

The Santiam News.

D. C. HUMPHREY, Publisher.

SCIO, LINN COUNTY, OREGON, MAY 22 1903



EDITORIAL.

The Portsmouth Ohio, Press thinks the reason why the farmer's lot seems to be cast on such hard lines is; we pay too much for unnecessary and do without the things we most need. We waste our ashes and manures and buy commercial fertilizers. We sell hides and buy shoe strings and hammer strings. We let our wood ashes leech by rain and buy saw and axle grease. We let our timber rot and buy axe handles and plow handles. We waste the wax of our pine trees and buy chewing gum for our boys and girls. We buy a ten dollar dog and a twenty dollar gun and start out a fifty cent toy to hunt rabbits. We buy a hundred dollar organ and hire a teacher to teach a dollar girl music. We start out a ten cent boy with a two dollar fishing rod to catch twelve cents worth of fish. We unshut as if going to dinner, and let machinery rust and rot in the field, necessitating new the next year. In short, our outlay exceeds our income.

The isolation of country life is passing. In fact, in many sections it has passed already. What with railway stations at frequent intervals throughout the farming regions, free mail delivery pushing its way out into the rural districts, electric cars singing along on trolleys and telephone lines extending far and near, loneliness has been banished from farm houses during the past year.

The postoffice investigation goes merrily on, and each day brings some scheme to fight. If it keeps up at this rate where will it end? Some of the most prominent men of the country are involved in the wholesale steal, and it's high time someone begins to "dig in."

On Sunday, May 17, at Madrid, Spain, a large concert of spectators were witnessing a bull fight, when a section of the amphitheatre gave way throwing many into the arena among the maddened beasts which immediately attacked them. Twelve were killed and fifty injured.

The St. Louis fair will not open on Sunday. This will give foreign visitors an opportunity to study the seclusion system of America without missing a day at the fair.

The Portland Journal has its new \$25,000 press in operation. The Journal has become a newspaper in every sense of the word, and is deserving of a liberal patronage.

Fit for Fat

A boy sat on a rail fence enclosing a cornfield. A city chap passing by remarked: "Your corn looks kind a yaller 'n' fat." "Yes sir, that's the kind we plant," answered the lad. "It don't look like you'd get more'n half a crop," said the city chap. "Nope, we don't expect to; the land-lord gets the other half," retorted the youngster. The stranger hesitated a moment and then ventured: "There isn't very much difference between you and a fool, boy." "Nope only a little strip of weed," says the farmer boy and the smart city chap drove on.—Ex.

Petitions Forwarded.

C. L. Shaw, has forwarded to Scio a referendum petition as follows: The Lewis and Clark bill 641, the Portage railway bill 490, the exemption law about 200, all the blanks that could be secured being exhausted and about 60 for the corporation law. A few more will go 10 per cent of the names on the petitions had to be dropped before being sent forward.—Albany Democrat.

Turkish Outrages.

London, May 25.—The Sofia correspondent of the Morning Leader telegraphs that the Macedonia committee reports that the Turks have burned the village of Banitsa, near

Wool and Mohair Buyers.

EDITOR SANTIAM NEWS: I noticed in a recent issue of your paper the article in regard to Johnson & Hilder having purchased 125,000 pounds of mohair, paying for it 37 cents per pound. Didn't they forget to tell the farmers that they bought one little pound for 37 cents, and that for the rest of the 125,000 they paid no more than they were obliged to pay? It is true that they had buyers out scouring the country for the mohair, and where a farmer was working at home, and wasn't "next to himself," his mohair was bought at 25 cents, and he was led to believe that that was the top price? These buyers were posted and knew what the market price was, but we farmers were not, and they got the mohair and we got it in the neck. The 37 cents paid for the little pool was a "free press" of the Salem mohair buyer, who had practiced the same game for years, was onto the game of these buyers who pretend to have paid so much for mohair, and forced them to bid up in order to get the pool.

Where they were not obliged to, they didn't pay more than 25 cents, but would now like to make the farmers believe that they paid 37 cents for 125,000 lbs. This may be easy for some to swallow, but with those who sold these buyers their mohair for 25 to 30 cents, it won't go down. Evidently Messrs. Johnson & Hilder have made a mistake, or else they are selling their figures.

From 25 cents to 37 cents per pound is quite a jump. I want say that this figure is selling was done purposely, but we all know who sold to them what we got, and the 37 cent figure is very correct. Your article says that paying 37 cents will give them a good name among the wool growers. Possibly. But how about the men who sold for 25 to 30 cents, when the pool was bought for 37 cents? Probably the mohair in the pool was so much better than the other that it was worth 37, while the farmers' was worth 25 or 30. When a farmer finds that his neighbors were paid from 5 to 7 cents a pound more for their wool than he, it helps to establish the buyer in his favor—in favor of selling to someone else.

