

GOOD RING TO THIS TALK.

We give the concluding part of Geo E Chamberlain's speech of acceptance when nominated for Governor by the Democratic State Convention at Portland Wednesday, April 9th:

I propose to go out and talk business to the people of Oregon. I propose to show them how they are taxed to death to maintain large salaries and offices and I will show how to shut it off, and I also propose to stop it when I am elected Governor. The Legislatures, as the Governors, are Republican generally here, so that the Legislature may differ from me, because I am going to be elected. I will place my veto on any bill that is going into the pockets, and I will flash the searchlight on the management of the school fund, the school fund which is sacred to the children of the state. I propose to show where every dollar is disbursed, the people show one man who is not afraid to do his duty.

This sounds big, but Chamberlain's record as prosecuting attorney at Portland gives him the right to be believed. He has made his name a terror to evil-doers, regardless of position or influence.

Speaking of W. J. Furnish, the Republican nominee for Governor, Chamberlain continued:

Confidentially, I have trotted with him in Democratic conventions; he is a shrewd organizer; he has money; I have not. I appeal to you to stand by me, as I intend to stand by you, and I will be elected. If any one expects me to influence any body or man by money, he will be disappointed. I'll take from the shoulder, Mr Furnish has said that he is a man of action, and not of words. I, too, am a man of action, and of some words. He may be swift in the race, but I will be swifter, and in June I expect to win the title that has been bestowed on me tonight—Governor of the State of Oregon. Between now and June I hope to meet all and receive the assistance necessary to win.

NOT MUCH, BUT A DIFFERENCE

Through the efforts of scientists of the ancient differences between France and England will soon be removed. It is a small difference, but very disturbing to the wise men on both sides of the channel, who have been worried for generations over the fact that the Paris and Greenwich observatories do not agree on the time of day—there is a difference of exactly sixteen one-hundredths of a second!

Accordingly special buildings have been erected in Greenwich in which a large staff of French and British mathematicians will figure for the next year or two trying to agree upon which side lies the responsibility.

SCALP BOUNTY LAW.

Western Oregon taxpayers are wrongfully taxed to pay bounties to coyote scalp-hunters over in Eastern Oregon. The Forest Grove Times puts the case well.

The county treasurer paid over to the state treasurer last week the sum of \$2,870.94 collected as a scalp bounty tax. That is what Washington county is paying to help other counties skin their wildcats. Every man on both the legislative tickets should be pledged to vote for the repeal of the present scalp bounty law, and the adoption of one permitting counties to offer such bounties as they wish. That is about the most important work he can do for the taxpayers of the county when he goes over to Salem, and they should insist that he do it.

PERTINENT ISSUES.

The Democracy of Oregon believes and declares in favor of the expansion of trade without slaughter of a weaker people; of prosperity and success without turning the Government over to multi-millionaires to be run for their benefit.—From State Democratic platform.

If ever a man needed bracing it is Mr Brace of The Dalles. Mrs Brace has just presented him with the third brace of twins, all happening within ten years.

The Irish are a peculiar race. For instance Irishmen are doing much of the fighting to crush out two republics in South Africa, yet they make trouble for the government by holding demonstrations at home in favor of those republics.

The Prohibition party ever comes smiling to the scratch to be completely knocked out of existence till another election. It never elects anyone but that makes no difference, it gets out a ticket just the same. It does not even hope to elect its candidates.

If you want to make a thing sell import it. A lot of twenty-eight Russian coach horses sold in New York the other day for \$3400, an average of a little more than twelve hundred dollars each. Of course they were bought by people who can afford to pay for a fad.

It is to be hoped that the report that a Michigan undertaker has succeeded in compounding an embalming fluid that will petrify the flesh and preserve the features is not true. Poor mortality deserves better than to be made a mocking show. "Dust to dust" is the fit end for the cast-off tenement.

Cecil Rhodes left a poor New Jersey relative fifty thousand dollars in his will. They had never got along very well together, Rhodes even sending him a note when he wanted to go to South Africa to the effect that there were "already enough Rhodeses in South Africa." Still to the credit of Rhodes he remembered the poor cousin.

