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VOL. XXXI. ROSEBURG, OREGON, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1900. No. 15

SUCCESS IN SIGHT.

Address Delivered Before the National American Woman's Suffrage Convention in Washington D. C. Feb 14, 1900 by Abigail Scott Duniway

The Paradise of the Pacific Northwest, from whose summer lands and sun-down seas I have traveled four thousand miles to greet this brilliant gathering, was, until within the past few years, so remote in time, as well as in distance, from the older settled portions of this North American continent, that nobody living outside of our great bailiwick, except Susan B. Anthony, had discovered the woman's side of our progressive history, with which she became acquainted by contact in 1871. But even Miss Anthony found on reaching our shores, nearly 30 years ago, that the awakened woman of the latter half of the 19th century, had, shortly prior to her advent, discovered herself.

When the historic expedition of discovery, headed by Lewis and Clark, began its famous journey of exploration in 1804, it started westward from a point east, of the Mississippi river and extended its transcontinental travels through the almost unknown country now known as the Middle West, and came, at last, to Oregon, leaving its families at home. The results of that important journey will remain through all time to mark the tracks it left upon this nation's topographical and commercial history. But of the ultimate results of their researches the men who managed it had no dream; still less did they imagine that ere this dawn of another century the co-existence and necessary co-association of wives and mothers in all the great and small affairs of life would echo back, across the Rocky mountains; and from under the shadows of our own sea-bathed Sierras, the fact that the most important discovery of the century had been made when the woman of the great West discovered herself. If Lewis and Clark and their no less intrepid companions were with us in the flesh today, they would see vast armies of men, as valorous and adventurous as themselves, still engaged in making new discoveries in the physical geography of the United States. And they would see these modern argonauts, reaching out, guided by a destiny they could not foresee or fathom, to raise the standard of individual and collective liberty in the gem-studded waters of the Pacific ocean and the Asiatic seas. Then, in turning the searchlight of their expanded vision northward, they would see yet other companies of men, reaching out into the hyperborean altitudes of remote Alaska, accompanied, as Lewis and Clark's expedition ought to have been, by mothers, wives and daughters, who are proving themselves as strong in endurance and as intrepid in danger as their fathers, husbands and sons. And they would see, no matter whether they turned the searchlight toward the East, where the modern adventurer pitches his tent upon the granite heights of Sumpter, or toward the south to the tree-clad hills of Oregon's Bohemian district; no matter whether they bivouacked among the frozen crags of Chilcoot pass, or on the humid borders of Cape Nome no matter if they camped under the mountain' edges of modern Skagway, or rested at Metlakahtla, the virtue of the forest maiden would not be disturbed as of yore, nor would the dusky wife of the aboriginal man be tempted to populate the new world with half-caste children to become the Ishmaelites of new generations, like the son of one argonaut I have in mind, who, when asked, after being convicted of murder, to state why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him, turned savagely upon his pious father and cursed him roundly for having married an Indian woman.

When I was asked to include in my remarks tonight a brief recital of the progres made during the century by the mothers of the race in the far-off corner of our continent from which I come, these facts crowded themselves upon me for expression, hence the introduction.

Nowhere else upon this planet are the inalienable rights of women as much appreciated as on the newly settled borders of these United States. Men have had opportunities in our remote countries to see the worth of the civilized woman who came with them or among them to new settlements after the Indian woman's day.

And they have seen her, not as the parasitic woman who inherits wealth, or the equally selfish woman who lives in idleness upon her husband's toil, but as their helpmate, companion, counsellor and fellow-homemaker, rejoicing with them in the homes they have earned together, and in the sons and daughters they have reared in the hope that each would follow in the other's sex the good old plodding paths of industry and peace. But, in spite of theories or regrets, the world is moving and woman is moving with it—not always, maybe, in the best chosen paths, for we are no wiser than our brothers—but always moving onward in some direction toward a higher goal. There came a time in Oregon, in the days when Washington, Montana and Idaho were as yet a part of Oregon's territory, when men said to the intrepid women who were helping them to subdue the wilderness, "You shall be endowed with property rights of your own, other than those dependent upon the meager possibilities of gift, devise and and inheritance." And they bestowed upon women under an act of congress, origininated by themselves, great tracts of virgin acres, making free-holders of our women pioneers.