I saw Messrs. Hilder & Johnson are getting up on wool. Something must have struck them differently from former years. Last year they could only pay 13 and 14 and for a very little, 15 cents. From my own knowledge I know that they sold their wool at their own door for 15 cents, and now they tell us that they have treated us right. We don't even have been treated right that way. You will notice that the woolen mills in Salem, using 400,000 pounds of wool each season, instead of giving us 14 cents and under for our wool, are offering 17 cents, making them pay us in money. For the little wool they use \$12,000 more than in former years. Wool is no higher in the East now than at this time last year, as any one may see by looking at the eastern papers of a year ago.

This 37 cent proposition looks well in the columns of a newspaper, but facts talk, and the most of the farmers who sold this firm their mohair this year know it to be a fact that few, if any of them, were paid 37 cents.

A Scio Wool Grower.

Court House News.

- Deeds recorded:
- John Kemp to Theo Cowitz, 68.28 acres \$ 273
 - P W Starr to Geo. Atbig, 180 acres, 4500
 - O T Otterson to W C Stearns, 160 acres, 920
 - R D Cooper to J D Bennett, 50x100 feet, Harrisburg, 175
 - J A Bilyeu donor to S V Hall, 16 acres, 480
 - J F Davis to M J McCartney, 230 acres, 420
 - Mary Warner to J M Keith, 80 acres, 700
 - O D Hall to E U Chatfield, 11 acres, 4
 - N R Peeler to P M Serogin, 11 lots Letanum, 100
 - S Evans to J H Drury, 247 acres, 3250
 - F Williamson to Luella Beeman, 160 acres, 500
 - G W Phillips to A Libbery, 200.44 acres, 6013
 - P H Humphrey to E E Upmeyer, 8.68 acres, 160
 - E W Beeman to Frank Williamson, 160 acres, 500
 - Patents Edward Rees, Patrick Kelly, Alvie W Gains, 7

Card of Thanks.

To the many friends, neighbors and members of the Farmers' who kindly aid and sympathy was so promptly extended to us during our late bereavement, we wish to express our heartfelt thanks. MRS. H. J. CARY AND FAMILY.

PUNGENT

—Bismarck—"Life is a failure." Bismarck—"If one could only live a hundred lives!"—Boston Transcript. "What is your nephew doing now?" "For the last five years he has been choosing a profession."—Jugend.

POLITICS and CORNELIA

By Elizabeth A. Hyde

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"A man in my position," he said pompously, "is called upon to do many disagreeable things."

Cornelia subdued a laugh behind her fan. How funny he was! Cornelia had a prevailing sense of humor and was always seeing jokes where none was intended.

She moved her raker further into the shadow and looked down on the man in the full glare of the street lamp. He had his profile turned at just the right angle, and it was a head some profile, and Cornelia was so used to it that when, on one occasion, he failed to present it directly she asked him, with one of her slow, inscrutable smiles, to do so. He did not see the sarcasm beneath her fan, and his insufferable conceit was undoubtedly

"Disagreeable things?" she said lightly. "Why, what are they? Tell me about them."

"Well, there's choosing among clerks for promotion, for one thing, and dismissing them when you can't keep them, for another—widows and mothers who come weeping into your office and faint on your sofa and have to be taken home in cabs."

"Oh, dear, how sad! Do you have to say who is to go? It must be very hard."

"It is. There are other things that are just bore, like recommendations, for example. Hardly a day passes but some young fellow asks me for a letter to his chief or a senator or representative. Of course it's very easy enough to dictate a few lines of stuff just to satisfy him, but it's a bore to have him come, especially when he comes again because the letter was so good."

"But aren't the letters any good?" asked Cornelia in real surprise. "I thought you had such—oh, such wonderful influence now. I thought any letter of yours would get any one anything."

"The man looked up with a grim smile. "Oh, of course I can get anything I really want," he said. "I've fixed several men from my state very comfortably, but Mr. Stokes' will be very grateful. We have been so anxious for him to succeed."

"The man smiled grimly. Then he said 'Good night!' and went down the street as if he was not quite sure of the way."

TESTING THE DOCTORS. Chinese like other physicians, reserve the right to disagree. The emperor of China has lately had so much trouble with his functionaries of every kind that he has grown distrustful of them all. He had noticed that, while his statesmen seemed to be widely at variance, the court physicians agreed beautifully whenever they were called to attend. But a test they might make of their skill and sincerity occurred to him.

Feeling somewhat indignant, the emperor sent for one of his court doctors. These physicians are paid public functionaries and are learned professors. One of them came, listened to his majesty's account of his trouble, diagnosed it, prescribed and took his leave, which was quite different from his brother physicians, prescribed a different remedy and went his way.

A third and fourth physician were called and each found a different disease and each prescribed a different medicine. Then the emperor became angry and also sarcastic, and begged to know how he could have so many things the matter with him and live, and whether he should continue to live if he took all the diverse sorts of medicine that had that day been prescribed for him.

"The doctors could give him no satisfactory answer to these questions, but each insisted that he was right and all the others wrong. That the emperor decided that this could not be true, and condemned every one of the physicians to lose a month's salary.

Of course the moral of this story has no accidental application. Though the doctors of our western countries reserve the right to disagree, such a case of radical divergence probably could not occur under the practice of our perfected science.—Youth's Companion.

