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SAVE THE PUBLIC FUNDS.

the contracts for furnishing Indian has just made a ruling which will have a stimulating effect upon the trade of Oregon. Heretofore, San Francisco wholesale houses and contractors have held a monopoly of the Indian supplies of the West.

In early days, when that city was the only feasible distributing point for the coast, the government gave all the contracts for furnishing Indian supplies to houses in San Francisco, and the custom has been in vogue so long, that it has seemed to be a fixture in trade circles.

However, as the country has developed and other cities came into prominence as distributing points, efforts have been made repeatedly to place some of these immense contracts elsewhere, more convenient to the various tribes supplied.

This has been accomplished at last, and now both Portland and Los Angeles will share this rich trade with the Golden Gate city. The articles upon which bids are received consist in leather, agricultural implements, blankets, groceries, furniture, crockery, paints, oils, stoves, woodenware and hardware.

All supplies for the coast have heretofore been shipped to San Francisco, as a central distributing point, and from there the schools in the extreme northern part of Idaho, Washington and Montana, have been supplied.

The great waste to the government in freight rates, if in no other manner, is evident. Beside claiming the privilege to hold this valuable trade, the San Francisco contractors have constantly raised the price on certain articles until the government has paid double the amount of other bids received from elsewhere. The abuse has reached the limit, it seems, and the contracts will probably be apportioned to the wholesale market nearest the territory containing the Indians to be supplied.

This old art of grafting has become so firmly fixed in the matter of dealing with the government, that it is absolutely ruinous to legitimate business.

These government contracts have been awarded to San Francisco merchants year in, year out, the prices have been advanced, despite the increasing facilities for furnishing the goods cheaper, and the department either took little interest in the details of the business, or else it took big profits from the rake-off in the deal.

It seems almost beyond belief, that trusted government officials, who have the management of the people's business in their hands, could betray their trusts so long, without exciting suspicion. It seems that men who are chosen for their ability and integrity, would handle the government's business on the same principles which they would apply to their own affairs.

Here is this distribution of government supplies, in which millions of the people's money is involved, made a plaything of a few grafters, for years. Instead of the government receiving a benefit from the increasing facilities for production, and the increasing facilities for distribution, in lower prices for these supplies, the people are forced to pay tribute to the combination which controls the disposition of the contracts.

No matter if Portland, Salt Lake, or Boise City should bid lower for the supplies needed on the reservations near them, the department awarded the contracts to the same firms which had enjoyed the graft for years, and then added another cost to the total bill by shipping the stuff from San Francisco, past the very points which should have been awarded the contracts, by virtue of their location.

There is need of a thorough shaking up in other than the postoffice department. There is need of investigation further than the matter of supplying shoulder straps for the letter carriers. This little item of grafting which is causing such an uproar in the postal department, dwarfs into insignificance when compared to the unmolested robbery in Indian affairs.

Whatever else the next administration is pledged to do, the first task laid upon it by the people should be to make some frantic effort to save the public fund, which is wasting through ten thousand leaks in the various departments.

There is good evidence for the assertion that Russia has placed a protecting arm around the entire Thibetan empire, thus extending Russian territory to the very borders of Indo-China on the south. China has only held a protectorate over Thibet, dur-

ing all modern history, and it is now announced in diplomatic circles that a secret move of the czar has supplanted this weak Chinese control, and that hereafter Russian territory will touch shoulders with King Edward on the Indian frontier.

ALL AT REST.

Take a walk through the cemetery of any large city, and you will pass the last resting place of the man who blew down the muzzle of a gun to see if it was loaded. A little farther down the beautiful slope is buried the man who tried to jump on a moving train. The handsome marble shaft of the man who blew out the gas casts a shadow over the bosom of the hired girl who lit the fire with kerosene, while in close proximity lies all that is mortal of the old lady who kept baking powder and strychnine on the shelf in the pantry.

The dude who wore a plug hat in Texas is quiet now, and he rests by the side of the gambler who turned the trump from the bottom of the deck. The fair damsel who pinched her corset to the last hole and danced every number at the firemen's ball slumbers close by her lover, the idiot who rode a bicycle a mile in two and a half minutes. The stylish young man who smoked a cigar while cleaning his clothes with gasoline sleeps most peacefully, and the branches of the rosebush which adorns the last resting place of the old man who contracted the morphine habit and took too much, wave over his grave.

But, alas! Beneath the grassy mound moulders a greasy suspender button, all that could be found of the printer's devil who lit a match near the gasoline can. The troubles of the farmer who stood in front of the mowing machine to oil the sickle, are now over, as also are those of the battle veteran who fought in the Mexican war, won laurels in the last great rebellion, but failed successfully to draw his musket through a barbed-wire fence while hunting woodchucks.—Missing Links.

ISLANDS ARE SINKING.

It would seem that the islands known variously as the Low Archipelago, or Tuamotu group, are destined to be reclaimed by the Pacific ocean. Last January they were swept by a flood composed of high waves from the ocean and lesser ones from the enclosed lagoons, and in consequence nearly 600 of the inhabitants were drowned and property to the value of \$500,000 was destroyed. And now, six months later, fierce gales from the southwest and southeast have again caused great surging crests to sweep over some of the islands. So far only four persons are said to have perished, but the fear is great that when all the islands are heard from there may be a distressing list of fatalities.

The steamer Excelsior suffered much damage during the series of gales while she was on her trip from Tahiti to the Marquesas group. Three of the Tuamotu islands were under water to such an extent that the inhabitants had to climb coconut trees for safety. Houses and stores, copra and finally the coconut trees were destroyed, while the inhabitants had a close call to death. It is thought most of the islands of the group were visited by the storm.

July 14, the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille, and the following week was celebrated here with much enthusiasm.—Exchange.

