

THE ITEMS

SATURDAY MARCH 14, 1903.

A FAITHFUL SERVANT.

The most salient feature of the short session of Congress, so far as the interests of the Pacific Northwest are concerned, has been the remarkable recognition secured by Representative M. A. Moody, of the Second Oregon District, and the effective service he has been enabled thereby to render his section and the public interests generally. The death of Representative Tongue, the illness of Senator Mitchell and the practical incapacitation of Senator Simon have combined to throw a great deal of work on Mr. Moody, but he has shown his ability to take care of it and it does not appear wherein the state's interests have suffered.

The secret of Mr. Moody's success is in his character. He is a man above boodle and bribes, petty conspiracies and revenges, and the rule-or-ruin policy which hampers so many otherwise able public men. He is, moreover, what is not to be despised, a gentleman. His training, habits and tastes fit him for the companionship and command for him the respect and favor of men of brains, character and influence. Add to these qualities the capacity for unremitting effort and a sturdy sense of honor which forbids him to forget a promise or betray a friend, and you have the secret of Mr. Moody's success.

It is a type of public man we sadly lack, locally and nationally. There is too much factional combination in the Republican party of Oregon. There has been too much unreasoning hostility to useful men, based on no other ground than that they refused to wear the Simon collar or bow at the Mitchell shrine. It was Mr. Moody's desire, as it was largely also the desire of Mr. Tongue, to stand on his own merits and to support or oppose measures and appointments according to his judgment of their claim for consideration. This course succeeds in a way, for both these men made first-class Representatives and their hold upon the people became strong. But it often fails in another way, because it arouses the wrath of the boss. Moody and Tongue have both at various times incurred the wrath of opposing factions. Steadfastness and courage are not always appreciated at their full value.

Mr. Moody leaves the House with the warm friendship of many influential public men and with the respect and confidence of the people of Oregon. Fortunately, the close of his term does not find him a "has been" or a "lame duck."

NO CHAIN IS STRONGER THAN ITS WEAKEST LINK

NO MAN IS STRONGER THAN HIS STOMACH

DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY MAKES WEAK STOMACHS STRONG

begging for Presidential favors, but with a business exacting and profitable enough to engage and repay his close attention. At home as in Washington, he will be an honor to himself, his state and the family name to which he has added fresh honors.—Oregonian.

Alexander McDowell, clerk of the House of representatives, has made public an official compilation made by Tally Clerk Wakefield showing the work done by the House during the 57th Congress. It shows that the longest day of the session lasted, with recesses, 14 1/2 hours, during which 89 rollcalls were taken. The number of bills and resolutions introduced in the House during the two sessions of the Congress was 18,420, and reports were made on 2810 bills and resolutions. The Senate sent to the House 1630 Senate bills and resolutions. The House disposed of 2413 of the measures originating with it and of 1020 of the Senate bills and resolutions, making a total of 3433 bills and resolutions acted on. Congress left on its calendars 405 House and 118 Senate bills and resolutions. Fifteen of the members of the House died during the Congress, seven resigned and Messrs. Rhea (Ky.) and Butler (Mo.) were unseated, the latter twice.

A report comes from Lakeview that a head tax of 2 cents has been levied on sheep, and the resultant fund will be employed to counteract the effect of the repeal of the scalp bounty law. The tax it is estimated, in Lake county will make a sum of about \$6000. This sum will equip and put in the field ten good hunters, who will patrol the range, destroying coyotes and incidentally assist sheepmen whenever they can render assistance. It is thought these men under proper direction and properly selected will destroy more "varmints" than were destroyed under the bounty plan, and at no additional cost to range men. Cattle-raisers approve the repeal of the bounty law, but the sheepmen feel chagrined.

The Ashland Town Talk has again passed into new hands. The present proprietor is A. C. Jacobson, who has changed the name of the paper to the Ashland Tribune. It will be edited by M. F. Eggleston formerly connected with the paper.

Ira L. Campbell, the veteran Democratic newspaper man, has sold his interest in the Eugene Guard to his brother, J. R. Campbell. Failing health is the reason assigned for the change.

The Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean is the only weekly newspaper published in Chicago in connection with the great daily papers. It contains a judiciously selected summary of the news of the nation and world, the best stories, home, farm, woman's, and other special departments, and fair, patriotic, able editorials, written from a Republican viewpoint. It is by far the best general newspaper of the Western States. The regular price for the Weekly Inter Ocean is \$1.00 and for the Harney Valley Items \$1.50, but subscriptions will be received at this office for the two papers in combination for one year for only \$1.50.

ESTRAY.

