

THE STANDING ARMY MENACE

Recent exhibitions in France ought to cure the most rampant imperialist of his desire for a standing army. Such an organization is a dangerous and a demoralizing machine. It is merely a great company of butchers organized to kill and destroy. The founders of our government never intended that we should have a regular army. They thought and wrote and spoke only of a state militia, organized for defence, never for conquest. No army is mentioned in the constitution; it is always the militia, the American volunteers, the best fighters in war that the world has yet produced.

Yet, in spite of constitution, restraint, the executive has twisted congressional permission into authority to organize a regular army of one hundred thousand men, not for home defence, but to conquer friendly nations and put down in Asia the principles that constitute the cornerstone of the American republic.

When congress meets its first duty should be to knock the props from under this army. All further enlistments should be stopped, estimates should be cut down, appropriations should be withheld, promotions should be denied, and every possible thing done to weaken and reduce the army. Ten thousand men, or even five thousand, are enough for the regular army of a republic. No republic endure that tolerates the demoralizing and debasing influences of a large standing army. Encourage the state militia, but foster the regular army only as you would a dangerous reptile—that is, pull out its fangs and crush its head. No republic needs an army when every citizen is a soldier ready to die for his country and his home.

A FIGHT FOR GOLD.

It is generally known that the wealth taken out of the Witwatersrand mines in the Transvaal is enormous, but it is only after one knows the precise profits which go to the fortunate shareholders that it can be properly appreciated. The total amount paid in dividends by the gold producing mines was in 1896, \$7,450,000; in 1897, \$13,500,000, and in 1898, \$25,450,000. Few of the mines paid less than twenty-five per cent on the capital invested, and many of them one hundred per cent. One paid three hundred, and another six hundred and seventy-five per cent.

After noting these figures it becomes easy to understand the remark made by Sir Alfred Milner the day he left England to return to South Africa, when asked by a reporter what would be his policy with regard to the Transvaal. "If," he said, "you saw a solid pile of gold worth five hundred millions sterling over there with 20,000 Boers armed to the teeth sitting upon it, what would you do?" Less enigmatisms was a statement by Mr. Lionel Phillips, one of the Rand millionaires: "We don't care about the franchise; we want the mines."

The St Paul Pioneer Press has a very suggestive cartoon, especially to the people who object to Uncle Sam running a polygamous government over in the Philippine, Sulu islands group, or having any partnership therein. The cartoon shows Congressman Roberts, of Utah, handing his card inscribed "Sultan of U. S. Utah," to the Philippine monarch who, in return, hands his card, "Sultan of Sulu," to our much married Utah congressman. Compliments are even.

The Salem Journal launches horrible pun on an unsuspecting public. It says: "The recent corset trust recently organized will no doubt squeeze some of the small concerns quite tightly."

The French secretary of war issues a high sounding manifesto asking the army to consider the

"Dreyfus incident closed." Also "to forget the past so you can think solely of the future;" further "with you and all my comrades, I proclaim vive l'armee." If any future Fourth of July committee in this country should be required to supply a man who could be depended upon to make the eagle scream in his highest tone it will give that French secretary an engagement.

General Otis is using strategy to weaken the Filipinos. He offers \$40 for each gun surrendered. The Filipinos, though, are not surrendering any arms in response to the tempting offer. Otis had better watch home talent closely else he may get a stock of second-hand guns the securing of which would not weaken our Asiatic brothers, to be, in the least. The Yankee seldom loses a chance to swindle this paternal government.

The Pacific Coast will get a taste of trusts, that is if they eat crackers. The Coast concerns have been organized into a trust with a \$4,000,000 capitalization. The stock, like the flour from which crackers are made, is watered one half or more.

Linn and Marion counties have a costly object lesson of slack supervision of public bridge building. The joint Santiam bridge, at Stayton, built only ten years ago at a cost of \$18,000, is giving away and unsafe. Poor superintendency, perhaps none at all.

Salem quotations of wheat yesterday, Sept 8, were only 49 cents for new and 50 cents for old. And Salem enjoys cheap water transportation. Truly there are other things more valuable than "old wheat in a mill" these days.

C P Huntington interests have secured control of the Crocker holdings of Southern Pacific railroad stock. The shares, numbering 340,000, have an approximate value of \$10,000,000. Huntington now has absolute control of this vast railroad property.

The situation in the Transvaal seems to be that the Boers are waiting for rain to provide water and grass, while the British only await arrival of their troops which are hurriedly being forwarded on transports.

