

The New York Post very cleverly skins Senator Hanna on his blasphemous message to President McKinley—"God reigns and the republican party still lives." The Post says in part:

There has probably seldom been an occasion in the United States with which God, in the general estimate of his character and attributes by the true one, had less to do than with the Hanna contest in Ohio. There has seldom been an occasion in which, if the general estimate of his character and attribute be the true one, the devil was more active, influential and satisfied. There has seldom been an occasion in which the vices and defects in human character in which he most delights, more abounded and were more fruitful. Fraud, falsehood, corruption, bribery, treachery, indifference to public interests, and to the character of public men, were the leading agencies in the struggle.

The spectacle was altogether one which must have delighted the infernal regions. Yet when it was over, the message which it inspired Hanna to send to the president was, "God reigns, and the republican party still lives."

ONLY ONE MAN OBJECTED.

The selection of March 23 as the date for holding of the Populist state convention, the same date with the Democrats and silver Republicans, was practically unanimous in the committee meeting. The vote was 22 to 4 in favor of that date, and the four votes were cast by W S O'Ren, who, besides his own vote, held three proxies.

It is charged that O'Ren has a thorough understanding with the Republican State Central committee and is employed by that body as an agent to forestall, if possible, any union of silver and reform forces.

The Alaska hegira in quest of gold gives promise of lively times on the Pacific slope next year. Nearly all the supplies will be drawn from the Northwest, and surplus labor will flock to the gold fields with the result that there will be steady employment for those left at home. Then, too, the probability of a steady stream of gold from the mines may be considered.

Philogian Notes.

Last night's meeting of the Philogian literary society brought out a goodly attendance of members, and an interesting session was held. Our new president, Frank P White sounded the gavel and the meeting came to order at 7:30 p.m.

Max A Plumb assistant chemist in the U of O addressed the society taking for his subject "The Evolution of Co-operation." Mr Plumb defined co-operation as a progress of evolution due to segregation, using the word "segregation" in the sense in which it is used by Mr Herbert Spencer in his chapter on "Segregation" in his "First Principles." There is a converse cause of segregation. If different units acted on by uniform force are differently moved, then, evidently like units will be differently moved by unlike forces. The nebular theory of the origin of stars and planets, as it is generally accepted, exemplifies this converse proposition. Sociological illustrations, in society, and mercantile interests. The speaker then dwelt on co-operation, showing that the one could hardly be called a success, nor with it likely in the future, while the other has been somewhat of a success, but that its fields are growing narrower. Only the trust remains and that grows stronger day by day. It will continue to grow till in a few years we shall be confronted with this question. Shall we have co-operation in the form of trusts owned by combinations of private capital, conducted for the profit of the stockholders, or shall we have industrial co-operation through the government or the states, conducted without profit and for the benefit of all?

Walter Whiteley was called upon by the president for an extemporaneous address on the inter-collegiate debate which he handled in his usual characteristic manner, utilizing a flow of adjectives that would put a hostile to a court stenographer.

Arthur Chamber led the affirmative and Harry Bauld the negative in a debate on the question, "Resolved, That the United States should adopt a system of proportional representation." A good debate was made on both sides, but the president decided in favor of the negative.

REPORTS.

CREDIT COURT CASE.—J H McClung and M O Wilkins have instituted a suit in the Lane county circuit court against C F Cleaver for the recovery of \$70 and interest.

The present secretary of the treasury, Mr Gage, is eminently fitted to be the instrument of the financiers in the effort to complete the scheme commenced twenty-four years ago and continued without interruption until the present day. He possesses a sublime faith in a superiority of money over men and a supreme contempt for the rights, the interests and opinions of the people at large.

He knows that the gold standard was adopted in the United States without any party ever asking for it; he knows that for twenty-three years after its adoption no party ever dared commend it; he knows that in the campaign of 1896 the party composed of bolting democrats was the only party which dared to declare the gold standard a blessing; he knows that at the polls 99 per cent registered their opposition to a single gold standard differing only as to the means of securing bimetallicism; he knows that the president, to whose party he owes his position, sent a commission to Europe to beg other nations to help us get rid of the gold standard.

