THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC.

W. J. PEDDICORD, Editor.

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THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1898.

UNION TICKET.

STATE.

Governor—WILL R. KING, of Baker.
Secretary of State—H. R. KINCAID, of Lane.
State Treasurer—J. O. BOOTH, of Josephine.
Supreme Judge—W. A. RAMSAY, of Yamhill.
Attorney-General—J. L. STORY, of Wasco.
State Printer, CHAS. A. FITCH, of Clackamas.
Supt. Public Instruction—W. S. LYMAN, of Clatsop.

CONGRESSIONAL.

First District—R. M. VEATCH, of Linn.
Second District—C. M. DONALDSON, of Baker.

SEVENTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT.

Judge—W. L. BRADSHAW.
Member Board of Equalization—O. P. KING.

JOINT REPRESENTATIVES.

A. J. BINGHAM, Dufur.
C. L. MORSE, Hood River.

COUNTY.

Commissioner—MARION POWELL, Moro.
Clerk—P. M. RUGGLES, Rutledge.
Sheriff—N. W. THOMPSON, Monkland.
Assessor—M. A. VAN GILDER, Wasco.
Treasurer—T. R. McGINNIS, Moro.
School Supt.—R. HARGREAVES, Grass Valley.
Surveyor—A. V. UNDERWOOD, Bigelow.
Coroner—A. C. BENNETT, Kent.

TROUBLED OVER FUSION.

The Oregonian, seeing that the alliance of reform forces is progressing so smoothly, attempts an ingeniously conceived argument which it vainly imagines the few so called middle-of-the-roaders, and a few other persons that have failed to see things just as we do, may take it up and make the wail of the Oregonian their doleful complaint. It belabors itself into a long editorial to expose the real differences of the parties to the union. But anyone who is accustomed to reading between the lines can readily see that it is not half so much the points of difference as the points of agreement that are worrying the editor. This adroit old denizen of the tower kept a reporter in the Populist state convention, who took down all John C. Luce had to say against the tripple alliance, and now he makes a speech upon finance for the middle-of-the-roaders, styles it "Confusion, Rather than Fusion," and inserts it as an editorial. All the while you almost hear him saying, in the language of half-distracted Hamlet, "Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue."

But, boys, whatever the editor of the Oregonian may say of us as being your enemy, one thing remember: He and his cause have never been your friends. Let us say to you: Beware of cunningly devised fables. Beware of wolves in sheep's clothing.

"Who can tell how such a medley of inconsistencies and contradictions is to be tied up together?" soliloquizes this troubled editor. This query follows so closely upon the heels of the Republican state convention with its warring factions and admixture of free-trade-gold-standard-Carlysle Democrats, that his own trouble is most probably father to the thought.

Of course that is it: Disgruntled Muir and disappointed Pipes, both delegates to the Democratic state convention in 1896, and now both delegates to the Republican state convention in 1898; while such men as the Hon. George H. Williams, Sol Hirsch and Judge Stott were turned out of the convention to make room for gold-bug Democrats.

Hon. George H. Williams, ex-attorney general, is a life-long Republican, while M. L. Pipes is a two-month-old Republican. Verily, is there such a thing as political transmigration? Pipes was a dead Democrat who helped to nominate himself for district attorney two years ago at the Democratic State convention, where he introduced a resolution commending Cleveland for his effort to reform the tariff, and "for his wisdom in administering a government burdened with the accumulated evils of Republican legislation." Clevelandism, Mitchellism, Simonism, and Hannaism, along with, no doubt, a little theosophy! "Confusion, rather than fusion," Mr. Scott.

"WHAT GOD HATH WROUGHT."

