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GUARANTEES AND DOCTRINES.

Germany and England appear to think that if President Roosevelt accepted the arbitration of the Venezuelan troubles, it would amount to guaranteeing for the United States that this country would see that Venezuela paid all of the claims the arbitrator assessed.

Upon the abstract statement of the theory, it is nothing less than absurd. Arbitrators do not ordinarily guarantee payment of the claims they adjudicate. Indeed, on the contrary, they stand upon absolutely neutral ground, being merely judges without interest in either of the parties to the arbitration. To guarantee payment would be to make this country and its president a party of interest, and therefore to destroy its valuation as a just judge.

However, the main principle at stake, is not the mere pledging of a few hundred thousands of dollars by this country, or even a few millions. It is the Monroe Doctrine. The situation just now is one that makes it possible for President Roosevelt to accomplish the most brilliant stroke of diplomacy that ever went to the credit of an American statesman. He may, by seizing the opportunity, immediately establish the security of the Monroe Doctrine in the now disputed territory, and at the same time perform the service asked by two friendly nations. The situation is this: Recently President Roosevelt made a speech in Boston, wherein he enunciated the Monroe Doctrine, and stated to the world that the United States would never yield from its time-honored doctrine applying the Monroe Doctrine to the regions where the numerous smaller republics of South America are located. The speech was taken up and discussed in Germany and England, for the reason that it was clearly understood by diplomats, if not by people generally, that at any time might come such questions as those now engaging attention in Venezuela.

Understanding that Mr. Roosevelt insists upon this recognition of the Monroe Doctrine, they ask him to arbitrate. Let him accept, according to his note of acceptance the reminder that his position and that of his country upon the mooted question is known, and then will Mr. Roosevelt have forced the other two nations to concessions that otherwise might come only after showing of force, and dangers of actual war.

It would be brilliant, indeed, the touch of audacity in it operating to exemplify the qualities Mr. Roosevelt is presumed to possess, while at the same time being securely within the limits of legitimate diplomatic action.

It would be the more pleasing to American people, for the reason that many of them regard the situation of the past few weeks as gravely threatening trouble between the United States and Germany and England, that might place us in a very embarrassing position. Suppose it came to a necessity of offering naval power. Then place our navy against those of Germany and England, and imagine the world guessing the degree of authority our navy would exert in the premises.

Let us glory as we well may in the splendid men and officers and ships and history that endear our navy to our national pride, but let us not make the mistake of forgetting that Germany and England also have glorious collections of warships and memories.

The United States gained fame in the war against Spain, but gained it partly because the power of our antagonist was less than that of a nation of the first class. The United States has won renown in the industrial warfare of the century, and this causes a lessening of the warmth of the friendship of the two other powers that have not entirely escaped jealousy for lost prestige.

And if they could place this country in an embarrassing position through the Venezuelan incident, it is not improbable that they would proceed so to do. President Roosevelt could make the present situation the occasion for settling the question of the Monroe Doctrine as applying to South American interests now involved in the controversy.

A MEDICINAL THRUST.

President Mellen, of the Northern Pacific, an able man and a great property, gave the Lewis and Clark Fair a back-handed slap that stirred the blood of every man in the Oregon country and made each of them more determined to assist in making "the great show" a success.

Those who differ with us frequently impart to our efforts more impetus, more vigor, more "snap" and "go" than those who fully agree with us. Men of the same opinion, without men of different opinion to spur them to effort, would never accomplish anything. Progress ceases where men are content to accept one another's opinions without question.

President Mellen's thrust at the Lewis and Clark Fair was so vigorously administered that it set the people of Portland on their mettle and gave impetus to an undertaking that means so much to the Great Northwest and those who have hitched as well as those who are to hitch, their chariots to its star.

GAVE A NINE-HOUR DAY.