During the limited period of the early "fifties," while this act, known as the donation land law, was in force, large numbers of married women joined their husbands in Oregon, and availing themselves of their opportunity, became original owners of the soil; and it is safe to say, that, such is woman's innate love of home, not to speak of her oftentimes inordinate desire to possess a home of her own, that if the law had not been revealed unto this day, there need not be a resident man in all the states of the Pacific Northwest, of which Oregon was the mother, who would not today be in joint possession, with his faithful family, of an abode having its foundation in the soil, from which no speculator could dislodge him. Woman always was and always will be the best and truest friend of man. And I say again, as I have often said before, "God bless the men! We couldn't do without them if we would; we wouldn't if we could."

And yet, it is well known that the very best men are not always the most prosperous.

I have here a copy of the transactions of the Ninth Annual Reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association, in which I find the following testimonial from the pen of Hon. Jesse Applegate, to the memory of his faithful wife, who died in 1881. Mr. Applegate says: "She was a safe counsellor, for her untaught instincts were truer and safer rules of conduct than my better informed judgment. Had I oftener followed her advice her pilgrimage on earth might have been happier; at least, her strong desire to make all happy around her would not have been cramped by extreme penury." Ah, many and many have been the women of my bailiwick, who, like Mrs. Applegate, have "gone to their graves in deep penury," whose "untaught instincts," if they had been possessed of equal rights before the law, would have accompanied their "strong desire to make their husbands and all around them happy and prosperous," a desire that could have been gratified to their heart's content if their lives "had not been cramped by extreme penury."

In an address made by myself before the Pioneer Society at its tenth anniversary, I said: "It was a tardy recognition of a noble woman's worth that brought forth the deep wail of regret that I have quoted. But no tongue or pen can depict the hopeless anguish of the bereaved husband who frankly confessed in his hour of desolation, that 'her life might have been longer and happier if he had oftener followed her advice.'" There never lived a kindlier man than Jesse Applegate, whose great bereavement opened his blinded understanding and made him, ever after, to the day of his death, an uncompromising equal suffragist, whose many relatives are now following his example; and if, with his great soul and manly goodness of heart, he was so unjust to the best and dearest friend God ever gives to man, what shall we say of the lives of many—alas, how many other women with husbands less noble than he, whose toil has brought them no recompense, very little appreciation and far less of liberty?

In former times every woman no matter how lowly, possessed some sort of a home in which she was always toiling. She was the world's first crude manufacturer, the world's first homemaker; and she still desires always, above everything else to be her own homekeeper.

But the world is changing front. Her spindle and her loom are gone. Steel and steam have despoiled her of the primitive means of livelihood, which kept her comfortable, busy and content. Still she must earn or help to earn a livelihood. Very few men possess the Midas touch that turns the things they handle into gold.

The woman who "keeps boarders for company," is a close second to the wife who "makes dresses for liversion," or teaches school for recreation," or goes out washing "for amusement." These words are not spoken in disparagement of the many men who are financial failures, nor would I reflect in any way upon the far lesser number who possess the Midas touch. I am simply stating facts germane to the question at issue, through the observance of which our border statesmen have grown both just and wise.

Our pioneer women had not long been property holders before they became tax payers. Then gradually, the truth dawned upon them, as they toiled to pay the taxgatherer, that "taxation without representation is tyranny," and "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." By and by the son of the pioneer grew up and left the farm, with its old-fashioned, meager equipments, which satisfied the good old father, who, while he lived, had tried in vain to curb the aspirations of the boy. And the son became an inventor, an actor, a speculator, a printer, a publisher, a lawyer, a miner, a preacher, a teacher, a doctor, a prizefighter, a soldier, a banker, a broker, an editor, a politician, a merchant—an anything but a plodding, half-way tiller of the soil his parents loved.

Then, the daughter, finding the young man had left the farm, came also to the city, and began to crowd her brother in the race for livelihood. The young man co-operated with his fellows and built a clubhouse—and still the maiden was alone. But he would work cheaper than he, chiefly because she could not run life's race with him except in ruinous competition. So she lived in a 7 by 9 room with an oil stove and a folding bed; and more and more she crowded him to the wall. And it was a life of independence compared to that which she had left. Her meager wage sufficed for food and clothes and shelter. She had discovered herself, and for a time she was satisfied. She was not compelled to marry from mercenary motives, and would not wed a coronet unless love crowned the contract and cleanliness of character, equal to her own, accompanied the nuptial bond.

