

SATURDAY..... MAY 31

A POINTER FOR A FURNISH PAPER.

The Salem Statesman takes up nearly a column to explain Mr Chamberlain's position on the Philippine tariff—something the governor of Oregon has nothing in the world to do with.

The people of Oregon really desire to elect a governor who will give an economical administration, which means lower taxes for every taxpayer in the state. How would it do for the Statesman to post its readers about Mr Furnish drawing \$9651.84 from the Federal treasury for taking whiskey-to-Indian sellers to Portland during the two years he was Deputy United States Marshal at Pendleton? And that was all the business there was connected with the position he held. Nothing but whiskey-to-Indians business.

Then the Statesman could supplement that noble record—for a prospective governor—with an account of the \$25,000-a-year fees he managed to draw out of the Umatilla county treasury as sheriff—a county no wealthier nor more populous than Lane.

If the Statesman should give its readers such information—"it," we say—it would not have the nerve to again ask a single elector to cast his vote for Furnish.

RAILROAD AND GOVERNOR.

The Register has finally discovered that the railroad boys are lining up for Chamberlain, but instead of telling the whole truth it tries to make it out that their support comes through the head of the railroad as a rebuke to President Roosevelt for his stand on the Great Northern—Northern Pacific merger proposition. Truly a great discovery!

The facts are that while the railroad boys will support Chamberlain nearly to a man the heads of the railroad cannot be so counted. As an instance Chamberlain's picture was tacked up on nearly every freight car on the line a few days since; when the matter was reported to Portland men were sent all along the line to tear the pictures down.

UNHAPPY MARTINIQUE.

Mount Pelee is in eruption again, the outbreak of Wednesday being more violent than the first. The high basaltic pillars of the St Pierre cathedral that withstood the first eruption were hurled flat to the ground. A Wednesday afternoon dispatch says:

The bombardment of volcanic stones is not sufficient to account for this, and all evidence points to the passage of a furious blast of blazing gas, traveling at enormous speed and with incalculable force. The deposit of boulders, ashes and angular stones is enormous. Not a human being saw what happened at St Pierre yesterday morning. Fort de France is overwhelmed.

"Business" Candidate Furnish charged the United States government up with mileage from Pendleton to Portland with his whiskey-to-Indians arrests, while Deputy United States Marshal, at the rate of \$46 per fare each way. That was what the law allowed. The actual fare was \$9.25. That was how Mr Furnish accumulated part of the fortune he now enjoys. That with twenty-five thousand a year in the sheriff's office enabled him to become a banker and do "business" in getting the Republican nomination for governor, though a Democrat till a few years ago. No wonder Republicans are still dazed wondering how it all came about.

There is one consolation about the big Pennsylvania coal mine strike. While it will greatly injure manufacturing enterprises and dependent labor it comes at a season of the year when the poor will not suffer physically from lack of fuel.

Spain needs a king of sixty. She gets a boy of sixteen.

The hay crop will be heavy this year. Good grass can already be cut along many of our residence streets.

Capote River, in Martinique takes a hand in the general disturbance going on in that unhappy island by running hot water.

The Montana fish hatchery caught a 26-inch trout the other day, from which they took five thousand eggs, as nearly as could be ascertained.

Portland has some excitement these days, what with an election campaign, a labor strike and Chinese "long" war. Pretty bad, but they have escaped the earthquake.

There is one disgusted tramp in this country—the one that robbed young Hamilton at the muzzle of the revolver, Sunday night, and got twenty cents. Such luck is enough to make him go out of the business.

Here is a warning to those women who will persist in delaying meals. Frederick Eberhard of Chicago shot his wife Mary four times yesterday, killing her, because supper was not ready on time.

The man who noticed that an epidemic of warfar swept over the country on the heels of the Hague Peace Conference, is calling attention to the more frequent strikes now than before the organization of a national board of arbitration.

The Chinese smuggling market over on Puget Sound waters is reported quite active—\$165, for landing a Chinaman from British Columbia, no discount or time allowed. Money down or no Chinaman. The opium smuggling business thrives at the same time.

Northern Iowa has suffered great loss by the heavy rains that have covered that section of the state and destroyed much of the crops. Six inches of rain fell in two hours Wednesday morning. Think of such a rainfall—a deluge—ye Web-foot people, and prepare to surrender the medal.

In thirty-seven of the United States, a married woman has no legal right to her children. In sixteen a wife has no right to her earnings outside of the home. In eight, a woman has no right to her own property after marriage. In seven, there is no law to compel a man to support his family. It is needless to remark that a woman can't vote.