Good fortune to the Willamette Iron & Steel Works and the Willamette Boiler Works, both of which companies voluntarily give their men hitherto 9-hour days, with practically the same compensation as they received under the former regime. It is action seldom taken, and which usually comes only after struggles between employers and employees. That it was voluntary is the more noticeable. It cannot fail to cost the companies something material. Both use much machinery, which is driven to capacity, and which will do exactly one-tenth less work if run for only nine hours.

As to hand labor of skilled mechanics, it is probable that a workman who feels kindly towards his employer and who need labor only nine hours a day, will accomplish as much as the man who must work ten. It is almost universally accepted by economists nowadays that the nine-hour day for such labor brings as large results as does the 10-hour day.

However it may appear now to affect the interests of the two companies, it is certain that in the long run it will operate to their advantage. Laborers generally will entertain towards them kindly feelings, and these they should entertain. For, not often does a large corporation voluntarily reduce its working hours as these corporations have done.

The suggestion that the co-operative principle is to receive recognition by them is also pleasing to every one who looks upon labor as one of the basic essentials in all industrial structures, entitled to its just share of the accruing profits.

This latter principle cannot be too thoroughly grounded in the economics of the country. It offers almost complete solution of the troubles that afflict the industrial world. It has been carried beyond the experimental stage notably in the flouring mills of Minneapolis, where for 20 years or more there have been no labor difficulties. The employees appoint a committee

from their number, which committee goes over the books of the corporation with representatives of the corporations, and from the totals a percentage of profits is distributed among all employees at the end of the year. The plan operates so successfully that it could not be voided now upon any consideration. The management finds that it brings rich returns and prevents disputes such as frequently disturb the relationship between employer and employee. Every workman realizes that he has a personal part in the conduct of the business, and that as he forwards the corporation's interests, he will directly forward his own. He labors on content, receiving at the end of his year, not a gift, but that which has been assigned him as his just share in the legitimate profits of the concern.

Almost Utopian in character a few years ago, it now is accepted by some corporations as realizing the final solution of all labor troubles.

What a pleasant Christmas gift to the employees of the Willamette Iron & Steel Works and the Willamette Boiler Works! What better gift than money or other tangible presents! May the affairs of these concerns prosper and may they never find that their voluntary act was unwise or productive of less than agreeable relations between the gentlemen who control the corporations and the men who with them labor to make them successful.

SIGNS OF PROSPERITY.

The newspaper is the most correct gauge of prosperity. It reflects instantly industrial health or disease in the region wherein it is published. So that the condition of the newspapers throughout the Northwest is indicative of prosperity most abundantly. Everywhere the press is growing and pushing forward. Annual numbers issued from Northwest cities indicate this character are those of the Journal's Portland-contemporary, the Evening Telegram, and of the Salem Daily Journal, the Astoria Budget, and the

Boise Capital News, and The Oregon Daily Journal's own extra number, with one yet to come from the press of the Portland Morning Oregonian that no doubt will be up to its former standard.

These special numbers demonstrate the virility of the Northwest press. Without exception they are replete with matter of interest to Oregon people, carrying lessons of valuable instruction to persons in the East who contemplate seeking homes on the Pacific Coast.

It is noticeable that all Northwest newspapers nowadays ring with notes attuned to the song of prosperity. They tell stories that are not calculated to inspire confidence in this region. They speak of progress. They relate tales of development. They are demonstration of the evolution of the Northwest from the embryonic condition in which it has lain for all of these years, with numerous localities heretofore crude and conglomerate now taking form and becoming finely articulated social organisms.

Industry, commerce, finance, culture, education, advances in all are features of the annual report made by the newspapers that issued special numbers, and that are reflected in the regular editions of all of the North Coast newspapers.

But, these newspapers are not merely negatively reflective of the conditions obtaining hereabouts. They are also positive elements in that splendid progress that is now stirring the blood of states and enlisting the hope and efforts of the veterans of Western affairs, and the greater energy and strength of the younger generation. These newspapers are contributing their full share. They are doing more. They are giving a liberal balance of value to their clientele, for who will deny that no class of workers receives less for capital invested or for brain and talent utilized than those who own and assist in publishing the public press?

