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When the republican state assembly gave Jay Bowerman to Oregon as its indorsed candidate for governor, it heaped upon the party in this state the heaviest load it has ever been required to carry. Recognizing this to be true, and being the first to realize it, the Oregonian is quick to leave the "indorsement" where it belongs, and editorially commends Bowerman's political destinies to those responsible for his nomination over such available men as Smith, Withycombe and Moores. As the campaign progresses, the unbiased discernment of the Portland paper will be found to be unqualifiedly correct and its action in shifting the responsibility where it rightfully should be, eminently justifiable under the circumstances. That Bowerman should "have anything" on the such men of high standing in the dominant party of this state, as Smith, Withycombe and Moores, is beyond comprehension, and already the avenues of information are being tapped by rank and file for enlightenment as to the cause of that assembly stampede to the tanner of the Condon man. Chuck holes have made their appearance in Mr. Bowerman's gubernatorial skidway. Portland will probably launch the candidacy of Judge Cameron at him in the primaries, and a strong up-valley man, or one in Eastern Oregon may be put in training to split the primary vote, thus leaving the assembly man on the shoals.

The temper—and likewise the texture—of the assembly developed when Wallace McCammant proposed the name of Willis Duniway for state printer. Duniway is a direct primary man, and McCammant explained that the state printer doubted the wisdom of the assembly, having been elected to his position at the last election through the direct primary and not a convention. Then, the assembly got busy and turned down the best state printer the state of Oregon has ever had by giving the nomination to W. J. Clark of Gervais, who presumably is not a primary man and who does believe in convention nominations. It matters little to Duniway, however, for the primaries will give him a handsome majority on the merit of his splendid record made while in office.

The best write-up of the state assembly we have observed is found in the columns of the "Live Wire," a socialistic sheet, published at Pendleton with the defunct Tribune plant. However, Robbins fails to inform his readers by what hook or crook he got caught on the resolutions committee in the assembly of republican editors.

The first all steel train that ever moved over a roadbed in the Northwest pulled out of Seattle on July 20 over the Oregon and Washington line for Portland. The steel train marked an epoch in northwest railroading, being made up of the most modern equipment used anywhere in the world. The day when old half worn out coaches from the eastern lines can be sent west for use in their old age has passed. The railroads are now providing the most luxurious service they can provide and the trains operating between Seattle and Portland will compare favorably with those between Chicago and St. Louis, or any other eastern points. The steel coaches built for the O. & W. will not splinter, telescope or burn in case of accident, and are easily the finest railroad equipment ever seen in the Northwest.

Despite what efforts the state authorities have been able to put forth with the limited means at their command, the worst forest fires since 1902 have been raging in various parts of the northwest during the past two weeks. Twelve lives were lost in two days during the worst of the fires according to newspaper dispatches from various points and the property loss will amount into hundreds of thousands, possibly millions. The dry season this year began early and has been very pronounced. Also there has been the usual carelessness of leaving camp fires, and in one case a settler deliberately set fire to a slushing at a time of year when it was almost certain to start a fire that might cost many lives and much timber.

The marvels of irrigation, which have already reclaimed millions of acres in the Pacific Northwest and helped make the group of Northwestern states famous for their wealth of fruit products all over the world, are still in their infancy. No sooner is one project completed than the government reclamation service is at work on another, while private enterprise has planned many extensive schemes. Irrigation ditches are being built today with all the care and precision and nearly if not quite as great expense as is expended in building railroads.

The Milton Eagle has passed to new ownership. Bruce Shangle, who has had the paper under lease for some time, has taken Otto Didion into partnership and the interests of Brown Bros. have been taken over. Mr. Shangle's editorial capabilities are well known and Mr. Didion brings to the Eagle ripe mechanical experience. This bunch of two should make the old bird a bang-up good sheet.

Athena is the only town we know of that allows its macadam streets to be used for sheep driveways. The result is always the same—a tadly damaged surface.

A Street in Moscow. One street in Moscow, Miasnitskaya Ulitsa, is devoted almost entirely to stores selling machinery. The windows of these shops are large and of plate glass and display the various wares to good advantage. Many windows are devoted to large exhibits of various mechanisms, and at a certain hour in the afternoon these machines are so far as possible set in motion to give practical illustration of their workmanship.

Managing the Weather.

