

DESCHUTES ECHO.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY A. C. PALMER.

D. F. STEPPA, EDITOR K. W. HELFRICH, MANAGER

Entered May 31, 1902, at Bend, Ore. as second class matter, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Table with subscription rates: ONE YEAR \$1.00, SIX MONTHS .75, THREE MONTHS .50

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1902.

LET THE AX FALL.

Governor Geer's political aspirations toward a seat in the senate are about as high as they could be under the circumstances.

The full realization of his ambitious dreams will probably be a few notches lower.

Just how he views the situation himself is a matter for conjecture. Probably he is self satisfied. Outwardly he appears to be. Perhaps he thinks that the letters addressed to the various members of the state legislature laying stress upon the necessity of him being elected to the senate will be all sufficient, and that the work of making numerous manifold copies of these letters will be all the work required to gain a seat of affluence, pomp and glory in the highest political body of the nation.

It is said his nomination as governor of the state of Oregon was secured in a questionable manner. Consequently it is reasonable to suppose that he will resort to the same methods with all the force and cogency that such methods possess to secure his election to the United States senate. He perhaps feels safe in assuming that a satisfactory outcome will be the result of the efforts he will use in gaining the desired end.

But these illusions however entrancing they may be at present to the possessor are likely to receive a burst of pertinent light when the legislature meets. The representatives there, it is to be hoped, will be the exponents and voice of the people.

And the people of the state as a rule are tired of the political side of governor Geer. As the chief executive he has served his time none too well. The republican party is also tired of him. It was the political nausea in that party resulting from an overdose of the Geer administration which aided materially last June in the election of a democratic governor. Now does that qualm increase twofold at his efforts to rise from a position he does not fit to one out of all proportion to his political ability, sagacity and discernment.

Oregon is just now efflorescing upon an era of great advancement; broad and extensive enterprises and new industries are about to be developed; the country is on the verge of throwing open its doors to the outside world, and in consequence the people of the state want an able representative in the senate—a person who does not stoop to political smallness.

ABOVE ALL THINGS THEY WANT A MAN.

They want a senator who will work for the people who indirectly elect him to office; one who will be entering in his efforts to serve and advance both the eastern and western portions of the state; and not one who after sanctioning the development of the great arid districts will use his influence to handicap and retard the industrial movements which will convert

those regions into a fertile inland empire.

Let the ax fall. Let it fall heavily; chop up political mediocrity into political oblivion and give some abler man a chance. The state will not lose, nor the people in it, but on the other hand will be far better off in its strides for supremacy with a fair, just and impartial senator engineering the wheels of government.

MORE SCALP BOUNTY TROUBLE.

Lake county is all ablaze with indignation over the recent attempt of its county court to reduce expenses by setting aside the state scalp bounty law and issuing an order to the county clerk to discontinue the issuance of scalp warrants.

The people of the county believe the court has exceeded to a marked degree its authority in the matter and mandamus proceedings are likely to be instituted before the next session of the circuit court.

As time goes on and the question of repealing the bounty act in one form or another is agitated, the stockholders subjected to the coyote curse become more thoroughly convinced that the law is a good one, working directly for the interests of Eastern Oregon and should stand in the same shape and form as it was first enacted.

Lake county offers as an argument that there is not one coyote now within its borders to five when the law was passed. Crook county perhaps can not quite come up to those figures, but no one will deny that there has been a material decrease in numbers since it became an object for persons to kill the pests which constantly endanger stock interests of the country. The results of the law have been felt in a beneficial manner and until such time when it outlives its usefulness it is the desire of the people that it remain in full force on the statutes.

Consequently, Crook county's court is not likely to adopt the same methods of procedure in reducing expenses as has been the case in the county to the south of us. It may be that there is more stock in Crook county which needs protection, or it may be that the county court is a trifle more level headed. But either one way or the other Crook county's people want the scalp law left to work out its ends just as it is, and as long as the county continues to be the birth-place of the father of the law their wishes are likely to be recognized and regarded.

MORROW'S COAL FIELDS.

The discovery of coal in Morrow county with the subsequent establishment of development work on a sound basis is likely to mark the opening of a great future for both the district itself and the country adjoining. So far very little has been published regarding the immensity of the deposits which are just beginning to be unearthed, and it is not probable that many persons realize what an enormous bed of fuel has been discovered.

A coal mining expert who has been over the field estimates a deposit of twenty-two million tons to the acre, and the fact that the field so far as indications show covers an area nearly six miles square, or over twenty-three thousand acres, gives room for some extensive figuring as to the amount of coal which can be taken out and the length of time it will supply all the demands upon it.

Morrow county will reap a great harvest from the development of these mines. It is an industry which will net more to the promoters and be of far greater benefit to the state than if it were newly discovered deposits of gold or other precious metals.

Just at present the greater portion of eastern Oregon's population is dependent upon the forests for its fuel supply, but the time is coming when that source will be checked. A coal mine even now with the proper transportation facilities into districts in which wood is being burned would be a paying proposition and Morrow county in time will probably be called upon to supply that demand which is constantly increasing.

The very least that the discovery and development of the beds can accomplish is the building of a railroad, which in itself will aid materially in advancing the county's interests and make of her a spot of envy for the other counties which do not own a railroad-tie or depot or even a water-tank.

For Sale—A large and selected variety of Nick Carter's Hair-raising Detective stories covered with beautiful yellow paper. Address Thursday Afternoon Reading Circle. Children under 21 years of age, or those subject to weak hearts or nervous prostrations need not apply.

