



AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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No man hath right to rear a prison wall About himself and then sit down therein, And sigh for freedom gone beyond recall, And make his moan for things that might have been. Nor hath he right to build himself a stair By which to scale his prison's high rampart. When every stroke must mean some soul's despair, And every step a bleeding human heart. —Carrie Blake Morgan in "Path of Gold."

LITTLE ALEC ROMANOFF.

Yesterday at the Peterhof villa at St. Petersburg, a good old physician whose services cost \$1000 a day, ushered into the world an heir to the czar, who, if he lives to be a man, will rule Russia under the title of Alexis II, and will be the 18th ruler in the Romanoff line of Russian emperors.

Back in 1613 the fortunes of war brought Michael Romanoff, a mongrel German and Hungarian, to the throne of Russia, and thus was established the house of Romanoff.

The irrevocable law of succession to the throne decrees that this line of kings, good, bad and indifferent, halt, maimed, idiot or imbecile, shall occupy the Russian throne, until nature falls to perpetuate the family or the vicissitude of war or revolution puts a usurper in its stead.

The Russian people have no choice in the matter. A race of rulers is produced and reared for them, just as ferocious hounds are bred for the chase.

For 300 years the motley descendants of old Mike Romanoff have ruled, not without protest, resulting in the extremity of murder and assassination, but they have ruled.

For the next 300 years, the same dwindling strain of "royalty" will run through the veins of Russian rulers, provided the rumbling, wrathful discontent of the peasantry does not shake down the throne and build on its site a temple of liberty.

Stripped of the nonsense of the court and royal calendar, pruned down to the naked Anglo-Saxon name, this little son of the czar is Alec Romanoff, instead of Alexis II. And the promise before Alec Romanoff of St. Petersburg, is a barren, bomb-strewn wilderness, full of gloomy possibilities and empty platitudes.

He is already listed as a target for the fuses, and a shining mark for the infernal machine. Before he was born nihilists made a mark opposite his name on the calendar of doomed crown-wearers.

To all human prospects Alec Romanoff is not a whit better than Patsy Finneran, of High street, Pendleton. In the way of the gladsome world, the lot of Patsy Finneran is an incomparable dream compared to the burdens of state which overshadow the little Alec Romanoff.

There lies before Patsy the glowing possibility of being captain of the "kid nine," while to the brow of Alec such laurels are cruelly denied.

Suddenly, in the strange revelations of popular government, merit and fitness may bring highest honor to the humble American boy; but in the fixed straight-jacket of royal pedigree, the crown awaits the heir, merit or no merit, brains or no brains. Let little Alec Romanoff wear his crown.

The prodigal recklessness with which the government has thrown away the priceless public lands of the west is beginning to be realized by the people now. In the rich Malheur basin where the government is attempting to establish an irrigation project, lie the great areas of the

old military road grants, now owned by Paris capitalists. This great body of land, comprising each alternate section through the heart of Central Oregon, is not for sale nor will it be improved. The tireless industry of settlers on all sides of it is advancing its value without an effort from the non-resident landlords. These large holdings now lie squarely across the path of government irrigation. The actual settlers are ready, anxious to comply with the laws, requiring a reduction of the individual holding to 160 acres, but what interest has the French monopoly in sacrificing an acre of this land to the general good? The surrounding industry is making mints of money for them. Why should they improve or sell to actual settlers? The Southern Pacific in Southern Oregon and the Northern Pacific in Northern Idaho and Washington, hold millions of acres of valuable timber land, and the cities of the East are teeming with the homeless, cramped hordes of humanity. Will the people ever come to their senses and stop this almost criminal plundering of the public domain?

Slowly the government is coming to recognize the civilized condition of the West. Although United States revenue cutters have been stationed on the Pacific Coast for 40 years, every article of supply for that service has been purchased in the East, and shipped 3000 miles across the continent, while hundreds of Western enterprises have been struggling for a foothold, unheeded by the government. Now it is reluctantly decided to patronize Pacific Coast manufacturers and producers and the thousands of dollars wasted in useless transportation across the continent will be saved to the people. Blankets, heavy woolen clothing, all kinds of foodstuffs, great quantities of medicine, and other necessities of life make up the bulk of the supplies. All these can be purchased from Western producers, who are entitled to the trade. The old contractors of the East have been so long at the public trough that the government seems almost to belong to them.

The Lewiston Tribune, an independent paper, pays the following high compliment to Judge Parker's brief speech to the notification committee: "Judge Parker's determination not to accept a renomination if elected, is undoubtedly the result of the present spectacle in the White House, presenting the strongest, if at the same time most pitiable, argument for electing presidents for one term only. Taken in connection with Judge Parker's previous test in crucial times, there is not in all the exalted records of American statesmanship, any other expression by any other public man that is quite equal in moral meaning and tone to the communication so far made by the democratic presidential nominee to the American people."

Five million bushels of wheat at 65 to 70 cents means that several lingering mortgages will be wiped from the records of Umatilla county this fall.

MORGAN'S COAT OF ARMS.

J. Pierpont Morgan is gifted with a great deal more of humor than is generally known. Not long ago, while in London, he was introduced to a woman who made some pretensions to peacocks. "Pardon me," said the woman haughtily, "to which Morgans do you belong?" "Oh, we are an independent branch," replied Mr. Morgan, stily, "but we date back to the Norman kings." "Ah, then, you have a coat of arms?" Mr. Morgan dug down into his pocket and brought forth a shining American \$20 gold piece. "This," he said, "is our coat of arms; a few other families have adopted the same emblem. But," he continued, confidentially, "we are gathering them in as fast as possible."