The Cottage Grove Leader lands a good one on the big Portland daily. It remarks:

The Oregonian will stumble on the truth even in the heat of a campaign. It said Monday that "Mr Chamberlain's affability is equalled by only one other thing in the world, and that is his nerve." A while back, Mr Chamberlain did not have any nerve and couldn't say "No." He seems to be growing in the esteem even of the Oregonian.

The Oregonian is mixing up politics with the 1905 Portland Exposition in a very tanglesome way. It wants Mr Furnish to preside as governor on that occasion because he can't make a speech; then after a turn or two telling how pained President Roosevelt will be if things don't go just right in Oregon, says George H Williams should be elected because a mayor is wanted who can make a speech. Potent logic!

Those that ask justice should do justice. The Portland Telegram is responsible for the statement that if the planing mills strike is not settled by the mills by Saturday the railway and steamboat employees will be asked to join in the strike—sympathetic on their part, as they have no disputes with their employers. Of course this will tie up general business to a great extent and prove detrimental to thousands of laboring people. The strike managers will lose public sympathy if they resort to such an unjust measure.

[From the Oregon City Courier-Herald.]



THE MISFIT GOVERNOR.

W. J. Furnish as he would appear wearing the garments of Governor Geer.

Comedy or Tragedy?

Household Dramas on which the Curtain is Drawn.

The daily press makes us familiar enough with the scene in the drunkard's family in which the intoxicated man finding the meal not to his liking, throws it on the floor and proceeds to vent his temper by smashing crockery and furniture. This is pure tragedy to the abused and helpless family, and to the onlooker who through the windows of the press views the sad scene. But the daily paper never has a word to say about the sober and reputable man of family, who, in a fit of irritation, dashes to the floor or out of the window some dish not to his liking. The press doesn't tell because it doesn't know. Family pride and love draw the curtains of privacy closely about such scenes, and it is only when the long



suffering wife appears perhaps in the divorce court that the curtain is raised for a moment and reveals the miseries love has long hidden. This is not a fanciful case. There is many a good home haunted by this skeleton of unhappiness; many a reputable business man whose home coming is both feared and dreaded. To an outsider the sight of a man furiously throwing a dish of cake from the window, or savagely kicking a chair out of his way, would provoke a smile. But to those in the man's family his conduct provokes only tears.

THE CAUSE OF IT ALL.

It is not natural ill-temper or pure selfishness which makes a man so moody, sullen and irritable. The cause of his condition is generally to be found in disease of the stomach, often involving the liver, kidneys or other organs. The surest and quickest cure for disease of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition is found in the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

"Having seen the advertisement of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and being a great sufferer from the effects of stomach trouble for the past eight years, I concluded to try your medicine," writes Mr. W. A. Maxwell, of Marshfield, Coos Co., Ore. "I had tried almost every known remedy, also consulted with the best medical skill attainable, but all without any relief. After reading one of your circulars I concluded to try one bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. After taking one bottle I felt so relieved it induced me to continue. Am now on the fourth bottle, and have not had a spell of bloating or 'acid stomach' (which was very painful) for the last six weeks. Before the use of your medicine I was in dread of every meal time, for in twenty minutes after eating I would be racked with pain. Indigestion was my principal ailment, and I have been also terribly afflicted with asthma, which I believe was brought on through the medium of indigestion. Now, as I stated, after having used four bottles of your medicine, I have not had an attack of sour stomach or painful bloating, and my asthma has just about disappeared. In fact, I feel better now than for the last ten years. As I am largely known in New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, California and Oregon, as a rather prosper-

ous mining man, I thought these facts might be of some benefit to some of my acquaintances."

THE WORST THING TO DO.

The worst thing to do when the stomach is diseased and causes discomfort, such as belching or acidity, is to take some of the many palliatives put up in the form of pills, tablets, powders, etc. These are not remedies for the disease. They only superficially change existing conditions. Allow that they "sweeten" the stomach, release the accumulated gas, check fermentation, etc. All this is only temporary. The diseased condition of the stomach is untouched. Disease never stands still, and therefore the stomach itself is getting worse instead of better. It is the result of the use of some of these numerous palliatives that men and women, when they have exhausted their little helplessness, find themselves with an aggravated form of stomach "trouble." If these palliatives had not disguised and covered up the earlier symptoms, the people would long ago have sought and found a real cure.

