

The Santiam News.

D. C. HUMPHREY, Publisher.

SCIO, LINN COUNTY, OREGON, JUNE 26, 1903

EDITORIAL.

Our Religion.—Brotherly love. Delinquents barred.

Our Motto.—Take everything in light, then rustle for more.

Our Aim.—Make things hum or have an abdominal rupture.

Our Policy.—Remain neutral until we see fit to speak, then roost.

Our Intention.—Fight all frauds to a finish.

Our Business.—Publish the news every Friday without regard to party, faction, sect or creed.

Our Paper.—A seven column quarto, that removes it's hat to none. Independent in all things—homage to nothing. Published in the interest of Scio and community in general and ourselves in particular.

Fighting It Over Again.

About the confederate re-union in New Orleans, the Chattanooga News remarks:

"General Joseph Wheeler acted in bad taste when he appeared at the Confederate re-union in New Orleans wearing the uniform of an officer of the United States Army, and the rebuke he received was merited. He should have had more sense of propriety than to have appeared at a Confederate re-union in that uniform. Confederate colors were the fashion, and Gen. Wheeler should have had sufficient concern for his old comrades to have donned the regulation colors."

And the Milwaukee (Wis.) Wisconsin comes back at the News thusly:

"Dammed the regulation colors! What are the regulation colors for an officer of the United States army if not those established by the army regulations? If there are Johnny Rebs who still have the duds for the federal uniform which the devil is said to entertain for holy water then 'bad taste' is on their side, not on that of brave Joe Wheeler, who made amends for his error of judgment in '01 by returning to allegiance to the old flag when the civil war was over, and by fighting under that flag during the war with Spain. If it makes Southern people uneasy to see the uniform of the United States army when they are holding Confederate re-unions, that is a conclusive reason why the practice of having Confederate re-unions should be abandoned or reformed."

Origin of the Trust.

Two shrewd merchants on a hot, dusty, dull day, were using every resource of their fertile brains to steer the straggling stream of trade to their respective doors. Prices were cut, and then backed in two again, and still lower—the very hot, torn of profit was in sight. Another dip, and the bottom was hit with a dull sickening thud. The two weary, tired, distracted merchants noticed a cloud appearing in the distance. The cloud grew larger as the fight waxed warmer. On the cloud was written in letters of sombre black the word "Bankruptcy." Hostilities were at once suspended. Common danger made the two merchants brothers and they held a consultation. A compromise was effected, and from henceforth there was no fighting of prices.

And the trust was born.—Ex.

Pardoned After 15 Years.

Salem, Or., June 16.—Governor Chamberlain this afternoon granted a full pardon to Henri Brown, a convict, who was serving a life sentence in the penitentiary for the murder of one Harry Schick, at Paisley, Or., in April, 1888.

Brown's pardon was granted under the provisions of sections 3673 and 3674 of Dellingner and Cotton's Annotated Laws of Oregon, which provides that in case a life prisoner earns more than two-thirds of his credit marks during the first five years of his incarceration, or three-fourths during the first 15 years, he is entitled to a pardon in the discretion of the governor and upon the recommendation of the superintendent of the prison.

Brown put in three years in the navy during the civil war, under Admiral Farragut, and saw service at the battles of Wilmington, Fort Fisher and Charleston. He came to Eastern Oregon in 1888 and obtained employment as a shepherd in Lake County.

Residence on Homesteads.

In the past the interior department has been most liberal in construing what constitutes a residence upon a homestead sufficient to enable the claimant to make proof upon and secure title from the government to the land. But stricter regulations are being enforced as will be seen from the following Walla Walla dispatch dated June 16:

"A decision of interest to hundreds of city homesteaders who are trying to reside in towns of Oregon and Washington where they have some business, and at the same time prove upon homesteads in the new districts, as received at the Walla Walla district land office yesterday from the department of the interior.