And so it has gone on and on, until another stage in her development has come. And, like, the bird, which, tethered at the end of a short line, rejoices in its enlarged circuit when the line is lengthened, until at last nothing will satisfy it but freedom altogether, the young woman has tried her partial emancipation from old-time environments; and now she is no longer satisfied.

She sits alone at night in her little chamber and watches the career of her brother, upon whom there are fastened no political letters, and sees him reach the United States senate or become the president of a bank or the head of a great department store. She watches a sister, who became the parasitic wife of him of the Midas touch, and beholds her sheltered in a gilded mansion between which and herself there is a great gulf fixed. Or she reads of her as presiding languidly in her palace at a meeting called to oppose the political liberties of such toiling women as herself. She cannot have a gilded or even a humble home, for herself, because there is no man left to marry her, and her wages hardly support her daily existence.

So she says, "What means that favored woman's wealth to me? This box wherein I sleep is not a home! I toil at half wages, and I am ostracized from the society in which my favored sister and brother shine. I have no hope in posterity, for I cannot marry. But I must live, and I am not content!" So she is calling to her brother bachelor in the United States senate, or her married brother in the hall of representatives, and to all men in the ballot booths of Oregon, saying, "Men and brethren! The times are out of joint! Old things have passed away, but not all things have become new. There are no letters on you! Why should we wear manacles? When you say 'keep to your home,' she is compelled, alas, to answer that she has no home to keep! When you remind her that 'marriage is her proper sphere,' she is confronted with the fact that the modern bachelor is not a marrying man.

So she quotes Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony and Olive Schreiner and Charlotte Perkins Stetson, in her dreams, and repeats the next morning to her schoolroom, where she teaches the Declaration of Independence to a class of 50 girls and less than half a score of boys.

Among married women and college graduates, the attempt to make the best of their present environment within the limited circle bounded by their strained lariats results in the formations of women's clubs. And while, as yet, these institutions are mere travesties upon the clubs of men, they do suffice to ease somewhat the tension of their tethers, which many of them are unconsciously, but none the less certainly, striving to snap in twin, with every prospect of success.

I have now come to my reasons for heading my address with the inspiring caption, "Success in Sight!" The newer-fettered men of Oregon are becoming as weary as ourselves of these times that are out of joint. So they have submitted, by the vote of their representatives in the legislature, an amendment of our state constitution, in which they say, "No person shall hereafter be prohibited from voting on account of sex." This amendment they propose to ratify at the coming June election. And, while we shall miss, in the campaign now pending, the powerful aid of the late lamented Senator Dolph, the financial backing and manly votes of Hon. W. S. Ladd and J. B. Montgomery, revered memory, the statesmanship of Hon. Henry Failing, and his lamented brother, Edward Failing, esq., who has just passed to the skies; while we no more hear the honored voice of Oregon's chief justice, M. P. Deady, raised in our behalf, nor the encouraging words of the long line of our governors who have gone in the fullness of time to their long, long home, we have scores and scores of leading men yet left to speak for us whose names I now withhold for prudential reasons, lest, as was done one time by women in the territory of Washington, the enemy be forewarned and their defeat invited and secured through the caucus and convention of the political machine.

For the same reason I resist the strong temptation to name in this connection the many associations and fraternities of men who have signified by their votes, in their different orders, their determination to give us their affirmative votes at the ballot-box next June. But I do take pride in mentioning with no fear of disaster, the Emergency Corps and Red Cross Society of our state, organized during the mobilization of our volunteers and maintained in active working order as long as there was work for them to do. It would, indeed, humiliate our returned veterans were they to see these noble women defeated, at the June election; these women, who, though fettered at the end of the governmental lariat, have royally earned their liberties by toiling to feed and comfort the soldiers, to whom women had given life, exhibiting such largeness of liberty and such statesmanship in administration of the corps' affairs as has challenged the admiration, not only of our own returning volunteers from Asiatic seas, but those from Idaho, Montana, Nebraska, Dakota and Washington, all of whom were cheered and feasted and sent on their way rejoicing amid the glad acclaim of music, guns and bells. And the homeless wife and sweet girl graduate are hearing all this and taking courage. They do not want to rule over man. It would be useless for any woman but an anti-suffragist to attempt it and none other tries. But their cry is for an equal chance with man in the great arena of work. Not many of them could be office holders, and very few in any state where women vote, aspire to office. The men of Oregon are tired of seeing their wives and daughters rated in the political category of idiots, insane persons, criminals and Chinamen. A delightful calm has settled over our political arena, but it is the calmness that precedes the success that is in sight.

