

WEEKLY STATESMAN

Published every Friday by the STATESMAN PUB. CO. SUBSCRIPTION RATES: One year in advance \$2.00 Six months in advance \$1.00

SUBSCRIBERS DESIRING THE ADDRESS of their papers changed must state the name of their former postoffice, as well as of the office to which they wish the paper changed.

SAMPLE COPIES.

If you have friends in the East, or anywhere else, who do not receive the Weekly STATESMAN, send in their names to this office, and they will receive sample copies free of charge.

STATE REPUBLICAN TICKET.

- For Congress, BINGER HERMANN, Of Douglas. For Supreme Judge, JOHN B. WALDO, Of Multnomah. For Governor, THOMAS E. CORNELIUS, Of Washington. For Secretary of State, GEORGE W. McBRIDE, Of Columbia. For State Treasurer, HENRY L. MARSTON, Of Umatilla. For Supt. Public Instruction, E. B. McELROY, Of Benton. For State Printer, FRANK C. BAKER, Of Multnomah. For Judge of 3d District, R. P. BOISE, Of Marion. For Prosecuting Attorney, C. A. JOHNS, Of Polk.

COUNTY REPUBLICAN TICKET.

- For State Senators, J. B. DIMICK, M. L. CHAMBERLIN, J. B. LOONEY. For Representatives, J. T. GREGG, C. F. HICKS, W. R. CULVER, D. J. PENDLETON, A. M. LAFOLLETT, SAMUEL LAYMAN. For County Judge, T. C. SHAW. For Commissioners, G. P. TERRELL, J. N. DAVIS. For Clerk, M. N. CHAPMAN. For Sheriff, JOHN W. MINTO. For Treasurer, AUG. GIESY. For School Superintendent, GEO. A. PEEBLES. For Assessor, BENTON PATTON. For Surveyor, JOHN NEWSOME. For Coroner, W. C. WALKNER.

The bank of England is short of gold, and even its present supply is ebbing away. This is undoubtedly due to the fact that England is coining Bland dollars. To those ignorant western repudiators who may object that England is not coining Bland dollars it is sufficient to cite the well-known fact that nothing else can cause an exportation of gold.

The republican, democratic and prohibition conventions for Multnomah county have all declared in favor of a free bridge across the Willamette at Portland. The business men and taxpayers of Salem and Marion county have declared in favor of a free bridge at Salem. It is not a political question here, but it will be elected.

The women of Massachusetts have been scrubbed again by the men in her legislature. The bill providing that women should be entitled to vote on the "license" or "no license" question in the state was incontinently voted down in the senate after the usual amount of brilliant oratory pro and con.

The Portland Oregonian is about half supporting the Multnomah county democratic ticket, and seems disposed to take the same action in regard to the state ticket, if they can have the dictation of the nomination. It cannot be longer regarded as a republican paper—it is an H. W. Scott paper.

A PRISONER in France has been released on bail to enable him to enter the contest for a seat in the chamber of deputies. In New York such a thing is unnecessary. An alderman could conduct a very respectable campaign from the inside of a jail.

If H. W. Scott can now beat the republican ticket he will pose as a star seer, a prophet or a son of a prophet. "Son of a prophet," however, will not be exactly the name he will be quite extensively known by in Oregon, if he succeeds.

NORTHERN democrats are trying to whistle Jeff Davis off of the subject of the rebellion; but the defiant old scoundrel will not let go. He goes on fighting the war over with his mouth. Whew! Talk about bloody shirt!

H. W. SCOTT is editor of the Oregonian. This information is given out for fear its editorial remarks might have some influence with the people.

The East Oregonian, democratic, says that H. L. Marston is a quiet, honorable business man. Does this sound have any "ring" in it?

A REMINISCENCE.