"The general application of the text would mean a rejection of the text now old being told that to successfully hold a claim, a man must make continuous residence. It also practically means that a 'newcomer' can successfully contest any of the thousands of homesteads being held by men not actually residing on them, but who are making a pretense of compliance with the letter of the law.

A Kansas paper gets off the following: In reply to the question, 'who pays the expenses of the president's junketing trip?' William Allen White says, it is a stocky built man with a light mustache, a foot of good, solid teeth and a jaw set with a Yale time lock, man rather below medium height, inclined to be corpulent, with a voice that has been heard by many people of high and low position—a man named Roosevelt—T. Roosevelt, to be accurate. He is the first president of the United States in recent years who has refused all courtesies from the railroads and pays his way, and the same token he is the first president in recent years whom the railroads are going to fight.

Startling Evidence.

Fresh testimony in great quantity is constantly coming in, declaring Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption Coughs and Colds to be unqualified. A recent expression from T. J. McFarland, Bentonville, Va. serves as example. He writes: "I had Bronchitis for three years and doctored all the time without being benefited. Then I began taking Dr. King's New Discovery, and a few bottles wholly cured me." Equally effective in curing all Lung and Throat troubles, consumption, pneumonia and grip. Guaranteed by E. C. Peery, druggist, Trial bottles free, regular sizes 50c, and \$1.00.

Notice to Bicycle Riders.

It shall be unlawful for any person or persons during the months of April, May, June, July, August, September and October of each year to use any sidewalk or crosswalk, except to cross over a crosswalk, within the corporate limits of the city of Scio by riding a bicycle, tri-cycle or tandem of any kind thereon during said months. Ordinance No. 48.

J. A. BILVELL, City Marshal.

Miss Ida M. Snyder.

Treasurer of the Brooklyn East End Art Club.

"If women would pay more attention to their health we would have more happy wives, mothers and daughters, and if they would observe results they would find that the doctor's prescriptions do not prevent the many cures they are given credit for.

"In consulting with my druggist he advised McEber's Wine of Cardui and Theodore's Black Draught, and so I took it and have every reason to thank him for a new life opened up to me with renewed health and it only took three months to cure me."

Wine of Cardui is a regulator of the menstrual functions and is a most astonishing tonic for women. It cures scanty, suppressed, too frequent, irregular and painful menstruation, falling of the womb, white and flooding. It is helpful when approaching womanhood, during pregnancy, after childbirth and in change of life. It frequently brings a long baby to term that have been barren for years. All druggists have \$1.00 bottles of Wine of Cardui.

A Serious Mistake.

E. C. DeWitt & Co. is the name of the firm who make the genuine With Hazel Salve. DeWitt's Hazel Salve that heals with out leaving a scar. It is a serious mistake to use any other. DeWitt's With Hazel Salve cures blind, itching, itching and protruding piles, furuncles, eruptions and all skin diseases. Sold by E. C. Peery.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed to break habit, cure tobacco weakness, restore strength, blood, etc. Sold by all druggists.

LAST SUMMER'S WORK.

PERMANENT CURES PERFORMED BY DR. DARRIN IN SALEM—NOW STOPPING AT THE REVERE HOTEL, ALBANY.

—Many Heralds.

Among the many cases treated by Dr. Darrin, and sent us for publication, we select the following which speaks volumes for the doctor's skill and the permanency of his cures. Mrs. Ross and Mr. Darby are well known in Marion county.

Mr. Darby Cured of Catarrh.

Salem, Or., June 9 1903.—Dr. Darrin: For eight years I have been afflicted with catarrh in the head and throat, causing bleeding of the nose. Your treatment by electricity and medicines cured me completely. I will say that for the small amount you charged me, I would not endure the catarrh for one day though it cost me ten times the amount I gave you to cure me. I offer you these few lines of testimony of my own free will. Yours truly,

C. W. DARRY.

Mrs. Ross' Good Luck.