The moral is that if your stomach is "weak" or diseased don't trifle with trivial palliatives—get the medicine which cures disease of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

"For three years I suffered untold agony," writes Mrs. H. R. White, of Stanstead, Co. Quebec, Box 175. "I would have spells of trembling and being sick at my stomach, pain in right side all the time; then it would work up into my stomach, and such distress it is impossible to describe. I wrote to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, stating my case to them, and they very promptly answered and told me what to do. I took eight bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and five vials of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Thanks to Dr. Pierce and his medicine I am a well woman to-day. Dr. Pierce's medicine also cured my mother of liver complaint from which she had been a sufferer for fifteen years. We recommend these medicines to all suffering people."

WHAT YOU MAY EXPECT.

You may expect from the use of "Golden Medical Discovery" the same results which have followed its use in a multitude of other cases. You may expect that the stomach will be perfectly and permanently cured; that by the perfect digestion and assimilation of food the whole body will receive new strength; that lost flesh will be regained. You may expect that if the disease of the stomach has involved the heart, liver, kidneys or other organs, that the disease of these organs will be cured with the cure of the stomach.

Why may these things be expected? Because they are the common experience of those who have been cured by the use of "Golden Medical Discovery." These experiences follow the law of expectations, by which we naturally expect that an effect which has usually followed a given cause will not cease to follow it. By the same law you may expect "Golden Medical Discovery" to cure you. It has a record of cures, covering nearly a third of a century. In ninety-eight cases out of every hundred it has perfectly and permanently cured the diseases for which it is prescribed and recommended.

Those who suffer from chronic diseases are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free. All correspondence strictly private. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

WISDOM FOR PENNIES.

A 1008 page book, free. You can get the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, the best medical book ever published, free, by sending stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the book in paper cover, or 31 stamps for the cloth-bound volume, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

IN THE GHOST'S PATH

By Lester Grey

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Mary Manners was at war with herself and with all the world. Will Voight found that this was not a case where "present company is excepted."

"No," she said and shook her head so decidedly that certain rebellious curls bobbed in her eyes. "No, I don't want to go to the theater. I want to be alone and to think. Who could think in a hot, stuffy theater? We will go to the park."

He ventured to hint that even his presence might be a bar to the flow of thought.

"I could not go alone, stupid! It would not be proper."

"Or interesting."

She flashed him a look, and he subsided.

The park looked cold and rather gloomy, but her sigh of satisfaction



"Oh, it's going into the water! Save it! Save it!"

was quite ecstatic as she cried, "Oh, I do love the park!"

"So do I in summer."

"But now, when the breath of spring is in the air."

"More winter than spring in this air," he retorted grimly. "There is a lot of ice still in these sheltered walks, so do let me help you."

But she refused his proffered hand and stepped daintily along. She even hummed a fragment of a gay dance tune. Evidently her spirits were rising in proportion as his fell. Overhead the bare branches creaked and sighed. Underfoot the walk looked treacherous enough in the fitful glimmer of the gas lamps.

Now came a bit of incline. She started down recklessly, with a challenging look at her silent escort. "Let's see who gets to the bottom first!"

But on the instant her foot caught on a bit of gravel. She swayed and would have fallen if his ready hand had not steadied her. The effort, however, destroyed his own equilibrium. Down, down rolled the dignified Mr. Voight to the bottom of the slide. His high silk hat rolled even faster in an exploring expedition toward the little brook that ran alongside the path.

"The girl clasped her hands tragically. 'Oh, it is going into the water! Save it! Save it!'" Then she burst out laughing.

Mr. Voight raised himself stiffly and went in chase of the hat.

When he brought it back, she was still laughing.

"I am glad that I afforded you so much amusement." His tone was very freezing. "And I am happy to tell you that the hat has escaped injury. Your anxiety about it was quite remarkable. As for my injuries—oh, that is a matter of no consequence to you evidently."

Her laughter had died away, and she bent toward him contritely. "Forgive my laughing! If you could only have seen how funny you looked!" Another paroxysm was threatened, but she steadied her voice as she caught sight of his face. "But you are not hurt, are you? Just let me brush you off, and you will be all right, Will."

"Will!" refused to be placated. He had been laughed at, and ridicule pierces to the innermost core of a man's being.

"Don't pretend an interest you have just shown conclusively you do not feel. I am quite ready to resume our walk—homeward." And he turned and began to ascend the incline.

The girl was glad that the friendly darkness hid her involuntary expression of pained surprise. William the meek, William the long suffering, had rebelled. She had teased him and played with him. This, then, was the last straw.