Some time along in the fifties or sixties three or four sisters named Pennoyer were greatly admired actresses in the Mississippi valley. The youngest Miss Kate Pennoyer was the special darling of "the boys." One night after a performance in the classic city of Cairo, Illinois, the enthusiastic admirers of Miss Kate gathered in force for a serenade and proceeding to the house in which they thought she resided made night vocal with verse after verse of a topical song the refrain of which was "Ah Charming Kate Pennoyer." It so happens that the boys were off their base and at length the portly burgher under whose window they were endangering their "bronchial chubes" by howling in the night air lifted his window and in a basso profundo which Karl Farnes might well envy roared out to the identical tune "the boys" were murdering.

Your charming Kate Pennoyer Lives just four squares below here. This let the boys out and slowly forming themselves into a hollow square they "scouted."

History repeats itself, and who knows but that when an enthusiastic crowd of the unterrified supposing that Sylvester is elected governor shall surround the state house and proceed to sing "Oh Charming Gov. Pennoyer" the staunch old granger of Washington will lift his window and reply

"There ain't no Gov. Pennoyer He's sixty miles below here." At Portland, for instance, engaged in the saw mill business. This is about the way it will pan out.

A HUNDRED THOUSAND.

The appropriation for Yaquina bay should and can be increased in the senate from \$80,000 to \$100,000. Senator J. N. Dolph is a member of the senate committee on commerce, and he has the power to increase this allowance, if he has the disposition to do it. He should exert his influence as a member of that committee, and as a senator from Oregon, in that direction. The whole of Willamette valley is interested in this work. Whatever benefit the improvement of the harbor at Yaquina bay is derived by that section is derived in proportion by the Willamette valley, in giving us an outlet to the sea, connecting us closely with the markets of the world, furnishing competition in the carrying trade of our products. Twenty thousand dollars is a small sum in the treasury of the United States, but it would materially help this section if put upon the improvement of the harbor at Yaquina bay. More than this, if a safe harbor is provided there, it will the more surely make that the terminus of some transcontinental line of railway. The enterprise and the capital of those great systems that form networks of lines in the states east of us will not stop short of a point as far west as they can find land to lay ties on. They are all coming, sure, and Yaquina bay should have one of them. Let our representatives see to it that she is able to offer some extra inducements to such an enterprise.

HOW THEY WILL VIEW IT.

Your Oregon granger is a conservative being. He has possessed his soul and his broad acres in patience for lo! these many years. He is not averse to change or fond of rows, ructions, rumpuses, and riotings. He is intensely American in his instincts and ways, manners and habits of thought and action. He keeps his weather eye open on his barns, stables, granaries and hen roosts. He has viewed with well founded and unceasing apprehension the recent endeavors of Baker, Cronin, Cradlebaugh, et id hoc omne genus, to stir up the rabble to mutiny, and don't go a cent on them or their associates in muss making. He has not forgotten that Syl. Pennoyer has stood in with these fellows from the first, and the consequence is that after taking a human observation of the case as it stands he will most likely regard the nomination of the usurping chairman of a recent meeting in Portland as the preliminary step to an organized raid on his hen roosts, and the result will be that Pennoyer and his ticket will be literally snowed under in June. Such is the outlook and such if we are not greatly mistaken will be the outcome.

NOT A CANDIDATE.

A short time ago the STATESMAN mentioned a rumor to the effect that President L. J. Powell of the Washington University was a candidate for the office of Mayor of Seattle. Sunday, The Star of the above named city under date of the 2nd inst. puts the kibosh on the said rumor as follows, to wit:

Last Sunday the Star had the following: "It is whispered that Prof. Powell is in training for the mayoralty." The professor with the other five thousand readers of this paper, read the item above quoted, and at once hastened to this office to say that he had no idea of running for mayor—that, not to put too fine a point upon it, no living man could run fast enough to give him the office. He never, in his wildest dreams, had thought of such a thing. His whole time, energy, and intellect was so engrossed in building up the university, which he fervently hoped would become not only the leading educational institution of Western Washington, but the entire territory. He hoped the Star would make the correction and relieve him from the embarrassment caused by the original statement.