Uncle Sam has been getting a little interest money on a debt owed him by Spain. You probably don't remember any thing about it; it was contracted together with a bad cold in the winter of 1818.

Jeffries' presents to James J. Corbett, when they fight this coming Christmas, will probably be something in the line of crash goods.

The stringency of the money market in Wall street is likely to be relieved somewhat when Russell Sage buys his new fall hat—if he does.

A report from Mississippi states that a negro who confessed to an old crime was burned alive, but was dead when they buried him.

Stay with it, Mayor Williams, there are some interior towns which would be decidedly better with a little of your whitewash.

Portland's coat of whitewash is being painted over some black spots. A good disinfectant would help some, too.

The National Salt company has gone into liquidation. Ought to be able to buy the stuff, at dissolved prices now.

The earthquakes down in Mexico may have a tendency to settle the unstable condition of their silver money.

The Deltas carnival had a large attendance of summer squashes and yellow headed pumpkins.

Doesn't look as if the scalp was going to cut off altogether from the coyote bounty law.

From latest reports the coal strike has about burned itself out.

Storyettes.

"I am going to give up being good natured," declared John W. Gates, mantling his jovial face with a frown. "When Louisville and Nashville was going up under pressure of my buying a speculator came to me and said:

"Say, Gates, I want \$5000. I've got a sure thing."

"All right" said I, giving him my check.

"Next day he paid the loan remarking that he had put up the money as margin and cleared nearly \$2,000.

"What did you buy?" I asked.

"L. and N." he answered with a grin.

"Hang me if he hadn't bought the stock with my money, held it against me, and made me pay two points more for it, taking the \$2,000 right out of my own pocket."

\*\*\*

Civil service examinations are sometimes the source of no little amusement. There was a test of candidates for the position of park grass cutter. The first paper the examiner picked up contained this question and answer: What are the cubical contents of a room fifteen feet long, ten feet wide and eight feet high?"

"One bedstead, a bureau and a washstand. If such a room was a kitchen or a parlor it would be larger and contain more articles."

\*\*\*

Kitty had been told that the thunder was the voice of the "good man up in the sky," warning her to run into the house to avoid the rain, and on one or two occasions she had failed to heed the warning and suffered unpleasant consequences.

She was playing out of doors one day when there came a clap of distant thunder. She dropped everything and scudded into the house but the rain failed to come. After waiting till she became impatient she went to the door, looked up at the clouds and called:

"If you're going to rain why don't you do it? I've been in here ten minutes!"

\*\*\*

Where two army officers are together there is a story. Until '98 the civil war furnished the basis for nearly all the stories, and the war with Spain filled a long felt want in opening a new field of anecdote. One story told at General Shafter's expense is related by an officer on duty at the headquarters of the army of invasion, just after the landing of the American forces in Cuba.

The troops with all their paraphernalia of war had landed and were awaiting the order to advance on Santiago. Staff officers were busy carrying out the details for the advance and everywhere there was hurry and bustle. Shafter was lying in a hammock in front of his headquarters at Siboney, while a hundred yards down the road the men of the signal corps were inflating the war balloon preparatory to making the first ascension.

Without warning, the ropes which held it captive parted and the balloon, half inflated and looking for all the world like the body and legs of a gigantic fat man, started down the road toward Santiago. There was just enough gas in it to keep it upright without entirely clearing the ground, and it went bobbing along, up and down, as though it were walking. A negro soldier passing along at that moment saw the balloon and shouted at the top of his voice:

"Hi, dah! Guess dat hus' be de ole man goin' fur de front!"

Out Of the Onion Sack.

The man, with a long nose ought to be able to gather in the scents and get rich in a hurry.

Medicinal pills sometimes have sad thoughts rolled up inside of them.

In some respects rag carpets bear striking similarities to boarding house hash.

Some men's thoughts don't give them much time to think.

When a man shakes hands with a government inspector he is feeling of one of Uncle Sam's eyes.

Please Go Way and Let Him Sleep.

Say! My name's Geer—

T. T. Geer;

Rather queer

You didn't hear

Of me

Before.

I'm governor of the state,

Don't have much weight

With things political

Any more;

But this I'll state:

When the lunatics at Salem meet

I'll be there with

Both feet!

Watch me!

See

Me grind out there

A senator's chair,

With cushions and a

Heir

Back!

Say!

In a way;

I'm the only nut

On the bolt,

A political jolt

Doesn't jar me—

Not me—

Simon, he

Will look like the

Deuce of spades

At a draw for sevens—

Good heavens!

Maybe I'm asleep

About this job,

But I allowed

The song I'd sing

To the other "it"

Would be

"Go way back and sit!"

But now that I think,

Maybe I won't,

Maybe not—

No spot

Is a dead sure hitch

And a cinch

For a fellow

Unless he does

Sit

D. F. S.

She Slipped On It.

They are telling this story at the Reading Room at Newport: One of the most enviable "catches" in the country visited his affianced rather early one morning lately. Being admitted to the cottage, the impetuous young man brushed aside the butler and called upstairs:

"Are you there, Penelope?" Her name isn't Penelope.

"Yes" came the answer, shyly, from the unseen fair one.

"Then hurry down stairs, dear girl."

"Oh, No!," she replied, "I can't go down now: I'm just out of my tub."

"Slip on something," cried the impetuous one, "slip on any old thing. And come down—"

She slipped on the top step.—Ex.