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Vol. XXVI.

HILLSBORO, WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, APRIL 7 1899.

No. 46

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

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POST OFFICE INFORMATION.
The mails close at the Hillsboro Post
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Quincy, West Union, Bethany and Cedar
Mts., 6:45 a. m.
Going South, 8:30 a. m.
Going to Portland and way-offices, 6:55 a.
m. and 4 p. m.
For Farmington and Laurel, daily, 8 a. m.

CHURCH AND SOCIETY NOTICES.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, corner
Main and Fifth streets. Preaching
every Sabbath, morning and evening. Sab-
bath school at 10 o'clock. Y. P. S. C. E.
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short, bright, helpful and helpful.
Everyone cordially welcome.
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Preaching every Sabbath morning and
evening. Sabbath school every Sabbath at
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10:30. General prayer meeting every
Thursday evening. Leaders and Stewards
meeting the third Tuesday evening of each
month.
W. H. Wehring, Recorder.

Daughters of Rebekah.
HILLSBORO REBEKAH LODGE NO.
54, I. O. O. F., meets in Odd Fellows
Hall every Saturday evening.
J. M. GREAR, M. W.

P. of H.
HILLSBORO GRANGE, No. 73, meets
2nd and 4th Saturdays of each month.
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Wednesday evenings at 8 o'clock in I. O.
O. F. Hall. Visitors made welcome.
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MEETS every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock
in the Christian church. They are
cordially invited to attend meetings.

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W. meets in Odd Fellows' Hall every
first and third Friday evening of each
month.
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PHOENIX TEMPLE NO. 10, R. S.,
meets every 2nd and 4th Friday in each
month at 7:30 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall.
Mrs. A. M. Carline
Josie Schumacher
M. O. R. and C.

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PHOENIX LODGE, No. 24, K. of P.,
meets in Masonic Hall on Monday
evening of each week. No journeying brethren
welcomed to lodge meetings.
F. Kelso

A. F. and A. M.
TUALITY LODGE NO. 6, A. F. and A. M.,
meets every Saturday night on or after
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O. E. S.
TUALITY CHAPTER, No. 30, O. E. S.,
meets at Masonic Temple on the 2nd
and 4th Tuesday of each month.

K. O. T. M.
VIOLA TENT, No. 18, K. O. T. M.,
meets in Odd Fellows' Hall on Sun-
day and fourth Thursday evening of each
month.
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I. O. O. F., meets on first and
third Tuesdays of each month.
C. E. Deichman

GEN. RANSON CORPS NO. 47, W. R. C.
MEETS in ODD FELLOWS HALL
Hillsboro, on the 1st and 3rd Fridays
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X-raying from \$1 up. Vitriolized air for pain-
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Who sells and distributes
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A big yield of both
profit and satisfaction
will result if you plant
FERRY'S SEEDS
They are always the best,
do not need any special
treatment and will grow
in the best and poorest
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SPRAIN
Can, without delay or trifling, be
cured promptly by the
GOOD, BETTER, BEST REMEDY FOR PAIN,
St. Jacobs Oil.

BABY'S MORALS.

It would take the wisdom of Solom-
on, the patience of Job, and the
firmness of the rock of Gibraltar,
backed by divine grace to raise a
child just right. Now, none of us
have all these characteristics, but
those who have gone over the voy-
age many times have learned from
their various failures how to point out
the shoals and quicksands that the
inexperienced must come in contact
with.

A majority of the mothers of to-
day think that a baby must not be
crossed under any circumstances;
that every one on the place must give
way to his whim; do anything to
keep him in a good humor. Now,
this might answer if you were sure
other people would always do this;
but at what time do you think he is
going to learn to be useful? When do
you think he is going to begin,
graciously, to yield his desires to
some one else? I have been young
and now I am old, yet I have never
seen a child reach the age of 5 years,
with no law but its own sweet will,
that was ever fit for anything but a
compost heap.

It is lots of trouble to train a child
in the way he should go; takes ever-
lasting vigilance, and a mistaken
idea of many people is that the way
to train them is, tell them to do, or
not to do, anything and if they dis-
obey you beat them. My friends
there is something radically wrong
in your method if your child has
been whipped after it is old enough to
reason. You should set right and
wrong before it and explain the con-
sequences of each course, and help it
to take the right. Never allow any-
one to tell your child that rats will
catch him or a bear is in the dark
hole, or a big dog will catch him if he
cries. I hear Christian mothers say
these things, and they laugh when I
remount with them. A love of
truth can not be implanted in the
small mind that hears its best friends
make such assertions. Sometimes
something crosses the young tyrant,
and he throws himself back and
strikes his head against the arm of
the chair, and forthwith the mother
or nurse proceeds to beat the child to
paeify him.