It may safely be said that control of the weather by sorcerers was altogether disbelieved in by very few persons in the sixteenth century. But if the belief was held more strongly along one coast line than another it was around the Baltic rather than elsewhere. As late as 1670 a traveler tells us how, being becalmed off Finland, the captain sent ashore to buy a wand from a wizard. The fee was 10 kroner (say 30 shillings) and a pound of tobacco. The wizard tied a woolen rag with three knots in it to the mast. Untying the first knot produces just the wind they want, southwest. That slackening, untying knot No. 2 revives it for a time, but knot No. 3 brings up a fearful northeaster, which nearly sinks them. "Qui nescit orare, nescit navigare," was a much quoted phrase. True enough of one traveler, it would appear, seeing he is reported to have prayed during a storm: "O Lord, I am no common beggar. I do not trouble thee every day, for I never prayed to thee before, and if it please thee to deliver me this once I will never pray to thee again as long as I live."—Atlantic Monthly.

Norway's Love For Bjornson.

What Bjornson was to his own people is best made clear by an incident which occurred at his beloved Aulestad not long before he was forced to start on his final journey to Paris in search of another lease of health and life. A regiment passed the place in the course of a maneuver. Its commander sent word ahead to the poet asking him to review the soldiers as they marched by. Bjornson stood on the veranda of his house, surrounded by his entire family—a man who had never held any public office, mind you! As the troop approached on the highroad below officers and men gave the salute due to a commanding general or a member of the royal house. But this was not all. From the rapidly moving ranks rose one mighty shout after another—a spontaneous outburst of devotion and gratitude such as it has been granted very few men the fortune to inspire. —Edward Bjorkman in American Review of Reviews.

Figures of Speech.

A well known ventriloquist who had consented to give a performance in aid of charity heard that certain members of his prospective audience were determined to watch the movements of his mouth with the closest scrutiny with a view of confounding him. The night came, the attendants carried in three dummies on chairs, and the artist made his appearance. His performance was unusually successful, the muscles of his face giving no evidence of his art. The changes of voice were marvelous, and the astonished crowd at the close of the exhibition gave him a rousing cheer. Again and again they called him back, and he expressed his pleasure by innumerable bows. At last the cheering ceased, and he was permitted to retire. Scarcely had he done so when the three "lay" figures got up from their chairs and walked off the stage. The ventriloquist had employed three friends to impersonate his usual mechanical figures.

The "Bull."

The origin of the word "bull" as the definition of a confused utterance is doubtful. Some philologists say it comes from the French boule—"fraud"—and others that it is derived from the Icelandic bull—"nonsense." Many definitions have been attempted, but the best probably is that of Sydney Smith. Writing of the difference between wit and "bulls," he says: "Wit discovers real relations that are apparent; 'bulls' admit apparent relations that are not real. The stronger the apparent connection and the more complete the real disconnection of the ideas the greater the surprise and the better the 'bull'."

Where Looks Don't Matter.

Apropos of a titled foreigner's marriage to a rich and rather plain American girl a New Yorker said: "The count has no cause to complain. The ethics of such a marriage as his are but the ethics of the matrimonial agency." "A man called at a matrimonial agency. "I am interested," he said, "in the young lady who has \$250,000 in her own right. Could you let me see her photograph?" "No; that is not the custom," the agent replied. "In any case over \$100,000 the photograph is never asked for."

Working Him.

"I want the office, of course," said the aspiring statesman, "but not unless I am the people's choice." "We can fix that, too," said his campaign manager, "only you know it's a good deal more expensive to be the people's choice than it is to go in as the compromise candidate."—Chicago Tribune.

Friendship.

Friendship is a vase which when it is flayed by heat or violence or accident may as well be broken at once. It can never be trusted again. The more graceful and ornamental it was the more clearly do we discern the hopelessness of restoring it to its former state.

A Continued Story.

"What did your wife say when you stayed out so late last night?" "I don't know. She hasn't finished telling it all to me yet."—Detroit Free Press.

In this world it is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich.—Beecher.

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A Veteran of the Civil War Cured After Ten Years of Suffering.

R. A. Cray, J.P., of Oakville, Ind., writes:—"Most of the time for ten years I was confined to my bed with some disease of the kidneys. It was so severe I could not move part of the time. I consulted the best medical skill available, but got no relief until FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE was recommended to me. I am grateful to be able to say that it entirely cured me."

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