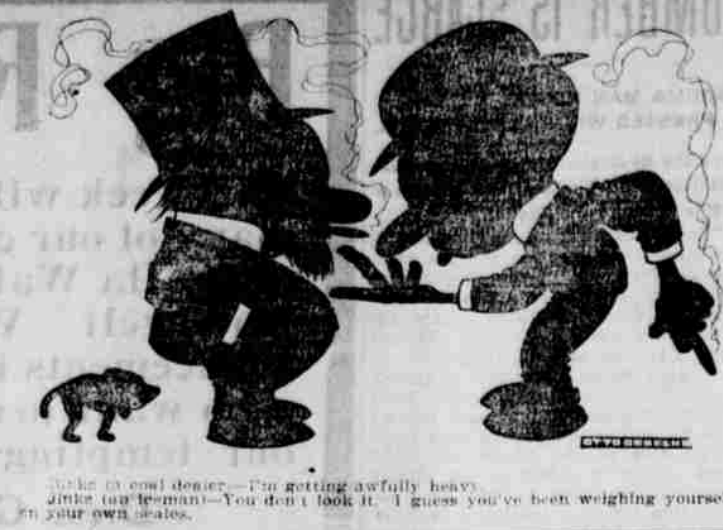


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THE PEOPLE TRIUMPHANT.
 Oregon has redeemed herself! Lewis and Clark will be honored. The portage road will be built. The corporations will pay taxes, and the best state in the West will march on to a realization of her high ideals, despite the covered thrusters of enemies and the empty rhetoric of hirelings.
 While the referendum petitions on the fair are strongly supported, the required number of signatures was not obtained and the useless expense of a vote will not be imposed on the people.
 The opposition of the disgruntled politicians of Portland, did not develop any alarming features and the labor unions did not carry out their designs, for there were enough labor votes in Portland, alone, to have secured a referendum on the fair if the strength had all been exercised.
 Malheur county may now nurse the empty notoriety of having sent in the first petition against her savior, the portage road. The people of Oregon rescued Malheur from her friends.
 There is no hurried packing of trunks nor closing of mines on account of the tax law. The mining companies will now develop their properties, pay their share of the burden and prepare to stay and reap a legitimate harvest in Oregon.
 It is a triumph that Oregon may well be proud of. The opposition to all these worthy measures was conceived in selfishness and prosecuted with hired tools. None of it sprang fresh from the breast of any citizen of Oregon.
 It is an epoch in state history.



John to coal dealer.—I'm getting awfully heavy.
 John (to the woman)—You don't look it. I guess you've been weighing yourself on your own scales.

If you'll sing a song as you plod along.
 You'll find that the busy, rushing throng
 Will catch the strain of the glad refrain;
 That the sun will follow the the blinding rain;
 That the clouds will fly from the blackened sky;
 That the stars will come out by and by;
 And you'll make new friends till hope descends
 From where the placid rainbow bends.
 And all because of a little song—
 If you sing this song as you plod along.
 —Magazine of Mysteries.

THEY WANT INFORMATION.

Every homeseeker that comes into the borders of Oregon should be presented by somebody with a true guide to the great resources of the state. Somebody authorized, should set them on the right track, furnish them wholesome information and give them a good impression of Oregon. Some outline of the native wealth of the state should be set before them in an attractive manner in order that very dollar they bring along for investment may be placed in some enterprise that promises returns to them and to the state at large.
 As it is now, the homeseeker meets in howling hotel runner and the industrious baggage rustler, on his arrival in the large Oregon cities, very friendly hand reaches out toward him is the hand of a grafter, ready to charge him double for a service, if he don't protest.
 There is no congenial voice to say, "welcome, neighbor," and no sufficient aide to put him on track of the true wealth and worth of the state.
 Until Oregon remedies this evil and sets the incoming homeseeker a fund of unanswerable facts about the state, capital will pass through more congenial places, which have spent money and time in preparing a deception for all worthy strangers.
 The following letter is a sample of communications that reach this office each week. It is a cry for aid, call for knowledge that Umatilla county should not longer pass unaided:
 Portland, Or., May 19, 1903.—Editor of Oregonian Pendleton, Oregon.—Gentlemen:—Can you inform us if there is any literature for free distribution to homeseekers and investors setting forth resources of your county? If so, can we get a supply hand out to visitors at the bureau mail their friends back East. We've written your county assessor, county judge and school superintendent for information, but so far they've not returned our blanks.
 Will you kindly call on these parties and request them to fill out and return these blanks sent, so our records can be completed.
 We desire to be of service to each section of the state, but our efforts will be defeated unless we can secure co-operation of those most interested or whom we think ought to be. The railroad company will forward us if addressed to this bureau, waiting your favorable action, we are,
 Yours truly,
LEGON INFORMATION BUREAU.
 Baker City is now before the world a 50,000 edition advertising pamphlet. As a remuneration for her labor and public spirit, a good class homeseekers will be attracted by a magnet to her great resources.
 In the midst of Portland's merry-making, the ghastly skeleton of politics appears at the banquet board, a moody, vindictive, revengeful spirit of factional warfare, spoils all the flavor of the feast.

man may use opium in any way as a narcotic. The act is made necessary by the spread of the opium habit among the Filipinos. The sale of opium to the Chinamen who are in the islands is to be regulated as follows:
 * * *
 The act contemplates selling the right to import, prepare for use and sell opium to full-blooded Chinamen, to the highest and best bidder. The consideration for the concession to be paid to the insular treasury in monthly instalments. There shall be under the main concessioner not more than one retail merchant to every two thousand full-blooded Chinamen in any town, provided, however, that each town may have one merchant.—Hong Kong Daily Press.