In Lane county the republican ticket, recently nominated, stands a very fair show of an election, so we learn. The ticket is a good one, and deserves the support of the good people of that county.

THE RIGHT WAY.

Slander is not argument. Vituperation and abuse are poor weapons to fight political battles with. If you attack the enemy with such weapons as these you are liable to injure your own cause more than theirs by creating sympathy. Be aggressive, but not abusive. Stand up and fight your battles manfully, but do not stab an enemy in the back. By a square and honorable fight, by using fair means and reasonable argument, we will command the respect of the enemy, and may win some of the opposing forces into our political camp, for those that love our fair methods may be convinced that ours is the best company. You cannot compel a man by force to do this or that, if he does not want to do it; but you can convince him by reasonable arguments. You cannot rule with a club. Men will not be driven.

Let us make a fair and honorable fight, devoid of the usual mud-slinging of politics. We know we are fighting for a just cause, that it is for the good of the people that our ticket be victorious, so let our methods be fair, honorable, open and above-board, and the victory that awaits us will be a more glorious one for the clean fight we shall have made. Not relaxing you from your labors, republicans, but "remembering that you are gentlemen," is what we mean.

THE RIGHT TO LABOR.

What Lincoln demanded for the negroes held as slaves, "the right to labor, and enjoy the fruits of their labor," is the inalienable right of all free men. It is indispensable to that right "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" which the immortal declaration of independence asserted "all men" to be endowed with by their creator. The right is unwarrantably restricted when an employer of labor discharges, or refuses to employ, men who belong to a certain organization, whether of religion, politics or trades. Labor has a right to organize in obedience to the "first law of nature"—self-preservation. But this right does not include the right to say that all laborers must join the organization, or be denied the right to work. Such a position encroaches upon the fundamental rights of the individual. An employer may find that it is for his interest to deal with an organized body of workmen. It often tends to uniformity in the rate of wages, to stability and efficiency in the force, and imposes a wholesome restraint upon individuals who need it. But where this mutual agreement does not exist, the right of men to work, or to hire labor, upon terms satisfactory to both, is inherent, and must be protected in a country that wishes to be considered as free and governed by law.

MORE REASON.

The principal product of this country seems to be strikes. Everybody strikes. The mania extends from the highest to the lowest ranks, and permeates the entire social system. If laborers do not quit raising strikes, pretty soon there will not be enough work left in the country to keep them from starving to death. There is bound to be a reaction, and labor will not be benefited, for capital will not be able to pay the wages demanded. Wages will be lower for the insane and unreasonable demands for higher wages. Any laborer with the sense of an oyster should see this will be the inevitable result. The more strikes, and boycotts, and uprisings of this kind, the more tramps and poverty and wretchedness and starvation, the more hollow cheeked women, and ragged children, the less home happiness, the less bread. Labor and capital must go hand in hand together. The one cannot afford to antagonize the other. The wider the breach the worse it is for both. At times either labor or capital is liable to be unreasonable, but rash measures avail nothing. The rule or ruin policy will not work. There must be arbitration and concessions, more reason and less strikes, more liberality and less fanatical and hasty actions. Labor must not presume that it can dictate, nor capital must not think that it can bully or coerce.

AT HOME.

Mr. H. L. Marston, republican candidate for state treasurer, is a resident of Pendleton, and well-known here as a quiet, honorable business man. He will receive a large vote in this county.—Pendleton East Oregonian, democratic.

Mrs. VIRGINIA THOMPSON, the lady who has ridden down Henry Watterson, Jo Blackburn and five thousand indignant democrats of Louisville, and been appointed postmaster for a third term, is a daughter of Rev. Alexander Campbell, the founder of the Campbellite church, and was recommended to Mr. Hayes for the place eight years ago by Jerry Black and General Garfield. She is a rare fighter, a chip of the old block.

REALLY, H. W. Scott is sorry he can not support Pennoyer. He hoped the democrats might give him a man he could support, but he must say frankly that the Pennoyer pill will not go down. Then, where is Scott? Which one of the boys is he? Stick a pin in him and see if he is there. It is a very hard matter to tell whether he is "these" or "those."

