

FOR A GREATER OREGON.

Mr G M McKinney, the general immigration agent of the Harriman lines of railroad, is preparing to carry on a systematic and thorough campaign for increasing the population and therefore the production of Oregon, and is properly meeting with due encouragement from the business men of the various cities which he visits. While his central headquarters are at Chicago, he will have sub-agents at various other points in the Middle West, who will make a business of furnishing information to the people of those regions concerning Oregon and other Pacific Coast States traversed by the Union Pacific, O R & N, Central Pacific and Southern Pacific Railroads.

For every person now living in these states ten might easily and comfortably exist, finding ample sustenance and opportunity, and this multiple is a very moderate one. The railroads need these men to become producers here, and to enlarge imports as well as exports, and so to increase and even multiply the business of the railroads. But our state and cities, our business men, also need this influx of new people. With them added to our present population we can build up great manufacturing, employing hundreds of thousands of people; our commerce will grow apace; our undeveloped resources will be utilized; farming lands will be brought into a higher state of cultivation and become more valuable; our mines will be opened up and their treasures extracted; in parts of Oregon we will have the finest dairy farms, thousands of them, in the United States; our dairy, fruit, lumber and other products will attain world-wide celebration of our property will amount up to several hundred million dollars, and the tax rate will fall; it will be easier to improve our cities and build roads—in a word, with a large influx of the right kind of immigrants we shall rapidly develop into a far more rich, self-reliant, prosperous and notable state.

Hence the work of Mr McKinney and his associates is to be not only commended but seconded; there should be not only encouragement thereof, but co-operation therewith.

Oregon ought in the future to advance quite as fast as Washington, and in proportion to area and present population and development even faster than California. The "Harriman railroads" will help her to do this, but her people, her business men and farmers must help also.—Telegram.

Just now the grain market is a matter of interest to this state. Harvest is at hand and a good crop of wheat will soon be ready to go on the market. For a number of years prices for wheat have ruled low, and the farmers have been well nigh discouraged with raising grain for market. Selling wheat at from 45 to 50 cents per bushel does not stimulate or inspire the farmer to any great extent. But this season there are indications of improvement in price—not great, but several cents at least, and a few cents on each bushel is a great item.

The condition of the markets in the East for the past month has plainly indicated a great shortage in the supply of cereals. First corn went up in the pit to a price not heard of for many years. Manipulation sent it higher than its reasonable limit, but the manipulators had only taken advantage of the conditions and profited thereby. After they had made their point the price settled back to normal, which is about 65 cents, and this price for corn is only known when there is great scarcity.

Following the corn flurry, came a phenomenal advance in oats in the Chicago market. And this is said to be the result of a natural corner or a shortage in supply.

Besides crops have been destroyed over vast areas and there is every reason to believe the cereal crops of this country this season will be far below normal.

These natural conditions furnish good ground for the prediction that Oregon wheat and oats will bring somewhat better prices than for several years.

The San Francisco Chronicle, with characteristic contempt for facts, doggedly reiterates the statement that "the tariff has nothing whatever to do with trusts." Take some facts of a single case. Steel rails manufactured by the United States Steel Corporation are being sold in England at \$22.50 per ton. The New York price for the same rails is \$28 per ton. The ocean freightage is \$5.11 per ton. The steel trust is therefore charging its American customers just \$10.61 per ton more for steel rails than it charges its English customers, besides freight.

It is unreasonable to suppose that it sells rails in England at a loss. Its immense acknowledged profits disprove any such untenable theory. No, it sells in England at a profit, but has to sell there in competition with the world's steel factories, which it can do. But in this country it plunders the American consumers out of \$10.61 on every ton of steel rails sold.

Why is it able to do this? There is only one answer: The 40 per cent tariff on steel rails. There can be no doubt of this in any reasoning, honest mind.

Neither can it be intelligently and honestly answered that the tariff is necessary to "protect labor." The labor cost per ton is less here than abroad. The few capitalists who are in the trust pocket the profits, now amounting to the enormous, almost unthinkable sum of \$140,000,000 a year.

That such a tariff is kept on steel rails under these circumstances is an outrageous political and economic crime, committed by Congress, and the people are finding it out.

