

JULIAN BYRD - J. A. Manager

Admiral Schley's narrative of the battle of Santiago makes plain the cause of the prosecution to which he has since been subjected by the naval cabal at Washington. Though in his just and generous estimation at the time, there was "glory enough for all" in the result of that battle, it was clear that unless strenuous efforts were made to prevent it, history would give the Commodore and his flagship the lion's share of the credit for a most glorious victory. As events proved, these efforts were pushed beyond the bounds of prudence and the bluff old sailor's patience. Hence this inquiry, before which, at last, the truth has come out. It was Admiral Sampson's misfortune that he was not there to lead the squadron on that glorious day in the history of the American Navy. But that Commodore Schley closed with the opportunity and covered himself and the Navy with glory is one of the great facts of history, which jealousy cannot shadow or animadversion dim.—Oregonian.

Press dispatches continue to tell all about the movements of the Bulgarian brigands who are holding an American woman missionary for ransom. It begins to look as if some one high in authority there is in on the play and is preventing the capture of the outlaws and rescue of their prisoner, with a covetous eye on the hundred thousand and odd American dollars demanded as a ransom. It would seem the proper thing for the United States government to do would be to send a battle ship to some some Turkish port and at once institute a "rough house" program, a continuous performance, until the Sultan's minions shall produce both Miss Stone and her captors.—Sumpter Miner.

One of the physicians who attended the late President when asked about the descriptive bulletins, said: "We are under martial law and have to do as we are told." And the facts are that Secretary Root, who had full control, had these bulletins issued in the interest of the Wall street financiers who were afraid if the whole truth about the condition of the president was known that a financial panic would be precipitated, which with a little time, they hoped to avert. As it was the banks had to call on the United States Treasury for help. It would seem that the false bulletins of the president's condition, issued at the behest of the money sharks, prove absolutely that the government is in their hands.—EX.

Because a Seattle telephone girl was pert and impertinent, and refused to connect a subscriber to the fire department when he wanted to give notice of a fire, a loss of \$60,000 was incurred, and now the telephone company is being sued for damages by the person refused service and by the insurance company which suffered the loss.—EX.

The total number of copies of newspapers printed through the world in one year is estimated at 12,000,000,000. To print these requires 781,260 tons of paper. The oldest newspaper is said to be the Kin-Pan of Peking, which has been published continuously for over 1,000 years.

Australia yachtsmen have an idea that they want the American cup. John Bull has made so many failures that it might be well for him to deputize his offspring of the Asiatic Pacific to make the next attempt to wrest the coveted trophy from Uncle Sam.

President Roosevelt on his visit to New Haven was guarded by

eight State Service men and hundreds of policemen; and this is a country where every man is a king and the president only their servant. There must be some American kings who are merciless tyrants.

An Indiana physician has found that the smoke of burning leaves will cure consumption. This indicates a way in which a multitude of recently published books might be made useful.—Kansas City Journal.

Lady—Why don't you quit begging and become one of the working people?  
Tramp—Well, mum, ef I ain't workin people, den I don't know who is.—Chicago News.

The Buffalo News tells a story of a four-old-girl who was spending a night away from home. At bedtime she knelt at her hostess' knees to say her prayers, expecting the usual prompting. Finding Mrs. B. unable to help her out, she concluded thus: "Please, God, 'stuse me; I can't remember my prayers, and I'm staying with a lady that don't know any."

"Blinkin, what is the most mortifying thing you can conceive of?"  
Blinking—I guess it's when a woman's sons having grown over the head of their father, who is of small stature, the thrifty mother has the outgrown clothes of her sons revamped for the old gentleman's use.—New York Times.

Civil Service examiner—What do you know about Budapest?  
Applicant for position on police force—Budapest is the name of a cattle disease. It is usually fatal!—Chicago Tribune.

Judge—How old are you madam?  
Witness (hesitatingly)—I am—that is, I—  
Judge—Out with it! the longer you wait the older you grow.

Guest—What a splendid dinner! I don't often get as good a meal as this.  
Little Willie (son of the host)—We don't either.

Battle with a Coyote.  
James Urias, who is living on E. C. Cook's place across the river, had a fight Saturday afternoon with a coyote that nearly ended in a tragedy. The animal turned upon Urias and fought desperately. Mr. Urias finally killed the brute, but not until he was almost exhausted. Late in the afternoon Mr. Urias went out to the barn to feed the stock. As he passed the chicken-coops he noticed a large coyote skulking about. He hurried back to the house to get a double-barreled shotgun. Returning he shot the animal, both charges taking effect in its body, but not fatally injuring the coyote. The animal snapped and snarled, and though he started off, it was very slowly and with most vicious looks backward at Mr. Urias. The latter wanted to kill the animal, as he was convinced it was making way with some of his chickens at least. As the animal got to the corner of the barn it stopped, and, facing about, snarled and snapped most savagely at the oncoming farmer. Mr. Urias rushed up to the animal, clubbing it with the butt of the shotgun. The coyote repeatedly tried to bite Mr. Urias, but could not. It was in an awful rage, its eyes bloodshot, foam streaming from its mouth, and almost constantly it growled and gnashed its teeth. The most weird battle, probably ever fought on Idaho soil, was waged by the side of that barn for fully 10 minutes, when Mr. Urias succeeded in killing the animal. It is considered wholly strange that the coyote would fight so, but it was doubtless due to the pain from the shotgun wounds.—Boise Statesman.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.  
The stockholders of the People's Commercial Company will please take notice that a meeting will be held at the old Durkheimer building, in Burns, on Saturday, Nov 2nd at 2 o'clock p. m. All stockholders are requested to be present in person or by proxy.

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