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John F. Parker, M. D., 25th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 27 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY

## ENDED.

That staunch republican paper, the Corvallis Gazette, is in favor of some wholesome discipline within party lines. The recent legislative meeting was too much for its nerves, and it pours forth a tale of woe upon the ears of a cold unsympathetic world as follows:

The display of anarchy at the state capitol is over. The decent element in the legislature should have gone home long ago. It has been evident for weeks that there was no intention on the part of the obstructionists to organize. Though no demand of theirs excused in any degree their assault upon popular government, yet every demand has been granted by those anxious to do their duty, and still they have refused to act as the constitution directs.

The ambition of Bourne, the hatred of Simon and Scott, the greed of Lord, caused the disgrace, Populistic disregard of law and decency, the itching palms of some men elected as republicans, and the CREDULOUS FUND PROVIDING OF CORBETT have made the sacrifice of the people's interests complete. There are some compensations. Populism has killed itself by a premature exhibition of its dangerous disregard for established institutions. Simon, the Oregonian, Corbett and the whole crowd of anarchy breeders, who have looted the people of the state through their political manipulations, can never again fasten themselves upon the republican party in Oregon. The house cleaning in the party is complete.

The state has been disgraced, the people have been looted and outraged. Sleek officials will fatten for two years more at the public crib. The business affairs of the state are in disorder. The taxpayers pay for this and pretty explanations will not satisfy them.

It is well that the traitors no longer flaunt their infamy openly in the face of the people. The thing is over. Now for punishment and correction.

This was written before Corbett was appointed United States senator. What will the Gazette say about him now? "Fund providing of Corbett!" If true it is a lasting disgrace to the state. The outcome proved he was not "credulous."

## PROMISES TO 'FULFILL' BROKEN PLEDGES.

The Davis house is willing to be called back. Governor Lord, however, is not willing to assume the responsibility, as is evidenced by the prompt appointment of a senator. The people will call a legislature together two years hence. The rolls will not bear many of the names of the late body. The Davis house resolves:

Resolved, by the members of the house now in attendance and who have signed this resolution, that we will return to our respective homes, at all times during our term of office awaiting the call of the governor of the state for a session of the legislative assembly, hoping that the members may yet in a legal and constitutional organization fulfill the pledges made by their respective political parties to the people of Oregon.

## A WAY UP.

The GUARD editor got rather high in his Mexican tour. The city of Mexico is 7500 feet above the sea level. This extremely high altitude may be appreciated and better understood by our people when we consider Eugene is but 455 feet above sea level, while the Three Sisters snow peaks, whose heads are crowned with eternal snow, and may be seen from the top of Skippers Butte, look down from an elevation of 10,086 feet. Rather a high altitude for the weak lunged portion of the editorial fraternity.

An Astoria man claimed he was robbed of \$1000 the other day. Of course he was afraid of the bank and kept the money in an old trunk in a lodging house. We have some doubts as to the truth of the story, however, as it does not seem possible that such a careless and slipshod minded man could have accumulated so much money.

It is not pleasant to witness a man like "Negro Cole" cast his vote without question or hindrance while refined, educated and intelligent women stand aside and are denied that privilege. Our suffrage laws need further amending.

## AGE AND MONEY.

About the most potent argument for the appointment of H W Corbett to fill the vacant Oregon senatorial seat appears to be that he is a millionaire. Corbett is seventy years of age, which of itself should have barred the appointment. Not that age is a disqualification, but our many needs require the services of a younger and more active man.

The United States senate is to a certain extent a sinecure for millionaires. It is not in the least creditable that such is the case. Whether or not it is true, the masses, in such cases, cherish the opinion that the coveted and honorable position was secured through the influence of money.

The senate has been perhaps justly entitled a millionaire club, and men are elected thereto, who, if the choice was submitted to the popular will, would not be accorded even a serious consideration. It is no wonder that social disorders are bred by reason of such apparent contempt of the will of the people.

The outcome will be the abolishment of the senate else an election of the members by the people. The fathers of the country did not appreciate the temptations that would assail our body politic through the rapid growth and development of the country, the creation of immense wealth, and privileged classes, with resultant weakening of political virtue and manhood, else they would have placed a more potent check, than the co-ordinate branches of government upon what is now an aristocratic non-representative part of our national household.

