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TWENTY ACRES.

The editor of the San Francisco Argonaut recently made the assertion that a family could not subsist in comfort on twenty acres of land. He has since visited Fresno county, California, and is now convinced that his former assertion was an "error of opinion, arising from an ignorance of fact." He now says that "an industrious family in Fresno county, when the husband has muscle and brains and does not drink whisky, nor play cinch at saloons; when the wife has industry and taste, order and cleanliness; when the boys are able to work and do not smoke cigarettes nor the girls wear bangs and play the piano and are not ashamed of their mother, and when all are willing to work, economize, and pay close attention to the minding of their own affairs; when the men eschew politics and gin and the women avoid neighborhood gossips and know how to run a sewing machine, and raise turkeys; where the only expenditure for higher literature is four annual dollars for the Argonaut—we are convinced an industrious family can live in comfort, ease and independence upon twenty acres of land. This cannot be done everywhere; it cannot be done except upon acres responding to careful culture; it can be done in Fresno, for we saw the acres and we witnessed where the support came from and how it came."

GIVE THE BOYS A CHANCE.

As is well known, the various labor organizations in the United States have had in force an iron-clad regulation limiting the number of apprentices to the different trades, which has been rigorously enforced. They fixed absolutely the number which a particular shop or foundry or other institution might take in, from their decision there was no appeal.

Recently a change has taken place. The national assembly of journeymen house-painters, held a few years ago in the east, says the Chronicle, unanimously resolved that the old regulation limiting the number of apprentices should be abandoned, and hereafter that assembly will impose no restriction upon the employment of any number of boys a boss may see fit to put to learn the trade.

The friends of the laborer—and who is not his friend—will hail this important movement as an indication that working-men are at least learning to think for themselves instead of being led by empty headed, glib-tongued demagogues, who fatten on the labor of others, while they themselves employ their time in windy declamation and frantic appeals to the down-trodden and oppressed.

JOHN SHERMAN, in speaking to a Western reporter of his endorsement by the Ohio republican convention, which he stormed and captured and gently manipulated, says: "I was certainly very much gratified and felt highly honored at receiving such a compliment from the republicans of Ohio. I felt that the convention should express itself in some manner, and either endorse Mr. Blaine or some one else, that the party in this state might have a foundation to work upon." Senator Sherman seldom indulges in humor, but in the above sentence he displays a genial facetiousness worthy of Artemus Ward. There is a coquettish playfulness about this expression "some one else" which, without exaggeration, might be called frolicsome. It is evident that the "foundation to work upon" which the Ohio republicans have obtained might easily become one of the leading funny men of the country.

WHILE it is perhaps too early to form any correct estimate of the results of the work of the railroad commission of this state, the commissioners have exhibited an unmistakable determination to confine to reasonable bounds the encroaching demands of the railroads of Oregon. If ever there was doubt that either Commissioner Slater or Waggoner might be controlled by corporate influence, their open and straightforward action has dispelled it.

HARVEST was over in Illinois and other northern states two weeks ago, and the fall immigration westward has already started. The top price for wheat in Illinois now is about 63 cents per bushel. The farmers of Oregon will receive better prices this year for their wheat than the farmers of the Mississippi river valley.

THE STATESMAN fall premium clubbing announcement will be out in a few days. Some inducements will be offered this year that have not been given before, and we will do just a little better than any other paper in Oregon in the line of premiums and clubbing arrangements.

He demanded that he was already in St. Louis, and stood on the balcony of the Southern hotel, waiting for the procession. The streets below surged with enthusiastic citizens. They all threw up their hats and shouted: "Grover Cleveland for 1896!"

It sounded far off, as shouts do in dreams, yet the welcome words were distinctly intelligible.

Then a burst of music announced that the head of the procession was nearing the place where the president stood. The guest of the city started back as if in surprise. For it was not the rich blare of a full brass band that he heard, but the sharp staccato of files and drums playing a soldiers' march.

The crowd in the street separated right and left. "Left! left! left! left!" came the measured tread of the marchers, and the head of the mighty procession swept by.

This was no carnival scene. The president looked down the long line, but not a float or a barge or an allegorical tableau on decorated wagon was in sight. No maskers or mummers. Nothing but men plainly dressed in blue, most of them of middle age or beyond, marching always in grim earnest to the music of file and drum.

The guest of the city turned indignantly to the chairman of the committee on entertainment, who stood just behind him. "What does this mean? Is an insult intended?"

