

THE QUESTION

Is Who are Actual Settlers on
O. & C. and S. P. Land

Decision by Supreme Court Will Have
to Decide Who Shall Own Lands
Granted to R. R. Companies
But now Claimed as Homes

That "actual settlers" in the railroad land grants of the Oregon and California and Southern Pacific means persons who have homes on the lands and dwell there seems accepted without dispute. The more important questions for persons who seek to wrest the lands from the railroads at \$2.50 per acre, is whether their asserted right to buying the land belongs to all persons who may establish homes on the lands or does it belong only to those who were residents when the railroad fixed the route of its lines and obtained the lands from the government?

The latter is the meaning put on the acts of congress by the railroad. Its attorney insists that there is a line of supreme court decisions for the claim that the land grant acts of 1866-79 vested the railroad right to own in fee simple the lands set apart in the grant by congress, and actually that those acts attached the title to the railroad, when the railroad filed them in Washington, maps of the definite route of lines, at intervals between 1870-84.

By this interpretation there can be no new settlers, and those persons who are squatting on the land are trespassers. This assumes that the railroad holds absolute ownership in the lands; that in accepting them from the government it agreed to sell at \$2.50 per acre only to persons who had homes on the lands at the time the title passed from the United States; and that there have been no such claimants since.

This is an elastic meaning of the "actual settler." Should it be confirmed by the court, the railroad can not be forced to sell its remaining 3,000,000 of the grants. This would defeat the efforts of hundreds of persons in Western Oregon, who in the last few months have prepared to take possession of railroad lands as actual settlers and have offered \$2.50 an acre to the railroad.—Corvallis Gazette.

OREGON WILL HAVE BUILDING.

Decision of Commission to Alaska
Yukon Exposition.

The Oregon Commission to the Alaska Yukon exposition to be held in Seattle has organized by electing W. H. Wehring, president; E. W. Rowe, vice M. D. Wilson, secretary; Elizabeth O'Keane, assistant secretary; N. E. Rowe, J. D. Booth and W. T. Wright, executive committee.

The committee has taken to further action except to determine that an Oregon building will be erected at the exposition. Active work will begin next September, when arrangements will be made for the growing crop for the Oregon exhibit. The law authorizing the appointment of the commission permits the secretary to be placed on salary, but this will not be done until September.

GENERAL GRANT.

In 1861, at City Point, Va., while the general of the army was strolling along the wharf one day he saw a big, raw-boned teamster belaboring one of his wheel mules with a billet of wood and cursing him roundly. Grant quietly said, "My man stop beating that mule." Rawny, looking around at the little, unostentatious appearing person in plain blouse, "Say, be you driving these mules, or be I?" and crack again went the cudgel, the mule dodging and jumping the tongue. "Well," said the general, "I think I have sufficient authority here to stop your cruelty to that animal," and turning to the officer in charge of the train, he ordered him to have the teamster tied up for twenty-four hours, when he returned to camp, and report the fact to headquarters when done. The news spread rapidly from camp to camp, and there was much less mule-mauling after that.

The Battered Hobbyhorse.

A scarred and battered hobbyhorse, with one eye missing, its tail and mane reduced to ragged wisps of hair and a little leather saddle worn almost to fragments on its back, formed a part of the baggage carried by an aged couple in the Union station waiting room at St. Louis the other evening. It captured the interest of a crowd that gathered. The old man listened to the comments, some of them unkind jests. Then he spoke, almost in a tone of apology. "We're goin' to Texas, and we couldn't leave it behind," he explained. "You see, it belonged to our little boy that's dead. He used to set a might o' store by that old horse, and now it's all we've got to remember him by. We kept it all these years back in Indiana, and then when things got bad and our daughter down in Texas sent for us, why, we just packed up and started. Had to leave lots of things back there, but not that. We couldn't leave that, could we?" He turned to his wife. "No; we couldn't leave the horse," she said.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Buying Clothes.

"I suppose everybody has some plan of making purchases," said a man holding a list of wearing apparel that he was about to buy. "Do you see those two articles I have crossed off? I am not going to buy them till the end of the season, when the price will be cut. For the same reason I am not going to lose a day in securing the articles not crossed off. The two articles I cut out I can wait for without much inconvenience. As for the others, since I have to buy them in season and pay the regular price, I will buy them at once and have at least a month and a half's extra use of them. That makes me break even with the end of the season. I save by purchasing early and late, though the early purchases I deem most economical, particularly in things where style is a consideration."—Columbus Dispatch.

The Seat of Authority.

It is an unwritten law on shipboard, and especially on men-of-war, that the quarter deck is for the exclusive use of officers, and all good seamen remember it, in spite of their ambitions. It once happened that an ancient mariner, a "life striver," while on shore leave captured a mule. Not without difficulty he mounted the animal and perched himself as near the tail as possible. The mule objected in every way known to a mule and in ways several and unexpected.

"Jack, sit more middships," called out an engineer officer, who happened past; "you'll ride easier."

"Captain," grinned the old salt, "this is the first craft I ever commanded, and it's a pity if I can't stay on the quarter deck."

Stanton Could Swear.

One day President Lincoln saw Senator Fessenden coming toward his office room. Mr. Fessenden had received the promise of some appointment in Maine for one of his constituents. The case had been overlooked. As soon as Mr. Lincoln caught sight of the senator he saw Fessenden was angry and called out, "Say, Fessenden, aren't you an Episcopalian?" Mr. Fessenden, somewhat taken aback, answered, "Yes, I belong to that persuasion, Mr. President." Mr. Lincoln then said: "I thought so. You swear as much like Seward. Seward is an Episcopalian. But you ought to hear Stanton swear. He can beat you both. He is a Presbyterian."

An Odd Mistake.

Captain Amundsen, having lost several dogs in his expedition to the arctic regions, told some of the Netchille tribe that he would purchase one from them. The suggestion caused consternation and was promptly refused. An explanation was demanded. The man applied to returned next day with a chubby, laughing boy on his back. "Such we do not sell," he said. Amundsen was astonished. "You wished to purchase one," said the man, seeing Amundsen's perplexity. Finally it was discovered that the Greenlandic term for "dog" was equivalent to "child" in the Netchille language.

His Last Chance.

"Did you ever notice," said Mrs. N. Peck, "that about half the pictures in the photographers' windows are of bridal couples? I wonder why they always rush off to the photographer as soon as the knot is tied."

"I guess the husband is responsible for it," said Mr. Peck. "He realizes that it is about his last chance to ever look pleasant."

Snake Worship.

Python worship or the worship of snake gods is still practiced in parts of the west coast of Africa. In Dahomey and Ashanti there are temples where pythons are kept to receive the adoration of the people. The snakes are not confined to the precincts of the temples. Small holes are left in the inclosure wall, through which they pass and sometimes make themselves very much at home in the houses of the people. When a stray snake is found word is sent to the temple, the priests come and with many apologies to his snakeship pick him up and carry him back.

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