Quite an event in Portland will be the starting up of ex-Gov Penoyer's sawmill about January 1st. It has been shut down several years. A large force of men will be employed in the industry.

Senator Mark Hanna, who has been interviewed upon the subject, says that congress will do whatever the president wishes and support whatever policy he may adopt.

Many hopyards in the lower portion of the valley are leased to Chinamen. The leases are generally made for five years at \$16 per acre per year.

The Transvaal and Orange Free States can put 50,000 men into the field. It looks as if Great Britain may get a good fight for her money.

Michigan barbers, like those of the craft in Oregon, have been licensed in all towns whose population exceeds ten thousand.

The poetically named young man of the city who penned the following is entitled to the blue ribbon: I met a girl of the And gently took her hair I thought I'd pop her? But I didn't have the S&S.

THE CORRECT THING.—Scott McMurry is tilling a piece of low ground near the Masonic cemetery. It will take two car loads to put in the amount required, 15,000 feet. He gets his tilling from North Yamhill. This is the way to reclaim low ground. In fact tilling would benefit nearly all the land in Western Oregon greatly.

MEXICAN ASSASSINS.

THE MURDEROUS REVOLT IN THE TAOS VALLEY.

Out of the Seventeen Americans Who Were Trapped by the Mexicans Only One Escaped Death Either by Fire or Bullet.

John Albert, who ended his days at Walsenburg, Colo., had exciting adventures in every section west of the Mississippi. He saw two wars and took an active share in the Indian uprising, yet when on his deathbed he was asked to dictate to a reporter the scene he considered most exciting in his life he chose a theme with which few if any of his countrymen are acquainted.

The revolt in the Taos valley, if ever it came to the ears of the authorities, was never universally disseminated. It appears on no page of common history, and, although for horror it compares favorably with the massacre at the Alamo, no novelist has seen fit to make it a central theme.

The section now known as New Mexico was formally taken possession of by the Americans in the spring of 1846. General Kearny was at that time in command of the invading forces. He made his headquarters at Santa Fe and remained in active superintendence for more than a year. At the expiration of that period the growing need of troops on the Pacific coast led to his withdrawal to Lower California. He left two regiments with a military governor in charge, Charles Bent, with a handful of men, was left to guard Santa Fe. The Mexican governor, General Armijo, had fled on the advance of the hated Yankees. His people, no matter what their secret thoughts might be, had been the most peaceable of subjects, yet the body of the army had not been gone two months before the Americans saw that trouble was imminent.

The only man who escaped has told the story more graphically than any pen can portray it. Arroyo Honda was a town of some 1,200 inhabitants, mostly Mexicans and Pueblo Indians. It lay in the Santa Fe district, but too far away for aid to come. The total of Americans in the place was 17, most of whom were rough trappers and mountaineers. The entire town turned out to an impromptu mass meeting on the plaza. It was decided to revolt and return to the Mexican authority. Well knowing that the band of Yankees, although comparatively insignificant in numbers, would resist such a step to the last, it was determined to shoot all on sight. For this purpose the mob spread through the town. But through some source or other Governor Bent had received a tip. He sent off to Santa Fe for help and then, gathering his little band about him, fled to the only refuge the place afforded.

"The next morning," said John Albert, "they commenced the attack by sending in to us a flag of truce, demanding our arms and ammunition and an unconditional surrender of ourselves. I told the boys they could do as they pleased, but I knew treachery would lead us to certain death in the end, and I was going to die with my gun in my hands and not be murdered like a common dog.

"This was the turning point in the matter, and they all concluded to fight it out as best they could. The men who came to make a treaty with us went back. Their forces were secreted behind the brow of a hill near by us, and one of them, after a manner of the wild Indians in opening a battle, came to the top of the ridge and danced a jig and sang a song of defiance. I knew the time had come, and the sooner the bloody work commenced the sooner we would know our fate.

"We of the mountaineers had collected in a building of considerable size and the only one in the place that was two stories in height. The dancing Indian was within gunshot, and I killed him. Billy Austin stood close behind me, and when another man came to drag the body back Austin shot him. By this time my gun was loaded, and I killed a third man. Then the hurrah commenced, and the air was filled with bullets from the guns in the hands of the men who lay behind the top of the hill. The bullets rattled against the house like hail. There was not a window left in it. Although we saw we were in a trap, we fought on.