Having taken an early morning stroll up the river while at Oregon City, enjoying the balmy air and the myriad beautiful, sweet orchard blossoms, we cheerfully paid the price of fatigue experienced in climbing to the highest eminence in order that we might enjoy the restful, pleasing scene of the city, falls, river, and valley from above. Seated upon a lofty cliff above the falls, surrounded by terraced steeps clothed in the richness of soft verdure, with hills upon hills dressed in living green beyond the shining river, and still beyond, snow-clad peaks, whose awfulness seemed subdued by distance into dreamy loveliness, we thought as we gazed upon the scene, with the busy city beneath, with its mysterious throb of life pulsating along the river by water-craft and motor to the great metropolis in the near distance, that God must have seen adown the ages the incalculable utility of these wonder-working falls: how the power of the dashing torrent, and of every particle of spray as well, would one day be converted into electric fluid to drive the myriad wheels of commerce and dispel the gloom of night for thousands upon thousands of busy humanity miles and miles away. We could but muse upon the happiness and misery destined to exist here side by side when this beautiful valley, this land of magnificent scenery, productive soil, salubrious climeat, boundless resources, and fabulous wealth, becomes densely populated, as it one day will. But we found consolation in the thought that when "man's inhumanity to man" shall cease forever from the earth, when the proud and the unjust shall seek happiness in equality, when the base shall become ennobled, when goodness and simplicity shall be esteemed virtues in all, when the beauties and bounties of kind nature may be shared alike by all the deserving children of God, when willing industry need not "beg a brother of the dust to give it leave to toil," how near indeed will heaven be brought to the people of this highly favored land! And why, with this great commonwealth in the reach of so many who need homes or better homes, people still cling to lands of drought or lands of blizzards, and eke out a dull round of stupid existence, certainly goes far toward demonstrating the fact that man, like the lower animals, soon takes upon himself the color of his environments, and falls an easy prey to prejudice, tradition and habit, and thus begets a chronic indisposition to change, even though convinced that a change is for the better.

WHAT SCOTT DECLARES FOR.

The editor of the Oregonian says, "Every man who votes the fusion ticket must declare himself a Greenbacker."

Now, what must you declare yeurself by voting the modern Republican ticket? You must declare yourself in favor of the Gage plan of finance—for the destruction of $346,000,000 of greenbacks, the turning over the issuance of currency completely into the hands of the national banks to be issued up to the par vallue of their bonds. You must declare yourself opposed to equal coinage of gold and silver. You must declare yourself in favor of trusts and monopoly. You must declare in your national platform for "a generous recognition" of the old soldier, slur him through the Oregonian, and maintain a discreet silence concerning him in the state platform. You must declare in your national platform for "the withdrawal of the European powers from this hemisphere," and then seek an alliance with all the effete monarchies on the financial question. You must declare in your state platform that "we are firmly attached to the principles of the federal constitution," and then deny silver its place as a money of the constitution, and demonetize it or any other form of money through private contracts. You must declare yourself opposed to taxing th rich, by your opposition to an income tax. You must declare in your state platform for a "representative government," but it must be represented by the classes and not the masses, by the multi-millionaires, who purchase seats in the United States senate, for a representation by farmers and mechanics on the tax-roll, and by bankers, manufacturers, monopolists and the professions in the halls of congress. You must declare, as your platform does, for "retrenchment and reform," "strict economy in public affairs," and "an abolition of needless offices and commissions." But the reform you seek is made necessary by your own extravagance, your "strict economy" is demanded by your own squeezing financial policy, and the "needless offices and commissions" are the costly objects of your own creation. In fine, unless you are a money-changer, a time-server or a place-hunter, if you vote the Republican ticket for the single gold standard and its concomitant ills, we venture the assertion that you will sooner or later declare that you are the man meant in the Scripture, who "hath said in his heart, there is no God." And, brother Harvey, we would rather declare ourself a Greenbacker, any day. Moreover, who is it that is afraid of the Greenback? Neither the soldier in time of war, nor the farmer, the mechanic, or the laborer, in time of peace. The answer comes from but one source: The owners of gold, GOLD, GOLD.

"PROSPERITY MORTGAGES."