Mr Gage knows these facts and yet in spite of that knowledge, he is seeking to organize a money trust more dangerous not only to industries, but to the liberties of the people, than all other trusts combined.

PAUPER WAGES.

The advocates of the protective tariff have been assuring the toilers in all departments of industry that the Dingley bill was absolutely necessary to save them from competition with the pauper labor of other countries says the Cincinnati Enquirer. Thousands of workmen voted for McKinley with the assurance that their wages would be increased if the Dingley bill became a law. The terrible poverty and destitution of the toilers in the old world were painted in glowing colors. One of the results of the adoption of the Dingley bill is a sharp reduction of wages in every sphere of labor. The prospect is that before McKinley's term of service is ended the working classes will know by actual experience what pauper wages are. There is a reduction of 10 per cent at least all along the line, with a prospect of a still deeper cut.

Frankness and candor compel us to admit that the reduction in wages is not wholly due to the tariff, but is chiefly due to the disfranchisement of one of the money metals. Experience is a good schoolmaster and is everywhere engaged in teaching.

"IN HIS MIND."

[Cottage Grove Messenger.] Sylvester Pennoyer is now running the Democratic party in Oregon—that is, in his mind—and shaping a policy and platform by which he, or his dear and incorruptible friend J H Mitchell, may be elected to office. When the Democratic convention is held, we opine the Hon Sylvester will come off his high perch as dictator and be forced to march as a high private in the rear rank or hire a substitute. The old governor's demagogic play to the galleries has become stale, very stale.

COUNTY CHARGES.

Douglas county is going out of the poor farm business, in a manner. It advertises to rent the farm and asks bids on the same, the lessee to board the paupers, run a free ferry at the premises and, if agreeable, purchase the implements machinery and stock on the place. Evidently Douglas county, like Lane, has gotten some experience in the matter of a county poor farm owned and operated by the county. It is cheaper and more satisfactory to let the keeping of these unfortunates to some responsible person.

Senator McBride misrepresents Oregon in voting for the gold standard. It rests with the silver people to elect a legislature that will choose a man to neutralize the McBride gold vote.

Countess Marie Antoinette Helversen was indisputably beautiful. She possessed the rare beauty that no one questions, not even women. When such a beautiful woman passes along the street, all turn to look at her, just as in the morning when their paths lead in an opposite direction they turn to behold that spot in the east where the sun rose clear and radiant.

Naturally Countess Marie Antoinette had endless admirers and suitors. The most earnest of them were the two neighbors of her parents, Camill von Leeringer and Ernst von Prinzthal. Camill was the most dashing officer that could be imagined. He was not only a famous dancer and horseman, but he talked well and played the piano brilliantly. His castle was magnificent and superbly arranged. His stables were well supplied. He had indeed debts, but debts are for the most part an evidence of riches. Ernst von Prinzthal was, on the contrary, quiet, but earnest.

Both sued for Marie Antoinette's hand, and each in his own way was filled with distrust and jealousy toward the other. This uncertainty could not continue longer. One of them must yield his place if murder or a deathblow did not remove him, but which one? The parents permitted to the daughter her free choice. And Countess Antoinette? Really she had not considered whom she would choose.

The day before the garrison ball (before a ball Antoinette was more radiant, more joyous and more conquering than ever) the two suitors came to Castle Helversen at the same moment, and almost attacked each other in the salon. The result was that they urgently and earnestly begged Countess Antoinette to render her final decision.

"Make known to us by some token which of us is the favored one—which of us you will make happy with your hand," cried Camill von Leeringer. "Yes, let us know our fate today, for only under this condition can we give up the duel which the scene of today has rendered almost unavoidable. The one whom you reject will have the scene of combat. Will you do so?"

"Oh, you must, indeed," cried Ernst von Prinzthal. "For, Antoinette, I cannot endure longer the torments of this uncertainty. I love you. Do you understand what that means? It means that I shall suffer always if you do not say, 'You shall find new life with me.'"

