East Oregonian

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"Under our form of government all authority is vested in the people, and by them delegated to those who represent them in official capacity. Every power possessed by an official belongs not to him, but to the people. He is the trustee of an express trust to be administered for the public good, not for private gain. If all officials were corrupt and all official acts were for sale, then government would soon become the debauched tyranny of the few with wealth enough to purchase official favors.

"The official who would betray his trust would sell his country if he could. He is a traitor to peace—more dangerous than the traitor of war. The greatest enemies of the republic today are the givers and takers of bribes."—John W. Folk, district attorney of St. Louis.

The wit of the note and comment column of the Oregonian has evidently had a funeral in the family. Accept condolences.

Wyoming is just now vying with Kentucky for a killing record. Closely following the Southern feud, as a cause for limbering up six-shooters, the Western range war is a good second.

The mayor of Brockton, Mass., who has just been elected for the third time, is a plumber by trade. As an evidence of his popularity with the people, no political humorist has yet accused him of connecting hot air pipes to the mayor's office.

Over in Republic, Wash., the telephone linemen are on a strike, and in order to keep the lines in working order the girl operators have climbed the poles and made repairs to the wires. If climbing in a profession counts for anything, these girls should be at the head of the telephone company.

Pope Leo XIII has left behind him an intellectual legacy which will be a perpetual joy to mankind, no matter what the creed or class. He was a literary genius of extraordinary ability and aside from his executive force, he possessed the power of clothing his thought in touching eloquence. He will be remembered as an author, as well as one of the best of popes.

There is a brisk demand for good teams in Portland to work on the Lewis and Clark fair site, and Canada is crying for Oregon horses. The horseman of the Inland Empire is now at the open door of the best demand for his stock, in the history of the West, and he is evidently not able to meet it. The government, the building activity and the farmers of the North are all in the field for horses and are finding but few.

Ex-Governor Geer turns his wrath upon the Portland pugilistic world, and it would seem justly, too, considering the great number of crimes that have accompanied the influx of "scrappers" to the city. He gently remarks upon the subject as follows: "Portland has had a carnival of pugilism during the past few months, which has drawn to that city the toughest frequenters of the ringside. White bullies and black brutes have received free advertising to the extent of whole pages of so-called "sporting news," embellished with pictures of the principal actors, and reeking with the nauseating details of fistic encounters. The result has been what might have been expected. Free and easy Portland—the boasted sporting center of the coast—has attracted the toughest element that civilized society tolerates, the devotees of pugilism."

If Umatilla county rolls up a two-thirds crop this year, as all results so far indicate, it means that no fears need be entertained by farmers in the future. The conditions surrounding the present crop from the time it was seeded until it is being harvested, have been unusual, and will probably not be experienced again in years. The snowfall was so light that the young grain was not protected during the winter. The spring was so cold and unfavorable to growth that the crop did not get started off right and the dry weather of the months of April and May held it back until many farmers were in despair. After all this array of unusually severe conditions, a couple of refreshing showers and a sufficiency of sunshine have produced at least three and a half million bushels of wheat in the county. It is a test of strength that cannot be gainsaid. It is a trial of endurance that will probably not be imposed upon the county again in a generation. It proves that the abiding fertility of Umatilla county cannot be conquered even by a combination of the adverse elements.

LONELINESS OF THE POPE.

When the homeless, childless condition of a pope of Rome is considered in relation to the grandeur surrounding his death, there seems to be an unutterable loneliness hovering ove rthe scenes in the vatican. Something human is lacking.

All the wealth and power bestowed upon the isolated prisoner-pontiff cannot atone for the absence of home life and love. All the admiration of the world cannot make up for the forbidden prattle of the child or the self-sacrificing love of a wife.

Through life the pope must be denied the sweetest human joy—the possession of a home and a family and in death no consoling touch of wife or child sooths the aching brow or closes the sightless eyes.

Celibacy is unnatural and dwarfing to the nature of man. It spoils a human and does not make a saint. It takes away from the sum of man's foreordained usefulness on earth and does not replace the human loss by any spiritual gain.

True, all the necessities and luxuries of life, and millions for display, if desired, are at the disposal of the pope. The Vatican is his home, his private apartments are wonders of rigid simplicity, or marvels of gloomy grandeur, just as he sees fit to enjoy the harmless beauties of art and splendor. But the pope is a recluse in his daily life and must forget himself in the welfare of the church.