Salem, Or., June 15, 1903.—TO THE EDITOR HERALD: Dear Sir: I am proud to witness to the public the skill of Dr. Darrin as a physician. Eight months ago I presented myself to him a miserable diseased physical wreck, body and mind, never having a thought of seeing a well day again, but hoping to receive from him some temporary relief. One year ago I did not dare take a mouthful of solid food in my stomach. I lived on soup, and cocoa on account of my intense suffering—apparently afflicted with an acute and incurable disease in my stomach. I took the treatment of Dr. Darrin three months and have since been able to sit down to any kind of food, and relish it to my satisfaction, never fearing any evil results. My afflictions were chronic dyspepsia, constipation, liver and kidney complaints, pains in the heart and lungs and diseases peculiar to my sex. Now life is a pleasure, I am a strong and to pain in any form. Haven't had such health for twenty years. I feel lifted into a new world and enjoy all things on account of feeling well again. Publish this, that others may be benefited. Refer your readers to me at Salem, Or.

Very Respectfully,

MRS. DEULAN R. ROSS.

A Wonderful Involution.

It is interesting to note that for times are frequently made by the invention of articles of minor importance. Many of the most popular devices are those designed to benefit the people and meet popular conditions, and one of the most interesting of these that has ever been invented is the Dr. White Electric Comb, patented Jan. 1, '99. These wonderful combs positively cure dandruff, hair falling out, sick and nervous headaches, and when used in connection with Dr. White's electric Hair Brush are positively guaranteed to make straight hair curly in 25 days' time. Thousands of these electric combs have been sold in the various cities of the Union, and the demand is constantly increasing. Our agents are rapidly becoming rich selling these combs. They positively sell on sight. Send for sample. Men's size 35c, ladies' 50c—half price while we are introducing them. See Went columns of this paper. The Dr. White Electric Comb Co., Decatur, Ill.

PERT AND PERSONAL.

A. S. Cook, the Boston merchant, is the king of the Maine camp owners. He now controls 400 square miles of sporting territory in that state.

Henry Cole, of Denver, started to convert his estate of 400 acres into cash for the poor, but was halted by his wife, who reminded him that half of it was hers.

Congressman Lacey, of Iowa, has contributed to the Congressional Record an essay in which he says: "The buffalo was the noblest of all the wild animals that inhabited this country when America was discovered, and the game hog is a beast among pestilences."

Speaking the other day of defects of the memory, Senator Dillingham read the story of a noted character in Vermont who once sent a messenger by the senator to his father in these words: "You tell the governor that although I am getting along in years, I can see just as well as ever could; I can hear just as well, my mental powers are unimpaired; and if I have ever forgotten anything, I must say that I cannot remember what it was."

Measured by the folk rule, M. Combes, the new French premier, does not amount to much, being only five feet three inches tall, but he is said that no statesman now alive, now in a generation, except Gladstone, equals him in the range of mental labor. He is by profession a physician, but he has not yet practiced much. He was at one time a school master, and is a leading authority on French educational affairs. He is abnormally and literary activities have for years been large and comprehensive, embracing such topics as the Latin poet, Virgil, Kant's metaphysics, the philosophy of St. Augustine and the social theories of St. Simon.

Cable hurt his hand last night and can't manage his horses, I'm afraid.

"With alacrity and pleasure," said Winifred, seeing a pleasant smile to what might have been a disagreeable conversation; "and here is Ned to take my place with you, Vance. I'll be ten minutes dressing, Millicent," and, nodding to her brother's friend, who had thus opportunely appeared, she went out. Millicent followed her.

"The warfare will engage, I see," he observed, as he proceeded to arrange himself for the evening bout; "you really, I think you're an ace, Vance. There is nothing of the new women about Miss—er—Dr. Millicent Trevor; you must admit that."

"Oh, I admit anything if it diminishes the subject," said Vance, with a shrug and a contemptuous "come, I'm ready for a good tilt. I don't put you on your feet. It's much more exciting without."

"Exciting? Yes, but—"

"But me no buts. Let's see what stuff you're made of this morning."

And, following instructions, as he invariably did with Vance, Ned entered into the fray with his accustomed seat. For a few minutes the young men played with good deliberation, making their thrusts with care, lagging with caution and running no risks.