The committee man shook his head urbanely and put his finger to his lips. Then he pointed down the line. It seemed to be endless.

Still they came, platoon after platoon. "Left! left! left! left!"—a steady, rhythmic tread, punctuated now and then by the clinking becke of a pair of iron-shod crutches.

Some of the marchers wore empty coat sleeves pinned upon the breast. Some of them marched with difficulty. None of them glanced up at the balcony where the guest of the city stood. They moved straight onward, as if they were marching to a combat.

The president sighed. "I did not know there were so many of them," he said.

On they came—"left! left! left! left!"—thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands of union veterans. And every few minutes hoarse cheers went up from the crowd of spectators that lined the way. The cheers were no longer for the man on the balcony nor for 1888. They were for the bullet-ridden, tattered, ragged and blood stained battle-flags that were borne by, and for the memory of the battle years in the sixties.

The minutes seemed hours to the president, and the hours seemed an eternity, while he stood and reviewed the grim paraders, who paid no heed to his presence. At last a welcomed sound relieved his ears, weary of the monotonous tramping. He heard the rumbling of wheels. "The Veiled Prophet!" somebody shouted: "Here he comes!"

As the massive car approached, drawn by a score of white horses, the cheering became continuous. The guest of the city leaned over the balustrade, the better to see the pageant. The car was handsomely decorated with flowers and bunting. On the summit of the construction stood a single figure, a man wearing as a veil over his face the flag of the United States.

The car stopped just opposite the hotel entrance. The prophet slowly removed the veil that had concealed his features and stood face to face with the president. He said nothing but stretched his arm forth and pointed with a most significant gesture to the long line of veterans ahead, their backs now all turned to Grover Cleveland, all marching steadily away from him into the distance.

The president recognized the Veiled Prophet. "It is George Brinski, my substitute!" he murmured. He turned away and awoke. It had been a bad dream.—[New York Sun.

THE WHEAT GAMBLE.

The wheat gamble has collapsed. We are sorry for it, because, if the wheat farmer can get ten dollars more for his crop in California than it is worth in Liverpool, it is a good thing for the farmer, and so far as we can reason gambling in wheat, stocks and merchandise is a good thing for the community; it keeps money in circulation, and when money is in active circulation we always get some of it. We are sorry for the men who lose, but this grief is modified by the reflection that somebody else has won. In fact in this grain collapse, nothing has been lost. It is not such a kind of calamity as a fire or railroad smash-up, because nothing is destroyed; there is just as much wheat and money in the world this Saturday as last, only different people have it. If there had been a fire in a grain warehouse or the sinking of a wheat laden ship, it would have been serious; but if a syndicate of grain gamblers have dumped about seven and a half millions of their easily acquired wealth into the pockets of certain other grain gamblers, we cannot perceive that it is a very serious matter, nor is it in any sense important in its consequences to anybody except the losers, and we are not required to give any sympathy till they ask it. So far the general public does not know their names.—[San Francisco Argonaut.

Developments go to show that it was not so much of a collapse, after all, but that the gamblers yet have the upper hand, and, so far as indications go, are in a good position to keep it. We are inclined, with the Argonaut, to be in sympathy with the gamblers in this deal.

The Mormon Church of Utah has been in a week past the busiest season of its history, and has been officially notified of the bringing of a suit to disincorporate the church and to wind up its business. The death of President Taylor takes away from the polygamous Mormons an individual force potent in church councils and business affairs since the time of Joseph Smith, and it takes away from the polygamists that element of strength that came to them through Taylor's alleged martyrdom. There was a good deal to the Mormon cause, in the personality of this man, who had been associated with the founder of the church in its early struggles, who shared the imprisonment of the "prophet" in Carthage jail, and who carried through life the bullet marks he received in defending Joseph Smith on the day he was killed by the mob. The fact that Taylor, armed only with a cane, faced the infuriated men who sought Smith's life and turned their rifles aside was a something to fire the imagination of the Mormon children, and after the death of Brigham Young all such incidents in the life of Taylor were made the most of.