H. C. FRICK HAS ENOUGH.

H. C. Frick declares that he will not, would not, and could not accept the presidency of the Steel trust without altering his settled policy, which is to keep out from all entangling financial and industrial alliances that compel daily attention to business. He will not become a successor of Charles Schwab.

Mr. Frick's decision indicates that he has enough wealth, and carries sufficient responsibility in a directorship and as a stockholder in the trust corporation. He refuses to accept any position that will bring him to such a state of health as now keeps Mr. Schwab in Europe, and makes him a nervous wreck.

Few men who once enter the world of Wall street and the higher industrial connections abandon its activities until they are compelled so to do by failing powers. Mr. Frick is by no means out of connection with such matters, but he has arranged his affairs so that he need give no continuous attention to business, and has leisure to enjoy some of the fruits of his previous years of arduous attention to large concerns.

Who will say that he is unwise? Who will indict him of mental lassitude? Who charges that he lacks proper ambition? Is his example not worthy emulation by dozens of others, who might well avoid following the fete of gold and accumulation until the grave yawns to receive them?

His refusal is unusual, indeed, but is an act that cannot pass without notice from thoughtful people.

ADVICE FROM MRS. WILCOX.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, entirely human, gifted, loyal and brave, sympathetic and charitable, liberal and earnest, thus advises women:

"Above all," she says, "wear new clothes and take deep breaths. Place your hands tightly upon your knees, close your mouth and eyes, leave your spine free, wear no compressing garments, and then inflate the abdominal regions while you count seven, repeat seven times, and go through the process at least twice a day."

And here we have one of the directest paths to health.

Portland needs more and more industries and institutions of her own and less of the branches and agencies of foreign and Eastern institutions. For a city to grow, every business interest must have something more in mind than a parasitical desire to "pile up profit" and give results to foreign and Eastern stockholders. If Portland is to be made "a better place to live in," her local institutions must ever be the ones to receive the support of Portlanders. Love of home and home institutions is as important and fruitful as love of country.

In this day and generation to make a business succeed without newspaper advertising is a long and dreary task, not to be accomplished in an ordinary lifetime. Money spent judiciously on advertising space in newspapers will bring satisfactory returns.

The circulated newspaper is the one great advertising medium that is no experiment. There are other mediums, but none that approaches the newspaper as a means of publicity as compared to cost and result.

Portland needs a railroad from some point on the Columbia River West of The Dalles into Central and South-eastern Oregon. Portland has the money and should have the will to build the road.

Portland must be self-reliant. Portland can do for herself what no other can do for her, "fly with her own wings."

THE TABASCO COLUMN.

"Gentlemen," said the old miner from Sumpter, as he threw a 100 piece on the bar, "I've got an old-time jag, but I've got to make it a credit to the camp—join me"—and they joined. And the camp need not feel ashamed of the result.

Christmas is a hard time for the old married man. He sizes up about this way—A present for father, ditto mother, ditto three aunts, ditto younger brother, ditto hired girl, ditto newboy, ditto



letter carrier, ditto friends. Also add wife's presents, ditto, ditto. Also add boy's presents to friends, ditto, ditto; two oldest girls, ditto, the 6-year-old, who has friends, after that, ditto. Is it any wonder the old man comes home Christmas Eve loaded?

A Journal artist visited Jack Matthews this morning for the purpose of perpetuating his features by putting them in The Journal, but he found Jack in a serious "decline."

The author wrote, "The night wore on," but failed to explain that it wore the close of the evening. This idea is stolen deliberately from the Elks' program.

If Joe Holliday could come back and see the street car service he would resurrect his mule and his umbrella and run the First-street line again.

Now that we have one senatorial boom made in Europe, and another in Asia, a dark horse from Africa might prove a winner.

If you swear off now instead of waiting until New Year, you will save some shekels and much headache.