Down deep in the human heart throbbing under the papal robes, it is safe to say that many a pope of Rome has envied the plodding, happy peasant, and from the frowning, unresponsive splendor of his palace, has sighed for the freedom and sunshine and true human happiness of the villager's cot.

True, kings, princes and dignitaries swarm about him, like moths about the flame; pilgrims go from the end of the earth to pay homage and bear gifts; cardinals, bishops, priests and laymen linger upon his slightest speech in veneration and submission—but when the pope turns his gaze from the world to his inmost heart and soul, he finds a void, an emptiness that all these evidences of greatness cannot supply. He must feel at times a human inclination tugging at his life and pointing from the utter loneliness of his station to the sunshine of a little home and a confiding wife and prattling children. It is the great God's design of life and no rites nor creeds can successfully supplant it.

Nothing that friendly hands can do, is spared to make his living and dying complete with comforts. Nothing that money can buy or skill devise is denied him.

But too often under the touch of such friendships and such fraternity surges the hot blood of ambition. The thrill of genuine affection that alone can satisfy the longing of the soul in the last extremity, cannot be supplied by strangers. The world is unfeeling and its sorrow empty.

This one penance of celibacy imposed upon popes and priests is enough to atone for all the sins of man.

LEGISLATIVE BUNGLING.

It now dawns upon the framers of the bill by which the price of school land was to have been raised from $1.25 per acre to $2.50, that the words "school land," were omitted from the title of the act, and that the law as applied to school land is inoperative.

The bill included school and indemnity land in its provisions, but through some inexcusable bungling, the title was worded wrong and the law does not raise the price of school land, as intended.

Attorney-General Crawford has rendered an opinion on the bill which discloses its utter weakness and emptiness. He says the state land board cannot enforce the provisions of the would-be bill, and the price of Oregon school land remains at $1.25 per acre.

However, the board has charged $2.50 for all school land sold since the bill went into effect, and each member has expressed the willingness to follow the intention of the legislature and sell all school land at $2.50 per acre.

Of course, the land grabbers are kicking at this and claim the right to secure valuable school lands at $1.25 per acre. It is the opportunity of the grafter to get in some hard licks before another legislature meets to change the meaning and title of the act.

The people of Oregon are in hopes the land board finds legal grounds for following the intention of the law. The cream of the school land area of the state has been skimmed off at a shamefully low price. The legislature, after 40 years of lethargy on the subject only awakes from its inactivity to make a mistake and a bungle. So far as the people are concerned it might have allowed the matter to stand as it was, and it would have been much more complimentary to the business qualifications of the legislature.

This is not the only bungle made by the Oregon legislature in the past. On account of its coarse and heedless work, the initiative and referendum will probably be declared inoperative and that entire campaign will have to be fought over again. What's the matter with the Oregon legislature, anyway? Out of 90,000 voters, isn't it possible to select 90 men who will make laws that will stand the test?

WHERE MORALS ARE STERNEST.

An amazing high standard of "morality" prevails in South Dakota. It is so altitudinous, in fact, that the less righteous people of the older and more civilized Eastern states may well despair of attaining such dizzy heights of rectitude. This moral elevation is almost incomprehensible in view of the fact that South Dakota's chief claim to distinction heretofore has been the rapidity with which its courts dissolved matrimonial ties on the most frivolous pretexts.

It appears, according to dispatches, that the president of the South Dakota University, Prof. Garrett Droppers, has fallen by the wayside and is now being tried by the regents of the university for high crimes and misdemeanors. Mr. Droppers, it seems recently entertained a United States senator and gave him claret for his dinner. This is the first count of the indictment against his lame and halting morality, but it is not the worst, although the regents are dreadfully shocked by the disclosure of his frailty. Just before he fell from grace and offered claret to a visiting states man, Professor Droppers, it is alleged, was guilty of a most horrifying breach of morality. He was invited to a Welsh rabbit party by a leader in the Women's Christian Temperance Union of the university town.

Having lived in other states and acquired a large fund of information on the subject of Welsh rabbits, Professor Dropper went to the party properly equipped, as he thought, for the occasion. In the inside pocket of his overcoat he had stowed away two bottles of ale. When he produced them and proposed that the rabbit be made in the approved style, the party almost fainted. When order was restored the professor was informed that South Dakota moistened its rabbit with milk, and that only the sons of Belial used ale or beer.