Ah, mother, that lesson in revenge
will often see parents teaching baby
to shake his fist at people, and I have
actually heard fathers teach the little
baby lips to use profanity. It is
enough to make the angels weep!
There is nothing more true than to
train a child in the way he should
go. We must go to that way ourselves.
A little boy once told an untruth,
and his mother was telling him what
a dreadful place he would go to,
when a servant came to announce an
undesired guest. The lady said:
"Tell her I am not at home." The
boy said: "Mamma, don't you
reckon I will have some company in
that place you said I would have to
go to?" A lady said to me once:
"One of the bitterest things in my
life is seeing myself reproduced in
my children." Oh, mothers, be
careful! Some day it will bring
your soul with agony when you see
that son or daughter that you so
long to see perfect exercising the
same uncharitable spirit that you
have tried so long to destroy in your-
self. The unpleasant things you
have said of your neighbor before
them does not sound so well from
them as it did to you when you were
sowing the seeds of hatred and dis-
trust in their young minds. We
may look up with bursting hearts
and cry: "Let the punishment fall
on me, Father, only let my children
escape," but the words have gone
forth from the lips of Omnipotent
Wisdom: "The sins of the fathers
shall be visited on the children to the
third and fourth generation."

Therefore, it behooves us to bend
every energy of the human soul to
the accomplishment of this great
purpose—training the young, im-
mortal souls in a manner that will
be pleasing to the Master; and may
give us strength and wisdom, and
patience to overcome, every hin-
drance to this stupendous work, so
that we may stand approved before
the great White Throne at last.

In almost every neighborhood
there is some one whose life has
been saved by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera
Diarrhoea Remedy, or who has been
cured of chronic diarrhoea by the use
of that medicine. Such persons make
a point of telling of it whenever
opportunity offers, hoping that they
may be the means of saving oth-
ers. For sale by the Delta Drug
Store.

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The Beach Comber and the Man-of-war.

By J. F. ROSE-SOLEY.

(Copyright, 1898, by the Author.)

The beach comber was down on the rock
bound beach, some 50 yards away from
the shore, a stretch of uneven, stony soil,
with grass patches here and there and
great black rocks showing out from the
surface, separating the two places where
the trader did his business. The old
man's weary feet had worn a deep track
across the plot; up and down he went
many times a day. The beach comber
the title is a misnomer, but it is always
used in Samoa, was but a mere flimsy
erection of rough boards, though from
roofed and water tight. Further, the
door was provided with a very substan-
tial padlock, which the trader was at
great pains to lock and unlock every
time he visited the shed, for the place
held the only merchandise the country
could produce—all that there was to
trade for. The little bits of oil, brown
oil smelling copra must be kept dry or
else they would rot long before the time
came for shipping them to Europe, and
they must be protected from theft, or
else the cunning natives would think
nothing of taking a few basketsful at
night and reselling them to the trader
next day. Therefore every time a Samoa
came, perhaps with a few baskets
of the copra, the old trader, with a
weary sigh, would take a key down from
his accustomed nail and plod down
to the door. It was quite solemn and
serious business, this purchase of a few
shillings' worth of produce, and both
sides went about it with becoming grav-
ity. The first question that had to be
decided was whether the copra was
green—that is to say, whether it had
been merely warmed in the sun or
whether it had been properly dried by
several days.

At the copra is bought by weight, it
is, of course, to the native seller's in-
terest to dry it as little as possible,
while the trader, on the other hand,
does not want to lose 20 or 30 percent
by shrinkage. So the two argue the
point out together, while I sit on the
wire enclosed veranda and watch from
afar the worthy conflict.