Schwab has a \$1000 piano, but then he also has an \$8000 salary, and much more money than music.

Jeff Myers says there is no such thing as a hop dream, when the price is up to 25 cents.

Smith told us, confidentially, that he got a line in each of his stockings on Christmas.

Jeff Myers, senatorial candidate in Asia, but Jeff says he will get him here in time.

Please, city dads, tear up the sidewalks on only one side of the street at a time.

The true question is getting down to a point where arbitration might be beneficial.

The Mayor might get a point from the street commissioner about closing the town.

S. H. Friendly of Eugene may yet prove a dark horse in the senatorial battle.

The way the sidewalks are employed makes most of us Middle-of-the-roads.

Pant John got the boss present from the Elks' Christmas tree.

Senator Rand of Vancouver is somewhat of an Elk himself.

One young fellow will not enjoy the revelation that will come to him soon, perhaps already has come—he sent a pair of suspenders to his best girl! He came into a store on Thursday evening, hurriedly rushed across the room, approached a clerk and asked for a pair of suspenders to send to his little brother who is at school and who is working his way through. A pair of galluses, he thought, would be quite the thing.

As he went up to the counter he laid down some parcels, made his selection, and after paying the bill went out in as much of a hurry as he had come in. He had said enough to the clerk so that the latter understood the young man, whom he knew, was going to send the galluses to the brother, and another package to his sweetheart. The latter package contains the clerk knows not what, for it remains there yet. But the suspenders he sent to the girl, for he mailed, addressed, and deposited in the mail box the suspenders parcel, which by this time have been opened by the astonished girl.

LET'S SHAPE

The clerk in the retail stores had a busy day Wednesday.

The Elks' Christmas tree bore some exceedingly rare fruit.

Morrison street has been in the dry-dock long enough.

Castro is cunning, he wants to leave it to the Dutch.

It might take a commission to classify the bad trusts.

The town may not be closed, but Morrison street is.

The fish commission wants a wide open river.

In Jack Matthews posing as Punch, or Judy?

The days are growing longer.

CHRISTMAS SIDELIGHTS.

How many interesting things the observant person may see during the Christmas. How many pathetic, how many amusing, how many that touch the tender spots in the heart. This Christmas seemed to me to abound more in such incidents than others in the past, probably because the remembrance of them has dimmed somewhat and this one is fresh in mind.

Three days before Christmas were filled with gift-buying and shopping and searching and standing puzzled as to what to select for this one and what for that. I believe that half the pleasure of the season is in the very excitement, this season of the surging care of business, and for once thinking only of others.

Nipper and His Pals.

On the evening before Christmas I was walking along the street with Mr. William Bernard, of the Neill Stock Company and presently saw him take from his pocket a handful of coins. A small fellow with the regulation cut of the newboy was running towards the actor, who was apparently expecting the diminutiveurchin.

"Here's Nipper with The Evening Journal," said Bernard. "I always buy it from this little fellow at this time in the evening."

Nipper took a Journal from his bundle and handed it to Bernard. The latter handed the boy a silver dollar with the remark:

"Keep it, my boy, and a Merry Christmas to you, and a Happy New Year."

Nipper was rather inclined to explode with joy at the big dollar Bernard gave him, but after expressing his thanks humbly he ran down the street as though he had some important errand to attend just then.

Bernard and I sauntered up the street and entered a cigar store where we proposed to secure the wherewithal to smoke to each other's health. We had gotten our cigars and lighted them, when at the door appeared a long line of newboys, each with eyes bulging out so that a silk hat could have been hung on any one of them.

"That's him," whispered Nipper, stealthily, at once withdrawing. His pals added into the store and approached Bernard, each with a bundle of papers, offering them to the actor with eager eagerness. He didn't buy any more Journals that night.