"When the sun was setting, the Mexicans made a furious charge and set fire to the house we were in and got under the walls of other buildings. Soon everything was ablaze. The uproar of the yelling fiends on the outside and the excitement of the men on the inner side was deafening. We tried to escape by digging through the floor down into the granary. The house was filling with Mexicans, and everything was in confusion. Fortunately for me in the confusion I escaped from the house. I don't know how many shots were fired at me, but none took effect. I had a bullet in my clothes, one cut off the brim of my hat, and another cut the band, and I lost it from my head. In the excitement I forgot my coat and was out in the world alone without coat, hat or friends, and with 140 miles of mountain road between me and safety."

Albert wandered for three days over the mountains without food and exposed to the bitter cold. He reached the American lines at last, the first to bring news of the uprising. Of course, when a regiment arrived on the scene the Taos valley quickly quieted. It was not long after that that the Mexican war broke out. One-half of that nation was transferred to Uncle Sam, in consideration of which old scores were wiped out. No penalties were exacted for the Arroyo Honda massacre, yet it must go down as one of the most horrible in our western annals.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

How to Open a New Book.

Hold the book with its back on a smooth or covered table; let the front board down, then the other, holding the leaves in one hand while you open a few leaves at the back, then a few at the front, and so on, alternately opening back and front, gently pressing open the sections till you reach the center of the volume. Do this two or three times and you will obtain the best results. Open the volume violently or carelessly in any one place and you will likely break the back and cause a start in the leaves. Never force the back. If it does not yield to gentle opening rely upon it the back is too tightly or strongly lined.

A connoisseur many years ago, an excellent customer of mine, who thought he knew perfectly how to handle books, came into my office when I had an expensive binding just brought from the bindery ready to be sent home. He, before my eyes, took hold of the volume, and tightly holding the leaves in each hand, instead of allowing them free play, violently opened it in the center and exclaimed, "How beautifully your bindings open!" I almost fainted. He had broken the back of the volume, and it had to be rebound.—"Modern Bookbinding Practically Considered," by William Matthews.

Got the Wrong Woman.

A pastime which obtains among the farm classes of Korea, known as the "packing off of widows," consists of a raid by some disconsolate widower and his friends on some village known to contain a young widow, the forcible abduction of the lady in question and her marriage to the widower. An instance of this kind has recently come to our notice. A widower living in one of the villages of Kangwha with 11 friends went to a hamlet close to the walls of Kangwha city where a widow lived and seized and carried off, after somewhat of a battle, a young lady. It so happened, however, that they had mistaken the house and unfortunately got hold of the wrong lady. Early the next morning an indignant posse came in pursuit, but the men who had committed the dastardly deed succeeded in eluding them. The young lady, however, was rescued, and after the house of the widower and its contents had been completely demolished she was escorted home in triumph by her husband and his friends.—Kobe Chronicle.

Hook Swinging in Bengal.

The people of Gangalia, in Bengal, have a barbarous practice called hook swinging. They deck themselves out with garlands, and then assemble together to undergo the most horrible torture. A wire about a quarter of an inch in diameter and seven feet long is pierced through the tongue, and then the wretched being will dance for ever half an hour with the wire still hanging through the tongue.

Some of them form themselves into a row and are then sewed together by a wire needle threaded with cord. They are sewed by the arms and look like herrings on a wire when ready for the hook.

It is thought that the victims are dragged considerably beforehand, owing to the sulken, dazed expression they wear throughout, but sometimes one or two faint and are with great difficulty brought round again.

When Home is Sweet.

Fewer wives would sit lonesomely at home while their husbands roam elsewhere in search of entertainment if more wives realized that home should be something besides a clean place to eat and sleep in. Men "hate" women's tea parties and large show functions, but they like dinner and supper parties. Many families refrain from entertaining because they cannot do so on an expensive scale. It is, however, possible to give small dinners and suppers that are both enjoyable and inexpensive. Ask people who either do or will like each other, and if you wish the women to have a good time have just as many men guests as women guests. If the men are to have a good time, make sure that some of the women are pretty and flattering. Men like to be flattered. Oh, yes, they do.—Gentlewoman.

Boiled Rice.

Thomas Murray, the noted chef, says many cooks do not know how to do so simple a thing as to boil rice properly. Each grain of rice, he says, should be distinct, whole, but at the same time tender. To accomplish this, a small quantity of rice should be boiled in a large pot nearly filled with water. Put it into cold water and a little salt and boil rapidly for 20 or 30 minutes. Test the grains occasionally, and when a slight pressure between the thumb and forefinger will crush them they are done. If allowed to boil till the grains burst or boiled in a small quantity of water, the grains will stick together. When done, drain off the water and set the rice on the range, where it will keep warm.—Exchange.

Hay Crops on Ice.

