

The Santiam News

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
L. W. CHARLES

Politically Independent

ALL HOME PRINT

Entered at the postoffice at Scio, Ore.,
as second-class mail matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One year in advance \$1 25
One year, at end of year 1 50
Six months in advance 75
Three months in advance 50
Single copy in wrapper 95

ADVERTISING RATES:

Card of thanks 50
Special obituary notices, per line 65
Extended wedding comments,
per line 60
Display ads, to be changed weekly
if desired, one column wide
each insertion, per inch 15
Business locals per line 65
Long time standing ads, contracts
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DECORATION DAY.

The beautiful spring month of May, while it comes to us with the fragrance of flowers and much that is cheerful and beautiful, yet it also brings to us Memorial Day and with it many sad memories. We are not indebted to history for our knowledge of the greatest of national crises, many of us remember it and fathers and mothers now living had better keep telling that story to their children, so that instead of being dependent upon cold type and obliged to say: "On such a page of such a book you can read that," will they rather be able to say: "My father told me so!" "My mother told me so!" Men and women who vividly remember 1861 and 1862 and 1863 and 1864, be yourselves the historians telling it, not with pen but with living tongue and voice and gesture. That is the great use Memorial Decoration Day, for the calls lilies on the grave tops soon become breathless of perfume and in a week turn to dust like unto that which lies beneath them. But the story of courage and self-sacrifice and patriotism told on platforms and in households and by the roadside and in churches and in cemeteries, but that annual recital will be kept fresh in the memory of generations as long as our American institutions are worthy of preservation.

Our readers will pardon us if we let a brother editor give his opinions of a stingy man. We are glad there are none such in our town, but all other towns have them. Our brother editor says that if there is anything on earth that gives him a longing for eternal rest and deep, damp solitude it is a man who comes to a town or country, builds up a big paying business, grows rich and then squats down on the gold like a hen on a door knob and is too stingy even to let the gravel grind in his own gizzard. A real, genuine 18-karat, stingy, selfish man can't be honest, and if he ever gets to heaven and has wings, he folds them up and walks for fear he will ruffle a plume or lose a tail feather. The kind of men who build up a town and county and enjoy life and make the best citizens, are the enterprising, energetic and liberal men, who believe in living and letting others live; and who do not, when they get a dollar, squeeze it till the goddess of Liberty feels like she had on a corset. Such squeezing is what causes such hard times and slows the circulation of the American eagle. If it were not for our broad-gauged, enterprising men it would be impossible to build up a prosperous city.

The man who sets with expectant countenance and life hands waiting for prosperity to jolt up against him, and ask to be taken in over night, bids fair to be disappointed again. There was never a time yet when prosperity was looking around for furnished rooms in the house of any person on record. Prosperity is not that kind of an animal and no man should sit with his mouth open waiting for the morsels of the succulent article to drop into it. He will catch nothing but a few unsatisfactory flies, and perhaps a bad cold. The man who is really desirous of cultivating the acquaintance of the illusive creature will have to put his hustling clothes on, as heretofore, and get up and dust.

The Santiam News and Semi-Weekly Journal for \$1.75 per year, the price of the Journal alone. If you are not getting the Journal call at this office and get a sample copy. One hundred and fifty-six papers for \$1.75. The Journal contains the cream of the state and general news, market reports, etc.

MARKET REPORT

The following are cash prices quoted on Thursday of each week by our dealers:

Wheat, per bushel.....	\$ 80
Flour, per sack.....	1 20
Bran, per ton.....	25 00
Shorts, per ton.....	31 00
Chop, wheat, per ton.....	32 00
Chop, oats, per ton.....	28 00
Butter, (Country) per roll.....	56
Eggs, per dozen.....	16
Chickens, per pound.....	12
Geese, per pound.....	9
Turkeys, per pound.....	16
Ducks, per pound.....	14
Beef, per pound, live weight.....	5 to 6
Pork, dressed.....	10 1/2
Veal, per pound, for shipping.....	13

Several proper names are misspelled this week, but as we had the matter linotyped in Albany, for the paper, we have no way of correcting the errors.

Sized Them Up.