And this is only one instance of many that might be mentioned.

Only a person without intelligence or reason—which phrase might be condensed into a common word of four letters—or a knave who supposes his readers or hearers are such persons, will say that "the tariff has nothing whatever to do with trusts." Ex.

Less than four years ago C H Markham, who was then general freight and passenger agent of the Southern Pacific, began to preach the gospel of creameries for the Willamette Valley, and to give every encouragement to the promotion of the new industry. Figures recently compiled by the Southern Pacific show that there are now in actual operation 29 creameries, nine skimming stations and six cheese factories, the aggregate output of which is valued at about \$400,000. The industry is now regarded as having passed the experimental stage in this region, and large expansion is looked for. The Southern Pacific is still leading in every encouragement, the latest move being to get more pure-bred dairy stock in this field. In this respect General Freight and Passenger Agent Coman is continuing the policy that was so efficiently inaugurated by Mr Markham.

Jackson county sells Pippin apples in London and Liverpool, and other varieties in New York and other American cities in the East, and those apples command the highest price on the market. With pests conquered, and they are in part already conquered, Jackson county will win the premium as the prime apple region of the world perhaps, and certainly will be not second to any other. Jackson county has done much to earn for Oregon the sobriquet—"the land of big red apples."

GUESSWORK.

It is Responsible for the Prolonged Suffering of Many Women.

When a woman "doctors" for years for a complication of ailments, and gets no better she is generally set down by the local practitioner as incurable. He has reached the limit of his skill and knowledge, and he does not think more can be done than he has done. But when this sick woman is cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, it proves that the doctor was certainly wrong in his statement of incurability. It also proves that he must have been wrong in his treatment; probably treating his pa-



tient for the wrong disease. His treatment was mere guesswork. The consequences of womanly disease are far-reaching. In chronic cases every organ of the body suffers. There is perhaps pain around the heart, and headache, backache, and sideache among other aches. But the real cause of all the aches and pains is disease of the delicate womanly organs. This is proved by the fact that when womanly diseases are cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the other aches and pains are cured also.

"At the time I began taking your medicine I was very weak," writes Mrs. Bettie Payne, of Inlet, Va. "I had a tired feeling all the time, could scarcely walk across my room, pains in heart, head and stomach and very bad taste in mouth on getting up in the morning, and also had uterine trouble. Four different physicians attended me but only gave me temporary relief. I had almost given up in despair when one of your pamphlets was handed to me. I sat down and read it carefully, and then wrote to you describing my ailments. You replied, advising a course of treatment with Dr. Pierce's medicines. I sent and got six bottles each of 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I took each alternately, as advised. Before I had taken two doses of each I commenced feeling better. My heart and stomach felt relieved of that burdensome feeling. By the time I had finished with the two bottles I felt young as well you look." I am well and do all my work, and it was Doctor Pierce's medicines that cured me."

a girl of sixteen. I took five bottles of 'Prescription' and three of 'Discovery,' and nearly two vials of 'Pleasant Pellets' for constipation. In conclusion will say I had taken three or four kinds of patent medicine before trying yours, which made me feel worse instead of better. I think your 'Favorite Prescription' is the best medicine on earth for women."

NO WOMAN CAN BE WRONG

In following the example of the thousands of other women who have been cured of womanly ills by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. These cures cover every form of disease peculiar to women which is curable by medicine. No matter what the condition of any sick woman may be "Favorite Prescription" claims her confidence and invites a trial of its healing powers because of its many remarkable cures of other women who had found no help in other medicines and had found only temporary relief from the treatment of local physicians.

The very fact that "Favorite Prescription" cures forty-nine out of every fifty women who give it a fair and faithful trial is the best guarantee of its success. In the one rare case where a perfect cure is not possible, the use of this medicine will lessen pain and increase the strength. If it does not altogether remove the burden of sickness it will so lighten it that to bear it becomes easy.

