may stalk abroad and prey upon and devour your substance, and lie in wait for you, and swoop down upon you; for the jail-bird is a curious bird that flyeth not with his wings but preambulateth with his feet, and trampeth from place to place, and beateth the air with his fins, and worketh only with his jaw-bones. Yea, verily, this jail-bird hath Sylvester the Pennoyerite loosed upon the community and him men fear greatly, and calleth upon the hills and rocks to fall upon them that the jail-bird slay them not. O ye people, go to now, anoint your heads with hair oil, weep, howl, gnash your teeth, repent in sack-cloth and ashes for your sins, that ye did allow the Pennoyerite to slay your judgment with jaw-bone, so that ye elected him to riegn over you.

But ye wot not what ye did, and now that ye bringeth forth fruits meet for repentance, Blessed are ye, for ye have been saved as brands from burning in that ye maketh my calling and election sure. But hear O Israel, Blessed are ye when ye fall not in love with the damsel Polly Ticks, for she is exceedingly fickle and full of guile and leadeth you in crooked ways. Blessed are ye when all men revile you for voting for the man whom it pleaseth you to have for United States senator, for if ye voteth for the man that getteth there, verily, your reward shall be great upon the earth. Selah.

Chap. III. And when the Lord had spoken thusly and smoleth an exceedingly hilarious smile upon the multitude they rejoiced greatly and stampeth their feet until the temple shook from dome to foundation and the dim corridors resoundeth with the cry, The Lord reigneth! then they sung a Sam tune, and sounded the ramshorns, and went forth exceeding joyful.

Then Sylvester the Pennoyerite bowed his head upon his bosom and wept, and gnashed his teeth, and put ashes upon his head, and plucked his beard, and mourned as one who cannot be comforted. And he arose and traveled a Sabbath day's journey to his mill where the sound of the buzzsaw is heard no more, and where the whangdoodle mourneth with great lamentation. Selah!!—Statesman.

THE ENDLESS STATUTES.

New York, Feb. 4.—President Benjamin Norton of the Atlantic Railroad company was arraigned before the United tSates commissioner of Brooklyn this afternoon charged with violating the United States statute in displaying United States mail signs on trolley cars that were not carrying mails.

BOISE STILL UNCERTAIN.

Boise, Feb. 2.—No change in the senatorial situation.

THREE NEW COUNTIES

Bills for Their Creation Introduced.

Educational Measures Proposed.

Leading Sections of the Beet Sugar Bill Now before the Legislature—Other Capitol News.

Three measures are before the legislature to add new counties to the list and in case they should become laws it would be well to have an accurate understanding of them in advance. With a map and pencil they can be easily traced from the subjoined information:

Mr. Davis's bill which passed the house a few days ago, describes the new county of Vernon as follows:

"Beginning on the state line between Washington and Oregon on the township line between ranges 32 and 33 east, thence running south ten miles to the southwest corner of township 5 north of range 33 east; thence east six miles; thence south five miles; thence east four miles; thence south seven miles; thence east on township line about five and one-half miles to where said township line crosses center of the channel of the Umatilla river; thence up Umatilla river and North Fork thereof to Union county line; thence northerly along Union county line to state line; thence west to the place of beginning."

This takes the northeast portion of Umatilla county and the west and south boundary lines dodge around so as not to get too close to Pendleton; also to leave Adams out. Milton is the provisional county seat, Weston and Athena being rivals.

Mr. Lyle's bill for the creation of Sutton county covers the following territory: "Beginning at the northwest corner of township 13 south, range 20 east, running south on township line to the southwest corner of township 14 south, range 20 east; thence east to the southeast corner of section 33, township 14 south, range 26 east; thence north to the boundary line of Grant county at the northeast corner of section 33, township 6 south, range 26 east; thence west to the northwest corner of Grant county; thence south to the center of the John Day river; thence down that stream to where it crosses the line running east and west through the center of township 8 south, range 19 east; thence west on said line to the summit of the mountains dividing the waters of the John Day and Deschutes rivers; thence following the summit to place of beginning."