Lost one two-year old cow with calf. Brand, on ribs 00, and 7 on one hip and 72 on the other. I will pay \$5 reward for her recovery.

Fred Mosier.

Izee, Oregon.

Stomach Trouble.

"I have been troubled with my stomach for the past four years," says D. L. Beach, of Clover Nook Farm, Greenfield, Mass. "A few days ago I was induced to buy a box of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. I have taken part of them and feel a great deal better." If you have any trouble with your stomach try a box of these Tablets. You are certain to be pleased with the result. Price 25 cents. For sale by H. M. Horton, Burns; Fred Haines, Harney.

MEN OF BUTTER AND EGGS.

Holland's Farmer Folk Were Too Much for Spain's Haughty Dons.

When Philip II. debated the question of coercing with fire and sword the Dutchman who did not like the Spanish inquisition or taxes, which they themselves did not vote, the duke of Alva counseled violent measures, for in his eyes the rebels were only "men of butter." Nevertheless he found that these men so fond of cows and hens could hold his veterans at bay, finally overcame them in the field and after 84 years leave poor Spain "a broken-backed viceroy."

Indeed, in time of war country folk with baskets of eggs and butter excited no suspicion, even to alert sentinels. Taking advantage of this fact, Sir Francis Vere determined to recapture from the Spaniards the Zutphen sconces, or forts, by a stratagem. In 1591 he picked out some lusty and handsome young soldiers and dressed most of them like the Gelderland egg women and the rest as boers. With bundles of vegetables, baskets of eggs and butter, but also with triggers and pistols inside their clothes, they were ferried across the river by twos and threes. They sat near the gate of the fort, being already, at the brink of day, chatting and gesticulating, as if in some tremendous argument about the rise or fall of market prices. Then, according to agreement, Vere sent some cavalry forward, as if approaching, and the pretended country people ran in feigned terror toward the fort. The gates were at once thrown open to receive them. They all streamed in, threw off their disguises and in a few minutes were in possession of the forts of the town, where the gallant Sir Philip Sidney afterwards lost his life—by being more rash and less shrewd than the veteran Vere.—Harper's Bazar.

RELIGIOUS MANIAS IN AMERICA.

Our Short History Is Full of Examples of Mental Epidemics.

Turning now to the American, who somewhat resembles the Hebrew, both in business ability and religiousness, we find social suggestion working in him on a larger and grander scale. The American is highly suggestible, and the short history of his national existence is full of instructive cases of mental epidemics. A few instances will, perhaps, suffice for our purpose.

At the beginning of the present century a mania of religious revival swept over the continent of northern America, and reached its acme in the camp meetings of the "Kentucky revivals." The first camp meeting in Kentucky was held at Cabin Creek, and continued four days and three nights. The scene was awful beyond description. The preaching, the praying, the singing, the shouting, the sobbing, the fits of convulsions made of the camp a pandemonium. Religious suggestion soon affected the idle crowd of spectators, and acted with such violence that those who tried to escape were either struck by convulsions on the way, or impelled to return by some unknown, irresistible power. The contagion spread with great rapidity and spared neither age nor sex.

The camp meeting of Indian Creek, Harrison county, is especially interesting and instructive for its bringing clearly to light the terrible power of suggestion. The meeting was at first quiet and orderly. There was, of course, a good deal of praying, singing and shouting, but still nothing extraordinary occurred. The suggestion, however, did not fail to come, and this time it was given by a child. A boy of 12 mounted a log, and raising his voice, began to preach. In a few moments he became the center of the religious mob. "Thus O sinners," he shouted, "shall you drop into hell, unless you forsake your sins and turn to the Lord!" At that moment some one fell to the ground in convulsions, and soon the whole mob was struggling, wriggling, writhing and "jerking." In some camp meetings the religious mob took to dancing, and at last to barking like dogs. Men, women and children assumed the posture of dogs, moving on all fours, growling, snapping the teeth and barking.—Louis Sida, in Century.

COURTEOUS HINTS.

They Are as For-ible as Other Kinds—A Case in Point.

Perhaps there is no greater strain upon "teghorly feeling" than living next door to a poultry yard whose inmates are allowed to "run"—making exercise ground of the adjacent flower and vegetable gardens. A San Diego young lady who was subject to this annoyance politely asked her neighbors, says Youth's Companion, to keep their pets at home. She asked it several times, and still no attention was paid to her grievance. Finally she hit upon an ingenious method of protecting herself.

She prepared grains of corn by tying to them, with strong carpet thread, small cards bearing the words: "Please keep your chickens at home!" and distributed the grains about her flower beds.

The chickens came to feast as usual, and greedily swallowed the corn, not perceiving the thread until the corn was against their jaws. Then they could neither swallow the corn nor rid themselves of the swallowed corn.