The next day all the pastors of the town called on the president of the university and reprimanded him for his wickedness. Profesor Droppers is not a bad man, but he has the misfortune of living in a town whose standards are too elevated for the average man. The board of regents is now "sitting on his case" with awful solemnity, and preparing to deal with him with merciless severity for proposing to mix ale with a Welsh rabbit, and putting a claret bottle to the mouth of a guileless United States senator. Some day, if the people of this South Dakota town persist in being so very good, they will be translated without a moment's warning to teach the "angels" how to behave themselves—those "angels" who, before they were taken to a better world, were conspicuous members of the Dakota divorce colonies.—Baltimore Sun.

A DIAGNOSIS OF KENTUCKY.

Kentucky's hills are full of rills,
And all the rills are lined with stills,
And all the stills are full of gills,
And all the gills are full of thrills,
And all the thrills are full of kills.

You see, the feudists dot the hills,
And camp along the little rills,
Convenient to the busy stills,
And thirsting for the brimming gills,
And when the juice his system fills,
Each feudist whoops around and kills.

Now if they'd only stop the stills,
They'd cure Kentucky's many ills—
Men would be spared to climb the hills
And operate the busy stills.
However, this would mean more gills,
And that, of course, would mean more thrills,
Resulting in the same old kills.

So all the hills and rills and stills,
And all the gills and thrills and kills
Are splendid for the coffin mills,
And make more undertakers' bills.
—W. D. Nesbit, in Chicago Tribune.

DISCONTENT.

I knew a fellow once that had a horse
That trotted at a very merry clip;
But he was very sad at heart because
He had no whip.

I knew a fellow once that found a whip,
But he was not content with it, of course,
For after that he wished and wished and wished
He had a horse!

Now, if the two had met and made a swap,
Each would have got the thing he so desired;
But neither would have been quite satisfied—
Which makes me tired!
—Exchange.

Martin Zidmair, of Lewiston, Mont., has been sentenced to hang September 4, for the murder of George Reeder, at Livingston, last May.

GENERAL NEWS.

There are nineteen telegraph wires running directly between Rome and Paris.

The skeleton of a 75-foot whale will be on exhibition at the St. Louis Fair.

General Cassius M. Clay, 93 years of age, is dying at his home at Richmond, Ky.

Fourteen hundred employes of the government railway machine shops in Austro-Hungary are on strike.

General Wos Gil has been elected president of San Domingo and General Deschamps vice-president.

The Irish land bill passed its third reading in the house of commons yesterday by a vote of 317 to 202.

The Cramps have nearly finished the first war vessel ever made in America for the Turkish government.

Mathias Zimmerman, of Mosher, Ark., shot and killed his wife and then killed himself with the same gun.

Six sailors at New York were completely crazed by the fumes of fusel oil, and had to be taken to a hospital.

District Attorney Gurley, of New Orleans, was shot and killed in his office by C. B. Lyons, who then shot and killed himself.

The Turkish treasury is nearly empty, the government officials having only received one month's salary since February last.

Mrs.-Helen M. Rockwell died a few days ago at Chicago, aged 101 years. She claimed to have seen every president except Washington.

Extensions of steamship lines from Japan and China to Java have been made, which put San Francisco in direct communication with Java.

James A. Rice was fatally shot, at Lamar, Mo., by Bert Cochran. They quarreled and fought over a widow, Mrs. C. B. Martin. Both are prominent men.

James Vatton, a 14-year-old boy at Oakland, Cal., has hanged himself. It was a successful attempt at suicide. He first attempted suicide when 9 years old.

Phil Daly's famous club house—an aristocratic gambling place—at Long Branch, will be sold under the hammer August 3. Its furnishings alone cost $250,000.

Striking moulders at Toronto, attacked strike breakers from the United States. Scores were hurt and many arrests made. All the reserve police have been called out.

The board of equalization at San Francisco has raised the valuation of Mrs. Collis Huntington's imported paintings from $18,000 to $150,000. Mrs. Huntington is in tears.

The Conservatives, representing the present policy in vogue in Manitoba, swept everything in the recent election. The legislature will be conservative by 36 out of 40.

Colombia is in debt $1,262,375,900. Its own currency is worth 11 cents on the dollar, which virtually multiplies the debt figures given above by nine.

There is a great falling off in the American demand for Japanese raw silk. More properly speaking, the Japs hold it at prohibitive prices on account of the failure of the Italian crop.