But presently the heat of contest rose in their veins. Forgetting caution, disregarding the fact that they were playing without guards, Ned made a violent lunge, his foot missed the floor and he fell on his back, and in an instant had swerved to its resting place in Vance's side.

The young man dropped to the floor with barely a groan. Ned stood gazing stupidly at the prostrate figure. The crimson staining Vance's jacket brought him to his senses. He hurriedly bent over his friend, tearing open his shirt. The wound spouted out its warm, red stream.

"Good heavens! Vance, old fellow, this is awful! I didn't mean—"

Vance opened his eyes.

"That's all right—Ned. It doesn't amount to much," he murmured, "Winifred—"

Then he lapsed into unconsciousness.

Ned gave a frightened call for help and rushed to the door. Winifred and Millicent, with their outside wraps on, were passing through the hall on their way out.

"What is it? Anything wrong?" demanded Winifred.

"Yes, Vance. I'm afraid I've hurt him," he called, "there's a sound—"

But Winifred, with a cry, had flown to her brother's side. Her distracted eyes pierced the ears of the other two, who had followed her.

"Oh! he's dying, he's dying! Millicent, Millicent, can't you do something? Oh, what shall we do?"

Millicent approached quickly but quietly. She knelt and fastened Vance's eyes.

"He is not dead, dear," she said to Winifred. "He has simply fainted. That is natural. He is losing blood while you are talking."

"Tell me what to do and I'll do it. Oh, if he dies—"

"In the name of common humanity," interposed Ned, impatiently, "can't you do something?"

"It isn't a case of 'can' or 'won't' or 'price,' said Millicent, quietly. "It is a case of whether I am to be allowed. I shouldn't care to begin and then get resistance. Mr. Bishop has an antipathy to women physicians. Better send for your physician, Winnie."

"I'll go," said Ned, and hurried out. Winifred turned almost savagely upon her friend.

"And in the meantime is he to die? And because you won't help him? Oh, Millicent—"

And with the further utterance of words, Millicent restrained an impulse to laugh.

"My dear, I've been holding the wound together. Your brother will not die at least not from this. If you'll get me some bandages and my box of implements in my room, the bottom bureau drawer—"

"Send him your!"

Winifred rose with alacrity, but she paused to say: "You don't think he'll die?"

"No, of course not."

Winifred concluded.

And with her went Millicent's indifference. She glanced hastily around, and upon ascertaining herself that no one was in the room, she turned to the wound with her greater care than she had at first displayed. She listened eagerly to the heavy beats. Her whole manner betrayed the keenest anxiety. A look of terrorous fear shone in her eyes. She bent over the impassive face with unmistakable yearning, but she drew back quickly as Vance stirred uneasily and opened his eyes.

He strove mechanically to draw away from the firm hand holding the wound together.

"I know you can't tolerate women doctors, Mr. Bishop. I feel your position as keenly as you do. Nevertheless you must admit my assistance is better than none, though possibly lacking in courage and not knowing my business."

"I didn't say that for you to over-hear," he said.

And it was with almost a sigh that she turned as Dr. Olds entered with Ned and Winifred.

"A Self-Made Victory.

"I can't understand how Deoberry got re-elected treasurer of our club. "Why can't you?"

"Well, he got more votes than there were members present, and I know right that didn't vote for him."

—Chicago Record Herald.

Phonology New Art.

Persons who are interested in phonology, graphology, chiromancy or astrology will be glad to hear that a new predictive art has been invented. It is known as phonology, and it is based on the assumption that the character of every person can be learned from his voice. A voice which is clear and melodious, we are told, invariably indicates frankness, honesty and strength of character; whereas a voice which is hoarse and husky is above an indication of temper and other undesirable qualities. It naturally follows that a soft and sweet voice is indicative of loving kindness and philanthropy, though it is hardly so clear why a shrill, squeaky voice should generally indicate a disconcerted and suspicious nature.—N. Y. Herald.