"Well, for my part," said Countess Antoinette, laughing. "I will give my decision this evening. At this moment I really have not the time. My head is so full. The modiste has promised me my ball dress at noon and it is now 11 o'clock. It comes direct from Paris, and I have no idea of the style, scarcely of the color. Then, until this evening—"

"And let us know at the first glance which of us has to hope, and which of us has to despair," said Ernst von Prinzthal in a hoarse voice, while his breath came fast. "If I am the one to whom you will give life and happiness, then wear a red rose in your hair. Will you? But if it is Cavalier Leeringer, then—"

"Then, of course, wear a white one," smiled the officer, showing his whitest of teeth. "Roses vary commonly in these two shades, as does wine."

"So let it be, so let it be," merrily said the Countess Antoinette. "But now adieu. I hear a carriage in the court. I wager it is the modiste and my ball dress."

The evening came. Antoinette stood before her mirror in all the magnificence of the dress from Mme. Leontine of Paris. She was beside herself with delight. In its style, material and shading of colors the ball dress was a master work of elegance. It was of the palest rose tint, not the rose red that recalls the color of the hundred leafed rose, but the shade that suggests either the winter rose, when fully blown, or the tip of the diamond petal that has almost a yellowish shimmer. In this toilet, which harmonized wonderfully with her complexion, her eyes and her chestnut brown hair, Antoinette was sweet enough to kiss. There remained only the question of the flower for her hair. Before her lay a cluster of dewy roses that the gardener had just brought. She must choose. She thought of the important role the color of her flower must play this evening.

But did she think of the woeful result? Did she love one more than the other? She was extremely fond of both, but of which one particularly? That she scarcely knew. Did she think that the handsome officer was a little fickle and a little frivolous; that he was somewhat skeptical as well as somewhat reckless and somewhat extravagant? Did she remember that a true heart tone had sounded in the voice of Ernst von Prinzthal; that he was benevolent to the poor, and that on this very morning she had seen a tear sparkle in his eye?

No. Who thinks of such things before a ball? Who thinks of such things in the blissfulness of a new toilet?

It was really impossible to wear the red rose with the blossom tint of the dress that shaded so softly, but the rose, the heart of which softly glowed into a creamy shade, completed her toilet in the most enchanting manner. "Oh," murmured Antoinette as she fastened the rose in her hair, "triumph for the cavalier! The prize is his."

Many years after a woman sat grieving in a cold back room of a great house in a large city. She was sick and suffering and aged before her time. She was a widow, although her husband lived somewhere in the world outside in disgrace and degradation. After he had spent her fortune, deceived and scorned her, he had left her. The deserted woman, now sick and poor, turned the leaves of a prayer book by the feeble light that a street lamp threw in the miserable room. Her glance was attracted by a dead blossom that lay dry as dust between the leaves. It was black and dry from age, but its head once been beautiful.

It was the week and ruin of a once white rose.—Kochsorge.

One can hire a gun or a violin, a house or a dress coat, almost anything, in fact, including dogs, setters and pointers are hired for hunting purposes, and they can be hired by the day or the week or the month. Newfoundland and St. Bernard dogs are hired for watchdogs, usually for the summer. Watchdogs are hired by caretakers of buildings in the city, but officers to take to country houses, where, after being tied up for a day or two, they become well enough acquainted with their keeper to follow him about.—New York Sun.

His Way. William Good—It's shocking the way some young men spend money. Jack Dasher—Isn't it? Now I get everything on credit.—Brooklyn Life.

There was a commotion in Scratch Gravel, Wyo., on the morning of June 23, 1878. Jack Langworthy, a local celebrity, had killed a tenderfoot from Pennsylvania and there was naturally some curiosity, if not to say excitement, over the affair. The circumstances of the case were like this:

Jack and the Pennsylvanian were having a little game of cards when the former noticed a slight deception on the part of his adversary in the way of dealing himself from one to four cards too many and concealing them in his coat sleeve. "Such proceedings are entirely foreign to the customs of this year camp," finally remarked Langworthy and at the same time he sent a bullet into the tenderfoot's head.

The rude law of Scratch Gravel took cognizance of this fact, and Jack was arrested. A few weeks later he was arraigned for the murder and pleaded guilty.