It takes time to eradicate evils of long standing, but the intelligent progressive people will at last correct the wrongs from which they suffer. The senate must be reformed. We believe it may be accomplished only by a direct vote of the people. If such was the case Oregon would not now be hearing the odium and disgrace of a legislative deadlock, and failure of that body to provide adequate means for sustaining the state government and to pass needed remedial legislation.

## BELLIGERENT TEXAS.

Those Texas fellows showed a mean unpatriotic feeling when, by a rising vote, they tabled a resolution instructing the speaker to wire President McKinley congratulating him on his inauguration and assuring him of Texas' hearty co-operation in the maintenance and enforcement of American rights in foreign countries, regardless of party lines.

We hope their prejudices will not lead them into open revolution. If we rightly remember they had some experience in that line about forty years ago.

## MULTUM IN PARVO.

It is not often that so much is expressed in so few words as the following from the Corvallis Gazette:

Senator Carter is at home, disgusted with politics and legislators.

We do not believe there is any considerable minority in this state in favor of the recent legislative hold-up, says the Baker Republican. In the first place there was a vast number in favor of such action as would remove much of the cause for complaint. They can be briefly told in the doing away with the railroad commission and others that are useless, together with appropriations for certain institutions that should be let out of the race. The condemnation for men who refuse to obey the behest of the people will grow with sober reflection.

McKinley has had a cold. The open offices on all sides of him probably account for it.

The school election ended with the usual result—one side being defeated.

March is sustaining that old time disagreeable reputation.

BECKLES CHARGES FREE. The action of the Southern Pacific in announcing that it will check tickets free over its lines in Oregon, California, Nevada, Utah, Arizona and New Mexico is a matter of considerable interest to wheelmen. The lines of the Southern Pacific in the valley will be very convenient for wheelmen desiring to make long rides during the coming summer, and the privilege of getting wheels checked free is sure to be appreciated.

## Drift.

The fortnightly club is taking up a line of work that will doubtless result in very great practical benefit to the people in this part of Oregon.

A woman's club wherever organized soon proves its right to recognition as a potential factor in the social and industrial life of its locality. This may be due in a measure, to the fact that no narrow limits are allowed to be set up. No barriers beyond which it is forbidden to stray and which serve to keep out the liberal minded. The outlook from the vantage ground of a woman's club includes the world. Its range of usefulness reaches as far as human thought and action are given to go.

And yet withal it is eminently practical in its undertakings. I have yet to learn of a woman's club attempting to attain to any object without success. And it is not at all likely that the Fortnightly club will fail to accomplish whatever it resolves upon.

One of the most charming writers of today in the field of light literature is Jerome K. Jerome, the editor of "The Idler." Indeed "The Idler" is throughout the most enjoyable of all the magazines that come each month to my study-table and its chief delight is the semi-philosophical paper of comment and retrospection from the editor's own pen and which he calls "Letters to Florida."

John Kendrick Banzat times very nearly approaches the equities humor of the great London editor, but he lacks Mr Jerome's underlying earnestness. He seems not to write with any other purpose than to amuse and very naturally often fails in this purpose.

Bliss Carmen and Richard Hovey have published another volume of poems. These two kindred spirits sing in chorus. Their profiles photographed together ornament a page in a recent number of the "Bookman" and also lend lustre to the new volume which appeared in February.

Marion Crawford seems unable to sever his connection with the famous Saracinesca family. In his serial now running in Muneys's Magazine entitled "Corleone," and which seems to be a second edition of Don Orsino's love affairs. Whole pages are devoted to descriptions of the uninterrupted conjugal happiness of the original Saracinescas. Crawford loves to linger over these two people. They represent the ideal domestic bliss.

That is, Mr Crawford's ideal. Here is a bit of conversation between Corona and her husband, parents of four grown sons:

"What strange people there are in the world!" she exclaimed.

"It is fortunate they are not all like us," answered Giovanni.

"Why?"

"The world would stop, I fancy. People would all be happy as we are, and would shut themselves up, and there would be universal peace, the millennium and a general cessation of business. Then would come the end of all things." All of which is very pleasant lovers' talk for people who have been married nearly half a century.

