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MONDAY, JANUARY 7, 1901.

DAILY, WEEKLY AND SEMI-WEEKLY

East Oregonian Publishing Company, PENDLETON, OREGON

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COLLECT THE TAXES.

The taxpayers of Umatilla county were informed through the sheriff's office, late in October, by advertisements in the local papers and by notices sent in the mails, that taxes must be paid by November 15 last, to avoid additional costs for failure to comply with the notice. This action appears to have been made only as a bluff, to force the easily frightened taxpayers to liquidate, and was not made in good faith, for the reason that those who did not give attention to the notice are still delinquent with their taxes without the threatened penalty being applied, as was stated would be the case. The taxpayers should all be dealt with fairly, and when a notice is given to them it should apply to all of them alike and its terms carried out to the letter. Sincerity should enter into the issuing of official manifestos and every statement made in official notices should be enforced, for only by doing so can inequity be avoided and fair treatment accorded every taxpayer.

The delinquent taxes, which are drawing no interest, while the heavy county debt is, should be collected without further delay, as within a few weeks the tax roll for 1900 will be delinquent as well as that of 1899, thus adding to the losses which Umatilla county has sustained because of slipshod and derelict methods which have been in vogue for years in county affairs. The responsibility for this state of affairs rests with the county court, the business head of the county government, and it should no longer put off the prompt and thorough collection of the county's revenues, or the present debt will grow larger and larger as the days roll around.

The East Oregonian is informed that collection of taxes has been deferred to await action on the part of the legislature, which is expected to materially change the method of collecting taxes. This is not a good excuse. It will be time to abide by the new law after it is enacted. The existing laws should be enforced until they are repealed, if we are to have proper respect for and adherence to the new law, if it is to be forthcoming.

Umatilla county is losing several hundred dollars a month by putting off the collection of taxes and this loss will fall upon those who have paid their taxes promptly, while those who are to be benefited are the property owners who are delinquent and are invariably so because they are quick to take advantage of the bad methods of county government.

HANNA'S SUBSIDY PLEA.

Senator Mark Hanna has an article in the National Magazine in defense of his ship subsidy bill, in which the senator says that subsidies are needed to offset the 30 or 40 per cent higher cost of running American ships, which "is due to the higher wages paid to American officers and seamen and firemen and to the better quality and larger quantity of food furnished them."

But Mr. Hanna's bill does not make any provision that the owners of subsidized steamers shall employ American sailors at all, or pay them any higher wages than foreign sailors, if they did employ them. The one only provision in the bill that even looks in that direction is the one that requires one-fourth of the crew of a bounty-drawing ship to be American citizens. And that requirement is annulled by a qualifying clause which provides that the entire crew may be made up of aliens if "an American crew cannot be reasonably obtained."

This higher wages pretense, whenever

along Washington street. She has started to see me and will be here in a few minutes."

Frequently a letter, the contents of which were unknown to those making the experiment, was torn in pieces, put in a sealed envelope and handed to Miss Fancher. She would write a copy of the letter on her slate.

At another time the page of a book was torn out and cut into pieces and placed in an envelope, some fragments being purposely left out. She wrote out what was on the page, showing what words were missing.

"Tell me how much is in my pocket-book and it's yours," a friend laughingly said to her one day.

"Sixty-seven cents," was the correct answer.

She never sleeps. Often she keeps diligently at fancy work all the night long. When morning comes the amount she has done tells for itself of the sleepless vigil. Unconsciously she communes with her friends, telling of absent ones, just where they are and what they are doing.

Several efforts have been made to secure the appointment of a medical board to investigate her case, but Miss Fancher refuses to be made the subject of inquiry.

"It matters not whether the truth is established by the commission, she says. "I would rather have my health and strength or be gathered to my heavenly home than to continue the object of criticism and doubt. I do not ask the public to believe anything. I regret my condition is a matter of notoriety."

Although she has now passed her fifty-second milestone Miss Fancher is a handsome woman, with exquisitely moulded neck and arms and skin that is white as alabaster and soft as velvet. Her face is angelic in its repose. Her black hair falls in loose curls over her brow, making a fitting frame for her sad, pretty face.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

One of the most remarkable invalids in the world lies in a little room at No. 160 Gates avenue, Brooklyn.

For thirty-five years she has lain there, blind and helpless. In all that time she has never left her bed. Yet she claims to have seen everything that was going on in the world.

Only her mind is alive. It seems that her eyes can never see; it travels while her body lies motionless. Bed-ridden and living in eternal darkness, she has seen every wonder that has come to pass in New York since the war. She watched the spinning of the marvelous web on which Brooklyn bridge hangs; she saw its completion. Minutely she described every detail of the structure.

She saw the Statue of Liberty unveiled and left looking out over the harbor. The great skyscrapers, the colleges, churches, parks—all that makes Greater New York notable—have been pictured in the mind of this wonderful woman.