The judge sentenced him to be hanged. Then Jack made a speech. He said: "I killed the man, I know, and perhaps it's fair enough that I should die too. Leastways I don't set up my judgment ag'in that of the court. The laws of Scratch Gravel should be enforced, but just now I'm sort of sorry the enforcement is necessary. The deal is a hard one, and the worst of it all is that the roughness is not ag'in me alone—oh, no, not ag'in me, but Sally and the twins."

"I don't care for myself—just as soon go as not—but when I think of the twins I tell you I can't stand it. You see, the twins are boys—both boys. They are a rattling pair, and no mistake. I allers reckoned on the twins mounting to something in the world, but if their father is to be hanged—that settles it. What would the twins ever mount to then?"

"Now, if I could go some other way, it wouldn't look so bad—the twins might pull through—but to be strung up like a common thief, it would be a weight on them 'ere twins that 'ud keep 'em down forever. So you see, it ain't for myself that I care, not for me and not for Sally so much either, although I do kinder like the old gal, but the twins. Well, it breaks me all up to think of leaving them, it does, for a certain fact. Judge, when will the performance take place?"

The unfortunate man was informed that the 10th of July was the date fixed for his execution, and that he should make preparations to be on hand at that time punctually so as not to delay the proceedings.

"You see, Jack," said the judge familiarly, "we ain't going to be mean enough to look you up; not you—it wouldn't be right—not with an honorable man like you. It ain't for any dislike for you or bad feeling that we're going to hang you, Jack, but it's the law, you know, the law. So you'll make it a point of honor, Jack, to be on hand when the time comes."

For the next week Jack stood at home pretty much all the time. Occasionally some of his friends would drop in to ask about his health and the health of the twins. The slightest mention of the latter would set his tongue in motion, and somehow he seemed to think there were no other children in the world worth talking about.

"They'll pull away ahead of their old dad in a few years," he had often said. "Maybe one of 'em'll be an auctioneer or a bank president and the other a steamboat captain—who knows! Them boys are smart."

One evening, just a week prior to the date fixed for his execution, he seated himself on a bowlder near his cabin door and took the twins in his arms. They were little fellows and climbed all over him.

One of them got his little brown arm around the paternal neck and pulled the grizzly beard with his chubby fingers. Then, looking into the upturned face, he said sorrowfully:

"There's wasser in your eyes, dad. What'yr matter?"

Jack put the child down rather roughly, and remarking, as he brushed his eyes, that it was mighty hot that evening he walked into the house.

The 10th of July arrived. In the morning, quite early, Bill Drake, an old time friend of Jack, came to see him.

"Seems to me that ought to be some way to get out of this," remarked Bill. "You wouldn't slip away, would you?"

"I don't want to shoot you, Bill," he said fiercely, "but I'll do it, sure, if you repeat that insult. Thought you knew me better than that. I'm ashamed of you!"

"But you don't understand me!" exclaimed Bill excitedly. "Listen! The judge sentenced you to be hanged the 10th of July, but he forgot to name the year! The 10th of July ten years from now will do, or longer. He only said the 10th of July!"

"But he meant today," said Jack, trembling in every limb.

"But he didn't say it. You may suit your own convenience about the year, Jack. For your own sake, and for the sake of the twins, skip!"

There was much disappointment that afternoon among the citizens of Scratch Gravel when it was discovered that Jack was gone. Search was made of his cabin, but there were no signs of Sally, Jack or the twins. They were gone for good.

And now comes the strangest part of the story. The 10th of July five years later a gray old man, bent nearly double, thrust his shadowy form into the presence of the chief magistrate of Scratch Gravel and demanded a hearing.

"I am Jack Langworthy," he said, "and I have come back, according to my promise, to be hanged. You see, the twins are dead—both dead—and Sally, she's gone to—run away with another man, and now I've come back to meet the requirements of the law. There has been some delay, I'll admit, but I was bound to come back some time, and here I am."

The laws and customs of Scratch Gravel had changed somewhat since Jack departed the place five years before, and as the affair in which he was interested was no longer a sensation of the day he was simply told to leave the town as soon as possible. He went at once, and when last seen alive he was tramping slowly out of town, with his face toward the setting sun.

