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colleagues in office, from James Withycombe to John Sayre, from governor to constable. No bona fide republican can, in justice to the exigencies of the day, do less than this, and give a just account of himself. It is the day and the duty of re-adjustment of the party in the state and county; it is the peculiar function of rehabilitation, to be crowned by the supreme success inherent in the election of the last republican named for office. That done, pending issues of the lesser sort, and private value, may be accommodated and adjusted within the party lines, and the name of Oregon republicanism, spared the last fraction of diminution and discredit. Think this over, republicans!

**"EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY."**

This old saying is ever applicable; it has its daily and hourly manifestations; in love, commerce, business and politics; it is demonstrable here, there, and everywhere; there are no limitations that hedge it, no rules that accelerate it, nor obviate it; it is the outcome of fixed facts and conditions that assert themselves logically and in determinate fashion. The day of the democrat in Oregon has passed. This is one of the absolute facts born of the fixed condition of the parties in this state. The major party has determined to resume its sway in the commonwealth; there is nothing to oppose it save the aspirations of a few democrats for office, aspirations begotten by the "acquired taste in the mouth" of a few years lease of power won by sheer chance; the wholesome status of the republican organization in the state, and the absence of the faintest reason for having recourse to other and outside elements, makes this fact, immense, invincible, and certain. There must be extraordinary causes for the election of a democrat in Oregon. No cause exists! The democrat has had his day! He must be satisfied!

**TWENTY-FOUR VS. NINETEEN.**

When the world of commerce is involved in a disagreement between the highest authorities that exist on the actual depth of water to be had, for the purposes of common usage, on a sea bar like that at the mouth of the Columbia river, and that disagreement involves a working depth of five feet, the layman may well stand to one side and watch the outcome with bated breath, or an amused smile, as he shall be best equipped to indulge, and bide the issue as it shall fall. Some of the great and official sponsors of the bar declare there are twenty-four feet there at low water. Other practical and intimately informed persons in daily touch with the barrier, declare there are but nineteen feet available. Ships may come, and ships may go, but it is the one that neither comes nor goes that tells the tale in the end. Have a care, gentlemen, the responsibility is something enormous, and the blunderer will be held to the most rigid accounting! The truth must and shall prevail, even if the Columbia has to climb out to sea!

**EDITORIAL SALAD.**

Mrs. Dowie now seems to have become the striking figure of the show.

The Douma shows signs of talking back to the Czar as if it thought it were a Senate or something like that.

Perhaps Dr. Crapsey can now fix up an interdenominational commerce commission that shall be superior to the courts.

Greatness is thrust upon some people. There is the case of the Gould family and Count Boni.

Death Valley Scott supporter by some dogs and others is now producing a sensational drama. The dogs are said to show much intelligence.

Across Atlantic trips are expected to be shortened to four days by 1910. They will never be popular except between moons.

Controller Metz of New York wants to know if there is any way to compel a rival telephone company to live up to its promises. Still philanthropy wouldn't be philanthropy if it were compulsory.

Mayor Dunne of Chicago now has an opportunity to utilize his energies in patching up the municipal ownership city hall that is tumbling down over his head.

Whatever of doubt, disagreement, ambiguity, or ungratified personal interest (if any of these things exist here), may taint the local campaign at this moment, it goes without saying, that every atom of it will disappear on the morning of Monday, June 4, 1906. Every republican in Clatsop must, and will, face the grave duties of that day, mindful of the strong partisan obligation that rests upon him to place his chosen

Mr. Bird Coler says he will be satisfied with either William Randolph Hearst or Charles E. Hughes as a candidate for governor. Surely, no one could ask a wider range.

What's the matter with the presidency? Roosevelt says he won't have it. Bryan says he doesn't want it. Cleveland spurns it. We may yet have to advertise the thing.

It is given out that the Czar would have his navy reorganized on an entirely new system. The problem has been simplified by a Japanese gentleman named Togo.

When the awestruck Lascar crew on a British ship encountered the drydock Dewey in the Mediterranean they performed religious rites and sacrificed a sheep. Had the two collided, it would have been a ram.

The Somerville Journal has just discovered that to a boy a white fence suggests charcoal and a black one chalk. Had it gone further it would find that any fence suggests to him scaling or picket duty.

Congressman Keifer declares that the old saying, "In time of peace prepare for war," is obsolete, and that the new motto should be, "In time of peace prepare to maintain it." The emanation is excellent, and typifies the spirit of those who are seeking to upbuild the American navy.

The officers of the navy rightly protest against the conduct of the Brooklyn, N. Y., magistrate who holds up enlistment as an alternative to the penitentiary. The navy is no Botany Bay. The great majority of bluejackets are patriotic law-abiding, self-respecting men, who are at least the equals of their fellows on land and can more than stand comparison with the men of any foreign navy.

A San Francisco editor says of his city: "She's crippled, thirsty, hungry and broke; she has a few whole churches, only half her schoolhouses, not one French restaurant, not a theater; she is full of people without homes, jobs or clothes; she is the worst bungled up town that ever was. But the spirit of her is something to bring tears of pride to any American's eyes." That leaves nothing to be said but "Bravo, San Francisco!"