The news of both hemispheres—in The Weekly Oregonian.

FOILS.

By Oliver Beatrice Muir.

Copyright, 1903, by Oliver Beatrice Muir.

"BUT you don't know Millicent at all when you talk this way."

And it isn't fair to women generally and my friend particularly for you to continue this same old line of argument."

Winifred followed her brother into the room set apart for their fencing encounters and sat down rather dispiritedly upon the edge of a divan.

Your defense of your friend is very bold, my dear child," was the grandly patronizing reply, "but it does not invalidate in the least what I have said. A woman practicing medicine is as incongruous as a man practicing law. Fencing, hands except never meant for surgical operations."

"You are prejudiced, Vance," said Winifred, as she sat down to her lesson. "You didn't get a diploma, and I believe you're mad at all creation to think that Millicent succeeded where you failed."

"I was of opinion," retorted Vance, "that you were right, but I was wrong."

"Most narrowness of vision is added to your shortsightedness, Win," he added, with an excess of tone his sister suspected.

"I don't care what you say to me," Winifred retorted, "you've tried to sit on me, more than once, all your life. But it's different with Millicent. She has been here four weeks now, and you are just as stubborn and rude as when she came. And though it has been hard work with that little scribble later of hers to support, the kindness of others in a measure helps her to forget the rough parts of her daily routine. But when you point a finger at the persistent coldness, I only hope she doesn't know the reason. I would rather leave her think it was your excessive care for a woman rather than your dislike of her unimpaired profession."

"As a woman practice it," said Vance, indignantly.

"Science, as well as art, is sexless," was Winifred's rejoinder, with an air of superiority.

"It's a tiresome subject, Win. Let's drop it. We always quarrel."

And with a smile meant to be conciliatory Vance thrust a face guard into his sister's lap.

But Winifred was in no mood for such summary treatment. This discovery of the fact that Millicent, who trotted out for riding, pranced grandly at Winifred's slightest spur. Just and exacting as she was, so irascible had she become through the persistent coldness her brother had evidenced toward her dearest friend.

It was very tiresome, for the circumstances made it somewhat awkward whenever an evening gathering of young folks was in order and Millicent could arrange to be one of Oakland's frolicsome set.

Winifred watched her brother make a number of passes in silence. Then she returned to the attack.

"Millicent has noticed your ungentlemanly attitude," pursued Winifred, in the tone of a taunt.

"Has she complained to you?"

His sister shot him an indignant glance, was about to retort hotly, changed her mind and maintained a severe silence.

"For if she has," continued Vance, with unmistakable emphasis, "she further proves she is no doctor. Physicians don't talk such nonsense. You know that."

"Then it's a good thing you failed to get your diploma," returned his sister, sharply.

"Come here," said Vance, good-naturedly, "what's the use of losing your temper over this—er—young woman? She—"

"She is my friend. She was my roommate at college, Vance. She has sacrificed her life to her little sister, and she is the dearest girl in the world."

Winifred's words poured forth with the vehemence of an incipient volcano.

Vance made a lunge at an unseen enemy, following it with such rapid movements that Winifred changed her position involuntarily. Her momentary attention turned to one of force indignation as Vance, between his rapid movements, jerked out:

"I can't tolerate—women doctors. They never know their business—"

Winifred bounded from her position, her cheeks aflame, her eyes dancing like some living light. She opened her mouth to speak, but one word could stem the expression upon her brother's face caused her to turn toward the hanging draperies in the door to her right. For a moment a great calm seemed to rest upon her.

In the front of these curtains stood a tall girl whose striking characteristics seemed to be her clear eyes, liquid as fresh pools of water in the early spring, and her crown of nut-brown hair arranged coronal fashion upon a very womanly head.

"Your mother said I'd find you here, Win," came in a voice which held no tremor; "I wanted to ask you if you would mind going with me on my rounds this morning?"

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Miscellaneous Ads.

WANTED—Live agents to sell Dr