The last wish, or "The Wish for Love," which concludes Theron Crawford's "Modern Fairy Tale," appears in the March number of the Cosmopolitan and is, if not so thrilling as the wishes that went before, by far the best. "Every evil and every sorrow in the world could be traced to a lack of the element of love." Mortimer Mortimer, who reminds one very strongly of a certain semi-divine hero of Marie Carroll's creation, is made to say: "The only reform worth talking about in this world is to be found in the inculcation of the command to love one's neighbor. When this is done then all else good and desirable will follow. If every one loved his neighbor there would be no destitution, no starvation, no crime, no misdeed." Indeed throughout this history of wishes which pretends to be a fairy tale there is a vast deal more truth than fiction.

By the way it may be a matter of interest to know that the Cosmopolitan claims a million and a half readers every month.

Every lover of the beautiful and the heroic should read the matchless battle song, "The Song of the Rappahannock," in McClure's for February. I should not greatly envy the man or woman who is able to read it through unmoved by the rhythmic surge and beat of its mighty music.

All of the above named periodicals together with Harper's, St. Nicholas, the Century and many more are to be found upon the tables in the Free Reading Room.

## Oak Hill Items.

March 4th.

Dick Freeze has rented his farm to Will Fisher.

Miss Kate Meyers will soon commence a term of school at Panther postoffice, on Wolf Creek.

X Amberger who recently bought the Henry Fisher place has moved into the house.

Dick Free no has returned from Deadwood where he was to buy calves. He secured about forty head.

Mr Powell has sold his farm near Eugene and will move to this neighborhood soon.

School will begin soon in the Fir Hill school house with Walter L. Miller as teacher.

Arthur and Ora Miesler and Fred Howell started for Eastern Oregon last week. Several families intend to start from here as soon as the snow is off of the mountains.

FELIX.

## A BORN ROVER.

All around our house, up against the sky. There's a cloud of mischief ever so high— An assassin's eye over a post his hills. There's a house on point 'a' for 'a' you can see. An old little cabin there that like me. I want to do over the hill.

Last night a clear little bird built its house In our apple tree, and 'till 'a' mouse. It sat till the wee little birdie peeped out. Then the mamma bird fed them until they all drew.

A bird at any right time the hill. I never been over the hill.

So soon I thought I would do over the hill. An I set out the door, and 'till 'a' will, and I set out.

An I set out, and I walked, and I walked, and I set out. An I set out, and I walked, and I walked, and I set out.

But I set out, and I walked, and I walked, and I set out. An I set out, and I walked, and I walked, and I set out.

My Uncle Tobe and I are sitting on the highway which, we believe, the broad, fair stream flows, adorned with the afternoon sun's last rays.

It is Friday. In Sunday dress and holiday spirit we are hurrying toward the excursion steamer, putting along the shore.

How I would like to be one of them! I am young and hungry for pleasure. But Uncle Tobe doesn't understand. He looks at me with the eyes of an old man. "It's no use wasting time," he growls.

I might tell him it's just for the sake of innocent fun, but he wouldn't understand that either. He understands only the serious side of life, earning money in the sweat of one's brow, and he says such money isn't to be spent foolishly. Uncle Tobe is a bachelor, when his father has been of such the eyes of an old man. He might have shaken off his burden, but he was too conscientious, too honorable for that. He was the only relative whom we could turn to—the daughter of his sister, and Philip, his brother's nephew.

We were quite small when he took us into his home, two mischievous whippersnappers, and he was constantly reminding us of his own youth and when he had been of such the eyes of an old man. He might have shaken off his burden, but he was too conscientious, too honorable for that. He was the only relative whom we could turn to—the daughter of his sister, and Philip, his brother's nephew.

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been as bad as this before. "You cannot mean what you say," I begged.

"Yes, I mean it," declared Philip.

"And so do I," added Uncle Tobe.

For a moment Philip stood stark still, looking at me; then he dashed down the stairs and aboard the steamer which was about to leave the wharf.

In the crowd I lost sight of him. The bell rang out sharply. I was alone and in despair. Behind me stood Uncle Tobe.

"Let him go, Veda. He'll come back. I'll give him the money after awhile, but not now. Young folks are too impatient."

"You should have given it to him now," I answered with choking voice.

Philip had not returned. The sun had gone out of my life. The milking shed was dead. The days were gray and dreary, the nights interminable. We had no friends. There was no one to come to a house that had no open door, no hand of welcome.

Uncle Tobe wrestled with figures half the day; the other half he devoted to his errands. In the evening he read the newspapers. I was like a dead man.