Taylor's wide experience, his fine personal appearance, his literary and oratorical ability (he was regarded the finest pulpit orator among the Mormon preachers), and his great age all contributed to make his enforced absence from Salt Lake City an element of strength to those who were urging the Utah Mormons to stand by polygamy. Although Taylor was not arrested, he left Salt Lake City and remained in hiding for two years. While in hiding he was paraded as a martyr, although he continued to preside over the affairs of the church and to communicate with his people. The fact that he was in hiding and the fact that he sent appeals to his people from his mysterious hiding place were used to arouse the Mormons and to keep alive the spirit of resistance to the law. Although Taylor was nearly 70 years of age, and although the Deseret News, the official Mormon paper, stated that up to the last illness he was "upright in form, vigorous in manner, having a well preserved and healthy body," George Q. Cannon and Joseph F. Smith, in their official announcement of his death, "declare "President John Taylor has been killed by the cruelty of officials who have, in this territory, misrepresented the government of the United States," and that "his blood stains the clothes of the men who with insatiate hate have offered rewards for his arrest and have hunted him to the grave."

This indicates the spirit in which the Mormons used the hiding of Taylor to aid their cause, and the spirit in which his death at nearly four score years has been used to inflame the Mormon mind against the government and its officers. But in Taylor's death the Mormons have lost the influence of his personality and the benefit the cry of martyrdom gave them. Without Taylor's prestige and influence they must turn to meet this new attack on their church as an incorporate body, and they are at the parting of the roads. If they abandon polygamy, the Mormon people remain secure in their homes, their religious principles and their rights as individuals. If they do not abandon polygamy they will be pushed to the wall. If they emigrate to Mexico they will be worse off than they are in the United States, because as a church they cannot hold property there, and polygamy is a crime there as here. They cannot find in any country in Europe the privileges they enjoy in Utah. The question is whether they will sacrifice their homes, their privileges and future in such a republic for polygamy, or give up polygamy for what most people prize above all other things.

THIS settles it. "The Charleston News and Courier," fresh from abusing General Sherman and Sheridan and from asserting that secession was not treason, now remarks that "the G. A. R. must behave better or break up." The G. A. R. will govern itself accordingly. Still it might be well to remind "The News and Courier" that it talked in the same strain to the Grand Army of the Republic in 1861, and that it gently but firmly declined either to behave better or break up.

THE talk of the Ferry-Boulanger duel which is to come off in France, only gives American people a profound disgust. If Boulanger wants to whip Ferry, or is after his gore, why don't he go for him, without all this bluster and blow. The French style isn't the American style; by any means.

THE schools of Salem will open next month, and the indications are that the attendance upon all of them will be larger than ever before. Salem has the best schools in the state, and has a pride in keeping them the best.

THE local option law is doing good work in Illinois, in Georgia and in Michigan, and in Nebraska high license has shut up many saloons, and is still putting tens of thousands of dollars into the school fund, for the education of the young.

SHERIFF MATSON will give \$2,500 if McGarigle will return and take his bath. This is the biggest premium ever offered a democrat for such purpose.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The International Assembly shown by the State Board of Agriculture in its arrangements for the coming annual fair, is to be commended, as it will certainly have the effect of increasing both the number and quality of the exhibits, and attractions, and attendance. For several years, this institution has been crippled by a stingy, foggy management, and it is but now beginning to recover from the ban of that control. This is shown in the enlarged premiums offered for state and county exhibits for agricultural, horticultural, industrial and for the blooded stock exhibits. Then several other attractions have been added, notably, a drilling contest between organized companies of the Oregon National Guard; an excellent band will furnish music; bicycle contests will add much to the forenoon sports during the week.

But with all these, there are yet many reforms needed, and they will have to be practiced before many seasons. These reforms are more particularly connected with trials of speed. For years, what is, or at least should be the most attractive and interesting sport, has been debauched until it has become merely "one grand gamble" and "sell out" by the unprincipled jockeys of less principled employers. There is nothing more attractive than the trotting or running of blooded horses—when they are trotted or run honestly, to demonstrate their speed; but there is nothing less attractive to the average lover of good horse flesh to see the slow horse always take the race on a "sell out." Whether this is usually caused by the "fullness" of the pool box, or whether it is from pure cussedness on the part of the owners and jockeys, the writer does not pretend to say. But wherever the evil lies, it should be remedied. If it lies at the pool box, then do away with that. This could be done any way without any very great loss to the morals of the country; yet it is better to have the pool box, and have it off to one side, than to allow those who will gamble, to make their bets in the grand stand, as was usual a few years since. However, horseowners ought to be the ones to correct this evil, and they should not require that it should be taken in hand by outsiders. It is believed, that less jockeying will be indulged in this fair, however, than formerly, and the State Fair management promise to look to this matter themselves. If such is the case, the Oregon State Fair track will see the fastest time ever made thereon, during the coming fair. Otherwise the matter is doubtful.