Silly, the industrious girl, has got her
sewing machine out. She does not put
it on a table, as the white lady would,
but rests it on a kerosene case on the
floor and squats cross legged before it.
Of course it is a hand machine; natives
do not take readily to the use of the
electric. She is fashioning really gen-
uine lava-lava out of the brightest
prints Manchester can produce, and
when they are made they will be bring-
ing in the store and sold for half a dollar
each, perhaps in exchange for the very
baskets of copra that she is now mak-
ing. He wears with a fluency of
Biblical expression which only long
missionary training has rendered possi-
ble that the copra has been three days in
the sun, whereas the trader, judging
from his experience, asserts that at the
outside it cannot have been more than
one, and in cloudy weather too.

At last the trader, grumbling some-
what, purchases the copra, for he knows
if he does not it will go to his rival
close by the store, the native goes away
about his business. He is consoled by the
reflection that his balances are 12 pounds
out in every 100; also he is manipu-
lating the scales can make the copra ap-
pear several pounds lighter than it really
is, and so under the warring palms
by the side of the rippling lagoon, na-
ture smiling on them with her most in-
nocent expression, the two complete
their ingenious transaction. Both are
cheering up like the natives. So perhaps
it does not matter very much. The na-
tive, having been well taught by the
missionaries, will go to church three
times next Sunday and say his morning
and evening prayers more fervently than
ever, for he has been a sinner.

As for the trader, he has no con-
science. He has long since lost even
the memory of the article. So we need
not concern ourselves about him.
At last, after about half hour's hag-
gling in the store, the native goes away
with the goods which he has been per-
suaded to take in exchange for the copra,
and the trader comes out of the house
and seats himself wearily beside me,
mopping his face with the white towel.
As usual he backs back to the old
time.

"Things were different in those
days," he said. "Then we could do as
we liked with the natives. Now they
can do as they like with us. We have
lost things fine to make a living at all."
And to console himself he took a long
drink of kava, emptying the boccasin
shell, which held about a pint, at one
draft.

Silly, laughed the musical little laugh
of the Samoan maiden. The whirr of
the sewing machine ceased and she looked
smilingly at the nearly empty bowl.
She knew she would soon have to fabri-
cate more kava, an occupation which
she pursued with a certain relish, for
it gratified her maiden vanity by
enabling her to exhibit herself in the
most graceful of attitudes.

"Yes, yes, girl, you can make some-
more," said the trader. "It'll keep you
from the machine, and we don't want
that infernal thing clicking away while
we are talking."
"The old days were the times," he
began, "before any one invented this
copra and we used to tie the fat from the
natives in payment for everything.
Why, even the missionaries had to have
a big tank outside the church door and
would take up the collection in oil. It
was gallons of oil instead of dollars
then, but they got the money just the
same in the end, and the church pros-
pered."
His face clouded as he made this last
remark. Perhaps the unadvised pros-
perity of mission work in Samoa brought
him no consolation. Perhaps he would
have preferred the natives in their origi-
nal barbaric state rather than civilized
and Christianized and defeated up to a
standstill in long bargaining which
rendered it difficult for even the superi-
or intellect of a white man to overreach
them.

He did not say this, though. "I've
made more money in a week than that
I can do in a year now," he went on.
"Forty years ago, when I was but a
young fellow, I started trading on the
southern side of Upolu. There was not
a white man within 20 miles of me, and

DEMOCRATIC SITUATION.

The Louisville Courier-Journal had

a long article last week in which the
political status of its party is analysed.
After a glance at the Bryan-
Belmont correspondent that paper
continues:

To sum up the situation in a few
words, as epitomized by Mr. Jones
and irradiated by Mr. Bryan, demo-
crats are given to understand now,
without waiting for the state conven-
tions and the succeeding national
convention of next year, that in 1900,
it is to be the Chicago platform and
the old ticket over again, with, per-
haps, an anti-expansion, or, as it will
be phrased, an anti-imperialist
plank.

