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E. H. WOODWARD, EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

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"Twas on Saint Valentine's famed day, That, strolling on my lonely way, A momentary glimpse I caught Of a fair dame deep in thought. Beneath the wall whereby she stood Leant Cupid in depending mood; For high and rugged was that wall And Cupid isn't very tall. He turned his troubled eyes to mine, And cried "See is my Valentine, And the I laugh at locksmiths all. I hate to tackle this old wall. "In truth" quoth I, "the wall is high; But did it mount to yonder sky, 'T'd climb it, were the honor mine, To greet so sweet a Valentine."

Aguanaldo says he has enough already and is now anxious for peace.

An eminent New York physician says that a good safeguard against the grip is to keep the mouth closed. That is the way with these horrid doctors. Why can't they prescribe something easy for a fellow.

The old policy of "you tickle me and I'll tickle you" seems to be in full force at Salem when extravagant appropriations for various grafts are under consideration. A systematic method of robbery seems to be the order among the members of the legislature.

The voice of the people is decidedly against making any more appropriations for the state fair, at least while it is under the present management, but members from other sections of the state where fat appropriations are wanted are standing in with Salem in order to get what they want. An all round public steal is likely to be the result.

A bill for the "protection of razor claims and crawfish" seems to meet with much favor at the hands of the members of the legislature, while a bill for the taxing of dogs introduced in the interest of sheep owners is made sport of and voted down as a good joke. In the opinion of a good many people several seats in the legislature are being occupied by "clams" this session and two years hence the people will try to protect themselves against their encroachments by electing men to the legislature in their places.

It is estimated that during last year alone there was more money taken out of Alaska from the salmon fisheries and the mines than the amount of the original purchase money paid Russia for Alaska by the United States, and yet there was just as big a furor raised over the proposed purchase at the time, by the doubting Thomases, as there is now being raised by the so called anti-expansionists over the Philippine question. Who is there now who will stand up and say that Alaska was not a valuable purchase? The hind side of some very prominent men is often better than their foresight and so it is likely to prove to be in the consideration of the Philippine question.

The brilliant friends of Ella Higginson, the brilliant writer of New Whatcom, Washington, whose home was formerly in Oregon, who were interested in the following news item taken from the Telegram: Carrie Blake Morgan is the name signed to a very interesting story entitled "For Fly's Sake," contributed to the Youth's Companion of January 19. Perhaps but few know that the author lives in Portland. Mrs. Morgan was born in Indianapolis. While yet a child she came to Oregon with her parents in the early '60s by the ox-team route. They lived in the Grand Ronde valley a few years, coming to Portland in 1869. Their home was situated where the Telegram office now stands. For a number of years Mrs. Morgan wished to give her attention to literary work, but the care of an invalid mother prevented. Articles which she found time to prepare however, were always promptly accepted by the magazines, thereby giving her confidence in her ability. For two years she has been a constant contributor to Lippincott's. Mrs. Morgan comes of a literary family. Ella Higginson, the well-known writer, is her sister.

Member Of 19th-Century Innocents. "Bethlehem was little among the thousands of Judah," writes Mrs. Lew Wallace in the February Ladies' Home Journal. "We are told that probably not over thirty children fell under the order of Herod. The murder of the innocents of the nineteenth century is a march to untimely graves, not by order of a wrathful King, but under what is claimed to be the finest free-school system in the world. Go into any public school and you will see girls pallid as day lilies, and boys with flat chests and the waxen skin that has been named the school complexion. Every incentive and stimulus is held out: dread of blame, love of praise, prizes, medals, badges, the coveted flourish in the newspapers—the strain never slackens. Watch the long lines filing past, each pupil carrying books—three, four, five—to be studied at night in hot rooms by fierce, sight-destroying lights. Time was when spectacles went with age.

They are no sign of age now. Many must wear glasses to help eyes worn prematurely old by night work. "Said a thoughtful father, 'my children have no child life. They are straining up a grade, talking about examinations. When is their playtime if not now, and what has become of the light-hearted boys? School is never out. Even in the fields the butterfly and the tree-toad are turned into object lessons, and the grasshopper is torn to pieces in order to be instructive. When I was a boy, and school let out, we went gay and free. We studied in schooltime, and in playtime there was no thought of anything but play.' I do not undervalue education; it is greatly to be desired, but over-education is slaying its thousands. The burden is books. The tasks imposed on the young are fearful. The effort seems to be to make textbooks as complicated as possible, instead of smoothing the hill so high and hard to climb."

What Shall Be Done With the Gold?