When the long triumphal procession last year passed under the Dewey arch Mollie Fancher, in her darkened room, said she saw it go by. She heard the shouts of the people, the music of the bands. With her mind she looked at Dewey and described him.

It is the strangest case that ever puzzled scientists. It has baffled the medical profession. It is vouched for in its main facts, not by one or two people, but by a large number of unimpeachable witnesses. Chief among these is Judge Abram H. Dalley, whose "Life of Mollie Fancher" is a curious and interesting contribution to literature.

It is now twenty-five years since Mollie Fancher's strange condition was made public. It was the sensation of the day. For nine years then she had been in a trance and, according to those who had cared for her, had eaten nothing. Physicians who knew nothing of the case pronounced it a fraud. They were answered by Dr. R. Fleet Speir, Dr. Robert Ormiston, Dr. Mitchell, Dr. J. C. Hutchinson, Judge Dalley, Prof. Charles E. West and others who examined her and tested her occult powers.

Barnum offered her a fabulous sum if she would let him exhibit her, and agreed to fit up a luxurious private car for her to travel in and to surround her with every luxury and convenience.

She refused. "I don't believe I know how to die," she says wearily. "I have tried so long and vainly. Death always passes by."

In 1863 a slender, beautiful girl, ambitious and brilliant, was graduated from the Brooklyn Heights seminary. She was like other girls in her class, except in being especially favored by nature.

Prof. West, the president of the seminary, said of her: "She was a sweet girl, of delicate organization and nervous temperament, and was highly esteemed for her pleasing manners and gentle disposition. She was an excellent scholar, excelling in belles-lettres."

On May 1, 1864, Miss Fancher was thrown from a horse and severely injured. She grew better. With returning health came love into her life. She became engaged to Mr. John H. Taylor, of Brooklyn. For a few months she tasted happiness. Then the intoxicating draught was hurled from her lips forever.

On June 8, 1865, came the tragedy that ruined her life. While downtown on a shopping errand she fell from a street car while trying to alight and was dragged some distance on the rough pavement.

For nine years, day and night, she was subject to trances, spasms and cataplexy. She lay in one position, on her right side. She could swallow, but take no food. Water, the juices of fruits and other liquids were put into her mouth, but her stomach would not retain anything. The doctors performed tracheotomy, but it was useless. Her body performed none of the ordinary functions.

Gradually the sense of touch, speech and hearing came back to poor Mollie Fancher. But she remained blind and paralyzed, subject to trances and to visions—alike of herself and out of tune with the world.

Dr. S. Fleet Speir, for many years her physician, says of her: "It is a wonderful and very interesting case. I have been abused by the fraternity for asserting my belief in Miss Fancher's power. It exists; that is all I know and it is all any one knows. I am satisfied that for years Miss Fancher took no solid food, and I know that she takes nothing at this time of any account. Her lips are moistened occasionally with water or fruit juice, and it is only at rare intervals that anything more substantial passes her lips."

It was in 1875 that Mollie Fancher's clairvoyant sight reached its fullest development. She began to describe the appearance and clothing of her callers. She would tell that one had a spot on her skirt, another a bit of basing left in her waist. Frequently she would say: "I see a friend, Miss —, coming

She says of herself: "I was and still am an enigma to myself. If anybody can tell who I am and what I am when they have heard the experiences of my life, I would be glad to have them do so. I am told that there are five other Mollie Fanchers who together make the whole of the one Mollie Fancher known to this world. Who they are or what they are I cannot explain; I can only conjecture. It seems to me that at times I go into various parts of the country or city and see persons and places and know what is happening; and whenever this happens I take pains to find out afterward from the persons whom I visit upon these occasions whether they were at the places at which I saw them, and were doing the things which I saw them doing. If they are able to recall the circumstances they always satisfy me that in some manner applicable to myself I was either absent from the body and with them, or was able to make my observations without obstruction from material objects, unaffected by distance. I have often been as far away as Michigan. Can the mind penetrate like an X-ray?"

The five other Mollie Fanchers whom she mentions are named Sunbeam, Idol, Rosebud, Pearl and Ruby. She knows their history and carries on conversations with them. Her friends have through her had talks with them, and tell queer stories of these interviews.

Mollie Fancher has a normal, healthy, intelligent mind. She is a delightful conversationalist and a devout Christian. She suffers intensely, but never complains. She lingers year after year, smiling, cheerful and brave. "Only a patient woman could be so unconquerable," said Prof. West of her.

Will Carleton wrote of her: "As a neighbor Mollie Fancher is valuable and charming. A friendly half-hour chat with her is a tonic. She knows all the news and much history; she can converse about the greatest events of the world—the only gossip that is not belittling. She is sagacious and sparkling; her remarks are entertaining enough for the most exacting salon. She is sound of judgment in business matters; her mind is stayed by the vertebrae of common sense."

This is Mollie Fancher, truly called an enigma.

Is she one in whom the earthly part is so refined away that she sees the things that are, unimpeded by the walls of flesh?

What is the explanation of the marvel?

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