This is a good scheme if it can be
made to win. There is no democrat
in sight either so popular or so at-
tractive as Mr. Bryan. The Chicago
platform, though discredited by de-
feat, is a perfectly plain statement of
policies, beginning with the free and
unlimited coinage of silver at the
ratio of 16 to 1 and ending in a pro-
posed reform of the judiciary, suffi-
ciently radical to gain for it the
charge of threatened revolution. If,
by adding to these predetermined
purposes the purpose to undo all that
has been done, is being done and
may be done by the army and navy
under the orders of the president, in
Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines
a great, compact and irresistible op-
position can be organized beneath
the banners of democracy and a na-
tional victory be achieved at the polls
in November, Mr. Bryan and his fol-
lowers will be vindicated in all their
conclusions and be reimbursed for all
their losses. They will come in in 1901
as the republicans, led by Mr. Jeff-
erson, came in in 1801. But as reason-
able men, as practical politicians,
how can these gentlemen figure out
such a result? How can they hope
to lash the country into the pitch of
excited feeling which marked the
campaign of 1896? Where will they
make their losses good if they are
still to drive out all democrats who
do not agree with them upon, let us
say the fiscal issue of 16 to 1? And,
in case the anti-imperial plank be-
comes the leading issue of the can-
vass, sub-ordinating free silver, by
what process will they bring them-
selves into rapport with Mr. Cleve-
land and Mr. Carlisle who, as to more
recent questions, have so much the
start of them.

These are stale-
born questions based on facts which
cannot be got rid of. As an anti-
expansionist, Mr. Cleveland would
be a stronger candidate than Mr.
Bryan, though, as a free silver can-
didate, Mr. Bryan would, of course,
lead Mr. Cleveland, but as between
the two, how are such opposing cur-
rents of thought, such adverse forces,
to be brought into harmonious rela-
tions? If they be not, can a party so
divided expect to carry an election
against the existing administration,
backed by an enthusiastic and united
party and appealing to all that is pro-
gressive and enterprising in the na-
tional character? In this connection
we take no note of the waning of the
silver issue as a paramount topic of
public interest; nor of the decline of
populism as a vital political force;
nor yet of the free silver republican
contingent as a recruiting agency.
Even the war with Spain had not
brought upon the scene a crop of new
aspirations and ideas which occupy
the thoughts of the people, the spirit
of the campaign of 1896 would still
be but a spent ball. Brought into
competition with these new questions
it can not be revived. In safe demo-
cratic states, like Kentucky, where
"everything goes," the free silver
may whop things up to suit them-
selves. It is not such states, however,
that count. States which were car-
ried by Mr. McKinley in 1896 must
be carried by Mr. Bryan in 1900 if he
win the election; and even if it be
true, as Mr. Jones says, that the
south and west are overwhelmingly
for free silver, how shall that profit
the national democratic ticket, which
is not to be lost a second time? And, finally,
if again beaten on these lines, what
future will remain for democracy in
the nation, and beaten in the nation,
how long can such a party hope to
survive even in states that are now
accorded safely democratic?

In truth, the democratic managers
seem to be providing their party an
exact reproduction in 1900 of the
disastrous experiences which attend-
ed it in 1864. If any one interested
in historic parallels will take the
trouble to go back and look into the
record preceding and attending the
ill-starred presidential campaign of
that year he will discover a most
striking resemblance between its
features and those which at this
moment lower upon the democratic
rank and file from the inner recesses,
the Sanctum Sanctorum, of the De-
mocratic Council Chamber. In 1864
the democratic leaders solemnly de-
clared the war for the Union a failure.
They demanded that it be stop-
ped. But, in order to catch the sol-
dier vote, they nominated a popular
soldier, Gen. McClellan, for President.

Defeat was their portion as a matter
of course. The war was not a failure.
Six months later the national arms
were completely triumphant. If
McClellan had been elected the fed-
eral troops would have been with-
drawn at the moment of victory; the
proposed peace negotiations with the
south would have failed short of the
recognition of the southern confeder-
acy; and then, the break having been
started, the splendid fabric of the
American Union would have gone
to pieces, a New England frag-
ment here, a Pacific fragment there,
and perhaps centuries of struggle and
tempest, of war and ruin, repeating
in the New World the bloody and
bitter experience of the Old.

In 1864 the spectre of imperialism
in the person of Abraham Lincoln
affrighted the dreams of the demo-
cratic leaders as the same spectre af-
frights them now in the person of
William McKinley. In 1864, as now,
it was absolutism militarism that the
people must rise up and strike down
if they would preserve their liberties.
He was beaten. Four years later,
still on a false trail, the democratic
managers tried flat paper money as
an issue, and, nominating a sound-
money man, Horatio Seymour, on
this soft-money platform, they were
again defeated. In 1872, misleading
had reduced the party to such straits
that it was ready to clutch at any
straw and did clutch at Horace Gre-
eley. Whether for good, or for evil,
he was the only straw in sight; and
when the fight was over, it looked as
though democracy was gone forever.
The men who had misled it were in-
deed gone. But new men arose to
take their places. By 1876, the en-
gines which had been driving it
backward instead of forward were
reversed; a fresh set of running-gear
was attached; and, with a real leader
in the person of Samuel J. Tilden, on
a sound platform of hard money,
home rule and free trade life came
again to the party.

