

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

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The Oregon pioneer surmounts every obstacle, for he has graduated from the hard training school of the plains, and suffered the severe discipline of the wilderness.—Prof. J. B. Horner.

LEST WE FORGET

During the excitement of a session of the Legislature, a man who has been an obnoxious partisan, though drawing money from the people in the alleged capacity of United States Marshal, has been partly overlooked by this paper.

He has also been overlooked by that inane and apparently meaningless bureau for the creation of salaries, The Department of Justice at Washington, D. C.

HIS NAME IS WALTER F. MATTHEWS. The Journal has not forgotten him, nor have the people of Portland who have suffered from his offensive political crimes.

What has Walter F. Matthews been doing? Almost any man, woman or child of this section can answer this question, yet that sleepily "Little Brother of the Rich," Attorney-General Knox, and his assistants, can find no possible reason for reprimanding a public servant who uses a public office as a private convenience.

The Journal does not expect anything from the Bureau of Heated Opinions, no more than it does from the Civil Service Commission that permits an employe of the local Postoffice Department, holding a responsible position, to spend his time at Salem button-holing candidates in the interest of the Senatorial aspirations of the editor of the local newspaper trust.

This gentleman has violated every principle of Civil Service, but he is probably serving the administration political machine that through its bald and ungainly efforts is rapidly wheeling Oregon, a staunch Republican state, into the Democratic columns.

This may be good Republican politics, and it certainly is from a Democratic standpoint.

The Department of Justice and the Civil Service Commission are perhaps busy with other matters.

Democrats, we presume, are all hoping that they remain busy.

LINCOLN.

Nearly 40 years ago the noble heart that beat so thoroughly in unison with humanity was stilled forever, yet its throbs are still reaching the multitude and its great sympathy is still felt in the pulsation of the life and vigor with which we cling to its teachings.

The mind that gave strength and help to the nation yet tends to build up with the work that it created and upheld, an enduring and powerful republic, and the generous, impulsive nature which gave to his country that great example of self-denial and love of his fellowman, still holds a place in the hearts of those who love liberty.

The far-reaching effect of his efforts in behalf of the nation is shown to this day, and grows stronger as time clears away any misconception of his actions, and makes us acknowledge the judgment, honesty and temperance with which he upheld the cause of the Union, and the forbearance and meekness with which he submitted to the harsh criticisms of his enemies, and made us prominent as a nation and powerful as an undivided republic.

The hand that guided the helm of state still held a finger on the pulse of the people, and the spirit of loyalty with which he clung to the principle of truth and right was made manifest in the strong, determined grasp of every duty entrusted to him. The reward that it brought was the ever-recurring knowledge that his broad-minded intuitive policy was building up the cause he was so valiantly fighting for.

Such was Lincoln in his prime. His birth and early childhood, his poverty, and the simplicity and courage with which he battled with life's hardships, and his grand and loyal faith in God, have become part of the nation's history. Lincoln was pre-eminently the typical American, honest, keen, vigorous, broad-minded, shrewd, yet with a humorous insight into the faults of mankind that made him what he was—the noble-hearted comforter of those in trouble, the friend of the afflicted, the comforter of those who relied upon him—and they were countless. With that blind trust in humanity, which never left him, full of forgiveness for his enemies, and lenient and merciful to those who had attempted to stay the hand that reached out to throttle the power that aimed at the cause he loved, yet he demonstrated to the world his great principle of love of justice, and love of country, and his vindication of his own noble aspirations in behalf of the slaves and liberty, helped to cheer the less sanguine and made them rally to his side and accept some of his own loyal faith as their own. His actions were governed by a supreme confidence in the work that he was guiding, and a feeling that the cause he believed in so faithfully would eventually triumph.

During all the tumultuous war times, his duty to his family was not forgotten. The love he gave them was fully reciprocated, and this fact was a great solace to him, amidst the cares of office, and fully compensated him for any additional strain put upon him.

"Washington gave us independence and Lincoln gave us liberty," but the great factor that made Washington so dear to us—love of country—was intensified later when treason, backed by foreign and domestic enemies, made Lincoln "the watchdog of the nation." Then was his worth well tested. His mastery display of statesmanship and the heroic manner in which he endeavored to guide the great work entrusted to him, was made evident.