I wish that I had time to tell you of the mighty possibilities of fair young Oregon. Her capacity for homes is as unlimited as is the azure of her skies on her fairest days. Her people are prosperous and progressive and their spirits are as free from fads as the air they breathe. They do not like professional agitators, but they love liberty. To you, Miss Anthony, our honored leader and guest, whom it is my privilege to salute in this hour of your serene young age, I say in conclusion that my chief desire and prayer to God on this great occasion is that the government of these United States shall proclaim you a free and independent citizen, as you of right ought to be long enough, at least, to get used to your liberty before you are called to the skies. Your life has been a noble example of what Ella Wheeler Wilcox calls the splendid discontent of God.

DEVELOPMENTS IN KENTUCKY.

Suspected Assassins of Goebel Arraigned.

FRANKFORT, Ky., Feb. 20.—J. L. Sutton, the sheriff of Whitley county, who was recently arrested on a charge of complicity in the Goebel assassination, was brought here from Louisville, waived examination before Judge Moran and was admitted to bail. Whittaker, who is also charged with complicity in the assassination, was also released from Louisville and turned over to the local authorities. He will not waive examination, but will go to trial.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Feb. 20.—In the cases of several persons arrested during the recent state election for alleged intimidation of negro voters, Judge Evans in the United States court, overruled the demurrer of the defendants, which brought into question the jurisdiction of the federal court. Judge Evans held that congress passed section 5507 of the United States statutes to protect the colored people in their right of suffrage, and section 5508 was passed to prevent persons from conspiring to injure and oppress, thus insuring this class of voters the free exercise of their right of franchise; that congress had the power to pass such laws as the only real guarantee of liberty, and that it was the duty of the court to see that the provisions of the statutes were enforced.

MACRUM OFFERS PROOF.

He Has the Envelopes Which Were Opened by British Officials and Still Bear Both British and American Seals.

NEW YORK, Feb. 20.—A special to the Journal and Advertiser from Washington says: Charles E. Macrum, late consul at Pretoria, furnishes proof of his charges that United States official mail was opened by the British censor. Mr. Macrum has several envelopes, each bearing the British sticker applied to the envelope after it had been opened by the censor.

He has one envelope which contained mail matter from Consul-General Stowe, at Cape Town. It is the regulation blue of the consular service. It bears upon its face the legend "U. S. Consular Service," and a stamp "Mail Suspended." On the reverse side is the United States government seal, impressed upon the red sealing wax of the consular service. The British sticker, resealing the letter after it had been opened, bears the potential initials, "V. R." the initials of the clerk who opened the letter, the name of the place where it was opened.

The letter was mailed at Cape Town October 4, by Consul General Stowe. It was held there one month apparently, for the next postmark is that of Durban, dated November 4. From Durban it was sent to Pretoria and reached Mr. Macrum in its mutilated form.

The circulars to consuls issued by the department, are not in themselves important, but nevertheless "official mail" never reached Mr. Macrum. They were confiscated without apology or explanation by the British censor. As for Mr. Macrum's personal mail, he never heard of it.

The British authorities are familiar with the American consular code. On November 8 Mr. Macrum sent a cablegram in code to the state department, urgently requesting that he be permitted to come home.

Usually cablegrams, because of the difference in time between South Africa and this country, consume two days in transmission; that is to day, the cable sent by Mr. Macrum on November 8 would normally have been received by the state department on November 10. But on November 9, before the cablegram was received by the state department, certainly, and before it was sent from South Africa, probably, the British papers in Natal, hundreds of miles away, announced in impressive type that Mr. Macrum, the American consul at Pretoria desired to be permitted to go home.

The Wallowa News says that "the horses bought here for the English government left last Wednesday."

A HELPLESS CHILD.

A weak and puny child is almost as much abandoned to its fate as if it was left alone on a chimney-top. It is isolated from the healthy enjoyments of its little fellow-beings. It cannot partake either of their play or their sturdy work and progress in the world; its whole life is embittered by incapacity and weakness.