This is the northeast corner of Crook county, a piece of Wasco county about three miles wide and twelve miles long and a strip from the northwest corner of Grant county forty-nine miles long and twenty miles east and west. The east line runs close to Monument in Grant county and the southwest corner is exactly twenty-four miles straight east of Prineville. Mitchell is the provisional county seat and would probably be the permanent one.

The bill introduced by Mr. Templeton to create the new county of Calapooia describes its bounds as follows:

"Commencing at a point in the middle of the main channel of the Willamette river, due west from where the township line between township 12 and township 13 south, range 4 west, intersects said river, running thence east on said township line to the summit of the Cascade mountains; thence southerly along the summit of said mountains to the northern boundary line of Lane county; thence west on said boundary line to the middle of the main channel of Willamette river; thence down said main channel to the place of beginning."

This practically cuts Linn county in equal parts on a line starting east from the little town of Peoria, running north of Shedd station about a mile and almost through the town of Sodaville, taking the south half for the new county. Sweet Home is the nearest town to its geographical center, but Brownsville would probably be the county seat.

The people are always interested in education and in the taxes required to support it, hence they will be anxious to know what measures are before the present legislature in that direction. Aside from such claims as may be entered by the institutions now in existence for a liberal remembrance in the general appropriation bill there are six bills in for higher and special institutions of learning—three for high schols and three normal schols.

The first is by Mr. Bridges (H. B. 9) for the permanent establishment of the normal school at Drain, creating a board of seven regents for it and appropriating $5,000 for its support the ensuing two years, to be paid in quarterly installments. The act is amendatory of an existing law on this subject. The appropriation is conditional upon a deed of the school and property to the state.

H. B. 10 by Mr. Conn is for the appropriation of $5,000 to be paid as salaries of teachers in the state graded school at Lakeview, $2,500 each year.

H. B. 119 by Mr. Dunn is for locating a state normal school at Ashland, conditioned upon the people there deeding to the state five acres of ground and the buildings known as the Ashland Collegiate Institute. It creates a board of twelve regents with the usual powers and duties and appropriates $5,000 per year for the support of the school.

Mr. Buckman of Coos (H. B. 141) wants the Coquille college, at Coquille City, declared a state normal school for the purpose of conferring practical value upon its diplomas for persons desiring to teach school. There is no appropriation asked this time.

Mr. Patterson of Grant county (H. B. 276) wants a high school established at Burns, Harney county, for which an arproriation of $5,000 is asked, contingent upon the building by the citizens of that place of a $12,000 building that will accommodate 200 students. The branches to be taught are higher arithmetic, algebra, geometry, political economy, rhetoric, theory and practice of teaching, and such others as may be prescribed by the directors.

Senator Maxwell has a similar measure for the city of Tillamook, so it will be seen that the desire for educational facilities is abroad among Oregon representatives.

The leading sections of Senator Denny's beet sugar bill are as follows:

"That the Oregon Beet Sugar company, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the state of Oregon, and its assigns are hereby authorized and empowered to make use of the labor of the convicts confined in the penitentiary, for the period of ten years, in the manufacture of sugar and other saccharine products from beets and in the cultivation of beets for the purpose of experiment and use in the manufacture of sugar. The said Oregon Beet Sugar company and its assigns are authorized and empowered to make use of such part of the state penitentiary buildings and lands as may not be already appropriated to other purposes, for use in the manufacture of sugar from beets, and the cultivation of beets for experiment and use in the manufacture of sugar. The said Oregon Beet Sugar company and its assigns shall pay to the state of Oregon for the labor so used by them the sum of thirty (30) cents per day for each convict employed. The governor is also hereby authorized to contract with and lease to any person, firm or corporation, upon such terms and for such time and compensation as he may deem advisable the whole or any part of the labor of the convicts confined in the penitentiary of this state not required or employed by the said Oregon Beet Sugar company. No convict shall be compelled to work while sick or otherwise incapacitated, and the superintendent and warden of the penitentiary shall have general charge and custody of the convicts while engaged in such labor."