That reprieve that came into the hands of the Missouri sheriff thirty minutes after the colored boy for whom it was intended had been hung might as well not been sent. It came through the hanging taking place at sunrise, the prosecuting attorney's recommendation not having been sent to the governor till eleven o'clock the preceding night, when it was put under the door. The governor got up too late and the boy was hung.

Claims for damages amounting to \$1800,000 have already been filed against the New York Central Railway company on account of deaths and injuries caused by the Park Row tunnel accident in which the New Rochelle suburban train was derailed and partly burned up with several passengers. It would seem to be cheaper in the long run for the railroads to secure safety for passengers than to pay damages if they are injured and killed by the inevitable accidents resulting from bad management.

Every homeseeker in the United States who complies with the land laws is entitled to 480 acres of land. By the homestead act, 160 acres can be acquired. Under the desert land act, if he has never filed on a homestead, he may secure 320 acres. If he has he can acquire title to 160 acres. He can buy 160 acres of timber land. There are no desert lands in Western Oregon. Across the Cascade range of mountains, though, there is plenty of desert for the taking.

Inter-ocean canals come high but they seem almost a necessity. For instance, the Colombian government has submitted a protocol assenting to the sale of the Panama canal to the United States, making the necessary concessions and offering a perpetual lease of a strip of land for canal purposes in consideration, it is understood, of \$1,000,000 yearly rental. That is a pretty good price for the necessary ground for an enterprise which would be worth more than that to Colombia if she did not get a cent from the United States.

INGALLS ON DELAWARE.

"Don't you have to stand a good many jokes at the expense of a little state like Delaware?" some one asked Representative Hall, of that state.

"Oh, yes," replied Mr Hall, "but no one ever equaled the sarcastic remarks of the late Senator Ingalls. He said of Delaware that it was composed of two counties when the tide was up and three counties when the tide went down."

A TAX TURNOVER.

The Amount of \$62,503.33 Turned Over Today.

Sheriff Withers today turned over to County Treasurer Patterson the sum of \$62,503.33, divided as follows: State and county tax.....\$50,843.44 Eugene city tax..... 3,898.52 Cottage Grove city tax..... 409.28 Junction City tax..... 329.19 Springfield city tax..... 107.22 Eugene school district tax..... 3,183.43 The remainder distributed among the other school districts of the county. This is the third turnover made by the sheriff. The amount of taxes delinquent will probably be about \$15,000.

Remembrance to Friends.

OAKLAND, Oregon, April 11. EDITOR GUARD.—Ere I take the train for California this afternoon I wish through the medium of your Journal to extend my sincere thanks to many friends in Eugene for kindnesses and favors. To Father Beutgen especially for repeated favors received and gratefully appreciated.

I intended to have a few hours in Eugene today on my return from Portland to see my friends and pupils but circumstances prevented.

MARIN A. DOHNER.

You want a good clean bed when you stop over night in Eugene. New beds and newly papered and painted rooms at the Courthouse Lodging House. No old, dusty, worn-out carpets but clean painted floors with a nice bright Brussels carpet rug to each bed. Just back of the courthouse.

FAINTING.

Is it Only a Fashionable Feminine Accomplishment?

In the novels of a generation or so back, fainting seems to be generally regarded as an accomplishment of a fashionable woman. Whenever there was an awkward situation to be covered the woman discreetly and decorously fainted. It is also insinuated that place as well as time had to be considered in the fitting exercise of this accomplishment. There must be a convenient couch to lie on and still more there must be a pair of manly arms to support the limp burden as it swayed and slipped to the ground. Women did not as a rule exhibit this accomplishment for the benefit of their own sex, but only when some observant male was at hand to see and succor.

The heroines of the modern novelist are not given to fainting. The "accomplishment" seems to have gone out with the working of samplers. Weakness was once a woman's weapon. Now she



despises weakness, and all its symptoms. It may be taken for granted therefore that now-a-days if a woman faints it is because of genuine weakness that cannot be concealed. Instead of wanting male observation she avoids it and despises herself for her own frailty.

WHY WOMEN FAINT.

In general women who faint are more liable to do so at some special periods than at others, and the liability to faint is generally increased with the recurrences of the periodic womanly function. From this fact alone it might be fairly argued that there is a close relation between local womanly weakness and the physical weakness which causes women to faint. Womanly ailments surely undermine the general health. Irregularity, suppression, profusion, unhealthy drains, inflammation, ulceration, and female weakness, are the diseases which drain the vitality and weaken the general health of women and render them liable among other things to "fainting spells." Cure the local womanly diseases and there is at once a gain in the general health.