"It is with the greatest pleasure I write to tell you what your medicine did for me," says Mrs. Lizzie Grees, of Laurel Blooming, Tenn. "About eighteen months ago I first wrote to you for advice; you wrote me a kind letter and told me what to do. At that time I was very sick and had been for nine months. Had ulcers and misplacement of uterus and such a stomach trouble I could not eat anything without suffering afterward. Had pains around my heart, and such smothering spells could hardly get my breath. I took six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, six of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and two vials of Doctor Pierce's Pellets. I began to get better the first day. My friends all say, 'How well you look.' I am well and do all my work, and it was Doctor Pierce's medicines that cured me."

WHAT IT DOES. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It is the best tonic and nerve for weak run-down women, curing nervousness, backache, sideache, headache, and other womanly ailments, encouraging the appetite and giving refreshing sleep to the sleepless.

Special attention is called to Doctor Pierce's invitation to weak and sick women to consult him by letter free. All correspondence is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Sometimes a dealer, tempted by the little more profit paid on the sale of less meritorious preparations, will offer a substitute for "Favorite Prescription" as "just as good." Judged by its record of cures of womanly ills, there is no other medicine just as good as "Favorite Prescription."

A GREAT OFFER.

The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, a book containing 1,008 pages, is given away. Send 21 one-cent stamps for expense of mailing only, for the book in paper covers, or 31 stamps for the volume bound in cloth. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

PLEASANT HILL NOTES.

Crops in Good Shape—Personal and General Items.

PLEASANT HILL, July 25.—Harvest has begun. Grain is better than for several years.

Miss Daisy Jay has returned from Ashland.

Eby Todd, from Cuba, is visiting relatives here.

Walter Renwick and family will move to Ashland soon.

Miss Veda Mulkey, of Bethel, Polk county, is visiting relatives here.

M R Potts and Miss Malva Buchanan, of Eugene, were visiting here last week.

Rev B F Kellems, of Meakin, Cal., is here visiting his brother, Rev D C Kellems.

The W of W will have an ice cream social at their hall next Saturday evening July 26th.

Bert Mathews has bought a new engine to run his cream separator, wood saw, corn cutter, etc.

Uncle John Shelley and wife returned last week from Kiteon Springs where they spent several weeks.

Rev D C Kellems, of Eugene, has moved his family to this place to remain till the opening of the Divinity school this fall.

J D Wilson and family have moved to Woodland, Wash., Mr Wilson having sold his farm here to a Mr Withrow from the McKenzie.

A new Kimball organ was placed in the Christian church last week, and used for the first time last Sunday. It promises to give good satisfaction.

H C Baughman, of Thurston, who has been visiting with his parents for a few days left yesterday for Ashland, where he will arrange to attend the state normal school. His wife and little son will follow in a few days.

Junction City Items.

Mrs Sam De Boest, of Albany, is visiting friends in this city.

Mrs I T Nicklin visited home friends in Eugene from Monday to Friday.

Leo Pironi, of Eugene, is the new clerk in Hurlbert-Nicklin Mercantile Co's store. He succeeded J H Starr.

G C Millett threshed his grass seed Monday which will clean up about 17,000 pounds. Last year Mr Millett received 11 cents per pound for his seed.

Mrs Parker, of Roseburg is the guest of Mrs J A Hicks.

Mr and Mrs J P Millorn and sons, W G and John and their families, are enjoying an outing by camping in the woods of Lake Creek.

Mrs F A Saylor, who went to Portland last week to attend the grand lodge D of H, was taken down sick with inflammatory rheumatism. She is now improving but not yet able to undertake the journey home.

The Franklin picnic was a very successful affair. The music was excellent and the program was a grand success. Many Junction people were in attendance.

A BIG EAGLE.—This morning W S Fletcher, of McKenzie Bridge, was exhibiting on the streets a huge gray eagle which he killed near the Hayden Bridge on the McKenzie. The eagle measured 75 feet from tip to tip and is indeed a fine specimen. The gunshot wound did not mutilate the skin enough to ruin its value and Mr Fletcher is going to have it mounted.

MARRIED.—Miss Gertrude Ingverton was united in marriage to Hans P Mikelson, Friday, July 24, 1902 at the home of Rev P L Hanson. The groom is in the employ of the Booth-Kelly Lumber Company at Coburg. Mr and Mrs Mikelson will reside at Coburg.