The Tuesday Oregonian says, editorially, that "Sherman county, though one of the smallest and perhaps least known of the counties of Oregon, has a record for fruitfulness in agriculture, of which its citizens are and may well be proud. It raised last year an enormous crop, including one of mortgages of an attested cash value of $96,000; placed a number of 'prosperity' mortgages which if has crops growing to 'lift.'"

Prosperity mortgages! Prosperity for whom? Let the farmer answer. Let the man who lives in the mortgaged home answer. Let the multitudes of America's farmers who once owned free homes, but who have gone over to swell the ranks of the nearly 7,000,000 of families who now live on "hired farms and homes," answer, Mr. Scott. Prosperity mortgages! Prosperity for whom? We are paying nearly $400,000,000 per annum interest on real estate alone; and there is one mortgage for every 2.66 families in the U. S. (See Compendium of Eleventh Census).

If these mortgages are evidence of prosperity, why try to remove them? It has not been a great while since the Oregonian was exulting that the Kansas farmer was getting rid of his mortgages. Whence came the mortgages any way? Carlysle Democracy and Sherman Republicanism have had full sway in this blessed land of ours ever since Lee surrendered at Appomattox, when Hugh McCulloch, secretary of the treasury, reported the people out of debt and comparatively prosperous.

John Sherman has resigned the secretaryship. We have neither the space nor the inclination to write just what we think of the public life of this distinguished American. Suffice then for the present that we sincerely think that the Spanish flotilla and all the guns of Moro castle will never be able to do us the harm "Honest" John Sherman has already done.

Tall Timothy was on his farm, among the tall trees of the Waldo hills, when the news of his nomination reached him, which might be construed as a great surprise to his excellency, and, no doubt made him feel like Cincinnatus of old, who was at his plow when notified that he had been chosen dictator of Rome. But there was at least one material point of difference: We have no account that old Cin refused a land office which paid $3,000 a year for a dictatorship that paid only $1,500. This extra touch to disinterested patriotism was reserved for our modern "Cincinnatus of the West." Mayor Pennoyer, however, cut his salary in two AFTER he got it, but Mr. Geer cuts his in two BEFORE he gets it. Verily, there is nothing like sound patriotism, except it be—well, we had just as well say——"sound money."

National W. C. T. U. Workers Coming.

Mrs. Maude L. Greene of Colorada, National W. C. T. U. Chalk-Talker and Organinzer, and Hattie L. Henderson, her assistant, will visit Wasco in the near future and give a Chalk-Talk and Lecture. The date is not yet definitely arranged so that it may now be given, but watch for the announcement and do not fail to hear these ladies.

A chalk-talk is always amusing, entertaining and instructive to both adults and children. Mrs. Greene's gifted use of crayon is exceptional and never fails to delight her audiences. She draws with either the right hand or the left or with both, at will, and her quiet humor, keen hits, and perfect familiarty with her subject renders her work valuable. It is said that under Mrs. Greene's skillful fingers the crayon makes pictures that, like actions, speak louder than words.

Let both children and adults hear her.

The children will never forget the lessons taught.

Announcement of date will be made in churches Sunday.

Rutlege News.

G. W. Thompson was in Moro, Saturday.

C. D. Bowen has been doing a rushing business in his shop this week.

Grandpa and Grandma U'Ren have gone to Spokane, where they expect to reside.

Lewis Dillinger is home from school in Portland and, of course, spent Sunday in Rutledge.

Mrs. J. M. Dunahoo, of Moro, formerly of Rutledge, was visiting Mrs. Cramer the past week.

P. M. Ruggles, accompanied by Miss Ward, and his daughter, Miss Lois, visited Moro on the 23d inst.

Mr. Plum, formerly of Rutledge, but now of Portland, made a flying visit to his old friend and neighbor, T. B. Searcy, Saturday and Sunday.

Our school is progressing nicely under the management of Miss Emma Ward. The attendance speaks well for our teacher, there being 38 pupils enrolled with an average attendance of 34.

Professor Mayberry and Reverend Nickelson, while on their bicycle tour to Mitchell and Prineville, spent Sunday in this neighborhood. Reverend Nickleson preached in the morning and evening to good audiences.