A well esteemed preacher in a community that was rather notorious for the stinginess of its inhabitants, according to Lippincott's, suddenly announced his resignation, and the deacons immediately sought him out for his reasons.

"My decision has been brought out by the negligence of my congregation," announced the divine.

"Why, sir," protested one of the hearers, "I can't see how you can accuse us of negligence. The church is crowded every Sunday."

"Oh, yes," agreed the preacher, "but what I accuse them of is contributory negligence."

They All Write.

"The Remsmittemers are a literary family, aren't they?"

"Yes, they have a common genius."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, the son writes plays that nobody will act; the daughter writes poetry that nobody will print, and the mother writes novels that nobody will read."

"Does the father write anything?"

"Sure! Papa writes checks that nobody will cash."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Bound to Be Missed.

"Will anybody miss me when I'm gone?"

"Twenty of people. There's the piano man with his dollar a week, the encyclopedia man with his dollar and the insurance agent with his 50 cents."—Kansas City Journal.

The Poor Waiter.

Old Lady (who has been lunching with her son, Hon. William, you left this quarter on the table by mistake. It's lucky I saw it, because the waiter had his eye on it.—Life

Then He Went Home.

He—I dreamed of you last night. Do you ever dream of me? She (suppressing a yawn)—No, but I'd like to very much.—Detroit Free Press.

The Cut and Dried Life.

We are born into a world that is an inexhaustible store of ready made ideas, stored up in tradition, in books and in every medium of communication between our minds and others. All we have to do is to accept this predigested nourishment and ask no questions. We could live a whole life without ever making a really individual response, without providing ourselves, out of our own experience, with any of the material that our minds work on. Many of us seem to be just this kind of spiritual parasites.—Atlantic Monthly.

Deceived by the Title.

In the titles of books lie at times pitfalls for the unwary. An almost classic example was afforded by John Ruskin when in 1851 he wrote a short pamphlet on the text, "There shall be one fold and one shepherd." This, which treated of the reunion of the Protestant churches, was published as "Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds"—a title which, appealing rather to the agricultural than to the clerical mind, insured a brisk circulation among farmers.

Newton's Apple Tree.

It is impossible to say at this late day how true or how false is the old story about Newton's apple tree at Woolsthorpe, from which he is supposed to have seen the fall of the apple which gave him his first thought of the attraction of gravity. Voltaire is the authority for the well known story. He claims that the story was told to him by Catherine Barton, Newton's niece. How much truth there may be in the tale will never be known, but it seems to be certain that tradition marked a tree as that from which the famous apple fell till 1820, when, owing to decay, the tree was cut down.—New York American.

Too Difficult a Job.

An Irishman who was too old for active work was offered the position of crossing tender at a small railroad station. He looked dubious as the duties of the office were explained to him and the meaning of the various flags was clearly stated.

"In case of danger with a train coming of course you wave the red flag," said his friend, proceeding with his explanation. A hard old hand grasped his arm.

"Man, dear, it'll never do," said Patrick, shaking his head solemnly. "I could never trust myself to remember to wave a red flag when there was a green wan handy."—Current Literature.

English Triumphant.

One of the reasons why English is expected to become a world language is that English people refuse to learn another. A correspondent sends the following example: At Muscat, at the entrance to the Persian gulf, there lived for many years an Englishman, supposed to be the only, or almost the only, British resident on the 1,500 miles of Arabian coast-line from Aden to Kuwait. It would seem that he could hardly have escaped knowing Arabic. Yet he confessed that he could not speak a dozen words of that language.

"But how do you carry on your trade?" some one asked.

"Oh," he replied, "the beggars have to learn English."—London Globe.

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Lace Curtain Specials—We find that we are overstocked on white lace curtains. In order to reduce the stock quickly we place on sale a great number of genuine imported Nottingham white lace curtains at **One-half Price**

Remember that These Prices are Good for This Week Only

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When we say we believe we have the best laxative and back up our statement with our unqualified promise to return without question or formality the money paid us for it, if it does not prove entirely satisfactory to you, we believe we are entitled to your confidence.

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Our experience with them and the many reports we have received from those who have used them prove that they are really the most pleasing and satisfactory bowel remedy we know of.

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OREGON

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