East Oregonian

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There are many kinds of love, as many kinds of light,
And every kind of love makes a glory in the night.
There is love that stirs the heart and love that gives it rest,
But the love that leads life upward is the noblest and the best.—Henry Can Dyke.

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG SPEECH

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. We are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation—or any nation so conceived and so dedicated—can long endure.

"We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

"It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they have thus far so nobly carried on.

"It is rather for us to be here, dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Ninety-four years ago today, Abraham Lincoln, the sixteenth president of the United States, was born.

Lewis and Clark had just returned from the mouth of the Columbia to the settlement of the East. The broken story of the Pacific Coast was being told with all the ornamentations of a fairy tale at the firesides of New England and the South.

The frontiersmen of Kentucky and Ohio were gliding into the wilderness, here and there and laying foundations for the matchless cities and commonwealths of today.

In Kentucky, Daniel Boone was fighting Indians, piloting the straggling settlers from the eastward into his blue grass domain and trading on the Ohio River with the French from the north and the Spaniards from the south.

From the scanty settlement at St. Louis, westward the magnificent area of the United States lay smiling in idle granduer.

From the Mississippi eastward, the scattering settlements of Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee sent up their cabin smoke, here and there among the forests—like incense from the new made altars of an empire.

In this wilderness, among these perilous forests, Lincoln imbibed the native strength of soul and the staunch, unostentious wisdom that afterward served him so well in the hazardous station to which his countrymen called him.

Plain, humble, God-fearing, broad, tolerant in an intolerant age, calm in a day when passion blazed from every thought, magnificent in mind and strong in execution, gentle, sympathetic, poorly understood at times, but always the same unruffled citizen, Lincoln stands near the head of the list of American presidents.

It may be that the occasion made the man.

Lincoln, a lawyer in Springfield, might have lived and died within a very small sphere of activity and acquaintance.

As a congressman he might have left no record worthy of recounting.

As president during an era of peace he might have filled the place with credit, but without the marked characteristics that have made him immortal as a war president.

He might have been unknown outside his district in an age that furnished no keen incentives to patriotic action.

He lived in an age of conflict. The Indians were fighting the settlers, his parents and neighbors during his childhood.

The government was in a formative period and its contending elements gave birth to strong minds.

It made men great, by the greatness of its opportunities. It invited men to think and fill up the mental space suggested and created by its issues.

The opportunity of his age found hi mendowed with the rugged, native strength to arise to its need.

Ten years ago Eugene V. Debs was put in jail for leading a labor organization in its just demands for better wages and more congenial conditions in which to work. Yesterday Judge Gaynor, of New York, in charging a jury sitting upon the case of a union man accused of being a nuisance, said: "The streets are for the use of all the people. If the capital of this country has a right to organize so has labor." This evolution of ten years is full recompense for all the kicks that have been administered to the workingmen.

The Philippines are too close to the East Indian Empire, with its love of pageantry and barbarism, to ever be free from slaves and haremis. The press dispatches announcing that parents among the uncivilized tribes, willingly sell their children into servitude, will be excellent campaign literature for Senator Hoar, just at this time. It seems that commerce is not the only blessing that has followed the flag to Luzon.

The arid land law is not to undergo any great change at this session. If it is only changed to limit the time the irrigation companies working under contract hold the land, to the date of the completion of the ditches, and allow settlers to locate upon lands not actually used by the companies, it will be of great service to the people.

The bill to repeal the $5,000 limit of recovery for damages in case of death, of an employe, through negligence, failed to pass. While it is possible for a jury to award an injured man any amount of damages it sees fit, the family of a dead man can recover but $5,000 for the loss of his support.

That a sheriff of Oregon should be murdered in cold blood by a horse thief, is sufficient cause to warrant a swift and severe penalty. Within the past two years Oregon, in every quarter, has had a revival of horse stealing. It is most unfortunate that the life of a brave and efficient officer should be sacrificed in the struggle of the law against this infamous crime.

The bill revising Pendleton's charter passed the senate with a strong vote, yesterday. While the sentiment of the city is divided upon the subject, the people gracefully acknowledge that splendid old rule which is the life and backbone of free government: "The will of the people is the supreme law."

The Boise Capital News says the deadlock in Oregon and other northern states is evidence enough that the method of selecting our United States senators is al wrong. Much better is the Southern idea of exalting the primary and making it the means of expressing the popular will.

Lyons broke down and wept like a child after his arrest. He could shoot a man in cold blood, yet with his own neck in danger loses his nerve. He is a cheap desperado.—Eugene Guard.