Then came the end: the assassin's hand was uplifted and the blow struck that overcame the nation with the terrible shock. His death was a fearful calamity, yet it made the cause he had fought and died for sacred.

With such an ending to such a career, it was doubly sure that the great heart which had so often bled for the Union, should be fully remembered, and the principle he had fought for hailed and vindicated as time sped on. And with so great an example of moral worth and integrity to guide us, it is only fitting that we should perpetuate, by a sacred observance of his birthday, the noble name of our martyred President, Lincoln.

No election of a Senator until the end of the session! And this is the net result of all the balloting during the past few weeks. The Republican majority in the Legislature will be held responsible for ignoring the Mays law—its own creation—and burdening the session with the incubus of a prolonged struggle that is sure to affect all legislation. Probably, there are certain persons who are lying awake nights cursing the pen that indited that law, and thus placed the Republican party in so embarrassing position. "Paralyzed the tongue and palsied the arm whence came this statute," will be an epigram in the future literary products of politics in Oregon.

Encourage the coming of all packing houses to Portland. Payrolls and markets for products in contiguous territory are two essentials to Portland's continued prosperity. We have now the Union Meat Company, an institution that has offered much towards Portland's commercial strengthening. But, we want more such institutions, and therefore let us extend the hand of welcome to all. In this connection it might also be remarked that there must be a rapid increase in the quantity of marketable stuff produced hereabouts, before the packing business can grow to the proportions warranted by the possibilities of the Northwest.

When the cannon was completed and ready for use, Gilland decided to give it a trial on the hills in the suburbs.

The only double-barreled cannon in the world adorns one of the public parks at Athens, Ga.

THE TABASCO COLUMN.



Now since it has been discovered that the human body generates alcohol, is a person supposed to pay a liquor license?



The present cold snap causes many a man to assume strange positions in the early morning.

A GREAT TRIUMPH.

Eight members of the House of Representatives voted against the bill for the portage road, and four members of the Senate did the same, making 12 negative votes in the Legislature against about 70 for the measure, eight being absent.

It was a great triumph for the solid interests of the state, and was one of the most significant measures that ever the Oregon law-makers have enacted. It means more for the commercial health of this city than any bill that has gone before the session, and to the vast region east of the Cascades it means a great deal.

Complete satisfaction should prevail throughout the state over this act, for it is no experiment. The Cascade portage road has hitherto proved the value of such an enterprise in compelling reductions of tariffs.

It may be coincidence, it may be as cause and effect, nevertheless, following the announcement that the House had passed the bill and that there was to be no opposition in the Senate, came word from Washington that, so soon as the engineers determined that the work could be done for no more than the \$4,000,000 provided for in the appropriation, operations could proceed at once. Whichever it be—coincidence or effect, a glimmer of hope shines through the clouds and we hear now that we may soon see government men at work at Celilo.

Years will elapse before the works will be completed, and the portage road will afford an approximation of the benefits of an open river in the interior.

The Journal congratulates the producing empire of the interior on the portage road legislation, and predicts that it will be one of the most salutary measures ever recorded by a Western Legislature. Opposed from the first proposal of the bill, all principal elements of influence were forced to withdraw antagonism and to align with the friends of the project, until the final vote was practically unanimous. In this gratifying work the Journal had its part, and experiences keen sense of satisfaction that victory came to crown efforts that were put forth in support of an open river to the sea.

DUES TO THE DEVIL.

"Give the Devil his dues," is justice, but founded upon justice, and tribute is, after all, the great law. Hence, to keep this great law, let us give James J. Hill the credit of stating a truth when he says that anti-trust legislation to be successful must be against watered stock. Mr. Hill does not, by any means state all of the truth, when he avers that this is the ne plus ultra of anti-trust legislation. Rebates prescribed, jurisdiction of the states over corporations that are of the inter-state class, and other features are parts of the plan of campaign of those who really desire to crush the trusts. But Mr. Hill has said well when he asserts that there should be legislation against watered stock.