A little later in the year, when the bushes began to shed their leaves and the vines that tumbled over the gray rocks were touched with frost, the fleshless frame of a man was found suspended from a rock over a deep ravine. It was Jack Langworthy. Falling to find an executioner when he wanted one, he had taken the matter into his own hand and hanged himself.—Exchange.

Weird Epitaph on a Baby's Grave. In the Prairie Mount cemetery there is a small tombstone erected over a child's grave, seemingly by the parents, which bears this most singular inscription: "A little weazen faced baby, born too big for its body; two green, staring eyes seeming to wonder why it was born."—Solomon City (Kan.) Tribune.

Looks a little like winter had at last arrived.

Rev R C Brooks has returned from Lewelwyn.

The Standard Oil Co received a car of oil today.

J P Barger, the Coburg farmer, is in the city today.

Wils Owen, of Monroe, was doing business in Eugene today.

N E Kegg, of McMinnville, is registered at the Hotel Eugene.

W S Chrisman, the Cottage Grove merchant, was in Eugene today.

How John Kelsay's estate, of Corvallis, amounts to practically nothing.

Mrs J E Noland returned to her home at Crewell on today's 2:04 local.

Jos G Woodruff, owner of the Champion mine, Bohemia, is in the city.

The "open-air" circus organization, consisting of a man, a woman and two dogs, went to points north this morning.

Father W A Daly went to Monroe today to hold religious services tomorrow.

T E Walton, of the Corner Drug Store, returned today from a short trip to Halsey.

Mrs Wesley Shannon and Miss Settemier went to Woodburn on today's 10:50 local.

Rev T B Ford, presiding elder of this M E district, went south today in the interests of his church.

W W Haines arrived home today from one of his regular trips north in the interest of his tanery.

Joseph E McKenna has been confirmed as a justice of the supreme court of the United States.

Weathermaster Pague struck it for once. Occasional flakes of snow have been seen today, as predicted.

Secretary Kincaid came up this afternoon to make his usual over-Sunday visit with his family.

John Handsaker, of the Eugene Divinity School, will preach in the Corvallis Christian church tomorrow.

Miss Lella Hayes leaves tomorrow for Monmouth, to be in attendance at the bedside of her brother-in-law, Pierce Chambers, who is quite ill.

Dr M M Davis, of Corvallis, was an arrival on today's 2:04 local and will spend Sunday with his mother, who is quite ill.

Cottage Grove Leader: Miss Katie Runk, of Lorane, left the Grove Wednesday morning for Eugene, where she will attend the U or O.

Dean E C Sanderson, G S O Humbert, E M Patterson and Jno Handsaker went to points north today to conduct religious services tomorrow.

Eugene Mongolians celebrated their new year last night with firecrackers, Chinese g'n, etc. There are fewer Chinamen in Eugene than for years.

Prof and Mrs E B McElroy have gone to Salem in response to a telegram announcing the death of Mrs McElroy's father, Thomas McFadden.

The new rate to Dyea and Skagway, which goes into effect at once, is: First class, \$50; second class, \$35. The rate on freight is advanced from \$10 to \$15.

Albany Herald: Mr J Modi, of this city, and Mrs Sarah Cantrell were united in marriage at Elmira, Lane county, on the 20th inst. The groom is aged 75 and the bride 65.

Commissioners Callison and Bailey returned this morning from a trip up the Coast Fork above Cottage Grove, where they went to view the location of two proposed new bridges.

Albany Democrat: Secretary of State Kincaid is having some fun with the county court of Marion county, but that court is used to it, and the secretary as well has had experience.

Today's Salem Statesman: B O Shucking, the hop buyer, left for San Francisco last night. He will leave for N York in a few days, where he will assume charge of his company's office.

Thursday's Baker City Republican: Hank E Owens, of Eugene, arrived in Baker City on the noon train today. He is on his way to Burns, where he will remain during the rest of the winter.

The Newberg Graphic says that E D Elwood has sold his jewelry store to a gentleman from South Dakota, and will leave in February for Eugene, where he contemplates going into business.

Big efforts are being made to have the Astoria road finished by March 1, as there is a large amount of freight that it is desired to take over by that time. Mr Hammond, of the road, is expected in Albany in a few weeks to look over the ground preparatory to the extension of the C & E road.