The city council is laying foundations for good streets, in its determination to cover up the ungainly sight of mud holes and pools of dirty water with a thick layer of crushed rock.

Idaho, in the new glory of republicanism, prosperity and political perfection, has turned down the initiative and referendum, the very basis of popular government.

WOMAN'S TRUE ORIGIN.

At the beginning of time, Twashtri—the Vulcan of the Hindu Mythology—created the world. But when he wished to create a woman he found that he had employed all his materials in the creation of man. There did not remain one solid element. Then Twashtri, perplexed, fell into a profound meditation.

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He roused himself to do as follows: He took the roundness of the moon, the undulations of the serpent, the entwinement of climbing plants, the trembling of the grass, the slenderness of the rose vine and the velvet of the flower, the lightness of the leaf and the glance of the fawn, the gayety of the sun's rays and tears of mist, the incoustancy of the wind and the timidity of the hare, the vanity of the peacock and the softness of the down on the throat of the swallow, the hardness of the diamond, the sweet flavor of honey and the cruelty of the tiger, the warmth of fire, the chill of snow, the chatter of the jay and the cooing of the turtle dove.

* * *

He united all this and formed woman. Then he made a present of her to man.

Eight days later the man came to Twashtri and said: "My Lord, the creature you gave me poisons my existence. She chatters without rest, she takes all my time, she laments for nothing at all, and is always ill." And Twashtri received the woman again.

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But eight days later the man came again to the god and said: "My Lord, my life is very solitary since I returned this creature. I remember she danced before me, singing. I remember how she glanced at me from the corner of her eye, that she played with me, clung to me." And Twashtri returned the woman to him.

* * *

Three days only passed and Twashtri saw the man coming to him again. "My Lord," said he, "I do not understand exactly how, but am sure that the woman causes me more annoyance than pleasure. I beg of you to relieve me of her." But Twashtri said: "Go your way and do your best." And the man cried: "I cannot live with her!" "Neither can you live without her," replied Twashtri. And the man was sorrowful, murmuring: "Woe unto me. I can neither live with or without her."—Hindoo Mythology.

AN AGED STATESMAN.

Senator Pettus of Alabama is nearly 82 years old and is good for a term which will last him, if he survives, until he is 88. He is a peaceful, quiet old gentleman although he has seen much strife having been an officer in both the Mexican and Civil wars.

It is understood that his elections have never cost him a dollar and it is a very remarkable fact that this is the first and only office he has ever held; it was not necessary that he run the gauntlet of town, county and state office, but he leaped fully equipped for service in the United States senate. The only sense in which he can be said to be unfortunate is that he has never had enough position in his political career to key him up to a vigorous exercise of all his aggressive and defensive abilities.—Clinton (Mass.) Item.

WAITER GIRLS IN JAPAN.

A new departure by the Sanjuki Railway company is causing much interest in Japan. The company has arranged that all its refreshment cars shall be staffed by girls. The waitresses have been selected for five qualifying reasons: (1) A passable personal appearance; (2) fair education; (3) good health; (4) good conduct, and (5) a blameless past.

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But more curious than these qualifications are the regulations laid down for their behavior. They must dress their hair in a certain style resembling a Greek helmet, must wear a certain kind of costume, and are enjoined to behave with military discipline, to take no tips, and to refrain from chatting with the passengers. Tokio Letter.

POVERTY.

The people call him rich, his lands
Stretch very far and very wide;
They call him rich, but there he stands
Ill clad and bent and hollow eyed.

The people call him rich; his gold
Is piled in many a yellow heap,
But he is all alone and old,
And when he dies no one will weep

They call him rich, but where he dwells
The floors are bare, the walls are bleak;
They call him rich; he buys and sells,
But no fond fingers stroke his cheek.

They call him rich; he does not know
The happiness of standing where
Sweet winds across the meadows blow
And toss the verdant billows there.
—S. E. KISER, in Harper's.

THE BETTER SIDE.

Here's to human nature,
The true and noble part,
That only sees the better side,
And acts from heart to heart.
That scorns all base deception,
Yet the under-dog defends,
And swears by hope and heaven
In the friendship of its friends.

That sees a ray of sunshine
On the darkest kind of day,
And lifts from out life's shadows
Some fellow on the way;
That scorns all base deceptions
Yet the under-dog defends,
And swears by hope and heaven
In the friendship of its friends.
—Arthur G. Lewis in Blue Book.

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