"It gives me great pleasure," writes Miss Ella Sapp, of Jamestown, Guilford Co., N. C., "to thank Dr. Pierce for the great good received from the use of his 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I had suffered for three years or more at monthly periods. It seemed as though I would die with pains in my back and stomach. I could not rise to my feet at all without fainting; had given up all hope of ever being cured, when one of my friends insisted upon my trying Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. With but little faith I tried it, and before I had taken half a bottle I felt better, had better appetite and slept better. Now I have taken two bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and am happy to say I am entirely cured, and all done in two months' time when all other medicines had failed to do any good at all."

TWINS THREE TIMES.

A Dalles Woman Presents Her Husband a Third Pair of Twins.

THE DALLES, April 12.—Yesterday morning twin boys were born to Mrs. Brace, wife of M. Brace, of this city. This is the third time twins have been born to Mrs. Brace. About 10 years ago she gave birth to twin boys, a few years later twin girls were brought into the world, and now she presents her husband with two boys.

Strikes a Rich Find.

"I was troubled for several years with chronic indigestion and nervous debility," writes F. J. Green, of Lancaster, N. H. "No remedy helped me until I began using Electric Bitters, which did me more good than all the medicine I ever used. They have also kept my wife in excellent health for years. She says Electric Bitters are just splendid for female troubles; that they are a grand tonic and invigorator for weak, run-down women. No other medicine can take its place in our family." Try them. Only 50c. Satisfaction guaranteed by W. L. DeLano.

Excavating for the addition to Wm. Preston's brick has been resumed now that the good weather has come once more.

The Oregonian of today has a picture of Fred Herbold and a sketch of his football career. Mr. Herbold will take time from his business at Butte, Montana, to coach the Cornell's agricultural college pigskin kickers this season.

Miss Stella Day is now night operator at the central telephone station during the absence of the manager, Miss Irene Applegate, in Portland. Miss Minnie Foss, the regular night operator, is on the day shift now and Miss Myra Brown is in charge of the office.

WEAK WOMEN MADE STRONG.

Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong and sick women well. It does not matter how great is the weakness or how chronic the sickness, "Favorite Prescription" may be used with the utmost confidence and assurance that it will cure and strengthen if the disease lies within the bounds of a medicinal cure. In many a case where local physicians have said there was no aid in medicine and pointed to a hazardous operation as the only alternative to a life of suffering, the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has resulted in a perfect and permanent cure. It is such cures as these which have given "Favorite Prescription" pre-eminence among medicines for the cure of woman's diseases.

"I suffered for twelve years with female trouble," writes Mrs. Milton Grimes, of Adair, Adair Co., Iowa, "which brought on other diseases—heart trouble, Bright's disease, nervousness, and at times would be nearly paralyzed. Had neuralgia of stomach. I can freely say your medicines (nine bottles in all, five of 'Favorite Prescription' and four of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and two vials of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets), have cured me. I can work with comfort now, but before I would be tired all the time and have a dizzy headache, and my nerves would be all unstrung so I could not sleep. Now I can sleep and do a big day's work, something I had not done for over eleven years before."

"You have my consent to publish this testimonial, hoping it will be the means of helping some other invalid."

WOMEN ARE THE WINNERS.

It is the women who have acclaimed Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription as the greatest and best medicine for the cure of womanly diseases. The witnesses to its power are the men it has cured.

There are hundreds of thousands of healthy women to whom have been restored by "Favorite Prescription" to a happy, useful life after years of suffering and years of useless medical treatment. If you are suffering from any disease peculiar to women there is every motive for you to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and every encouragement to expect a complete cure. No matter how severe the disease, the wonder will be not that "Favorite Prescription" cures you, but that it should fail to do so. Its cures are so uniform, so reliable, that if it did not cure you, you would stand alone, a wonder and a marvel, a solitary exception among hundreds of thousands of weak women who have been made well by the use of this great remedy.

"Favorite Prescription" establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures the female weakness. As a tonic and nerve restorer, it is without an equal. It promotes the appetite, tranquilizes the nerves and induces refreshing sleep.

