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WEATHER.

Oregon, Washington, Idaho—Fair and warmer.

NEW YORK'S REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE.

For governor the Republicans of New York have named an admirable candidate, probably the strongest that could have been put in the field at this particular time.

UN-LYING TESTIMONY.

The American Protective Tariff League is bitterly detested by the free traders of this country, who neglect no opportunity to take a fling at its publications.

HE MUST HEDGE.

Mr. Bryan is hauling in his horns. He is no longer the extreme advocate of Government ownership of railroads.

he has been taking note of things and finds that the party he is anxious to represent does not look with favor on his radical proposals, and he is now, therefore, anxious to modify them to suit.

A SHADE TOO SEVERE.

Among the comments of Republican papers on Hearst's nomination, perhaps the most caustic is the following from the Sun:

"The Democracy has cut its cables and gone adrift. Its course is out to sea. In September, five years ago, the President of the United States was assassinated at Buffalo.

TESTIMONY ALL IN.

The Republican party does not have to prove that it is the friend of labor. It proved that years ago when it de-stroyed slavery, and again when it protected American workmen from the pauper competition of foreign countries.

EDITORIAL SALAD.

IT'S UP TO YOU!

Not long ago the New York Sun dogmatically said: "The next Governor of New York will be a Democrat; the next President will be a Democrat."

Manures and other "fertilizers" will hereafter be at a discount. By the simple process of spreading currents from a statistical electrical machine over a pat of growing carrots Professor Lemstroem of Holsinger, according to B. Tolksdorf in the Leipzig Illustrate Zeitung, has increased the yield by 39 per cent during the first year and 90 per cent in succeeding years.

Evidently the speed mania infects engineers on passenger trains as well as the owners of automobiles, and it is reported that the Burlington road will put cyclometers on the engines to see that the trains do not exceed the speed limit of fifty miles per hour.

It cost \$450 a day to filter the water used by the city of Washington. It is filtered through three feet of sand and one of gravel. Three inches of the top surface of the sand is removed and washed every three weeks.

Reformers Must "Get Busy" And "Do Things" Sometimes

By Professor CHARLES ZUEBLIN of the University of Chicago

THE people of the middle ages so far outclassed the modern globe dwellers that comparisons are not only odious but very disgraceful to those who are unfortunate enough to be on earth at the present time.

Most of us live in the midst of ugliness. Everything about us is so ugly that when we get a little bit of beauty we herald it all over the country.

All courthouses have to have domes. People seem to think that a courthouse would not be a courthouse without a dome. They have imbibed this idea probably from the fact that the old courthouse at home had a dome.

We in America are suffering from a new disease which is not sufficiently appreciated by its victims. It is THE NATIONAL DISEASE OF PROSPERITY, and it leads us to a failure to appreciate material things.

IF THE ENTIRE POPULATION OF CHICAGO SHOULD VISIT THE ART GALLERY ONCE A WEEK THEY WOULD NOT BE MAKING THE CITY ANY MORE BEAUTIFUL. THE PEOPLE MUST COME DOWN FROM THE CLOUDS TO A CONSIDERATION OF MATERIAL THINGS.

THE BOY AND DOG

Yesterday there appeared in the Oregonian, over the signature "A. A. G.," one of those masterpieces of human interest literature, that infrequently creep into the great bustling records of the day as presented by papers of that caliber, and the Astorian reproduces it gladly for the inherent truth and beauty of the story, as well as the graceful and tender handling of it.

"A dog was killed tragically in our big building yesterday. He was caught in the elevator shaft between the cage and the door and so badly crushed that he died soon afterward in an upper hallway, where sympathetic arms had borne him. The fact that he was a blooded Scotch collie did not matter, but the fact that he was a little boy's dog, his playmate, guide, philosopher, and friend, and that he died with his head on his little master's lap, did matter a great deal.

"There was something peculiarly sad in the death of this faithful fellow. Those of us who knew of the circumstances moved about the building sorrowful. It was almost a matter of bated breath and softened footfall, for there were few of us who did not so love a good dog that we pitied the boy who loved him most and were sad because an honest dog-soul was passing in agony.

"The accident occurred on a lower floor, but they carried him up to ours and laid him in a corridor to die. It was a hopeless case, and we all knew it—all but the little boy, whose heart was breaking. He sat on the floor beside him and stroked the dog's head. His lips trembled, but he was brave and kept repeating to us, "Wait till the doctor comes; he'll save him." We knew better. And the dog knew, but was brave—brave as his little master.

"The collie was faithful until death. He knew his boy-master, and feebly wagged his tail and rubbed his head upon the little fellow's knee. His eyes were gazing with the suffering of death, but he looked into the lad's face with an eloquence of dog-love that meant all the wonders of affection which dogs may feel and express in their pathetic dumb fashion.

"We encouraged the boy, but when the doctor came he told the truth, and mercifully chloroformed the beautiful animal to save him from further misery.

"Then the little boy's courage gave way, and he sobbed. The tears of childhood's sorrow shut out all the world save only that his friend the dog was dead. He went home for his brother another little boy, who had loved the dog and they brought their toy wagon in which to bear away their dead. They carried the body into the elevator and down to the ground floor. They placed it in the wagon and the sorrowful little cortege started toward home. There are two sad-hearted little boys in this big town today, for their dog is dead. Men whom the world has called great have died and left less pure, sincere regret behind them than this collie. Fortunate are the great of earth if their dying brings tear-blinding sorrow to a little boy.

"The grief of childhood is a saddening thing, but beautiful in its genuineness. There is a lesson in it, and an inspiration. The death of the dog and the grief of the little boy were not trivial things. It was a bitter tragedy to the little master—the first great sorrow of his life—and first sorrows are lasting. To those of us who saw and sympathized, it was a real grief, but it was good.

"The dying of the dog and the sorrow of the boy made us better men.

Looking out for Number One is supposed to mean looking out for yourself. Truly, in one way, you have to be Number One to yourself. Your own thoughts and needs come up before any other's can. If you do not eat and sleep and learn things for yourself, nobody can or will do it for you. There is Number One, then, and you must look out for him, as it is your duty to do. But don't let your count stop with me. Somebody stands next to you and Number Two is just as important as Number One. In taking good care of Number One, be sure you do not get in the way of Number Two nor hurt him, either by doing something against him or by failing to help him. Numbers one and two have to live and work together, and can get on famously by the Golden Rule.

Pimples call for immediate treatment. There's nothing more offensive and dreaded than a pretty face covered with eruptions. The body must be kept perfectly healthy with Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. Tea or Tablets, 35 cents. For sale by Frank Hart.

A Poem for Today

WHEN I AM DEAD

By E. C. W. in Westminster Gazette



WHEN I am dead, if men can say: "He helped the world upon its way. With all his faults of word and deed, Mankind did have some little need Of what he gave," then in my grave No greater honor shall I crave.

If they can say—if they but can—"He did his best; he played the man; His ways were straight; his soul was clean; His failings not unkind nor mean; He loved his fellow men and tried To help them," I'll be satisfied.

But when I'm gone, if even one Can weep because my life is done And feel the world is something bare Because I am no longer there— Call me a knave, my life mispent— No matter; I shall be content.



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