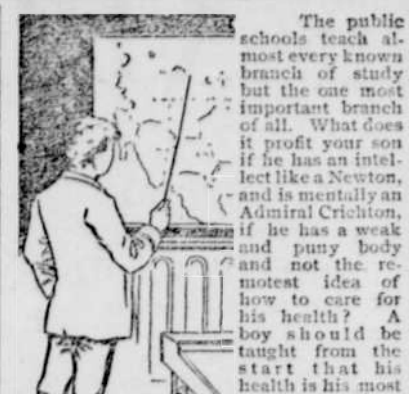
It is no longer novel information that the world's output of gold has become greater than the output of both gold and silver was in comparatively recent years. The gold output has more than doubled since 1891, and nearly doubled since 1902. But this fact makes it the more interesting that the product of the United States, not including bullion coming from the Klondike or Mexico, continues to increase, though not quite in proportion to that of the rest of the world, owing to the new and rich fields opened in South Africa, Australia and British Columbia. Since the supply of metal used as money has so greatly increased, it becomes a problem, which nobody cares to tackle, how it can be claimed with any appearance of truth that the purchasing power of gold has been increased by its scarcity. If the world's gold production has considerably more than doubled since 1875, when silver is said to have been demonetized, and if half as much more silver has since been added as the whole world then possessed, and also considerably over half as much gold as the whole world then possessed, with the quantities which had sufficed for use in 1875 remaining almost wholly still in use somewhere, it would seem an extremely violent supposition that scarcity has made either metal dearer. In fact, the problem which will have most interest in the future is whether gold has not declined in purchasing power by reason of the enormous new supplies, and if not, why not?—New York Tribune.

A Short Sermon to Boys.

A pair of twelve-year old boys left good homes this week to shift for themselves, says Senator Funk, in the Spirit Lake, Iowa Beacon: From that age on for a half dozen years the outside world looks very inviting to a boy. If he is not built just right, and few are, it seems like a hardship to stay at home and be taken care of and obliged to recognize the painful fact that he is subject to parental authority. He has not the least idea as to how much of care and expense and toil he has caused, and is apt to care very little. He little understands how sore his ingratitude makes the hearts who have cheerfully sacrificed for him since he had being. He is such a selfish and silly animal that he feels the world to be his, and all he has to do is to shake home rule and enter upon joys of unbounded dominion. To most of such boys there comes a time when reflection upon those foolish notions are exceedingly humiliating, and they try to assist boys of that foolish age to right ideas as to their debt to the home and the perils an I heartaches involved in rebellion from home rule. But these, like most lessons of life, must be learned in the too bitter school of experience. Sometimes a boy is really bullied out of the home circle by the parents until he is trusted with the care of immortal souls. Children have rights under human and divine laws, written and unwritten, which should be respected. God pity the boy and have mercy on the domestic tyrant when these rights are ignored. Such cases, however, are so extremely rare that the boy who wants to leave home is almost always at fault.

A SEA VOYAGE TO MANILA.

Mrs. Christine Bedell Writes an Interesting Letter—A Stop at Honolulu on the Way. Mrs. Bedell, sister of Miss Mellie Douglas and Prof. J. H. Douglas, who sailed from San Francisco on the last trip of the St. Paul for Manila, going as an army nurse, writes as follows beginning December 7-'98. "Seven days out from Honolulu. Day before yesterday we met the Scandia, homeward bound. Thinking perhaps we might be able to send some letters we hustled around and got them ready but to no avail. The Captains only said "all's well" and passed on. We will not meet another boat between this and Manila. Monday afternoon was Tuesday, so I am rather mixed as to time etc. Got right again when I come back. Well to return to Honolulu, we stayed there from Sat. night until Wed. noon filling up the time with as much pleasure as could possibly be crowded into so short a space of time. Saturday morning when the Hawaiian Islands came into sight, even the two or three people who had been sick all the way came up on deck and gazed their fill and forgot that they were ever sick. Honolulu is quite as lovely as people say it is. Such intense green, yellows, reds, even the soil itself is almost rose red in many places. However there is one blot on this beauty of the landscape—the native women after they are twenty years old or about that, lose all their beauty, get fat and greasy looking; to add to this beauty(?) they wear nothing but mother Hubbard gowns; to be sure they are often very fancy but are mother Hubbards just the same. Very



The public schools teach almost every known branch of study but the one most important branch is left out. What is it? It profits your son if he has an intellect like Newton's, and is mentally an Admiral Critchton, if he has a weak body and no rest. A boy should be taught from the start that his most precious endowment is his health. When a man feels that he is losing his health and vigor, when his checks no longer glow, his step is no longer elastic and the sparkle of health is no longer in his eyes, he should work less, rest more and resort to the right remedy to restore his bodily vigor. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a natural medicine—a scientific medicine. It does no violence to nature. It works with and not against nature. It promotes the natural processes of secretion and excretion. It imparts vitality and power to the whole system. It gives plumpness and color to the cheeks, strength to the muscles and the animation of health to the whole body. It makes the appetite keen and hearty. It is the great blood-maker, flesh-builder and nerve-tonic and restorative. Medical men find it and have absolutely nothing else "just as good."