Then a wave of indignation flooded over her. How rude he was, how unkind! She stood still and gazed at the tall figure hurrying up the slope. How could he treat her so? She would go home alone. But the park was very dark and silent. A cold tremor seized her. She was afraid.

With most undignified haste she hurried after and caught up with him.

panting. A glance at him brought back her courage. His bearing was anything but victorious.

Her tone matched his own as she said: "I cannot go home alone. We need not have any further conversation, however, and I won't trouble you again."

Voight winced visibly at her words. There were signs of yielding as he replied, "You know that I am always glad to do things for you."

Miss Manners laughed bitterly. "And yet you were going to leave me alone just now. It wasn't a kind, wasn't a gentlemanly, thing to do."

His anger flamed up again. "I could not endure your mockery. It simply showed that I had been mistaken all along; that you did not care for me; had been only playing with me."

Her voice was low and vibrant as she retorted: "That is why I was restless tonight, why I have been restless for many days. I was trying to make up my mind whether I really loved you. You have helped me to solve the question. I can give you the answer now. It is 'No.'"

He was too stunned to speak, and so they hurried on in silence. An angry spot of color burned in the girl's cheeks, but the darkness hid this as well as the glint of tears in her eyes and the pallor of the man's face.

Suddenly he caught her to him almost rudely. She struggled, but he lifted her bodily and then set her down, trembling. Even as her cry of indignation rang out there was a blaze of white light, a whirl of wheels, and the automobile was out of sight.

Voight's voice trembled as he whispered, "That is the White Ghost, but it might have been the White Death for both of us."

He held her in his arms, though she struggled. She was yet too indignant and too startled to realize her narrow escape.

After a moment: "What was it to you if I had been killed? What right have you to interfere?"

There was a traitorous tremble in her voice that gave him courage.

"The right of loving you. Had the last ten minutes made life seem so worthless for you too?"

He tried to see her face, but she had hidden it on his shoulder. He bent his head till his lips almost touched her hair. "Can't you find it in your heart to change your answer?"

Her face was still hidden, and only a lover's ear could have caught the faint reply.

Origin of Old Glory.

In the reminiscences of Lord Ronald Gower is found a story of the origin of the stars and stripes.

The "star spangled banner" of the American republic has its origin from an old brass on the floor of Brington church, in Northamptonshire. The brass covers the tomb of one Robert Washington and is dated 1622. On it appears the Washington coat of arms, consisting of three stars, with bars or stripes beneath them. On the first day of the new year, 1776, the thirteen united colonies raised a standard at Washington's headquarters.

This introduced the stripes of the present, but retained the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew on a blue ground in the corner. In 1777 the crosses were replaced by stars, as the Declaration of Independence rendered the retention of the English element unnecessary and inconvenient. In thus adopting the arms of his ancestors as his own distinctive badge Washington no doubt intended the flag merely as a private signal for his own personal following, but it was at once adopted as a national emblem. Probably there is not another case in the world's history in which the private arms of an obscure family have attained such worldwide eminence and repute.

Intelligent Robins.

The following incident seems too remarkable to be true, and yet it is vouched for by a writer whose word should not be doubted: Two robins were trying to teach their little one to fly. It attempted to cover too great a distance and fell to the ground. My little boy caught it, and I told him to put it on the roof of our side porch.

Then he and I watched to see what the old birds would do. They fluttered about the yard for awhile and then flew off. We waited for them to return, but they did not, and I had just made up my mind that they had deserted the young one when I saw them coming, accompanied by a third one. They flew directly to the roof of the porch, and I saw that one of them had a piece of twine in its bill.

And what do you suppose they did next? If I had not seen it, I never would have believed it. Two of them caught hold of the twine, one at each end, and the little one caught the middle of it in its bill. Then they flew off the porch, the third robin flying under the little one and supporting it on his back.—Minneapolis Journal.

They Were Discreet.

In the course of an interview Cardinal Manning, a short time before his death, referred to his boyhood days as follows: "Well, if you want me to talk nonsense I will say that it is a long way back to remember for I am eighty-three, but I spent my childhood at Totteridge. A boy at Coombe Bank, Christopher Wadsworth, late bishop of Lincoln, and Charles Wadsworth, bishop of St. Andrews, were my playfellows. I frankly admit I was very mischievous."

"The two Wadsworths and I conceived the wicked intention of robbing the vinery. The door was always kept locked, and there was nothing for it but to enter through the roof. There was a dinner party that day, but there were no grapes. This is probably the only case on record where three future bishops were guilty of larceny. Were we punished? No, we were discreet. We gave ourselves up and were forgiven."