HER PICTURE. Let us paint her picture! ••• Take a path With cool shadows in 'em, an' you have her eyes. Shadows where the sunshine tangles—but the blue. Beautiful and beaming—gleaming, streamin' through! Let us paint her picture! ••• Take a mid-night cheer— Deep black an' starlike, an' you have her hair! Yet, there's a light about it—something you can mark— Like an April shower twinklin' through the dark! When you slip the ribbons from the curls an' all. Down to come, a-tumble like a waterfall! That's the time they dance—silly threads o' fate! Fallin' all around her—shakin' out the light! Lips they're like a sunrise to the night o' curls! Eyes they're that mingle with a gleam of pearls. An' two shiny dimples—playin' hide an' seek In among the flowers bloomin' on her cheek! Want to paint her picture? ••• Think 'till this is over. All that hearts can best for when love makes them give love the best, dipped in colors fair. With your heart, an' let him paint her picture there! —Frank L. Sturges, in Atlanta Constitution.

The news of both newspapers in The Weekly Oregonian.

now. It's a new thing now. That fellow Stokes has sent me a fine letter. Isn't he a trick?"

The quick color flew to Cornelia's cheeks. "Oh," she said, "you got my note? I'm so glad, dear. May I see the letter?"

She took it with trembling fingers and read it through. It was addressed to the commissioner, and asked in courteous and well chosen phrases that the writer's esteemed young friend, Geoffrey Heale, be appointed to the position he sought. The letter was appointed to the position he sought.

was and correct in every detail, but there was no sign of a card either on the letter or in the envelope, the latter containing only Geoffrey's letter of transmission.

"Will you let me show it to mother, dear?" the girl asked, refolding it. She will like to see it, of course. It is the best I've ever written on. What do you think of it? It is so kind of Mr. Stokes. I will be back in a minute or two."

She found her mother and read the precious page to her, then, running solemnly to the soft carpet, she went to her own room. Hastily selecting a visiting card from the tray on her desk, she placed it to the letter and closed the envelope. Her heart was beating wildly and her fluttering hands could hardly hold the letter. She stood an instant undecided, then dropped on her knees beside the bed.

"Dear God," she whispered, "don't let it be wicked—please don't let it be wicked, dear God! I don't mean it to be, and it is the only way." She knelt a moment with bowed head, then went quietly down stairs.

"Mother think it is lovely, dear," she said. "I have closed it for you, with all my love and best wishes for its success. Won't that give it luck?"

"They went out together and posted it. In the evening the man came again. "A queer thing happened yesterday," he said. "You remember our talk last week about writing letters of introduction? Well, I wrote one yesterday for that young fellow Heale. You know him, I believe—and my man failed to get the card in. I want Heale to get the place. He's a really capable man. I found the card on the desk after the mail had gone out. I wrote to the commissioner at once. It will be all right, of course, but I wonder how often that sort of thing happens."

Cornelia gripped the arms of her chair tightly and stared straight ahead of her into the darkness. The man studied her face.

"That was—that is so kind of you, Mr. Stokes," she said quietly. "Geoffrey—I mean Mr. Heale—will be very grateful. We have been so anxious for him to succeed."

"The man smiled grimly. Then he said 'Good night!' and went down the street as if he was not quite sure of the way."

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Mrs. Laura S. Webb.

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Female weakness, disordered nerves, falling of the womb, and all ailments of women, are cured by Wine of Cardui. It is a natural and healthful tonic, and is the only one that can be taken by all women, young and old, without any danger to the health.

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age is from 20 to 24 that she shall particularly favor the attention of men from 25 to 30, or 25 to 30. She had best pay particular attention to the former, because the sterner sex marries much more frequently at that age than after reaching the age of 25. So a spinster from 25 to 29 years old has the surest chance of men aged from 30 to 34 and 35 to 39, the former group supplying the better chance to her.

Out of every 100 women on the average only 32 remain unmarried. Now, then, how is it as to what may be called the marriage combinations? Naturally there are only four in number—widows and widowers, bachelors and maids and vice versa. The fact shows that 68 out of every 100 marriages are those of the bachelor and maid and that the bachelor and the widow rarely wed. This is by no means to be construed, however, that the widow is unpopular. On the contrary, she holds her own with the maids, apparently without difficulty. There are, in these modern days, approximately as much cause for taking the advice of the elder Mr. Weller to "marry as ever."

Pat's Fire Brigade. Burglars are the great terror of Mrs. Patti's life at Craig's new castle, and she has had all her window shutters fitted with electric bells, which start ringing at the slightest touch, while by the same machinery a gun is fired and a number of dogs are let loose in the grounds. Special watchmen are told off every night on "round" duty. It is added—Casell's Journal.

Quick Arrest. J. A. Gullidge of Verbena, Ala. was twice in the hospital from a severe case of piles causing 24 tumors. After doctors and all remedies failed Brooker's Arnica Salve quickly arrested further inflammation and cured him. It cures hemorrhoids and kills pain. 25c at E. C. Peery's, Druggist.

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