It might bear heavily upon his fellow trust magnate, Mr. Morgan, were there to be honest attempt by the federal government to prevent the watering of stock, and Mr. Morgan, and, mayhap, Mr. Hill, too, might be worth a few hundred millions less than they are presumed now to be, yet they would not suffer materially, and the wolf would be kept from the door for some time, even under such a regime.

So, let us give the Devil his dues, or, in other words, give Mr. Hill his dues in praising his utterances on trust legislation. However, we must take exception to what he says about labor unionism. His doctrines upon that subject are not truth.

Lieut. De Clairmont, of the Philippine Commission, reports the existence of an old white race of people in the island of Mindoro.

TWO PENDING BILLS.

There are two bills now pending before the Legislature at Salem, both of which, in the opinion of The Journal, should be defeated. The first is an act to amend the Esplanade bonding act, so as to provide that bonds may be issued for cement sidewalks. This seems to us to be carrying the issuance of bonds almost to the ridiculous. In the first place, the bonded indebtedness of the city and county is now very heavy, and these bonds will be direct liabilities of the city and will be counted against in all its financial transactions. Furthermore, a sidewalk should be paid for, as in nearly every case the expense is but limited. From any aspect, it would seem that this bill should be defeated.

Another bill which does not meet the approval of The Journal, so far as the County of Multnomah is concerned, is that which recently passed the Senate providing for monthly settlements by the sheriff with the county treasurer. Under the present law the sheriff is required to settle and turn over the moneys on hand every week. So far as the County of Multnomah is concerned, this law would be continued in effect. That at a later stage in the Paris papers give interesting glimpses of the woman who for more than a score of years deluded some hundreds of practical business men with stories of a fortune, as mysterious as it was monumental, left to her daughter by two unknown American brothers.

MADAME HUBBERT, ALLEGED SWINDLER.

PARIS, Feb. 4.—Madame Hubbert, who is alleged to have been the master mind in the colossal frauds that netted a total of some \$12,000,000, is quite a match for the magistrate, who, according to the French system of legal procedure, has been charged with the investigation of the "Crawford case." At the outset of the examination very little was allowed to leak out, but details of a later stage in the Paris papers give interesting glimpses of the woman who for more than a score of years deluded some hundreds of practical business men with stories of a fortune, as mysterious as it was monumental, left to her daughter by two unknown American brothers.

M. Leydet is the examining magistrate. At one session he referred to the marriage in the families of the Hubberts and the Daurignacs. He asked if these unions had not been arranged by Madame Hubbert herself, for her own purposes—that is to say, so that she might be able to use her relatives in carrying out her schemes. Thus, not long after she herself had married the son of a former minister, Lucien Hubbert, who was French Consul at Bakou where he died of fever, wedded Marie Louise Daurignac, and Alice Hubbert became the wife of Emile Daurignac, who is a prisoner along with Madame Hubbert.

Sentiment outweighed the Money. Madame Hubbert replied that she had not made these matches. The young people saw each other frequently at family gatherings, fell in love with each other, and then married.

"In my family," added the prisoner, "as you can ascertain easily for yourself, money has never weighed down the scales of sentiment."

Madame Hubbert replied that she had not made these matches. The young people saw each other frequently at family gatherings, fell in love with each other, and then married. "In my family," added the prisoner, "as you can ascertain easily for yourself, money has never weighed down the scales of sentiment."

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POPULAR DIPLOMAT



No member of the diplomatic corps is more popular in Washington than Baron Hengelmuller von Hengervall, Ambassador from Austria-Hungary. He was recently raised from the rank of minister to that of ambassador. His charming personality, wit and tact have made this distinguished foreigner in great demand at all social festivities at the capital.

THE MISSING AH LIN

The President sat in his office in state On the banks of Potomac, to riddle the fate Of a cute little maid, in whose destiny he Decided at once interested to be.

From Portland's fair city in Oregon State A letter had come, which, strange to relate, Told a tale of old dodges, in accents most keen, And the letter was signed by "Virginia Dean."

"A little white girl is restrained and held in Sad bondage to Chinese—her name is Ah Lin." Thus ran the queer letter. It gave Teddy shocks And he soon turned it over to General Knox.

United States District Attorney John Hall One morning received a most peculiar call. A letter from Attorney General Knox, Told him the sad tale of Ah Lin—in a box.