AUTUMN WOODS.

The wind from the West is blowing. The homeward-wandering cows are lowing. Dark grow the pine woods, dark and drear—The woods that bring the sunset near.

When o'er the wide seas the sun declines, Far off its fading glory shines, Far off, sublime, and full of fear—The pine woods bring the sunset near.

This house that looks to East, to West, This, dear one, is our home, our rest; Yonder the stormy sea, and here The woods that bring the sunset near.

—Richard Watson Gilder, in August National.

STORY ON GREELEY.

A new story of Horace Greeley is told in a recent biography by W. A. Linn. The great editor, as everyone knows, was generous and kind-hearted to a fault, and beggars of all types generally found him an easy victim. A few cases are on record, however, where he did not yield to the demands upon his purse. One of these is related by Mr. Linn. A visitor who called on Mr. Greeley one day found him in his sanctum with a persistent bore of the subscription paper variety seated by his side.

The editor's patience had evidently been almost exhausted and as he wrote on steadily he would give an occasional kick toward the caller, who would every now and then put in a word. Finally, turning around, Greeley said: "Tell me what you want. Tell me quick, and in one sentence." The man said: "I want a subscription, Mr. Greeley, for a cause which will prevent a thousand of our fellow-beings from going to hell." Greeley shouted: "I will not give you a sin-

gle cent. There don't half enough go there now." As Greeley was a Universalist, adds Mr. Linn, this reply was not so severe as it sounded.—San Francisco Star.

THE YOUNGEST PILGRIM.

One of the notable gatherings in New England last week was that of the descendants of John Alden, the pilgrim father. Between 700 and 800 people whose lineage runs back to this Mayflower passenger met at the old town of Plymouth and while exchanging family felicitations paid tribute to the first of the name who cast his fortunes with the new land.

Alden, although not so much of a celebrity as some of the other men who made the immortal voyage from England to the colonies, was one of the sturdiest members of the little band and at the time of his death was one of the most respected men in Massachusetts. He was aired as a cooper before the expedition sailed and signed the famous compact in the Mayflower's cabin in 1620. He was the youngest of the pilgrims, but he was made a magistrate of the colony and by his wisdom, integrity and decision through a period of 50 years became one of the most important characters of his time.

Alden married Priscilla Mullens in 1621 and the incident of his courtship was made the subject of one of Longfellow's longer poems. He was of that stout stock, which, despite its intolerance of the seventeenth century, has done much to spread rugged manhood through the nation and develop what has become the best type of American citizenship.—Spokesman-Review.

Miss Martha Munson, of Ilwaco, was fatally injured Monday, in a runaway accident.

ENGAGED.

Marriage is very largely an accident. In few cases do men or women set up a standard of manly or womanly excellence and choose by it. In most cases people become engaged as the result of propinquity rather than because of any deep rooted preference.

And so it often happens that the wife enters upon the obligations of maternity just as thoughtlessly as she entered on the marriage relation, because no one has warned her of the dangers she faces.

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"After my first child was born," writes Mrs. Jordan Stout, of Fayetteville, Frederick Co., Va. "my health was very poor for a long time, and last winter I was so bad with pain down in back I could hardly move without great suffering. My husband got me a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and a vial of his 'Pleasant Pellets,' which I used as directed. In four days I was greatly relieved, and now, after using the medicine three months, I seem to be entirely well. I can't see why it is that there are so many suffering women when there is such an easy way to be cured. I know your medicines are the best in the world."

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Most of us are inclined to think that if our tasks were different it would be easier for us to be the sort of men and women that we ought to be. Yet every duty is an opportunity, and we need no other gymnasium for the development of our moral muscle than the work which falls to our hands today, whatever that work may be. If our present task does not help us to be more gentle, patient, kind and faithful it is exceedingly doubtful whether any other set of circumstances would work in us the ends of character.—Robert Whittaker in San Francisco Star.

Judging from the dashing and dazzling career of Jack London in the literary world, he needed nothing except a matrimonial episode to round out the perfection of his experience. His divorce comes as a natural development of the modern successful career.

General Miles' proposition to disarm the nations of the earth, is a pretty piece of optimism. It reads like an announcement of the millennium would probably sound, but what would all the idlers do, if war were banished? There are men in the service of the war departments of the world who are fit for nothing else but stripes.

When the lowly Nazarene trod the pathways of the earth, he went without scrip or servant, he refused the crown his admiring adherents sought to thrust upon him, and made the basis of his religion a homely simplicity that put to shame the philosophers of his time. Sunday, in St. Peter's, Rome, the coronation of his alleged vice-gerent took place. The throne was a dazzle of silver and gold. The triple crown of the church was placed upon his head in the presence of 70,000 people, and perhaps no function of modern times has surpassed the coronation of the pope in splendor, formality, pomp, glory, dazzle, ostentation and show of power. The essence of the Nazarene's religion has made a wonderful advance since he said "It was as hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven, as it was for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle."

Portland capital is considering the further development of the state of Washington. It is quite probable that the Lyric and Goldendale road, built by Portland money and owned by Portland capitalists, will be extended up the Klickitat river, in the near future. In the meantime, Portland kicks at Harriman for turning Oregon traffic away from Portland, and surveying roads which would not make that city a terminus. The people of Central Oregon doubtless believe, with the old lark, that holds a prominent place in the fables of the nursery, that if a person wishes to see a thing done, he must do that thing himself, and trust no friend, no matter how voluble his promises, or how near the ties of kinship. Having faith in this doctrine, it would not be strange if the neglected settlements of the interior, should encourage the building of roads that would carry the trade of the country to a good market, presided over by wide-awake business men, who know a good opportunity, before its back is forever turned upon them. San Francisco needs the products of Central Oregon, and has a record for going after what she wants.

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