HORSE MEAT DAINTIES.

The latest evidence that the public likes to be deceived is the enormous business transacted by a Paris meat canning establishment. The products of this concern put up in neat boxes, with handsome labels, go all over Europe for consumption. The list of viands ranges from roast beef to potted venison, including the feather tribe. Upon every label is the abbreviation CH., in large red letters, which means "horse meat," the government requiring such distinction upon the product of man's faithful beast of burden.
 It is not alone the restaurants and boarding houses which purchase the products of the cannery, but every grocer handles the assortment, and investigation has shown that families are the largest purchasers, and it is to be presumed that their imagination and the condiments disguise the real character of the stuff.—Chicago Chronicle.

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S GHOST.

The recent discussion of spiritualism, in which we are told that the ghost of Henry Ward Beecher has appeared to a former friend, and confined himself in his message to complaining that a certain coin, known as the "widow's mite," had not been returned to him, reminds us of an interesting incident in Mr. Beecher's life while he was still in the flesh. The great preacher was in England, as the story goes, and was being entertained by a gentleman who believed in spiritualism and was himself a medium.
 One day he asked if Beecher would like to talk with the spirit of his father, Dr. Lyman Beecher. Mr. Beecher replied that it would please him immensely. After the seance was over he was asked how it had impressed him, at which, with a twinkle of his eye, Beecher responded: "All I have to say is, that if I deteriorate as fast for the first ten years after I am dead as my father has I shall be a stark-naked fool." When one considers the high and noble purposes to which Mr. Beecher devoted himself while on earth, and the things on which his mind seems to run now, we are constrained to recall this incident.—Everybody's Magazine.

MARRIAGE IN INDIA.

Marriage, no one may escape in India. It is, as death and birth, inevitable. Only birth and death are our finalities, marriage may come by choice, caprice, or accident; these are not found in Indian dictionaries. The wisdom of selection is left to parents. Of course there are mistakes, surprises, disappointments, as everywhere. But I saw as much love-light in happy eyes in India as in any other country.—Edmund Russell in Everybody's Magazine.

IT'S THE DURM YANKEES.

Few people seem to have realized that the populist craze in politics first made itself manifest in the South, where the white population is nearly 100 per cent native born; that it found its most fertile soil in Kansas, and that its spread throughout the Middle West may be traced directly to the blood of New England.
 In 1900 the population of Kansas was 72.6 per cent native born. The percentage of native born citizens in the New England states ranged from a minimum of about 36 per cent in Rhode Island to a maximum of 71.2 in Maine.
 * * *
 Thus it will be seen that Kansas outranks Maine, which stands at the head of the list of New England states in proportion of native blood, but it

outranks her, and all other New England states, by a greater margin than even three figures would indicate, because, until very recent years, Kansas has been almost without foreign immigration. She is, undoubtedly, and overwhelmingly, the most Yankee state of the Union.
 The same spirit that made "Bleeding Kansas" a battleground 50 years ago, and that made Maine and "them steers" of Solon Chase's the synonym for greenbackism 30 years ago was abroad in Kansas in the '90s. It is the spirit that has made every cranky ism and oligo flourish among the granite rocks of New Hampshire and Massachusetts. It is the typical American spirit of unrest and speculation.—Booklover's Magazine.

THE BLIND CHAPLAIN'S RISE.

The death of William Henry Milburn, for many years famous as "The Blind Chaplain," recalls the romantic and heroic incidents connected with his first election as a chaplain of congress in 1845. When Milburn was 22, a very slight figure, his left eye entirely blind, his right eye having but one little transparent point not so big as the head of a pin, giving him but a glimmer of the outer world, he was traveling by Ohio river steamer from Cincinnati to Wheeling, W. Va. He was then entirely unknown to the world except to the little band of circuit riders among whom he had been preaching in the backwoods for a year. To his great delight he found on the steamer a large number of congressmen of both houses, who were on their way to Washington for the opening of a session. Milburn expected great profit from their conversation, but was soon shocked at their profanity, their gambling and their drunkenness.
 * * *
 The Ohio river was low, and fogs coming on, they were detained over Sunday. At breakfast a committee of passengers invited Milburn to preach, and a congregation of 200 persons assembled. At the close of a brief sermon, to the astonishment of all, he bowed to the men before him, and said: "I understand that you are members of the congress of the United States, and as such, you are, or should be, the representatives, not only of the political opinions, but also of the intellectual, moral, and religious condition of the people of this country. As I had rarely seen men of your class, I felt, on coming aboard this boat, a natural interest to hear your conversation and to observe your habits. If I am to judge the nation by you, I can come to no other conclusion than that it is composed of profane swearers, card players and drunkards. Suppose there should be an intelligent foreigner on this boat, traveling through the country with the intent of forming a well-considered and unbiased opinion as to the practical working of our free institutions—seeing you and learning your position, what would be his conclusion?—Inevitably, that our experiment was a failure, and our country is hastening to destruction."

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