From the Portland Lantern: It is said that a bright young girl of the western part of the city who was a pupil at the high school when Mr Rigger was principal of that institution, on one occasion answered the principal so subtly that she escaped further criticism. Mr Rigger looking over his files, said, "Miss B—. If I am not mistaken, you are chewing gum."

"Yes, I am," but I am not mistaken you are chewing tobacco." That settled it. Rigger was in no position to dispute the imputation.

W H Pool returned to Portland today.

A J Sherman of Pasco, Wash, is in the city.

J E Withers returned from Drain this forenoon.

R H Copple went to Cottage Grove this afternoon.

Dr B F Russell, of Thurston, was in Eugene today.

The tax levy of Josephine county is 27 1/2 mills. Whew!

T D Linton made Junction City a brief visit today.

W D Fenton has returned to his home at Portland.

Miss Dell Brumley returned from Salem this afternoon.

Uncle Johnny Diamond, of Coburg, was in Eugene today.

Uncle Billy Wright left for northern points this forenoon.

Mrs Allie Eastham has returned from a weeks' visit at Salem.

Fred Bean of Seaton, arrived here from Salem and Portland today.

Miss Kate Baxter is quite ill in this city and her life is despaired of.

Geo S Coe, traveling salesman for the Pacific Paper Co of Portland, is in the city.

P E Snodgrass of the First National bank, returned home on today's 2:04 local.

Judge Daly and wife left for their home at Dallas on this morning's early train.

Judge W C Hale returned from Jacksonville on this morning's overland train.

Today or tomorrow is Chinese New Year. The Mongolians considering the matter.

J Behrman, manager of the Black Butte mines, went to Cottage Grove this afternoon.

Mr and Mrs H H Schwerin have been spending the week with his parents at Waltherville.

Mrs F L Chambers was able to be down town today, her many friends will be pleased to learn.

Mrs Wm S Gilbert and Mrs M D Davidson went to Philomath today to attend the funeral of Aunt Ritta Mason.

Mack Watkins, who is employed in the auditor's office of the O R & N Co, Portland, has received a raise of wages, now receiving \$50 per month.

Arthur Patterson, a native of Great Britain, has filed his intention of becoming a citizen of the United States, in the county court of Lane county.

Judge Fullerton left for Corvallis on the local train this forenoon, where he will hold an adjourned term of the Benton county circuit court this afternoon.

A marriage license has been granted by the county clerk to John Franklin Montgomery, 21 years, and Aude E Tripp, 15 years. Consent of young lady's parents filed.

The report of the city treasurer of Independence for 1897 shows that the receipts for that year amounted to \$2656, and that city warrants to the amount of \$2155 were cancelled.

A bold attempt was made yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock to rob the East Portland bank. The robber got no money, but escaped unscathed, although shot at by the cashier.

There is considerable activity in the hop market in Independence, and several carload lots have recently been shipped from there. They have been consigned at an advance of from 5 to 9 cents a pound.

Eugene Journal: A Eugene man wrote to the seed department at Washington for some tobacco seed. He wrote the secretary that he wanted Battle Ax, but that his second choice was Climax, and if these were out to send him Star.

Wilbur Cornell, well known in Oregon, writes to his brother in Portland that he does not think half has been told of the Klondike riches. He also says that John Singleton, of Salem, took up a claim and sold one-half interest for \$28,000.

Independence West Side: Stuart B Hanna, the gentleman representing the circulating library was here this week and spent one day quite industriously trying to finish out the list of names of the club to secure the Pamela library, but failed. The case of books, which had arrived here was taken to McMinnville Thursday. About the first of May, Mr Hanna will return and make another effort. He lacked only a few names.

Drain Watchman: Mrs Ben D Boswell has gone to San Francisco to spend the winter, as is her custom. Capt Boswell will follow in a few weeks. They will both return early in the spring, however, to arrange for an expected busy summer at the celebrated Boswell springs.

Brownsville Times: Mr Ed Pengra who has had charge of the S P railroad company's business in this city for over a year, will probably go to Drain next week, where he will take charge of the company's station at that place.