Hungry Hollow.

April 26, 1898.

Everybody is as well as common.

The young folks attended the show at Moro, last night.

Summer fallowing is receiving a great deal of attention just now.

A. Huff is looking after his orchard business very close just now.

Mr. Jones, of the Dalles, passed here on his way to Antelope this week.

Jim and Charley Cochran report a 90 per cent marking of lambs. Jim has a broad smile on his face as he thinks of his good luck.

Senator Hilton, of The Dalles, passed through here on his way to his ranch, near Clarnot Ferry. He reports that his sheep have done well this winter.

Read our premium offer.

BOOM

25 8-Inch Shots Fired into Mantanzas

DESTROYED

The City and Caused Some Loss of Life.

VICTORY IS OURS

In Every Instance. Spanish Firing Fruitless.

MANGROVE CAPTURES A PRIZE

Little Light House Tender Takes the Big Spanish Liner Panamz—Oregon Millitia Called Out.

April 28.—Captain Sampson's fleet fired 25 8-inch shots into the Mantanzas, practically destroying the city but the loss of life is supposed to be very small. The Spanish fort returned the fire but caused no damage.

Spanish ship Guygo from Coromo to Havana was captured with a valuable cargo and money for Spanish troops.

The Portugal minister called at the state department and was plainly told that Portugal must at once order the Spanish fleet away from Cape Verde and declare their position.

A Spanish vessel with $60,000 in silver haf bee captured.

The Asiatic squadron is at Manilla, ready to pounce upon the Phillipines.

April 25.—The war department has issued a call for 125,000 men. Oregon's quota being one regiment of infantry.

The Union campaign committee, in behalf of Will R. King, nominee for governor on the Union ticket, has challenged T. T. Geer, candidate for governor on the Republican ticket, to 10 joint discussions of the issues announced in said platforms.

One hundred and forty years ago a Bengal poet sang of the love of Vidya and Sundara. His work is a mine of information on some of the social customs of our country in his time. In a certain scene he describes a number of Hindu women bewailing their miseries in domestic life—one curses her fate as the victim of "a fierce mother-in-law," and of a cruel nanadi (husband's sister.)

The great prevalence of the mother-in-law's persecutions nowadays, says the Indian News, has obtained for such a one the sobriquet of Boukautki, or the tormentor of a daughter-in-law. We have indeed angelic mothers-in-law, more motherly than natural mothers, but their existence by its contrast exhibits their opposites in the most horrid colors. In the cottages of the poor as well as in the mansions of the rich these monsters play unmolested their devilish pranks with their sons' wives, among whom some become inured to them, some bicker, and others of a sensitive and delicate nature succumb.

The daily routine of such tortures, which relates to food, raiment, bedding, bath and toilette, domestic service, company of husband and of near relatives, and take the shape of angry and foul vituperations is not much noticed. It becomes only the subject of gossip of neighboring families and of lamentation by her parental relations. It is only when the conduct of a Boukautki culminates in serious acts of violence, mutilations, homicide or murder, or when it leads to suicide that in rare instances it comes to public notice and under cognizance of law. Lately criminal courts in the town and Mofussil have recorded cases of conviction in which wives, for the most trivial faults, had been seriously injured or murdered by their husbands and mothers-in-law.

"Most people suppose," says an assayer, "that all gold is alike when refined, but this is not the case. An experienced man can tell at a glance from what part of the world a gold piece comes, and in some cases from what part of a particular gold district the metal was obtained.

"The Australian gold, for instance, is distinctly redder than the Californian, and this difference in color is always perceptible, even when the gold is one thousand fine.

"Again, the gold obtained from the placers is yellower than that which is taken directly from quartz. Why this should be the case is one of the mysteries of metallurgy, for the placer gold all comes from the veins. The Ural gold is the reddest found anywhere.

"Few people know the real color of gold, as it is seldom seen unless heavily alloyed, which renders it redder than when pure. The purest coins ever made were the fifty-dollar pieces that used to be common in California.