The notion that the germs of tuberculosis could have been carried to Europe and America with mummies from Egypt is ridiculous. Yet a word of comment on it may not be out of place. There are at least half a dozen conclusive reasons for rejecting the suggestion. One is the absurdity of supposing that bacilli could retain their vitality for centuries. Another is the impossibility of their escape from the tissue of the lungs of a carefully embalmed body, if they ever really resided there. It is a pity that the learned Egyptologist who imposed this reckless proposition on an unsuspecting audience in Chicago last week did not first consult a bacteriologist in regard to its reasonableness.

**Candy and the Flag.**

The following is accredited to the late Senator Hoar: At a Fourth of July celebration in a Canadian town where both English and American guests were assembled the flags of the two countries were used in decorations. A frivolous young English girl, loyal to the queen, but with no love for the stars and stripes, exclaimed: "Oh, what a silly looking thing the American flag is! It suggests nothing but checkerberry candy." "Yes," replied Senator Hoar, "the kind of candy that has made everybody sick who ever tried to lick it."

**Charity.**

Charity is a universal duty which it is in every man's power sometimes to practice, since every degree of assistance given to another upon proper motives is an act of charity, and there is scarcely any man in such a state of imbecility as that he may not, on some occasions, benefit his neighbor.—Johnson.

**His Advantage.**

First Man—How do you do? Second Man—Beg pardon, but you have the advantage of me. First Man—Yes; I guess I have. We were engaged to the same girl, but you married her.

The taste of beauty and the relish of what is decent, just and amiable perfect the character of the gentleman and the philosopher.—Shaftesbury.

**Exposure**

To cold draughts of air, to keen and cutting winds, sudden changes of the temperature, scanty clothing, undue exposure of the throat and neck after public speaking and singing, bring on coughs and colds.

Ballard's Horehound Syrup is the best cure. Mrs. A. Barr, Houston, Tex., writes, Jan. 31, 1902: "One bottle of Ballard's Horehound Syrup cured me of a very bad cough. It is very pleasant to take. Sold by Hart's drug store."

**Time and Eternity.**

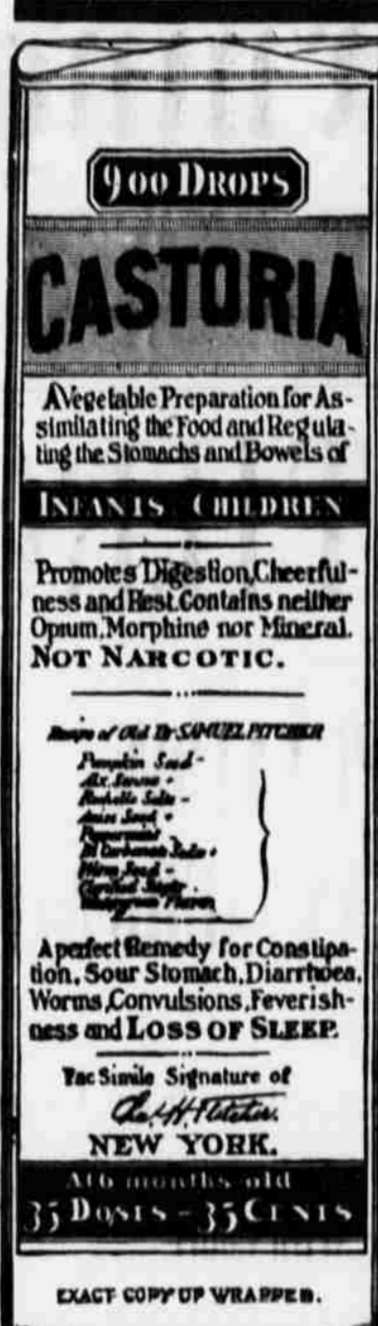
The stream of time never runs dry, and the ocean of eternity will forever send its mighty surges mountain high against the bank of time's little stream, sweeping with each receding billow over its expansive bosom the frail human craft from the shore of time, with earth's happiness, human affection, toil, trials, tears and sin, to the eternal shore of celestial beauty and bliss. Oh, mighty ocean of eternity, your wonderful anthem of life and death brings eternal woe and condemnation to him who is untrue to himself and his divine pilot, but to the trusting, faithful man it sings of endless felicity in the presence of time who has redeemed his people from the bondage of sin and has swept them through the pearly gates.—Ducktown (Tenn.) Gazette.

**The Wonderful Diatom.**

One of the most wonderful things in vegetable life is a beautiful and minute class of seaweeds called diatoms. They belong to the seaweed family, yet they may be found by the thousands in any roadside ditch, fresh or salt water lake or even in cisterns, wells, springs, etc. Most species of plants are made up of an infinite number of little cells, but with the diatom it is otherwise. Each representative of this wonderful family of plants is formed of but a single cell and this so minute that it would require 2,500 of the most common form, laid end to end, to make a string an inch in length. Some species of diatoms have the power of independent motion, and on that account were for some time believed to be animals.

**Stomach Troubles.**

Mrs. Sue Martin, an old and highly respected resident of Faison, Miss., was sick with stomach trouble for more than six months. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets cured her. She says: "I can now eat anything I want and am the proudest woman in the world to find such a good medicine." For sale by Frank Hart, druggist, and leading druggists.



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