However, the attractions of the fair, aside from the race course, will be sufficient to draw thousands of people who never attended before. The success of the fair, of course, depends largely upon the manner in which it is patronized, but with the attractions that will be offered, no doubt the attendance will be all that the management could desire.

HOW WORDS ARE MADE.

The frills and founces that beautify language are turned out by those rhetorical milliners who sit in close quarters in newspaper offices or in dim studies and make the literature of the world. But vigor of speech and downright forcible expression have their origin on the streets, on the stump, in the caucus, or are caught up like strays along the byways and highways of special vocations or chance circumstance. The most graphic, descriptive, pointed or significant phrases in the language are those converted from primary meaning to general use, enlarged from specific purpose to general application, and, like the stone rejected by the builders, are rescued from misprized neglect and given a noble mission. There seems to be an inherent necessity of man's nature for a more cogent and concise statement of his sentiments than is possible with an ordinary combination of words in proper, that is to say scholastic, speech.

The slow processes of elegant language no more suit the man who wishes to be promptly understood by the many than do the methods of the Roman soldiers consist with the exigencies of modern warfare. Slang does for the editor what the cannon does for the general—accomplishes a desired result in the quickest possible time. Accordingly our language is rapidly becoming a vernacular, and the more chaste writers occasionally feel compelled to drop in the parlance of the sidewalk to make their meaning clear, to give comprehensive utterance to an abstract idea. We are passing from composite to concrete, from complex forms to simple terms; and instead of painting an idea by grouping many words, we symbolize it by an exclamation. Our political phraseology is particularly rich in the economy of terms, realizing the Latin descriptive multum in parvo, in a way that enables a political writer or speaker to say thrice as much in a given space as could a scrupulous disciple of Murray in the old time. If time is money, slang is wealth, and though we may not justify its use in polite circles, there are occasions when it is mightily comforting to a man who has not the vocabulary of Conkling or the prolific eloquence of Ingersoll.

There is no disputing the meaningfulness of the phrases, terms, expressions, and pat words familiar in ordinary conversation, the simple diction free from glaring and not found in books.

PELLETS.

EVERY consistent mugwump is forced to admit to himself, if he does not express it openly, that George William Curtis is eminently correct in his position, that Cleveland has not satisfied the promises and predictions made by that queer political hybrid, the mugwump, so persistently made and egotistically stuck to during the campaign and after it, even to the violation of all the rules of common sense. During the first few months of his administration Cleveland made a show of observing these rules marked out for him: by the immaculate and exacting malcontents, who go by the name of mugwumps. He pretended to stick to the rules of that abstract nothing known as "civil service reform;" but he has gradually ceased to humor this beautiful vanity of the mugwumps, until he has almost cleared the decks of republicans, and a republican officeholder under this administration will be a curiosity by the time the campaign is fairly opened next year.

There can be no complaint about this course from a democratic standpoint, for their doctrine, to the victors belong the spoils, is the only principle in their creed worthy of mention; but it is anything but satisfactory to the hybrid crew who promised and were promised so much in the way of civil service reform. President Cleveland can be credited with enough discretion to know upon which side his political bread is buttered. A sop to the mugwumps would catch the uncertain sympathy of a lot of political soreheads and malcontents, but a sop to the "solid south" and the democracy means a few millions of votes, in case of his candidacy for a second term.

George William Curtis, you were good enough for the purpose; but now the long hair of your strength has been shorn. You will please "keep off the grass," and give the democracy a chance to display itself.

WANTED.—A FARM TO RENT BY A FIRST-class farmer. One with some pasture on it preferred. Address postoffice box 99, Salem, Oregon. 8-11-96

NOTICE.—NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO all parties desiring to furnish the county with wood, that the county court laid the matter of opening and accepting bids for the same over until the September term of county court. M. N. CHAPMAN, County Clerk. 8-11-96

O. H. BYLAND, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SALEM, OREGON.

Office in Moore's block, over Geo. E. Good's drug store. Office hours, from 8 to 12 and 1 to 6.