One young man of my acquaintance who recently came to Oregon from the South, where they make much of Christmas, was so friendly this year that he had been to a Christmas party at a Southern home, where he was accustomed to merry times, with many remembrances from his family, and such celebration of the event as only those have who live south of Mason & Dixon's line. He had been in the habit of writing home, and his people did not know just where he was. He watched the mails, yet knew nothing would come, and although he was 30 years old he had not yet grown out of the period when he is so much of a child.

It was the most homesome fellow I ever saw. His Christmas was about to be dismal and gloomy, until he thought of an expedient, and began a search after people in the hospitals who had no friends and whose Christmas would probably be one of neglect. He went to the hospitals, and to those he sent flowers or some trifle, scattering his gifts around so they went to numerous people and no doubt made many a sick person's Christmas a pleasure that some one thought of them when others were enjoying so festive events in their homes.

That young man from the South, so I believe, enjoyed himself as much as any one else in Portland. I saw him late on Christmas Day, and he was the most content of the clouds that had settled down on him when he felt that he was far from home with none to strive to make the season bright for him.

In a Poor Man's Home.

Anyone who has seen much of this world will not need much to compel him to accept as true this proposition: The happiest Christmas is in the home where only occasionally gifts can be given, where always there must be close economy with not many luxuries.

It was necessary, in carrying out my Christmas plans, to go to the home of a very poor man Wednesday evening. I chanced to be there when the father and mother came home laden with bundles and ready to give their children the pleasure of receiving the evidences of love and thoughtfulness. Such wild delight I never witnessed before. I have seen many Christmas seasons, for my hair is gray; in fact, I am at such an age as to make the writing of so much sentiment rather absurd to many people; hence my non de plume.

But the hour that I spent in that home was a revelation to me. A family of six children, and the father and mother, eight in all, were there. They spent for all the presents that were given in that home. Yet I venture the assertion that no other home in Portland had so merry a Christmas as that home wherein is not poverty, but certainly not always plenty.

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TOASTING AMERICA.

The late Professor John Fiske liked to tell the story of three patriotic Americans who toasted their native land as follows: The first—"Here's to the United States, bounded on the north by British America, on the south by the Gulf of Mexico, on the east by the Atlantic and on the west by the Pacific." The second—"Here's to the United States, bounded on the north by the North Pole, on the south by the South Pole, on the east by the Indian and on the west by the setting sun." The third—"Here's to the United States, bounded on the north by the Aurora Borealis, on the south by the process of equinox, on the east by the process of equinox, and on the west by the day of judgment."

CONDITIONS SO SIMILAR.

"Does the moon remind you of anything?" he asked, his mind reverting to their courtship days.

"Yes," she answered.

"What?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, "on club nights."

He looked again. Yes, the moon was in that condition.

OPINIONS OF OTHER EDITORS.

Dana on Santa Claus.
In answer to a little girl's inquiry if there was a Santa Claus the editor of the Sun wrote:
"Yes, Virginia there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy."
"Not believe in Santa Claus? You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas eve to catch Santa Claus; but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody ever saw Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not. But that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders that are unseen or unseeable in the world."
"You may tear apart the bird's nest and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the unseen beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing so real as the unseen and the invisible, already."

Banjo as Barometer.
A Chinaman, according to the Walla Walla Union, has a Chinese banjo upon which he plays rag time as well as religious selections, and at the same time the instrument indicates the changes in the weather. The Union says:
"The banjo itself is a product of China and is about three feet long. The body of the instrument is made from the skin of a box constrictor, or python, both of which reptiles are natives of Southern China."

"The principal property of the banjo according to Charley, is its ability to predict a change in the weather from hot to cold, or vice versa. Charley says that if the weather is warm and intends to grow colder the snake skin will impart a different tone to the strings, and when the Celestial hears this he gets out warmer clothes. Only by playing the instrument every day so as to accustom one's ear to the tone can he be sure of this. Charley says that is the explanation of the instrument. The tones produced by it are something like those of a mandolin, only thinner and sharper."