If you are led to the purchase of "Favorite Prescription" because of its remarkable cures of other women, do not accept a substitute which has none of these cures to its credit.

A HELP FOR WOMEN.

I received the 'Medical Adviser' and am much obliged for it," writes Mrs. Elmer D. Shear, of Mount Hope, Lancaster Co., Pa. "I would not part with it if I could not get another in its place, as it is a help every woman should have."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, containing more than a thousand large pages and over 700 illustrations is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the volume bound in cloth, or only 21 stamps for the book in paper covers. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

HER FINAL CONSIGNMENT

By Henry Winthrop

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With an impatient exclamation Jack Gear fired the tightly crumpled letter at the cat and missed it by several inches. The cat sunning herself in the window rose leisurely, stretched herself and jumped off that ledge into another, out of the range of fire. Then Gear picked up the communication and, smoothing out the crumpled sheet, read again the letter that had caused him so much anger. It read:

Dear Sir—Your last statement of accounts is most unsatisfactory. I find that you sold the onions at 40 cents less per box than the rate quoted in the record, while the same market report shows me to be entitled to 57 cents per crate more than you allowed me on my last shipment of tomatoes. Unless your statement of account tallies more closely with the market report, which possibly you did not realize I read, I shall be under the necessity of making my next shipment elsewhere. Very respectfully,

M. G. FITHIAN.

The letter was in a clear, flowing hand on a paper such as seldom found its way into the commission office of John T. Gear & Co.

Gear regarded it with contempt, and when he finally laid it down he confided to the cat that M. G. Fithian prob-



THEY WERE OUT ON THE LAKE.

ably knew more about polite correspondence than he did about the commission business. Then he raised his voice, and in response a trim little typewriter entered, a notebook in hand.

Gear pulled out the slide of his roll top desk for her use, and, after lighting an extra strong cigar, always a sure sign of trouble about the office, he commenced to dictate:

"Dear Sir—Your communication of the 12th inst., in which you courteously call me a thief, has just come to hand. If you knew anything about actual business, you would realize that a difference of 8 cents a crate in the selling price of tomatoes is a trivial thing to a twelve dollar a week reporter who gets up the market reports. I admire the discretion with which you convey your insults by mail instead of in person, for if I had you here I should be tempted to punch your head off. Indeed I have half a mind to drop down to Rosedale some afternoon and tell you a few things about yourself in pantomime."

"That will be all," he said as the girl finished the paragraph and looked up, "and you needn't put 'Yours respectfully' after it at that. You might tell Mr. Saunders that if any more shipments come in from M. G. Fithian to refuse to accept them."

That ended the Fithian incident, so far as Gear was concerned, but Saunders had the pleasure of turning back a consignment of produce two weeks later, and the incident was forgotten until one afternoon about a year afterward, when Gear, whose sister had married a Rosedale man, was sitting on the porch of her tiny cottage enjoying his vacation.

"Ted," said his sister (his middle name, and his sister's favorite, was Theodore), "I want to introduce you to Belle Fithian, a dear child and one of my most intimate friends."

He took the tiny hand into his clumsy grasp, and even while the red blood surged to his face he realized that in Belle Fithian he had found his fate. From that hour Jack's vacation was absorbed by Miss Fithian, upon whom he danced constant attendance. In the morning she drove him on errands for his sister. In the afternoon there was boating or a straw ride or hop to bring the pair together.

They were out on the lake one evening, Jack forcing the boat through the water with lazy strokes, while the moon cast an intoxicating illumination over the water. They rowed along close to the bank, and presently Jack forced the boat's nose against the beach. Belle had a guitar with her, and for a time he leaned lazily against the edge of the seat while she crooned soft crole love songs.

"Finally she laid the instrument aside. 'I'm tired of singing,' she said. 'Let's talk a little while.'"

"Well, if you're bound to shut the concert off," he said, "there's a question I would like to ask you. It's been running through my head for several days, and I've a sort of lazy curiosity about it."

"What is it?" she asked. "I want to know if there is any person of the name of M. G. Fithian around here?"

"Yes," she answered quickly. "Why do you ask?"