ANOTHER good joke—Pennoyer for governor. Now the war is upon us.

THE STATE TICKET.

The republican state ticket, all in all, is a strong one. It was probably a mistake to nominate Col. Cornelius instead of D. P. Thompson, not that Cornelius will not make as good a governor as Thompson would, but that Thompson's nomination would have satisfied that prince of kickers, Harvey W. Scott, who would now like to see the ticket defeated, to verify his predictions that Mitchell's election would defeat the party. But there is a strong probability that his predictions will prove that he was a false prophet, for the ticket stands a very fair show of an election. People who read and think will not be led by the dyspeptic grunts of a disappointed malcontent like Scott, or at least the number of those that will permit themselves to be led will most likely be so small that it will not make its influence felt in the general result.

The platform adopted by the convention is a good one, not differing materially from former platforms of the party, except that it favors the submission of the question of a constitutional amendment to the people, which has not presented itself before, and which resolution was passed first by a republican legislature.

Although the time has come when party lines will not be drawn so closely as in the past, still the party of Lincoln, of Grant, of Garfield, is not ready in this state to turn the reins of government over to the opposition, and it will not be terrified by the dust kicked up by a few malcontents; but will be more determined, consequently more certain of success, than ever before. Republicans, the enemy are upon us. Up and at them!

BINGER HERMANN.

The republican state convention has shown its appreciation for ability and industry in the renomination of Binger Hermann for Congress. Personally Mr. Hermann has not sought the nomination. He has remained faithfully at his post of duty, looking diligently after the interests of the state he has the honor to represent; but the offices has sought the man. His high sense of the responsibility of public office as shown in the performance of his functions, has marked him as the most suitable person for the position. It does credit to the convention that the nomination was made by acclamation, showing that the feeling of appreciation for faithful performance of duty was unanimous.

Now we wish to reiterate all the words of praise we wrote some days since concerning Mr. Hermann. He is truly one of God's noblemen, possessed of all the qualities and qualifications that go to make up a gentleman and a scholar, a man among men; in his high station, he does not feel himself above the recognition of the poorest day laborer. He is truly a man of the people, and his election should be as unanimous as his nomination by the convention. The state cannot find a better servant, and the people cannot find a better friend.

PROF. E. B. McELROY.

The republican state convention acted wisely when it renominated Prof. E. B. McElroy for the office of superintendent of public instruction by acclamation. They also did a popular thing, for Prof. McElroy has gained favor with the people by his enthusiasm and zeal in educational work. He has labored faithfully and incessantly for the advancement of our educational interests, and has exercised a sleepless vigilance over every detail and function of his public duty. He has many warm personal friends among the educators and others of the state interested in the school work, regardless of party affiliations, men who will lay aside political prejudices in a question so deeply affecting the educational interests; not that Prof. McElroy is not a consistent and straightforward republican, for he has always stood up for the men and principles of that party. He fought as a private in the ranks of the Union army, and is a prominent member of the Grand Army of the Republic. He has shown himself to be a patriotic, brave and courageous man, a man of rare talents and sleepless industry, and the writer will regard it as a privilege of high honor to cast a vote for Prof. E. B. McElroy.

STATESMAN VS. POLITICIAN.

A correspondent asks where we draw the line between a statesman and a politician in the public business. A statesman is a man who brings forward or favors measures because they are wise. A politician brings forward or favors measures which he thinks will command public favor. Take any man's record in congress, for instance, and it is easy to see whether he is a politician or a statesman. He may be wise or unwise in either role, but it is not a difficult matter to discover the motive which fixes his character.

We need not give names, but there are very popular men in this country who never considered a public measure except in relation to votes: who never ask: "Is this right?" but "How will this strike the people of my district, my state, or my party in the country?" A man who does that may be eloquent, persuasive, even magnetic, but he is no statesman. An exchange wonders if, after the Astoria fishermen completely kill the business and literally cut their own throats by striking and boycotting they will boycott the glorious climate. They would if they could, nodout.