First Marriage in Northwest.
Astoria Budget: The first civilized or semi-civilized marriage in the Pacific Northwest was that of Duncan McDougall, the managing partner of the American Fur Company at Astoria, and a Chinook princess, the daughter of old Chief Concomly, which was celebrated with great pomp and ceremony. It is a most unusual event in the annals of the region, and a society of the period related, in all the pomp of "blue blankets and red breech-cloths, with an extra quality of paint and feathers." The young bride-to-be was arrayed in the full glory of Chinook wedding toilet, which consisted largely of liberal quantities of state fish-oil and gaudy-hued ochres. The bride, who was a native of the region, was a fine-looking, and entered into the marital state the cleanest princess that had ever been known, of the somewhat untidy tribe of the Chinooks.

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Perils of the Range.
The Dallas Chronicle: J. Simmons, who had charge of A. S. Roberts' sheep, was herding them about two miles from the bridge of the Deschutes River. He had just above a canyon. Getting too close to the edge of the canyon he slipped and fell from 15 to 20 feet, breaking his hip. The accident occurred about 11 o'clock and being so late in the day he was compelled to lie still and wait for help, and thus, too, on a stormy day. But strange to say, he held out for help. It is a most unusual thing for any pedestrian to hang along that way. Charles Wagonblast, however, chanced to be in the vicinity and came across him about 4 o'clock. That he was not frozen is a miracle. The canyon is very steep, which made it impossible for Mr. Simmons to get up. He was lying on his back, and as far as possible by building a fire, etc., he managed to keep himself warm. When he was brought out and Dr. Ferguson summoned from this city.

Snake Story of a Minister.
Watkins, the veteran missionary, who has just returned from a four months' evangelizing trip through the outlying states, tells a strange story of a wonderful snake which he killed in an abandoned shaft of a mine—down in the state of Guerrero, says the Mexican Herald.

"My attention was attracted one day," says Mr. Watkins, "by the horrible cries of an Indian miner, who came running toward me, crying that he had killed a snake, and the perspiration dripping like raindrops from his brow. The man rushed up and cast himself at my feet, where he lay trembling, and soon as he was able to get on his feet, he told me that he had been seized by a horrible monster which had suddenly sprung upon him from one of the hidden recesses of the mine, and that he had narrowly escaped being drawn down in its embrace."

"My curiosity was aroused, and I proceeded to the mouth of the shaft with the man, as soon as I could, I drove him to return. We looked down into the dense obscurity which lay below. Drawing my revolver, I bade the man go down into the shaft a way, assuring him that no harm would befall him, as I would follow close with my cocked revolver ready for use."

"The miner did as I commanded, and had gone down for a number of feet when suddenly from the darkness a hideous head, with wide-open mouth, shot up. The jaws of the creature were wide open, showing its sharp-fanged teeth, its mouth looking large enough easily to take a man down at one gulp."

"The miner screamed with terror, and I feared he would lose his hold and fall, but he clung desperately to the ladder while I thrust the barrel of the revolver full into the creature's mouth and fired. With a tremendous hiss it dropped its head, and then we saw it stretched across the shaft, its body squashed to the bottom of the shaft, where we could hear it thrashing about in struggles which momentarily grew weaker and finally ceased altogether. The man who had been hurtened by the sight of the body of the reptile and hoisted it to the surface."

"There was then unfolded before our eyes the most hideous creature man ever dreamt of. Its head was like the huge stone head of a frightfully carved Chinese dragon. Its body about the middle was as large as a man's thigh, and its length was so great that I dare not say how many feet it measured. I very much regretted being unable to preserve the skin and bring it back for the study of scientists, but I was compelled to leave it behind."

DID NOT FIT HIS CASE.
Among the many stump speakers who invaded the Middle West during the first McKinley campaign was Corporal Tanner, the well-known pension attorney, who was heard in many places. He was suddenly taken ill, and the physician who had been summoned directed, among other things, that he soak his feet in hot water.

"I don't think that would do any good," said the Corporal, with a very serious air.

"Why not?" asked the Doctor, with some feeling.