He was told to abate this unpardonable sin— To effect the release of coy little Ah Lin. He made diligent search, like a hound after game, For the little white girl with the little "Chink" name.

Thus far all the efforts have ended in vain To locate the white maiden who bears the "Chink" name. No one can discover "Virginia Dean." But maybe Ah Lin will turn out a pipe dream.

SOME QUALITY SIGNS.

It is one of the unfortunate penalties of progress that the quaint street signs of other days should pass the way of all things of old. Time was when the man who wanted a sign that should advertise himself and his wares set to work with paint and brush, and, regardless of grammar, punctuation and association of ideas, produced a result that was a thing of beauty to himself and a joy forever to the heart of the antiquarian.

All this was of old. The modern sign painter is usually more or less of an artist, and has a sense of the ridiculous, besides being grounded in common school English. Today the curious who would see odd signs board out of the ordinary must go into the byways and older portions of the city. Georgetown was once a favorite hunting ground for such, but even there the antique "catchpenny" advertisements of a former generation of merchants have nearly all disappeared before the advance of improvement.

An Old Type. One still remains, however, a type of a large class, wherein it was sought to display wit and attract attention and business at the same time. It was placed long ago on the wall of a tannery. The tannery is no more, but the weather-worn sign still proclaims to the passerby:

"Hyde's my name and hides I buy, Five for wet and ten for dry."

It was a fashion once to make a pun of one's name. If possible, a Georgetown timer for years had in front of his place of business the following:

"My name is Black, but I am white. I make old roofs water tight."

The modern sign that attracts attention because of its oddity is usually wrong in its spelling or composition. In cold weather it was a custom of bootblacks when retiring indoors to hang in a window the legend: "Boots black inside." The ambiguity of this was seen, and the would-be humorists who inquired whether the outside of their boots could not also be blackened, and one inquired if the process wouldn't soil the stockings, were legion. A very precise "gentleman of color," wearied of such tormenters, and prepared for himself a sign reading:

"Families supplied by the Pt., Qt., and Gal."

"On the other side is this, even more confusing: 'Families supplied, stewed or fried.'"

One is reminded of the old farmer who, walking down a city street one day, saw the announcement:

"Ladies' Exchange."

"What's in a name?" is an old question; older than Shakespeare—as old as names themselves. Ulysses made a despicable pun when he invited the cyclops and sent the blinded one-eye abroad believing that "No man" had hurt him. It would seem, though, as if some people patterned their vocations after their names, as witness this sign:

N. Needie, Dressmaker.

And this one, equally speaking—roadway of fame. A little tailoring shop on Thirty-second street has this legend painted on a large card:

"Pants repaired in the Rear."

Another old colored man, a gardener, is evidently a believer in phonetic spelling, for on his little card he has painted, for the benefit of those who would have their lawns sodded:

"Sarding dun."

Another itinerant merchant, a green grocer, whose wagon goes about the city, indulges in this good advice:

"Pay as U went, U then go."

Our Lieutenant-Governor Haggott has made one great stride upon the broad roadway of fame. A Kansas City paper has printed his picture from the starting point of his intellectual forehead back of his ears down to the first vest button.

Senator Tillman says he will not visit the White House while the present occupant is President. Perhaps he fears that in the light of recent events he might be searched at the door to see if he has a pitchfork concealed about his person.

An Ohio physician claims to have discovered an elixir that will put life into a dead body. As our Legislature has arisen from the dead of its own volition his discovery will attract no attention in Colorado.

Our consul at Tamatave, Madagascar, writes that there are good openings there for American dentists to fill. The openings they so skillfully fill in this country are usually very bad ones.

OREGON "LOST" RIVERS.

Eastern Oregon is truly the land of wonders. Those who look upon it as a mere "desert," stock ranges, a succession of hills and dry plains covered with sage brush and lava rocks have no conception of the country. It has the barren hills and sage-covered plains and lava rocks, it is true, and it has great stretches of country so impregnated with alkali that no kind of vegetation will grow upon it, and it has miles and miles of hills and plains where there is not a drop of water to be found, but its many resources of value—lakes and streams of pure water, vast meadows of natural hay, rich valleys that will produce anything that will grow, well watered by mountain streams, mountains thickly settled, prosperous communities, thriving towns, great banners of horses and sheep, mountains of rich ore, coal deposits, a variety of other resources that would fill a book in enumerating them—outbalance all of the things that give it the name of "desert," and justify the people in calling it the "Great Inland Empire."