PRIVATE HARRIGAN'S PET

By Sergeant Dale

Copyright, 1902, By the S. S. McClure Company

The men of Company B, Seventh regiment, had an antelope, a fox, two jack rabbits and a coyote as company pets, but when Private Harrigan returned from furlough and brought with him a cawing, screeching, ugly Missouri crow there was a kick. It was not only that the crow had various ways of rendering himself a nuisance, but that Private Harrigan was in bad standing with his company. He was without pride or ambition as a soldier. He was shiftless, slovenly and always on the blacklist. He got drunk whenever opportunity offered, and he made opportunities to get into the guardhouse. After two years of service all that could be said of him was that he was good natured and big hearted. If he had been vicious, a court martial would have settled his case, but he wasn't. He had been a ne'er do well before enlisting, and he could not change his spots. He had been reprimanded and punished fifty different times, but never hauled up for a serious offense.

The crow had been taught a few tricks, and for a week or so Company B was interested. Then the bird's infernal voice got on to their nerves, and the men began to growl. The first sergeant informed Harrigan that the crow would have to go. He was homely; he was unclean; he had no sense; he belonged to the buzzard family; he was a disgrace to the post. His owner was given twenty-four hours in which either to wring his neck or let him loose. To the sergeant's surprise, Private Harrigan talked back. When the argument grew hot, he lost his temper for the first time in a year and struck his superior officer on the jaw. That meant business. He was laid by the heels in the guardhouse and in due time notified that a court martial would sit on his case. His crow, driven out of the post in disgrace, flew around with lonesome calls, and there was no one to sympathize with bird or master. Had there been, and had they heeded his appeals to let the bird share his imprisonment, Private Harrigan would have borne his fate with philosophy. As it was, he worried and fretted and at last



ALL LOOKED UP TO SEE PRIVATE HARRIGAN'S CROW CIRCULING AROUND.

made up his mind to a very serious thag. If the crow could not come to him, he would go to the crow.

One night when the vigilance of the sentinels was lax he "danked" his way out of the guardhouse and escaped the guard sent after him. His crow was not to be seen or heard of next morning, and after the fugitive had been tracked up Plum valley for twenty miles the trail was lost. Private Harrigan was posted as a deserter and the usual reward offered, and Company B congratulated itself on being rid of a no account.

There had been peace with the Indians for a year, but two weeks after Harrigan's desertion disquieting reports began to come in. Bands of bucks were breaking away from the reservations every day to join the renegades in the mountains, and as they cut across the country they murdered lone settlers and played havoc with ranch-houses. The troops at the fort were under arms and ready to ride at a moment's notice, but the reports were so conflicting that the officers were perplexed. The hostiles seemed to be moving on every side.

There were only B and C companies, with eighty men to a company, to hold the fort, guard the stage routes and protect the settlers for twenty miles around, and the best that the colonel could do was little enough. It was when the hostiles had worked clear around to the west and were menacing fifty pioneer families scattered up and down Plum valley that he determined almost to strip the fort of its garrison and make a swift dash. This determination was hastened by a written message brought in by a half breed from one of the pioneers, who pointed out the way to strike the hostiles a death-blow while they were unprepared.

One hundred and sixty men of the garrison were ready to ride out of the gates at sunrise one morning when a crow cawing was heard overhead, and all looked up to see Private Harrigan's crow circling around. They saw, too, that the bird had a tag tied to one of

its legs, and they called to one another to make no hostile demonstration.

As if holding itself to blame for its master's desertion and fearing punishment, the bird refused to permit itself to be caught for some time, but was at last seized by an agile soldier and the tag placed in the hands of the colonel. It proved to be a pencilled note in the handwriting of the deserter. Harrigan's chirography was in an exclusive pattern, and he spelled his words to save as much time as possible, but his message was deciphered at last, and the result was a sudden change of orders. The men were dismounted and stationed about the fort to repel an attack, and every idler was pressed into service. Reduced to fair English, Harrigan had written:

I am with the people in Plum valley. We are entrenched and giving the reds blue blazes every time they show up. We can hold 'em off without help. If you get word to the contrary, don't you believe it. Red Bird and 500 bucks are in ambush in the big thicket at the crossing of Wolf creek, and if you leave the fort they will attack and murder everybody. I send this letter by my crow. Feed him and let him come back.