I was afflicted with pimples and boils, running sores on face and neck," writes Robert S. West, Esq., of No. 612 Galloway Ave., Columbus, Ohio. "I took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Pellets, and was cured." Constipation is the commonest beginning and first cause of many serious diseases and it should always be treated with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets used in connection with the "Discovery." These are the most perfect natural laxatives and permanently cure comfortable no doubt. It would be hard, however, to find more beautiful voices than the Kanaka women have. Sat. night after we came back from exploring the town there was a boat-load of Kanaka men and women came alongside of the ship and sang a number of their native songs. The voices and the language combined are so soft and sweet. The night we landed we were met by a number of the Hospital Corps, who escorted us about the town for an hour then took us back to the ship tired out by our unusual exercise. Honolulu looked little and dirty and altogether nasty but Sunday morning we took a drive out into the residence part where the streets are wide and so smooth, we drove about until lunch. After lunch Capt. Hayes, the Purser and a friend of theirs living in Honolulu took all of us girls who were going on, (the others having already departed for duty), out driving. First we went out to Waikiki, to the beach and all went in bathing. There was not the least chill in the air or the water. I could have stayed in all day. After a cup of tea we drove over to the park to a band concert, the Hawaiian band, and they can play quite as well as they sing. The park is all out up with little islands with pretty little bridges connecting them. The trees are beautiful, such thick ferny foliage. After the concert we drove about stopping at the Independence Hospital to see the girls, then back to the ship to dinner. In the evening Mr. Dekum, from Portland, Ore. called to see us. Miss Bowman knew him in Portland, he is a brother of the owners of the Dekum blk. Monday morning bright and early we went and bought some mosquito nets, they are a perfect pest in Honolulu and will be in Manila, (the mosquitoes I mean, not the nets). Sat. and Sun. nights we were dreadfully bitten, looked as if we had had the small pox or something of the kind. Monday Miss Bowman and I took dinner with the engineers corps, took "pot luck" with them, it was great fun just for once. We came back to town, hired bicycles and rode around until dinner time, the roads being perfect for wheeling. I say we hired wheels but they were loaned to us, just because we were nurses from Portland. Mr. Pearson happened to come from there. It was that way every place we went for the matter of that. It was the most hospitable place I ever struck—we were going to nurse the soldier boys so were welcome to the best the land afforded. Monday night we went to the theatre, such a funny mixed up crowd, nationalities from the four corners of the earth, the Kanaka women in full force in their lava lavas just the same as on the street, other ladies in full dress and not a woman with a hat on and very few with wraps so mild is the climate. We felt like sitting on our hats they looked so out of place. Everybody rides, too lazy to walk any place. Tuesday we took a ride on the only railroad the island affords. The road follows the coast, so that we have the surf breaking on the rocks in beautiful rainbow colors on one side and the rice plantations, bananas, pineapples and sugar cane on the other with bits of red land showing here and there in the midst of the green fields. The man who owns the house near which we ate our lunch gave us some poi, a native dish very much thought of by the Kanakas. To us it looked not unlike hill paste and tasted I should fancy about like it too.

Captain Smith hired a Chinaman to climb a coconut tree and get us some green nuts; when the Chinaman came with them, Capt. said: "Now don't look around," but of course we did and there stood the man with no clothes on except a short jacket—he didn't mind so why should we? We had two hours to eat our lunch, catch our train back to the city and our dinner. In the evening Mr. Dekum and another Portland man took us to another band concert, ice cream and a long moonlight ride. I wish you could see it all as I did, lovely it surely was, I will dream dreams of it for many days to come.

Wednesday morning we did a little shopping, came back at eleven according to agreement as we expected to sail at twelve. I ran up to the Capt's room and asked him to let us go out to the hospital as we wanted to see the girls and tell them goodbye—Mr. Cammerman a friend of the Capt. was there, and

when he heard my request he at once offered to take us out in his carriage which offer we gladly accepted. When we got back the boat was not quite ready to sail so Mr. C— took us out to his pineapple plantation, and gave us pineapples enough to last us the rest of the trip; just before we started for his plantation he bought some "lays" from the numerous "lay" girls. "Lays" are flowers strung on a string and are worn by the natives around their necks or on their hats. Those he gave us were two shades of orange—the national colors. Where ever the natives noticed our colors they tipped their hats and grinned a pleased and radiant grin, for with those colors on they considered us their best friends. It is the custom to decorate departing friends with these "lays" and all manner of flowers; Miss B— and I got such a lot tied around our arms, our necks and our hats, we were buried alive. It is such a pretty fashion, isn't it? The band played us out of the harbor. The soldiers on the dock and the soldiers on the ship cheered, and so we said good by to Honolulu. It was all very amusing except when the band began to play Home Sweet Home, then I began to remember how far afield I was going and the tears came to my eyes in spite of myself.