What are known as the "Lost Rivers" of this vast section make up a feature of the country that is not lacking in interest. These may be found at many points in that portion of the state, and there are rivers that might be called "Found Rivers" for the same reason that the "Lost Rivers" are named; and there are rivers that might well be termed both "Found" and "Lost" rivers, as they do not only "lose" themselves at one point in the desert sands, but after traversing a large scope of underground country, "find" themselves again by rising out of the earth like a boiling cauldron and flow away through a natural channel to their place of destination.

Many of Them

These rivers may be found in Klamath, Lake, Harney, Crocker and most of the interior counties. At some points they rise up from the plain, the water rolling, and forming as if it had just escaped from some great reservoir where the pressure is greater than has ever been constructed by human hands. Then they disappear as if they were the desert sands, as if they were passing through a great filter, made for the purpose of taking from the water every impurity that might have been gathered on its way. These rivers do not appear at one place or in one community alone, but in many, and they are scattered throughout that vast section. Upon the fact of their existence the Eastern Oregon citizen bases great hopes for the future of his country, from a standpoint of irrigation. It is well known that the water of these rivers, as they flow through the mountains and streams, and they can never be brought into a state of cultivation except by local irrigation.

Artesian Wells.

Upon the "Lost" and "Found" rivers of the country the citizens base a theory which is agreed upon by science. It is claimed that these rivers are in fact natural artesian wells, and that they indicate that vast bodies of water lie under the surface of the earth at many points throughout this country and that the entire section is easily accessible to artesian water. The further fact that large lakes are interspersed all over the country taken as corroborative evidence of the existence of underground basins and the accessibility of artesian water. The isolated condition of the country at present and the difficulty of getting machinery into the place has prevented extensive experiments for obtaining artesian water, but the few cases reported, where only the crudest apparatus for boring was used, and where the flow of artesian water was had at the points where experiments have been made at an unusually slight depth and of an abundant quantity.

In Klamath County.

Lost River in Klamath County is one of the most important and most historic in the state. Some of the best ranches in Klamath County now lie along this river. It is claimed that this was the battleground of the Indians. Along this stream more immigrants were slain than at any other point in the country, and it was here that Ben Wright and his famous 23 wrecked vengeance upon the savages by attacking a whole band and killing and scalping the men, women and children. The river runs through a level plain, and rises up as a vast spring, and after flowing a long distance, it disappears again in the sands, but rises again at a short distance, and one may watch the course and it is easy to determine that it is all the same stream. The soil is very rich along its banks, and where the water is not used for irrigation, the weary immigrant, who sought the water of this stream, after crossing the plains, for himself and team, and to spend a few days in this, at that time, great oasis in the Oregon desert, now well-to-do farmers and stockmen dwell in peace and comfort, and the latching to their homes is always out to the weary traveler.

Anne River.

Anne River, at the head of Summer Lake in Lake County, is an interesting and strange. Only five or six miles from the head of this beautiful lake Anne River springs out of the ground like a torrent and flows down through the sagebrush to supply the lake. Winter and summer the water boils forth from a hollow basin more than an acre in width and breadth and flows away, making a current large enough to float a ordinary river boat if one could live upon it. The water bears a luke-warm temperature, winter and summer, and is pronounced artesian water by all who see it and taste it.

Comes From Under a Mountain.

There are many theories about Anne River. It is claimed that it flows under a mountain and is fed by Silver Lake, on the opposite side of the mountain, many miles away. Silver Lake is at a much higher altitude, and although it does not have a feeder, its depth is about the same the year round. It is claimed that an underground river from some far away basin feeds Silver Lake, or rather, supplies it with its back waters, and then flows on beneath the range of mountains, through its many days it was in wait for the "Sink" in this sink and water, but at a much higher altitude, and although it does not have a feeder, its depth is about the same the year round. 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