Nine persons who are ill with typhoid fever at Bridgeport, Conn., are said to have contracted the disease from eating raw clams at a picnic dinner.

A grand jury at Denver is examining evidences of corruption in Denver, Arapahoe county and the state of Colorado. The charges allege theft by public officials.

Norcross Bros., building contractors of Boston, Mass., have failed. Their net indebtedness is $500,000, and they have outstanding contracts amounting to $9,000,000.

An imported stallion, Mirthful, was burned to death at Lexington, Ky., lightning having fired the premises. He belonged to John Madden, and was valued at $100,000.

Professor S. P. Langley is about ready to begin experiments with a flying machine of the aeroplane pattern. He announces considerable faith that it will prove to be a success.

An Arctic explorer brings back the startling information that there are no bald heads among the natives. Neither are there any bald-headed aboriginies anywhere else—in Umatilla county, Patagonia, or in the tropics.

There has been an advance in the price of raw sugar in the Hawaiian Islands of $3.75 per ton, due to greater demand and also to a selling price combine by the beet sugar producers of Europe.

An electric car in Kansas City, while running at full speed, struck broadside a wagon containing eight people, none of whom were seriously injured. The wagon was completely demolished.

A deer hound belonging to Iiman Burdick, of Kelso, Wash., has returned to his master after an absence of six years. Nothing whatever is known of the animal's whereabouts during that time.

Reforms in the methods of examining the persons and effects of incomers at the customs collection ports are to be made at once, with a view to lessening the annoyances to which travelers are subjected.

The Corean government is howling because a Russian timber company is laying a cable across the Yalu river. As American and British business men enjoy the same privilege, unmolested, the howl will be accepted as such probably. Later on the Russian government will use the cable officially, which the American and British governments have no occasion to do.

NORTHWEST NEWS.

The grand lodge of the A. O. U. W. of Oregon, is now in session in Portland.

V. B. Johnson, an Astoria contractor, dropped dead with heart disease Tuesday.

William Williams, of La Grande, is now in jail at Union on a charge of forgery.

John Dexter, of Waitsburg, was drowned while swimming Monday morning, near that city.

The Harrison river mills of Fraser River, B. C., were destroyed by fire Tuesday; loss, $75,000.

The Magnolia Flour Mills, of Albany, were sold Tuesday to the Albany Canal & Water Company.

Elvin Nicholson, of North Yakima, committed suicide Monday, on account of disappointment in love.

Work on the new $9,000 barn at the Eastern Oregon Experiment station farm at Union, is now under way.

The express office at Union will handle over 20,000 crates of cherries by the time the fruit season is over this year.

Major Humphrey, in command of the forts at the mouth of the Columbia, has been promoted to be lieutenant-colonel.

Edna I. Warner, Miss Nina Solomon and T. V. Foster, of Everett, Wash., were drowned in Bellingham Bay, Monday.

A Portland Chinaman has brought suit against Chief of Police Hunt, of that city, for $250 damages, for false imprisonment.

Machinery for the new condensed milk factory at Hillsboro is now in place. This is the only factory of the kind in the state.

A wild deer which attempted to cross the Southern Pacific track near Grant's Pass, was run down and killed by a locomotive, Tuesday.

Over 600,000 acres of arid land in the Blackfoot, Idaho, land district, have been withdrawn from settlement for irrigation purposes.

Foul play is suspected in the death of John O'Farrell, who is reported to have been killed at Tacoma, Wednesday, by falling from a Northern Pacific caboose.

J. F. Stovall, who was under $150 ball at Grant's Pass, on a charge of shooting a valuable dog on Main street, has disappeared and the bail is forfeited.

A movement is now on foot to construct a large power plant at Sparta, Baker county, for the transmission of power to Baker, Union and intermediate points.

The Golden Gate Hotel, at Nome City, was destroyed by fire July 10; loss about $100,000. R. M. Hays, a Pittsburg millionaire, and wife, were burned to death.

Attorney-General Crawford will make no objection to the reinstatement of Attorney Henry St. Rayner, who has been disbarred from practice for improper conduct.

Miss Bertha Calligan, of Scappoose, was burned to death at Mt. Tabor Sanitarium, Monday. She was partially insane and ignited her bed clothing with suicidal intent.

The Multnomah county circuit court has upheld the sailor boarding house law passed by the Oregon legislature, and the "crimps" must get a license and behave themselves.