"I'll give you a good long walk every day," I asked compassionately Mrs. Mitchell.

"You look like a ghost and are fading away."

Also, there was no one for whom I would have exerted myself to keep fresh and young. The sooner I grew old and gray the better I would fit into my surroundings.

For Philip cried bitter tears. Uncle Tobe never mentioned his name.

"Your old man. He must be fond of you both," Mrs. Mitchell was wont to say now and then when I went to her room to talk of Philip. "He is working himself to death trying to buy this little house. My nephew tells me this. He is employed in the office of the attorney."

"I hate the place since Philip is gone," I cried bitterly. "Everything is gone—the birds, the flowers and the people. Only we are chained to this same old spot."

"Wait, Miss Veda. Wait later on, perhaps."

That's what Uncle Tobe says, and then it will be too late.

"Not for you. You are young, Miss Veda, but your uncle. Nobody can make him see what he ought to do."

We lived our lonely lives, and I had lost all hope that things would ever change.

One morning we found Uncle Tobe dead in his chair. He looked as if he had dropped into a peaceful slumber. Mrs. Mitchell and I seemed torn to stone when we discovered him. I felt no sorrow, but I was terribly frightened. When the doctor came, he said that he could do nothing.

The funeral was very quiet and unostentatious. There were no tears, no lamentations, no flowers, no friends. After we had laid him away it occurred to me that the home in which I had lived so long would now be closed to me. But the thought had no terror. It was a relief rather to be free. I knew nothing about my mind. Freedom was all I craved.

On the day after the burial Uncle Tobe's testament was opened. Philip and I were his heirs. He had bought the little house and had left us enough money to live in comfortable circumstances.

"May God bless you," he wrote. "I had no one on earth but you."

I walked about as if I had been struck by lightning. "Oh, if he had only given Philip the money when he needed it!" I must go out, and find him. Mrs. Mitchell soon convinced me of the futility of such a beginning. Philip would come home sooner or later.

"Poor Uncle. Your happiness was all he worked for," was Mrs. Mitchell's admonitory cry.

"He has taken it from me," I wailed. "He has made me miserable, and himself, Philip, he may be lost forever."

I lived quietly on with Mrs. Mitchell in the little house by the river. From day to day I waited. The trees took on fresh foliage, and then came the autumn and the winter. I waited in silence. With the spring hope was renewed within me.

Suddenly on the brightest day of all the year, the bell rang with a change. I knew the sound and hastened to the door. Philip stood before me, but not the rolicking youth whom I remembered. The man in whose arms I lay had a serious, thoughtful face. I cried aloud.

"Be still," he whispered. "I don't want you to know. I don't want to see him. I want you to stay here."

"Uncle!" I repeated. "Don't you know that he is dead?"

"I am not sorry," he said bitterly. "He took from me my youth. Wait, care, anxiety were my companions on the way. After many struggles success crowned my efforts, and now we need no longer depend upon my money. My factory is going. My intention was to take you with me as they did on that fatal Sunday. He took my happiness, my youth. Come, teach me how to laugh again."

We cried and laughed in one. When he had told me everything, I showed him Uncle Tobe's will and testament.

"Not a cent of this money will I take," cried fiercely my lover, the companion of my childhood. "He has made my heart bleed often enough for it."

We were married and moved to the large city, where Philip had his factory. The little house was turned over to Mrs. Mitchell's care. Every summer we came home, but Philip's heart was set toward the factory. He had been driven forth into the world, and on the anniversary of his death our little Tobe lay sweet violets on his grave.—St. Louis Republic.

## Hairdoin Pasha.

Hairdoin Pasha, who 20 years ago proposed to reform recently advanced by the Sultan to vacate the Young Turkey party, was in some respects an ideal Muslim. He was strictly honest and upright, absolutely beyond the reach of corruption in any form. He was a devout Moslem, but affirmed that railroads, electricity, telegraphs, modern improvements of every kind, were as necessary to the believer in Mohammed as they were to the believer in Christ. He in some respects an ideal Muslim. He was strictly honest and upright, absolutely beyond the reach of corruption in any form. He was a devout Moslem, but affirmed that railroads, electricity, telegraphs, modern improvements of every kind, were as necessary to the believer in Mohammed as they were to the believer in Christ. He in some respects an ideal Muslim. He was strictly honest and upright, absolutely beyond the reach of corruption in any form. 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