Monday morning a lot of native divers came alongside our ship and we threw them money. It was comical to see them all live in a heap after one poor little penny. I wish I could swim as well as they. Another amusing incident just before we pulled out. The Captain was hurrying the Chinaman with the Coal—there came along a crazy Kanaka who used to be a sailor, who stood there and ordered and directed as though he owned the ship, his favorite command being, "all hands on deck," and many times when the Captain would issue an order he would swear at him and ask him what he meant by interfering. By and by he began the hoola hoola a dance that the people are much given to, a stiff legged double back action movement of the arms and body too funny for anything but not noted for gracefulness.

I fully expected to be seasick again but was not until a week ago, we had a hard wind for almost three days entirely changing the motion of the ship making me nice and sick. Such a lovely lazy trip I have had, I do not in the least know what I have done with the time.

The only land we have seen so far was Assumption and Warrens Islands, we went right between them but they are only bare rocks, old volcanoes. Assumption looked not unlike Mt. Hood with the snow off. Tonight we could see land if it were not for the squally weather. It has not been very hot all the way, only a sultry day now and then.

Two days out from Honolulu Captain Smith (doctor in other words) vaccinated all of us, so many of us have been going about with sore arms—not I however it did not take.

Tonight I am sitting up with a Miss West, poor girl she has been sick all the way—dreadfully sick.

We are now in a dense fog, just when we need fine weather so we are headed home, just barely keeping in motion until daylight. We are to start through the straits around the head of the Island and it is dangerous to try it without good light. It will make us twelve hours later getting in. I am having such a good time I don't very much care only the poor boys may not get their Xmas presents on time; that is what this trip is made for largely you know.

I wish you could sit down to dinner with me some night. We have much more of a variety and better served than in most first class hotels, and to ask for anything is to get it. The only thing that I haven't been able to get is some blue baby ribbon. The captain says he draws the line at drygoods stores.

One night at dinner I asked for two pieces of pie. Since, I have had no peace on the pie question. I am called the pie fiend, but not satisfied with that for a joke, I was given a cotton pie, a whole pie, and asked to serve it. Of course I asked everyone if he or she would have some pie. As they all knew the nature of the internal arrangement nobody wanted any but myself, so the laugh was on me.

We will get into Manila harbor about 3 a. m. tomorrow. I cannot realize that my journey is soon to end. I will give this to the purser tonight so that it will reach you as soon as may be.

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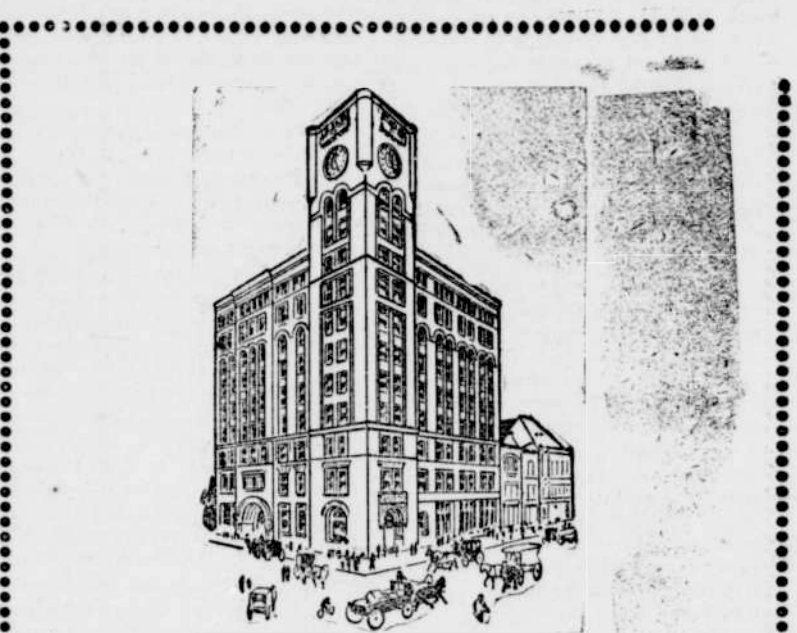
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