HOWELL, DENTIST. PERSONS DESIRING dental work done should call at my office in Silverton, and be informed about my new process of fitting rubber plates. All work done by me for the past five years by the new process has given general satisfaction. Teeth extracted and filling done without pain. Gold filling a specialty. All work guaranteed and done for less money than ever before. 8-12

Holmes' Business College, (Formerly Shorthand and Type-Writing School.) Lyman Newton, principal. Commercial department; G. Holmes, principal shorthand department. The most thorough business course on the Pacific coast. Penmanship, shorthand, type writing, business correspondence, etc., taught day and evening. Life scholarship, \$40. Shorthand lessons by mail. 8-9-96 G. HOLMES, 5 1/2 Morrison street, Portland, Or.

PROPOSALS INVITED. THE UNDERSIGNED BOARD OF TRUSTEES of the Oregon State Insane Asylum hereby invite sealed proposals for furnishing the asylum near Salem, Oregon, 300 cords of good fire wood, 300 cords of unsplit pole oak. The said wood must be four feet in length and of the best quality, subject to the approval of the medical superintendent of the asylum, and be delivered at any point upon the asylum grounds designated by him. The wood must be delivered on or before December 1, 1897. The board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

Bids will be considered at the office of the board of trustees, Salem, Oregon, on Tuesday, September 6, 1897. SYLVESTER PENNOYER, GEO. W. McBRIDE, G. W. WEBB, Board of Trustees. Wm. A. MUNLY, Clerk of Board.

ACADEMY OF THE SACRED HEART, SALEM, OREGON.

This institution will be opened for the reception of boarders and day pupils on the 29th of August. Parents and guardians are requested to be prompt in sending their daughters or wards at the beginning of the session that all may enjoy the full benefit of proper classification.

TERMS PER QUARTER: Board and tuition (payable in advance) \$40. Day school \$5, \$6, \$8 and \$10. Music, practical and theoretical, with use of piano \$15. Drawing and painting \$10. Pastel, grealain, oriental, oil and porcelain painting form extra charge. Vocal music in classes, German, French and all kinds of plain and ornamental needle work are taught free of charge. For further particulars, address 8-11-96 SISTER SUPERIOR.

CITATION.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Marion.

In the matter of the estate of William T. Eaton, deceased. MARY J. E. WATKINS and SIMON D. EATON, and all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, are hereby notified that a petition was made on the 24th day of August, 1897, to the above named court in due form of law by Miss Lew- is, administrator of the estate of said deceased for an order and license of said court authorizing and empowering him to sell the real estate belonging to said deceased estate which is described in the following: The south half of the north-west quarter and east half of the south-west quarter of section fourteen (14) in township eight (8) south of range one (1) east of Willamette Meridian, in Marion county, Oregon, less one acre sold to A. T. Gilbert; number of acres belonging to said estate, 140. And whereas said court cited and required to be and appear in said court at said time and place then any and above cause if any you have why an order and license for the sale of said premises should not issue on Saturday, the 24th day of September, 1897, at nine o'clock a. m. of said day in this court in the court room in the county court house of Marion county, Oregon. Therefore in the name of the state of Oregon, you are hereby cited and required to be and appear in said court at said time and place then any and above cause if any you have why an order and license for the sale of said real estate should not issue to said administrator.

Witness the hand of T. C. Shaw, judge of the said court, my hand and the seal of said court this 24th day of August, 1897. M. N. CHAPMAN, County Clerk. 8-12-96

COMMENTS.

Every consistent mugwump is forced to admit to himself, if he does not express it openly, that George William Curtis is eminently correct in his position, that Cleveland has not satisfied the promises and predictions made by that queer political hybrid, the mugwump, so persistently made and egotistically stuck to during the campaign and after it, even to the violation of all the rules of common sense. During the first few months of his administration Cleveland made a show of observing these rules marked out for him: by the immaculate and exacting malcontents, who go by the name of mugwumps. He pretended to stick to the rules of that abstract nothing known as "civil service reform;" but he has gradually ceased to humor this beautiful vanity of the mugwumps, until he has almost cleared the decks of republicans, and a republican officeholder under this administration will be a curiosity by the time the campaign is fairly opened next year.

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Witness the hand of T. C. Shaw, judge of the said court, my hand and the seal of said court this 24th day of August, 1897. M. N. CHAPMAN, County Clerk. 8-12-96

WELL, it has been several weeks since Jake Sharp, the great New York boodler, was convicted of giving bribes and sentenced to Sing Sing; but he yet remains in jail in New York city, and every possible effort is being made to keep him from going to Sing Sing. Jake Sharp is a very rich man, but we predict that he will go to Sing Sing, if he does not die before his time.