The message brought by the half breed had been a ruse to leave the fort undefended.

To test the matter the colonel sent out 150 troopers and had them make a half circle and return to the fort under cover. An hour later Red Bird moved up with his warriors and attacked, never doubting that he would carry the fort with a rush. But when the fight ended in his wild flight he left over eighty dead behind him. The check paralyzed him until troops could be pushed into the field to finish him.

Over in Plum valley, as it came to be known later on, the deserter, hiding out in the thickets, had been the first to discover the advent of the hostiles. He had gobbled a horse and ridden from point to point to collect the settlers and had then taken command and made a defense to be recorded in history.

The scare was over when Deserter Harrigan reappeared. He came walking into the post one day with his crow seated on his shoulder, and, marching straight up to the colonel's office, he saluted the gray haired officer.

"Colonel Taylor, it's Private Harrigan come back to be tried for desertion."

"Go to your quarters," ordered the colonel as he looked up at him.

"But I deserted, colonel."

"Nonsense! You had twenty days' furlough."

"And the swine I gave the sergeant on the jaw?"

"Never heard of it."

"And the crow, sir?"

"He has the liberty of the post and shall have his rations at my own quarters. 'Bout face! March!"

Why a Cold Affects the Hearing.

The drum or tympanum of the ear is a small air chamber, with hard, bony surroundings, ventilated by an air passage about one and a half inches long, called the eustachian tube, which passes forward and inward from the anterior part of the throat behind the nostrils. The atmospheric pressure required on the inner side of the drum to counterbalance that of the outer side is provided for by the communication of the eustachian tube with the throat in the acts of breathing and swallowing. Lining the hollow of the drum and forming the innermost layer of the drumhead is a delicate mucous membrane, which also lines the interior of the eustachian tube. If we have a cold in the head, the vessels supplying the mucous membrane from the nose to the mouth expand, the blood within them flows slowly or stagnates and that in the mucous membrane becomes congested.

As a result there is more or less swelling, with augmentation of the natural secretions. The congestion is apt to be continued into the mucous membrane of the eustachian tube, which is thus obstructed. This causes the air in the drum to be rarefied, the drumhead and the little chain of bones connected with it are forced inward, and by causing excess of pressure of the internal ear produces deafness.

Star Dust.

The brightness of shooting stars is due to the heat engendered by the energy of their motion. Their speed is enormous—namely, forty-two and a half kilometers a second—while the speed of the earth on its orbit is only twenty-five kilometers forward. Consequently when a shower of them approaches the earth in the direction opposite to its course the initial speed is seventy-two kilometers a second. When they follow on its course they gain sixteen and a half kilometers a second on it, their mean rate of approach being thirty to forty kilometers a second.

The friction engenders a temperature of 3,000 degrees C., subject to which they burst into flame. If under these conditions their substance is not vaporized, they pass through and beyond the upper strata of our atmosphere and pursue their proper course around the sun, but as a rule they are vaporized. In which case the vapor mingles with the atmosphere, to fall later as meteoric dust. In this manner we come in contact annually with 146,000,000,000 shooting stars, which add considerably to the earth's substance.

Won a Wife by His Skill.

Action was a Grecian painter of about the time of Alexander, and he won a wife by his great work. He painted a picture called "The Nuptials of Alexander and Roxane," which was exhibited at the Olympic games. It created such a stir that one of the judges cried in admiration, "I reserve crowns for the victorious athletes, but I give my daughter in marriage to the painter Action as a recompense for his picture." Action was one of the artists who excelled in the art of mixing colors. He could not go to the nearest store and purchase them as artists do today.

Thos
S
CITY
FUR
S
Lucky
stock
Horse
at Ch
Horse
and a
union
Horse
W
Driv
should
little g
Horse
When
you ku
part. I
See th
Buy
one th
Lis
Th
Willa
Got
your
ware
St
farm
pla
what
try
Ge
they
"I
tion
Cha
six
by
tho
of t
Net
it a
des
the
fall
ab
m