Twenty or thirty of the marauders ran home, bearing the polite request to their culpable owner, who, struck with the method of the hint, promptly cut the threads and cooped up the birds.

This was forcible, but a delicate hint upon a like offense was conveyed from one aggrieved relative to another where stronger measures would have been out of place.

The suffering victim of hens was taken ill, and the perhaps unconscious offender slew his choicest birds and sent to the invalid. The invalid feasted thereon, and sent back a message of thanks to the effect that the fowl was delicious, and tasted of her violets!

A CENT FROM EVERYBODY.

Taken Altogether It Would Mean a Heavy Tribute, Unhandy to Collect.

A tramp who lately sought a night's lodging at Dover, Ky., announced that he was bent on collecting one penny from every person on earth. He had already got 38 cents.

This fantastic idea of a humorous adventurer is not lacking in suggestiveness, though it isn't necessarily suggested that anybody should take up his alleged job in dead earnest.

In the first place, when Mr. Tramp or anybody else gets his coin-collecting task done he will find the need of making arrangements with the railroad combine for a lot of large-sized freight cars. He will have something like 5,800 tons of metal on hand which won't transport itself.

And if he gets tired of thinking of his precious one-cent pieces by weight he can think of them by miles. Stood up on edge and stretched away in long lines, the coin would reach from New York to Chicago and back to Buffalo, with a whole lot to spare. There would indeed be 1,484 miles of hard cash in the narrow, continuous rolls.

This, it seems, should be a lot of money. So it is. Yet no Rockefeller, Gould, Astor or Vanderbilt would have particular cause to envy its possessor.

The sum represented would be, in round numbers, about \$15,000,000 since it would consist of one cent each from about 1,500,000,000 persons.

As to the time that it will take to collect this tribute from the earth at large, let no one think it is a job for a week, a month or a day.

PRODIGAL WITH HIS WEALTH.

Russian Spendthrift Who Squanders Millions Every Year.

Le Petit Suerier has found a successor in St. Petersburg. He is Max H., his age is 22, his pocket money 2,000,000 rubles, and the source of his revenue is ancestral trade. The special form of extravagance which he has made popular among the golden youth who so speedily molt their golden plumage is the beggars' capper. It is a banquet of extremes, says the Fall Mall Gazette, a gathering of the fine flower of the demi-monde and the most ragged and ravenous beggars who can be picked up in the streets of St. Petersburg. He lately paid 1,000 rubles to a well-known gambling establishment for the exclusive use of their saloons on one particular night. He then sallied out into the streets and returned with his beggars' opera. Then came tradesmen, bringing the richest dishes; musicians, waiters, singers, the bands of Comus and a jury of 12 fair beauties, who were to decide what reveler had been the wildest and wittiest in the evening's revel. The mendicants received gold and the ladies diamonds, and the Christmas tree was plundered of its pearl and ruby blossoms. The beggars and nymphs hailed Max H. as one of the wonders of the world, applauded with both hands and strewed palms on his returning path. Meanwhile, the family of this notable boyar are taking alarm and casting about vainly for a remedy. A gold cure has been found for the disease of drink, but who will give a cure for the disease of gold?

Willful Woman.

After the old gentleman had invited the young one to be seated the latter coughed once or twice to clear his throat and then bluntly suggested that he wished to marry the old gentleman's daughter.

The old gentleman didn't wish to be too ready to give his consent, but he admitted after a few minutes of thought that he had no objections.

"That's just the trouble," protested the young man, disconsolately. "If you'd only oppose it and order me out of the house once or twice and buy a bulldog I'd have some show of getting her."—Chicago Post.

Tempering It.

Wiley—This is funny; a barber out west advertises to give chloroform if desired.

Smiley—Nothing remarkable about that—all the barbers give natural gas.—To Date.

A Great Head.

Visitor—But the head of Mr. Bulger as painted in this picture is a good deal more than life size.

Artist—I painted it to suit Mr. Bulger; he feels that his head is that size.—To Date.

A Clear Case.

Mrs. Arden—Do you know, personally, doctor, that my husband is dead?

Dr. Pillsbox—Yes; I treated him.

Mrs. Arden (with a sigh of relief)—Then that settles it. There's no further room for doubt.—Town Topics.

Cause and Effect.

Wife (at the piano)—John, you're singing dreadfully to-night. There, you've skipped a bar!

John—Didn't skip any on the road home.—Judge.

Her Falling.

"How tedious it is playing whist with such a partner as that Miss Gadabout!"

"Yes; I believe that girl would ask the angel Gabriel 'what's trumps?'"—Detroit Free Press.

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