Any woman who expects to become a mother ought to know what Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will do both for her own health and safety during her time of trial and also to insure her in bequeathing a fair measure of health and strength to the prospective little one.

"Some months before my baby came I found myself in rapidly failing health," writes Mrs. W. J. Kidder, of Hill Dale Farm (Enosburg Center), Enosburg, Vt., in a grateful letter to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N.Y. "I suffered dreadfully from bloating and urinary difficulty. I was growing perceptibly weaker every day and suffered much sharp pain at times. I felt that something must be done. I sought your advice and received a prompt reply. I followed your directions and took twelve bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and also followed your instructions. I began to improve immediately, my health became excellent, and I could do all my own work (we live on a good sized farm). I walked and rode all I could, and enjoyed it. I had a short, easy confinement and have a healthy baby boy."

There never has been a remedy in the history of medicine that has done what this marvelous "Favorite Prescription" has accomplished for weak, ailing women.

It's an insult to your intelligence for a dealer to attempt to palm off upon you a *substitute* for this world-famed medicine. You *know* what you want. It's his business to *meet that wish*. When he urges some *substitute* he's thinking of the larger profit he'll make—not of your welfare.

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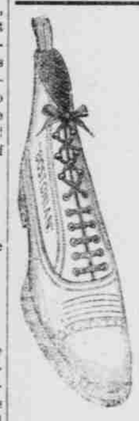

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The ordinary sleepers are carried daily on trains via Rio Grande Western Railway between Denver and San Francisco and Portland. On five days in each week the sleepers are run through between Los Angeles and San Francisco, or Portland and Denver, Omaha, Chicago and Boston.

For additional details write for copy of folder to J. D. Mansfield, General Agent 253 Washington St., Portland, or Geo. W. Heinz, General Passenger Agent, Salt Lake City.

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12:33 P. M.	Ar. - Ashland - Ar	11:20 A. M
5:30 P. M.	Ar. - Sacramento - Ar.	4:35 A. M
7:45 A. M.	Ar. - San Francisco Ar.	8:15 A. M

5:45 A. M.	Ar. Ogden Ar.	11:45 A. M
9:00 A. M.	Ar. Denver Ar.	9:00 A. M
7:25 A. M.	Ar. Kan.City Ar.	7:25 A. M
7:45 A. M.	Ar. Chicago Ar.	7:30 A. M
1:20 P. M.	Ar. Los Angeles	7:00 P. M
6:00 P. M.	Ar. El Paso Ar.	6:00 A. M.
6:20 A. M.	Ar. Fort Worth Ar.	6:20 P. M
9:45 A. M.	Ar. City of Mexico Ar	9:55 A. M.
8:00 A. M.	Ar. Houston Ar.	8:A. M.
32:5 A. M.	Ar. New Orleans Ar	6:25 P. M.
6:42 A. M.	Ar. Washington Ar.	6:42 A. M.
12:45 P.M.	Ar. New York Ar.	12:46 P. M.

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Prosecuting Attorney: Geo. M. Brown

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Register: J. T. Bridges

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Treasurer: G. W. Dimmick
School Superintendent: —
Assessor: H. B. Gillette
County Judge: Jos. Lyons
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Surveyor: Oscar Thiel
Coroner: Dr. E. V. Hoover
Sheep Inspector: Thos. Smith

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Constables: D. P. Fisher

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Postmaster: W. A. Erater

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2nd Ward: F. W. Benson, W. R. Willis
3rd Ward: A. Fields, W. J. Lander
4th Ward: F. W. Woolley, H. C. Slocum
Recorder: D. S. West
Treasurer: Geo. Carpy
Marshal: F. W. Dillard

CITY COUNCIL MEETING.

The Common Council of the city of Roseburg meets the first Monday in each month at 8 o'clock p. m.

COUNT SESSIONS.

The Circuit Court for Douglas County meets three times a year as follows: The 3d Monday in March, the 4th Monday in June, and the 1st Monday in December. J. W. Hamilton of Roseburg, judge, Geo. M. Brown, of Roseburg, prosecuting attorney.

County Court meets the 1st Wednesday after the 1st Monday of January, March, May, July, September and November, Jos. Lyons, of Drain, judge; M. D. Thompson of Scottsburg and Jas. Byron, of Olalla, commissioners.

Probate Court is in session continuously, Jo Lyons, judge.

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