Farmers who live in the vicinity of Muskego lake, in southeastern Wisconsin, derive a profitable income from the lake each winter by harvesting hay on the ice. The shallowness of the water in the lake bed causes the grass growing on the bottom to project considerably above the surface, and when the ice forms the hay can be cut with great ease, though it cannot be got at the rest of the year on account of the boggy nature of the lake bottom.

While the population of France has increased only 10 per cent in the last 20 years, the number of state officials, according to M. Turquand, shows an increase of 121 per cent.

The shogirl would enjoy her job better if she learned to sit on the counter when not busy.—Galveston News.

KELLAR'S GREAT MEMORY.

It Aided the Magician in His Second Sight Tricks.

"The second sight trick as performed on the stage calls for a marvelous memory," said a former theatrical manager. "Some years ago I attended one of Henry Kellar's entertainments with Mrs. Scott Siddons. His lady assistant sat blindfolded on the stage and described different articles which he picked up at random through the audience. When he came near, I simply pointed to a curious little green charm which Mrs. Siddons had loaned to me and I was then wearing on my watch chain.

"It was a green intaglio," said the assistant in reply to Kellar's questions; "a very peculiar little medallion, which was presented to Mrs. Scott Siddons by the sailors of a vessel bound for San Francisco from Australia."

"We were so astonished that we almost fell out of our seats. After the show we went behind the scenes with Nellie McHenry and some other theatrical folk who happened to be present, and Mrs. Siddons proceeded to corner the magician, who was an old friend. 'Now, Harry,' she said, 'I want you to tell me honestly how you knew about that locket.'

"Kellar laughed. 'You recollect I came over from Australia on the same ship,' he replied, 'and I would certainly know that stone if I saw it in China.'

"He would say no more, and I presume, of course, that he conveyed his information to the stage through his system of cues. But the marvelous part about it was his prompt recognition of the charm on my watch chain. The presentation on shipboard had taken place all of seven or eight years before."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

LIKE THE PROVERBIAL CAT.

How the Professor's Desk Came Back at His Own Expense.

The young lawyer has good taste in antiques and has done much browsing about in search of them. He knows the places in Worcester and the neighboring towns where those who like old furniture and have the money to pay for it may find what will delight their souls. So it was no more than natural, when the professor sold his desk, which was of ancient design, but of doubtful age, and began looking for something better, that he should consult the young lawyer. The man of law was delightfully sympathetic. "I saw just what you want the other day," he said, "but I'm afraid it's gone now. I'll keep my eye out for the next few days."

"Well, if you see anything really good," said the professor, "buy it and hold it for me. It is not safe to let a bargain go too long. Only let me know as soon as you can, so that I won't be buying one too. It would be a great favor."

"Not at all," said the lawyer. "It's a pleasure to buy a good thing, even if you are not to keep it yourself."

In a day or two the professor received a joyful note. The young lawyer's mother had found just what the professor wanted—a beauty, one of those rare old bits that they cannot counterfeited, and such a bargain, only \$10. The professor was charmed. He immediately sent his check to the young lawyer with an enthusiastic note of thanks and a request to send up the desk. He was in the hall when it arrived. He tore off the sacking and inspected his prize. It was his old desk that he had sold a few days before for \$5.50.—Worcester Gazette.

Odd Tendencies of Slang.

A writer in the Journal de Debats complains of the process of degradation which is going on in the French language. The peasantry, for instance, frequently speak of the ass, a humble partner in their daily toil, as "the minister," and other words of dignified import are applied to equally humble, if not actually base, uses.

The same tendency, however, appears, to be showing itself in Germany, where the title "monarch" passes current in modern slang as a designation for tramps and footpads. The other day a noncommissioned officer in charge of barracks at Danzig addressed this term to a troublesome private just as a captain happened to be passing. The latter at once reported the incident, and the barrack master was brought before the magistrates on a charge of "lese majesty."

Evidence was adduced to prove that in east Prussia "rascal" and "monarch" were convertible terms, so that the court acquitted the prisoner, although he loses his rank and his pension.

A Valuable Truckload.

Perhaps as costly a commodity as any that is carried in considerable quantities in truckloads is Sumatra tobacco, such as is used for cigar wrappers. Sumatra wrappers cost from \$1 to \$2 a pound, and the import duty on them is \$1.85 a pound. This tobacco is imported in small, compact bales weighing 170 or 180 pounds each. Duty paid Sumatra would be worth about \$600 a bale, and there can be carried on a truck fifty bales or more; so that a 50 bale truckload of such tobacco would be worth about \$30,000.—New York Sun.