THE MOST FAMOUS BATTLE-SHIP.
On March 19, 1888, the United
States battleship Oregon left San
Francisco for her long run eastward
around South America. The per-
formance was watched by the whole
people, the chance of attack by the
Spanish fleet, whose whereabouts at
sea was unknown, giving the long
voyage a sensational aspect. The
Oregon reached the Florida coast
May 24. Though she had run 14,000
knots she was reported ready for duty
and at once steamed to her place in
the Cuban fleet. Forty days later she
took a leading part in the battle with
Cervera's ships. It was her speed
and heavy guns that prevented the
escape of the Colon, which had out-
stripped the other Spanish vessels.
If the Colon had run the gantlet
successful the victory would have
been seriously incomplete and the
war prolonged, for it was the utter
obliteration of their squadron that
completed the discouragement and
disgust of the Spanish people.

On March 18, 1899, just one year,
less a day, after her departure from
San Francisco, the Oregon steamed
into the bay of Manila and Dewey
cabled that she was fit for any duty.
Again she had steamed around South
America, and, in addition, had crossed
the Pacific. The voyage of 20,000
knots from New York to Manila was
not a race against time, but was com-
pleted between October 12 and March
18. The speed of the Oregon is no
less remarkable than her mechanical
perfection. A year ago she ran the
4076 knots between San Francisco
and Callao in fifteen and a half days,
an average of 268 knots a day. The
final run of over 5000 knots from
Honolulu to Manila was made in
twenty-six days. No battleship in
existence has a record approaching
this. The Oregon was built by
American mechanics in San Francis-
co, which less than sixty years ago
was a foreign village of 500 inhabi-
tants. Half a century of American
expansion there has produced a splen-
did metropolis, and one capable of
constructing the greatest battle-ship
in all history.—Globe-Democrat.

Speaker Reed has been in congress
twenty-two years, and for the first
time he has been permitted to name
the Collector of the Port of Portland,
his home city. In old days Blaine
named the Collector, and Reed resent-
ed it with truculent sarcasm. For
years the two did not speak. When
Harrison became president the Sena-
tors, Hale and Frye, named the Col-
lector of Portland. This infuriated
Reed and he and the senators were at
daggers drawn for a great while.
He has no love for Frye now, but he
and Hale are very good friends. It
was in resentment of his treatment
by Harrison that Reed spoke of the
"ice wagon" that all good republicans
were expected to board in 1892.

Mr. Bryan has been inspecting
"the wonderful development of the
iron district around Birmingham,
Ala." The admiration he expressed
failed to recognize the fact that all he
saw was due to the Republican protec-
tive policy.

EPITOME OF THE DISPATCHES

A Complete Review of the
News of the past Seven
days.

PEACH TREES IN BLOOM

Sherman County will Probably
Have a New Court House
This Summer.

CHITTIM BARK FOR LIVERPOOL

J. B. Riddle's Stucco box was Robbed
Last Week of \$150 or \$200
of Gold Metal.

Medford wants a fruit-cannery and
a box factory.

Fred Byrn died in Salem last week
of consumption.

Baker City proposes to suppress
the gambling houses.

The Southern Oregon Presbytery
will meet at Medford April 11, 12
and 13.

The state house at Salem is lighted
by nine arc lights and 577 incandes-
cent lights.

William is the only good school
district in Yamhill county that reports
a 10 months' term.

The Sherman county grand jury
has recommended the building of a
court house to cost not over \$6000.

A Lebanon doctor has received an
order for 300 tons of chittim bark
for delivery in Liverpool England.

The winter was severe on rose
bushes at Hood River. Bushes that
had pulled through 20 winters were
killed.

Many Willamette valley hopgrow-
ers are contracting to sell their 1899
crop at 10 cents, part of the advance
to be paid at picking time.

Peach trees are blooming at The
Dalles, and the people are beginning
to think that the recent report about
a short crop was only the old Dela-
ware howl in an Oregon dress.

Reports received by State School
Superintendent Ackerman from
county superintendents show 3857
persons of school age in Polk county,
2392 in Josephine and 4