OUR SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDITOR STATESMAN:—Last Saturday night I bloomed forth as a kicker, and declared my intention to continue in that line. Now I come to reaffirm and reassure all my political destroyers that I am after their scalps, that I am hot on their trails, and I'll bring all my influence to work against them. I'm onto a new scheme. I'm going to play my new role for all there is in it. Oh, I'm a terror, I am! I can eternally ruin any candidate that I want to, that's what I can do, and don't you forget it. I've got influence, I tell you! Now any body that don't want to be ruined had better come around and see me, before I get my ruin machine into operation. If they talk just right, and are "up to snuff," may be they can keep me from ruining them; but I've got to live—now do you catch on? But there is a limit, and I'm getting impatient to sail in and commence business. Candidates, do you hear? I'm getting impatient. The die is cast, time will soon be up, and if you don't call around to the captain's office and see me, you may expect to be left so far behind that you will not even be in hearing distance of success. I'm a host within myself when I get started, you better believe, and it is to their interests to not let me get started, I can tell you! But I'm going to start right off if they don't see me. What's the use of being a kicker for fun? I may not have much self-respect or honor left when I get through with this kicking job, but I will have a big stock of revenge and satisfaction, and may be in a better condition to pay off old scores. Do you twig?

He was a Salem husband. It was Monday night. Yes; it must have been Monday night. It could not have been Sunday night, for didn't the City dads order the saloons closed on Sunday in Salem? And, of course, then, they are closed "tighter" than he was on Sundays. That settles it. He had been out with the boys, and felt pretty well himself. He staggered home just sane enough to wish to impress his wife with his sobriety. Her beautiful face lay a red and white rose on the pillow, she slept a peaceful sleep, and all was still and pleasant until he tried to lift the bed up to put his overcoat under it, when she woke up. He could not face her, and he thought if he turned his back she'd not see that he was intoxicated. So he turned his back suddenly and pointedly to her, and was humming an air as he balanced himself. She looked at him a long while, and then she said: "You couldn't turn your back to me, dear. You're drunk clean through."

Secretary Whitney's wife is the daughter of Payne, the Standard Oil millionaire. They are lavish entertainers in Washington and go in for style. One of the latest republican slanders on a democratic administration which has for the first time in twenty-four years emerged from innocuous desuetude is that Secretary Whitney is to have a crest, and they have evolved a motto for him. It is, Oil's well that ends well. NED H. PELL.

MISTER HUTTON.

There is a howling demagogue who lives at Silverton, in this county, who bears the name of J. C. Hutton. He is just now posing as a "holier-than-thou" temperance man and third party "prohibitionist." He has made himself particularly odious to friends of the STATESMAN and Silverton Appeal. He has been lying and intimating lies about this paper till forbearance has ceased to be a virtue. It is not our practice to notice such blatant demagogues and harmless old scrubs as Hutton, but he has called down the censure of nearly the whole community at Silverton by his course of abuse and vituperation. He has desecrated the church there by using it to howl in for the third party, that is indirectly for whisky. He is a disgrace to the community in which he lives, an irresponsible ass, and a screeve to decency and reason.

WORDS OF APPROVAL.

From every part of Marion county come words of approval of the work of the Marion county republican convention. The ticket as a whole will get the full strength of the party vote. The people may be depended upon to reward honesty and industry in public as well as private life. They know that it is to their own interests to have an efficient set of county officers, every one of whom will perform his respective duty in an open and business-like manner. The legislative ticket is a strong one—they are the kind of men the people want to represent them in the state councils, men of the people, and whose common interests are with those of the people.

JUDGE BOISE.

Judge R. P. Boise, the nominee for circuit judge of this district, is too well known to need any introduction. He is regarded by the bar as one of the best judges of law now on the bench on the coast, and that his decisions are always impartial and unprejudiced has never been questioned. While some may not like Mr. Boise as a man, they must admit his ability as a judge, and that is what we vote for in this office. He is no doubt the strongest man the party could have named, and has gained many friends among all classes by his impartial rulings, and is especially popular among the farming communities, of which fraternity he is a member.