"Their coinage was abandoned for two reasons; first, because the loss by abrasion was so great, and secondly, because the interior could be bored out and lead substituted, the difference in weight being too small to be readily noticed in so large a piece. These octagon coins were the most valuable ever struck."

SHE HAD A SMALL CAPITAL.

But It Was Big Enough to Give the Widow a Start in Life.

Mrs. K. was left a widow with two or three children. One of them died; another, a daughter, married a man that soon left her so that the mother had to provide for the grandchild as well as her own family. This was difficult, and soon the stock of supplies got low, and there was no money in the house, on which, also, a mortgage had to be met, says the Boston Advertiser.

One day the son, a schoolboy, came into say that Miss J., a neighbor, rather noted for being "close," had given him five cents for shutting her cellar door. This five cents seems to have been the only capital of the widow and her little family, though I suppose she might have obtained more had she made her condition known to her prosperous neighbors. That would have injured the story, however, and I am glad that she did not get the loan, but invested her son's earnings in popcorn, as she by inspiration did.

With some molasses she had left in the jug the corn was soon made into fifteen of those sticky but enticing cornballs which have coaxed many a copper out of a schoolboy's pocket. The town school was close by, and before noon they were all sold for a cent apiece, and the little capital trebled. "Quick returns and large profits" was the maxim of this merchant, which seems to have worked well in this instance. At any rate, after fourteen years of trade in the village of Plymouth, at the old stand, Mrs. K. is now the owner of her own house, without a mortgage; has money in the bank; has educated her children (her grandson is now fourteen years old), and has very much increased the variety of her merchandise.

AMERICAN FUN.

A Professional Humorist Discourses About Laugh Creators in This Country.

"I do not think," says a writer in Kate Field's Washington, "there is a separate kind of humor for different sections of the country; and really good humor is long-lived. Some of the caricatures by the Egyptians are as funny as our best efforts, and certainly the cartoons on the walls of Pompeii compel admiration even in this enlightened century."

"How do women compare with men as humorists?"

"Women have a strong sense of humor, but it is quite different from that of men. As a rule, women care very little for political cartoons or for the somewhat rough and boisterous sketches which depict national peculiarities. They enjoy the society fads—light, breezy, if not always particularly characteristic. Women have a more refined sense of humor than men. The comical situations in sports, games and athletics, business and trade are better appreciated by the sterner sex than is the delicate humor of the fireside which women enjoy.

"Yet by an odd freak of nature our best jokes of the kind that men like are supplied by women. I receive scores of suggestions every week from women all over the country for 'comics' on football, baseball, Wall street, and so on. Men, as a rule, do not care for pretty little parlor scenes and domestic incidents in black and white. Presumably they get enough of them in the original. Women criticise humor more intelligently than men. I would rather face the criticism of one hundred men than that of one woman."

Renewing Youth.

A Central American newspaper tells of a man living in Sau Panio, Brazil, who is considerably over a hundred years old and who is growing young again. He has recently grown a new set of teeth, and his hair, which had turned gray, is now almost black again. He is in active business as a horse trader, and occasionally he rides over ten leagues in a day. He has been married three times, is now a widower, and is quite wealthy. The paper casually remarks in the course of its story that the old man suffered greatly at one time with a tumor, which was cured by being gored by an ox."

It adds something to zest of life—if one has a healthy, active family—to reflect that there are people now living who may travel by continuous rail from Cape Horn to the Cape of Good Hope, says the Review of Reviews. The plan of a "pan-American" railway to connect the South American system, through Central America, with the systems of Mexico and the United States is already well advanced.

There are to be roads from the Canadian Pacific away up to the Peace River and Mackenzie valleys, and it is not hard to believe that these may ultimately be extended across the Rockies to the Ukon valley in Alaska and continued finally to the narrow and shallow Behring straits, across which a connection would be made with the Siberian road. Continuous rail travel from Siberia to Constantinople will soon have become an accomplished fact, and the link from Constantinople to Egypt may be expected quite confidently.