PARKER'S LABOR RECORD.

Judge Parker's friendly attitude toward labor is proven by the fact that as chief justice of the New York court of appeals he upheld the law providing for the payment of "the prevailing rate of wages" in municipal contracts, the law providing for the regulation of child labor, the law which limited the number of hours during which bakers might work, and the eight-hour law affecting municipal contracts. Judge Parker is thoroughly conscientious and absolutely fearless in the discharge of what he believes to be his duty. He is a true man of the people and the interests of both capital and labor will receive fair treatment at his hands if he should be elected president.

PRAISE FOR BRYAN.

The lion of the tribe of Jefferson. \* \* \* Perhaps you and I will never fully realize all the moral courage, the tireless endurance, the firm belief in one's cause and, above all, the iron will required to face a great hostile national convention for two days and nights without rest or sleep, because we can never rise to that elevation, but it undoubtedly makes demands on all that is in a man who attempts it, and is very great indeed. It is a performance that was almost epic and worthy as the theme of the most gifted artist of pen or brush.—St. Louis Censor.

OPPORTUNITY SPEAKS.

Yes, I am Opportunity; But say, young man, Don't wait for me to come to you; You buckle down And work with head And heart and hands, As does the man Who understands That those who wait, Expecting some reward from fate— Or luck, to call it so— Sit always in the "way-back row, And yet You must not let Me get away when I show up. The golden cup Is not for him who stands, With folded hands, Expecting me To serve his inactivity. I serve the active mind, The seeling eye, The ready hand That grasps me passing by, And takes from me The good I hold For every spirit Strong and bold. He does not wait On fate Who seizes me, For I am fortune, Luck and fate, The corner stone Of what is great In man's accomplishment. But I am none of these To him who does not seize, I must be caught, If any good is wrought Out of the resources I possess. Oh! yes, I'm Opportunity, I'm great, I'm sometimes late, But do not wait For me; Work on, Watch on, Good hands, good heart, And some day you will see— Out of your efforts rising— Opportunity. —Success.

HUGO AND GARIBALDI.

The French poet, Victor Hugo, whom Tennyson addressed as "Victor in drama, victor in romance," sent an impassioned but little known poem on the disaster of Mentana in 1867, to Garibaldi. The Italian hero, also invoking the aid of the muse, replied in verse, of which the then exile in Guernsey expressed appreciation in the following felicitous words: Dear Garibaldi!—There was a lyre in the tent of Achilles; a harp in that of Judas Maccabaeus; Orlando sent a copy of verse to Charlemagne; Frederick the Second addressed odes to Voltaire. Heroes are poets. You, too, prove it. I read with deep emotion the noble lyrical epistle which you addressed to me, and in which you speak to the soul of Italy in the language of France. The same breath of justice and liberty which inspires you with great deeds inspires you with great thoughts. Carewell, illustrious friend.—London Telegraph.

A Half Million in Sight.

A second edition of a magazine in midsummer is one of the unheard-of things in magazine making. But the publishers of Everybody's magazine have broken all records in many notable instances, and as the August edition of 339,000 copies has proved to be insufficient, they announce a second edition. The Lawson story of Amalgamated Copper, advertised largely in this and other leading papers of the country, is the immediate cause of the immense increase in circulation which has come to this magazine the last few months. Written in a fluent and masterly style by the Boston millionaire financier, it appeals not only to men, but has attracted widespread interest among the intelligent women of the country.

How He Did It.

How on earth did you ever get a messenger boy to deliver your note and get an answer back to quick? I took his dime novel away from him and held it as security.—Philadelphia Press.

THE BUGLER'S CHEST

Is well expanded. He uses his lungs to their fullest capacity. People in ordinary do not use much over half their lung power. The unused lung surface becomes inert, and offers a prepared ground for the attack of the germs of consumption. There is no need to warn people of the danger of consumption, but warning is constantly needed not to neglect the first symptoms of diseased lungs.



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"PE-RU-NA SAVED MY LIFE,"

Writes Mrs. W. McRoberts.



MRS. L. M. GRIFFITH, Arco, Idaho, writes: "I am thirty years old and never had any children; but since beginning your medicine I gave birth to a 10-pound baby girl. I am stronger than I have been since I was quite young. God bless you and your medicine forever."

MRS. L. M. GRIFFITH. If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

"I Do All My Housework and Take Care of My Baby and I Feel So Good."

A YOUNG MOTHER'S LETTER.

Mrs. W. McRoberts, writes to Dr. Hartman from Delano, Miss., the following: Dear Sir:—I feel perfectly well of catarrh. I did as you directed me to and took Peruna and Mannin. The third of March I gave birth to a ten-pound baby girl and we are both well and happy. I am very thankful to you and Peruna saved my life. I recommend it to everyone and can't praise it enough. "I send you my own and my baby's picture. She is so sweet and good, she is a Peruna baby. I have such good health now. I do all my housework and take care of my baby and feel so good. "There are three or four of my neighbors using Peruna now since it did me so much good. They were just run down, and they think it is fine, it is so good to give strength."—Mrs. W. McRoberts.



Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

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