"Why, you see," he went on blindly, "there was a chap down this way about a year ago that sent me a rather nasty letter about some garden stuff I sold for him. He got the idea that I was trying to swindle him because my statement of account did not quote the prices that he found in some fool market report. I came pretty close to coming down here and getting into a row with him, but I was busy just then and couldn't spare the time."

She looked at him, astonished. "I thought John T. Gear was the name of the commission merchant," she said. "Your sister calls you Ted—Oh!" as if light had suddenly dawned.

"That's my middle name," he answered—"John Theodore Gear. But M. G. isn't any relative of yours, I hope."

He could see her face flush even in the shadow.

"I am M. G. Fithian," she said coldly. "My mother was rather romantic, and she gave me the name of Mirabelle Gwendolyn Fithian. When my father died and I had to conduct our farm until my brother came back, I realized the absurdity of using such a name in business communications and employed only my initials, at the same time endeavoring to cultivate a man's hand. And now, Mr. Gear, if you will kindly row me back to the landing I think it would be best."

"Please don't," he said impulsively, holding out his hand. "Give me a chance to explain."

"I believe," she returned icily, "that the explanation was to be made in pantomime. Perhaps it would be better to make haste lest you be tempted to 'knock my head off.'"

For a moment Jack was stunned by the unexpectedness of the revelation, but he was a man of action and quickly rallied.

"See here, Belle," he said, taking his place at her side, "I've been all kinds of a fool, and I admit it, but it was an aggravation to me and came during an insufferably hot spell, when my nerves and my temper were alike on edge. I've grown to care a great deal for you, dear, since I came down here. And you care a little for me? Don't let a business dispute come between us and our happiness. The only way to get the best of a commission dealer is to marry him. Combine business and love, and let me marry you now. Then you can come back to Chicago with me and see that your brother's accounts are properly kept. Won't you say 'Yes, dear'?" And he looked tenderly into the face turned to his.

She did not say "Yes," but there came a soft sound that was neither the ripple of the water against the boat nor yet the murmur of high grasses on the beach, and Gear seemed satisfied with that.

Old Worlds and New Ones.

We must look to the solar system for examples of stars in the last stage of development. Each of the planets may in fact be regarded as an object of this kind. The bare and rocky surface of the moon affords a desolate picture of what may result from the long continued process of condensation. The volcanic region gives no evidence of the existence of life—in fact, the spectroscopic indicates that if there is any air on the moon it is much too rare to support life as we know it.

Fortunately the moon is not the only example of a worn-out star. The earth, which probably has many counterparts in the universe, is another example of a less desolate kind. Here, though the process of condensation which is the chief cause of celestial phenomena has ceased, the problem of evolution has not ended. In fact, though the cosmic problems which we have considered in their barest elements will not be completely solved for centuries, it may be truly said that the questions raised by the countless living organisms in a single drop of ditch water are still more complex and will require a still longer time for their solution.—Popular Science Monthly.

A Pedestrian Feat.

If you desire to travel on foot through two kingdoms, two duchies and three principalities in the short space of five hours and ten minutes, you have no need to transplant yourself to fairyland or put on a pair of seven league boots. The feat can be accomplished in the fatherland without any great exertion. You select as your starting point the village of Steinbach, in the Bavarian district of Oberfranken, a station on the Gera-Saalfeld-Lichtenfels railway. From here you proceed in half an hour to Lichtenhain (Saxe-Meiningen), and an hour and a half later you arrive at Reuschengess (Reuss o. L.).

The next halting place, Gleim (Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt) can be reached in ten minutes, and half an hour's walk takes you to Altengess (Reuss y. L.). From here you march on to Drogitz (Prussia) in an hour and a half, and in an equal space of time you reach the final stage of your journey, Saalfeld (Saxe-Altenburg).

An Editor's Advice to Young Writers

Editors are just as likely to be affected by appearances as other people are. They try to be impartial, but they are only human. Strive as they may to live up to the conception that some of you have of them as superior beings who are above the influences that sway ordinary mortals, they cannot always avoid being pleasantly impressed by an attractive looking manuscript. Its literary merit may in reality be no greater than that of the poorly prepared manuscript lying alongside of it. But its more presentable appearance may bring out its good qualities so much more effectively as to make it seem to the editor to be decidedly the better piece of writing, and thus lead to its acceptance in preference to the other.—Franklin B. Wiley in Ladies' Home Journal.