ABOUT FLAX CULTURE

A LETTER FROM MRS. GOVERNOR LORD.

She Talks About Flax, Linen, Pepper mint and Several Other Industries.

During the late fall months it was my good fortune to visit friends in the Eastern cities. To the casual observer the East seems more prosperous than the Pacific coast at the present time. One thing was very marked—the low price of all farm products.

"This is a great boon to the city people, but what is to become of the farmer in the meantime?" I said to my hostess, who was rejoicing over the prevalence of low prices and what it meant for the poor: "Their profits are greatly cut into by the long hauls. Our farmers cannot go on in this way. You have visited Oregon, and you have expressed yourself enthusiastically as to its soil and climate, and possibilities of future greatness. Now give us some suggestions."

"The crop for you is flax," she said in reply, "and I shall be glad to introduce you by mail to Mrs. Olburg, of Minnesota, who was lady manager at the World's fair from that state, and judge of linens. Her father was a linen manufacturer in Norway."

Since my return to Oregon I have received some information from Mrs. Olburg, who is greatly interested in fostering the flax industry in America. She writes me that the making of linen has been experimented with in the penitentiary at Stillwater, and is no longer a matter of doubt. It pays, and places twines at less cost to farmers also. It is to be hoped that some member of the legislature will thoroughly investigate this subject and see if it will not be a starting point for a new and valuable industry.

Mrs. Olburg has been in Oregon, and admits that we have the ideal climate for the growth of flax—superior to that of her own state. From manufacturing first the coarser articles we might be able to locate mills and make linen manufacture one of the leading industries of the state. Half the linens exported from Great Britain and Ireland are taken in the United States, and amount to $30,000,000 annually. I understand that in Ireland much of the weaving of linen for art purposes is done in hand looms in the houses of the peasantry. Space is too limited in this valuable paper to discuss this question as fully as its great interest demands, but I hope some of our public-spirited journals will open their columns for remarks and suggestions.

I said to my hostess: "What is this new fad of offering peppermint creams at dessert? I see it at all the leading hotels, and they are in evidence at every well-regulated at-home dinner. They seem to have supplemented salted almonds."

"They are considered an aid to digestion and, by the way, why don't you suggest peppermint for a crop? Won't it grow with you?"

"Grow! why it is a weed by the wayside."

"Better turn your attention to it, then, for it has more than doubled in value. Last summer, when I was in the Adirondacks, I heard some interesting items about peppermint. It seems that many years ago, before the day of railroads, a peddler of essences was making the rounds with his commodities in Wayne county, New York. He noticed the rank growth of peppermint, and, having some knowledge of distilling, he asked the farmers' consent to cultivate it, which was given. As he made more than he found a market for, he sent a sample to the firm that furnished his supplies and asked them to buy his surplus. They replied they were very particular about the quality of their peppermint, and would only purchase from the established firm in Holland. Our enterprising Yankee sent his sample to the Holland firm, and in due time had the pleasure of receiving an order for all he could make, as it was superior to their own article. From that day to the present time this has been one of the leading crops of the Wayne county farmers. They cultivate it in rows and are extremely careful to keep it free from weeds, as they injure its flavor. They distill it in their own homes."

This lady then brought me out a small vial, for which she said she paid 75c, purchased from the country druggist, who had it directly from the Quaker family who had for two generations been famous for the superior quality of their product.

One great advantage of such a crop is in its small bulk—which means small freight.

Our agricultural college could experiment with peppermint and give the farmers much help—particularly in directions for distilling.

THE STATE LOSES.

Cheyenne, Feb. 2.—Reports of the joint committee appointed to examine the books of the state auditor and treasurer show a shortage of $56,454.70 in the treasurer's office, the exact amount lost by Treasurer Gramm by the failure of the Kent bank.

A BUSINESS SUGGESTION.

Shanghai, Feb. 2.—It is stated that the British, French and Russian ministers at Tokio and Pekin have received instructions from their governments to advise Japan and China to arrange terms of peace.

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