Beat of His Industry.

Mrs. de Cohen—I hear you've got a very industrious husband. Laundress—Yes, mum; he's always finding something for me to do.—Anti-Semitic Jewish Comment.

German postoffice employees are not permitted to marry without the special permission of the government.

The entire collection of coins and medals in the British museum consists of nearly 250,000 specimens.

EFFECTS OF CHLOROFORM.

Such That Burglars Would Not Use It on Sleeping Persons.

That burglars of the more advanced type can and do use chloroform in the commission of their crimes is a belief widely held and rarely contradicted, and yet there is, curiously, little foundation for it. Indeed, those who are most familiar with the administration and effects of anaesthetics assert that there is no foundation at all for it except in the imagination of sensational writers and in the needs of people whose losses cannot safely be explained by statements of fact. The question has been raised recently by several robberies in which chloroform is said to have been employed, and opinions of the experts are strongly against the possibility of such use. One of the physicians interviewed is quoted as saying:

"As far as known chloroform and ether have never taken effect on a healthy sleeping person without that person knowing it. Both of these anaesthetics are at first stimulating and invigorating in their effect and will arouse a sleeping person. The entire system is excited, and the heart beats violently and fast. The use of either chloroform or ether or any other anaesthetic by burglars is absurd. It frequently takes physicians with their various appliances from 10 to 15 minutes to put a person under the influence of either of these anaesthetics, and often a patient will become so stimulated and active before the effect is secured that it requires several strong men to hold him."

The idea that the mere introduction of chloroform into a room would cause unconsciousness was derided as absurd. Even if doors and windows were air tight it would take several gallons of either anaesthetic to so fill a room with the heavy fumes as to affect a sleeper on a bed of average height. And the first effect would be, not deep sleep, but excited wakefulness. The chances are, then, that when anybody claims to have been chloroformed by burglars there is something queer about the case.—New York Times.

CAMEL'S HAIR BRUSHES.

The Term a Misnomer Now, For Squirrels Furnish the Hair.

The camel's hair brush used by artists has nothing of bacteria in it. There was a time when real camel's hair was used for this purpose. The ship of the desert, however, has long been superseded by the comely squirrel. Not only is squirrel's hair very much less costly, but it is better, softer, more pliable and more durable. At the present day it is doubtful if you could find a bush of camel's hair in all the brush factories in the land. However, there is no cause for fear that the graceful little squirrel will be exterminated. It is the European squirrel that furnishes the hair for the brushes, the covering of the American squirrel being too furry and soft for the purpose.

It is somewhat the same way with the coarser brushes. The bristles most prized come from Russia and India, and the wild hogs of Germany furnish their quills. The great American hog runs to fat and puts forth practically no bristles. In the countries above mentioned the collecting of bristles is quite an important industry among the peasantry of certain districts. In comparatively few cases are they stripped from the dead body of the hog. The usual method is to discover the haunts of the animals and to gather the bristles from the trees against which they rub themselves.—New York Sun.

The Woman and the Car.

It's a strange thing about women and cable cars when the time comes for them to part. A man or a boy will just naturally drop off the car and start along the street as if nothing had happened, but let a woman attempt to emulate his example and sad work does she make of it. Even a rainy day costume doesn't help her out much, for skirts have little to do with the bumbling method of leaving the car. It is a matter that cannot be explained so easily as can her inability to throw a ball, for in the latter case anatomy is at fault.

Sometimes she puzzles over it herself, but in the majority of cases she gives the matter no thought, but simply rises, grasps the railing, and, whether the car is at a standstill or in motion, steps off backward. Some one should be able to offer a reasonable explanation of the very apparent fact that her impulse in that case is to do the incorrect thing. Even when she carefully studies the subject and trains herself to face in the same direction in which the car is moving it never "seems natural" to her.—New York Sun.

The Flank March.

"Stonewall died," ran one of the most popular fables, "and two angels came down from heaven to take his back with them. They went to his tent. He was not there. They went to the hospital. He was not there. They went to the outposts. He was not there. They went to the prayer meeting. He was not there. So they had to return without him, but when they reported that he had disappeared they found that he had made a flank march and reached heaven before them."—"Stonewall Jackson," by Lieutenant Colonel G. F. R. Henderson.

No Reflection Intended.

This was overheard on a cable car the other morning. An overlander woman climbed in and took a place on an otherwise vacant seat. The still slumberous conductor took the quarter that she handed him, and before he rang up the fare, "One?" he asked absently.

"Yes, and don't try to be funny," she snapped.—New York Sun.