Milwaukie, Or., has passed an ordinance against storing explosives in the city limits, and the California Powder Works are preparing to move the large storage cellars elsewhere.

Miss Addie B. Colvig, of Jacksonville, has been elected grand chief of the Degree of Honor for Oregon, at the grand lodge of the A. O. U. W. and D. of H., now in session in Portland.

The fireworks which should have been used at Spangle, Wash., on the Fourth of July, but were not on account of the rain, were used in an exhibition on the streets Monday night, July 20.

Harry Belden, a Sumpter miner, fell 150 feet down a shaft in the Bonanza, Monday. His fall was checked by his catching some logging on the side of the shaft, and he escaped with a dislocated shoulder and several bruises.

George W. Maness, of Caldwell, Idaho, was fatally injured at that place Wednesday, by jumping from a moving freight train. A brakeman had struck him with a lantern and was in the act of striking him again when he jumped. The brakeman is under arrest.

John Hahnnanan, of Sumpter, in drilling for a blast in the Gold Bug mine, Monday, struck an old charge of powder which had not exploded. His drill exploded the charge and it maimed him horribly, shooting the drill through his hand and crushing his shoulders and chest severely.

Rheumatism
"THE PAIN KING."

Those who have ever felt its keen, cutting pains, or witnessed the intense suffering of others, know that Rheumatism is torture, and that it is rightly called "The King of Pain."

All do not suffer alike. Some are suddenly seized with the most excruciating pains, and it seems every muscle and joint in the body was being torn asunder. Others feel only occasional slight pains for weeks or months, when a sudden change in the weather or exposure to damp, chilly winds or night air brings on a fierce attack, lasting for days perhaps, and leaving the patient with a weakened constitution or crippled and deformed for all time.

An acid, polluted condition of the blood is the cause of every form and variety of Rheumatism, Muscular, Articular, Acute, Chronic, Inflammatory and Sciatic, and the blood must be purged and purified before there is an end to your aches and pains. External applications, the use of liniments and plasters, do much toward temporary relief, but such treatment does not reach the real cause or cleanse the diseased blood; but S. S. S., the greatest of all blood purifiers and tonics, does cure Rheumatism by antidoting and neutralizing the poisonous acids and building up the weak and sluggish blood. It is safe and reliable in all forms of Rheumatism. It makes the old acid blood rich, and the pain-tortured muscles and joints are relieved, the shattered nerves are made strong, and the entire system is invigorated and toned up by the use of this great vegetable remedy.

SSS

If you have Rheumatism, write us, and our physicians will furnish without charge any information desired, and we will mail free our book on Rheumatism.

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One bottle will convince you of its merits.

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THE PURE GRAIN COFFEE

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TRY IT TO-DAY.

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2,280 acres fine wheat land.

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All kinds of Fresh Meats always on hand. Fine Bacon, Hams and Sausage.

Prices as low as the lowest

The East Oregonian is Eastern Oregon's representative paper. It leads and the people appreciate it and show it by their liberal patronage. It is the advertising medium of this section.

WATCH US GROW

Our quarters are getting too small. Our steadily increasing business requires more room so we have secured new and commodious warerooms and offices in the new Ferguson-Maloney block just south of the East Oregonian building.

Why We Grow

There is reason for this steady growth. There is a reason why we have the names of our customers on our books from year to year. The reason is not far to seek. It is simply the quality of goods we carry that draws and holds our trade. In our new quarters we have ample room to display our splendid line of farm machinery, buggies and wagons.

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In addition to farm machinery and extras we have a large line of Harvesting Supplies embracing Binder Twine, Axle Grease, Machine and Cylinder Oil, etc.

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We have just received 3 carloads of buggies and 2 carloads of the celebrated Moline wagons. We especially invite everyone to come in and inspect our stock whether they intend to buy or not. Our specialty is good vehicles and we carry the popular priced top buggies and open driving wagons as well as the strictly high grade work.

The man who knows a good buggy when he sees it, is the sort of man to whom we enjoy displaying our rigs, for he appreciates the difference between a common ordinary cheap rig that's rushed through a cheap factory, with some cheap paint, cheap varnish and some other cheap trimmings thrown at it, and a vehicle of genuine merit, made from thoroughly seasoned woods, with forged steel metal work, best trimmings, best lead filling, paint and varnish and with a grace and style to it that is absent in the common trash.

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