IS THE PRESIDENT A SPIRITUALIST?

It is well known that Mr. Cleveland is a fatalist and believes in a guiding star. It is now said that he also believes in the guidance of spirits, and that he frequently consults a medium as to what course he shall pursue when he is in doubt. It is said that when he was Sheriff of Buffalo he went to a medium once for sport, and was told by her that he would one day be governor of New York and afterward president of the United States.

The fact that this prophecy was so accurately fulfilled has given the president permanent faith in mediums, and it is said that a Mrs. Sawyer, quite a notorious dealer in spirits, is in the habit of going to the president and giving him advice.

She has told him, it is claimed, that he will be reelected if he lives to serve out the end of his term, and it is also claimed that she has told him that he will not die from illness. These predictions are said to have made a great impression upon the president's mind, and account for the extraordinary care which the president exercises to avoid accidents. I was informed the other day that the reason he did not go to Vice-President Hendricks' funeral was that this medium advised him not to do so for fear he might be injured on the way.

A HINT FOR OUR NEW NAVY.

A meeting of the institution of naval architects was recently held in London. It was attended by many of the leading naval constructors of Great Britain. One of the most important subjects discussed was the speed of war vessels. Admiral Sir Astley Cooper Key said that during the last six years it had been the purpose of the British naval authorities to make their ironclads faster by one knot an hour than like vessels of any other nation; and the weight of opinion was against making any sacrifice in speed for the sake of other qualities.

The New York Sun thinks this is well worthy of attention on the part of those charged with the duty of constructing a new navy for the United States. A high rate of speed is insisted upon by the greatest naval power in the world. Should we not follow the example of England in this respect? Instead of building slow tubs, ought we not to have war vessels, even if their number be few, which can overtake any of her vessels afloat?

The possession by Italy of a few armored vessels which are faster than any English ironclads seems really to excite some disquietude in England, and we may be sure the British fleet will soon have similar ships of equal or greater speed. If superiority in speed is deemed so important in a great navy, can it safely be disregarded in building a small one?

From present indications Oregon will go republican this year with such a decided affirmative as to place her unmistakably as a bright star in the firmament of republican states. Just wait and keep your ear to the ground, and listen to hear something drop on June 7th. Our side will conduct the funeral services this year, or all signs fail.

"SALEM" Pure Linseed Oil.

The attention of consumers of Linseed oil who desire good durable work, is especially called to our oil, as always reliable for purity, and general excellence of quality that can not be excelled. Our boiled oil is all genuine kettle boiled. The markets are full of Eastern and California cheap oil, mostly adulterated, all of inferior quality, and can be sold at almost any price. Of course with such oil we do not attempt to compete.

Persons intending the erection of good buildings are advised to use none but "SALEM PURE LINSEED OIL." If your local dealers do not keep our oil in stock, an application our lowest cash prices will be given, and orders promptly filled at Pioneer Oil Works, Salem, Oregon.

G. W. GRAY & SONS, Proprietors.

P. J. ARMSTRONG, JAR. HOSB.

P. J. Armstrong & Co. (Successors to Kelly & Knight)

BLACKSMITHING & CARRIAGE MAKING

Horseshoeing and General Jobbing

Made a specialty.

At A. Kelly's old stand on Commercial street.

GRAEFENBERG CATHOLICON.

Cures female complaints. A great kidney remedy. Sold by all druggists.

SHINGLES FOR SALE.

---300,000---

Good shingles for sale cheap, at the saw and door factory on Front street, next to the South side. H. STAPLETON, Salem, Or.

Removal Notice.

J. G. Herr, the jeweler, has removed his quarters from 112 to 106 State street, nearly opposite the old stand. Every lady is invited to call and work at his new quarters. New goods arriving daily.