At the present rate of development in Africa the construction of a road from Egypt to the cape ought to be realized within twenty-five years. The channel tunnel will, of course, have been built and electricity or some still more powerful motive force will have superseded steam, so that the Californians and Puget sound denizens would naturally go to London by fast Alaskan and Siberian express. If they chose they might return by steamship, making the passage in two or three days from the west coast of Ireland to Labrador or Halifax. In view of all that has been done in the last twenty-five years such further development of traveling facilities is easily within the realm of sober prediction.

Entire columns of small print are devoted to the jeweled crown, the strings of black pearls and threaded diamonds bought from the sales of royalty deposed or deceased; the dinner services of gold and porcelain; the orchids, the curtains and tablecloths of priceless lace, the town houses, the country houses, the equipages and the yachts with boudoirs fitted in white and gold and silken broideries that would have seemed impossible save to the fevered imagination of a writer of corsair romances twenty years ago. As a keen commentator on American character has recently observed: "When the material rewards of success are so great the American mind has no choice but to brood on them." This discussion of wealth has, to all appearance, indeed become our crowning reproach among other nations who declare that while money rules the world we alone make no pretense at veiling our worship of plutocracy.

....W. M. BARNETT....

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100 Choice Orchard Trees and 112 Selected Plants valued at

$20.00 Given Away

To the person securing the greatest number of subscribers to The People's Republic before 12 o'clock, Wednesday, July 20, 1898.

A $12.00 prize will be awarded for the second highest list.
A $6.00 for the third highest list.

The trees and plants will be furnished by the SHERMAN COUNTY NURSERY and are Guaranteed First-Class.

If you wish to enter the contest for these splendid premiums, fill out the attached coupon and enclose with not less than five cash subscriptions to this paper. Additional subscriptions sent at any time before July 20 will be promptly placed to your credit.

.....1898.

The People's Republic, Premium Department,
Wasco, Oregon.

Enclosed herewith find .....Dollars

for which send your paper one year to each of the following addresses:

NAME.	ADDRESS.

Also enter my name on your list of contestants for premiums.

Name.....

.....Postoffice.

.....State.

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100 Trees and 112 plants—Given for largest number of subscriptions.
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10 APRICOTS—6 Moorpark, 2 Harris Hardy, 2 Alexander.
2 NECTARINES.
2 ORANGE QUINCE.
2 ENGLISH WALNUTS.
2 ENGLISH FILBERT.
2 LANQUEDOC ALMOND.
15 PEACHES—2 Japan Dwarf Blood, 4 Triumph, 2 Crosby, 3 Early Michigan, 4 Late Crawford.
15 PEARS—5 Bartlett, 2 Koonce, 3 Idaho, 5 Lincoln Coreless.
2 TRANSCENDENT CRABAPPLE.
8 PLUMS—4 Peach Plum, 4 Bradshaw.
10 PRUNES—3 Pacific, 4 Golden, 3 Petite.
20 APPLES—2 Sweet June, 5 King, 4 Blue Pearmain, 4 Gravenstein, 5 Ben Davis.
12 KANSAS RASPBERRY.
100 MAGOON STRAWBERRY.

SECOND PRIZE—$12.00.

12 Kansas Raspberries
12 Palmer "
12 Edwards Blackberries
50 Early King "
12 Golden Queen Raspberry
12 Japanese Wineberry
3 Dwarf Juneberry
12 Rhubarb
100 Glen Mary Strawberry
100 Magoon "
12 Lucretia Dewberry

THIRD PRIZE—$6.00.

6 Roses, assorted colors
2 Lilac, 2 Snowball
2 Dwarf Juneberry
3 Industry Gooseberry
100 Magoon Strawberry
2 Evergreen tree

THE NEW TIME
THE GREAT REFORM MAGAZINE

A FRANK, FEARLESS FORCEFUL UNCOMPROMISING OPPONENT OF PLUTOCRACY

Editors :: B. O. Flower Frederick Upham Adams

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