Yamhill County Reporter

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ADVERTISING RATES.

Reading notices in local columns 10 cents per line for first week and 5 cents per line thereafter. Display advertisements, annual rates, one inch per month $1; each additional inch 50 cents per month.

Obituary and marriage notices not exceeding 10 lines published free, if furnished in time to be current news. Additional matter 10 cents per line.

Candidates' "Cards of Announcement" from now until the convention, $2.50.

FRIDAY, FEB. 23, 1900.

HON. R. M. VEATCH, who was beaten for representative in congress by Hon. Thomas H. Tongue, is now mentioned as the probable democratic nominee for county judge of Lane county.

THE board of regents of the state university has abolished the chair of logic, held by Prof. McElroy, the same to take effect at the end of the university year. This will necessarily remove Prof. McElroy from the university.

IT is proposed in Chicago to label every tree on the streets and in the parks with its name. There is some wisdom in this. The high schools and colleges turn out graduates in botany every year who can't tell a sycamore from an oak.

SECRETARY ROOT has sent to congress an abstract of the militia force of the United States. It shows the total number of men available for military duty, but unorganized, as 10,343,150, and an aggregate organized strength of 106,339.

BEFORE the American troops poured into the Philippines, there were only three saloons in Manila. There are now four hundred, according to Chaplain Wells, of the First volunteer regiment. Our plan of civilization would be hard to explain to Aguinaldo.

TONGUE of Oregon is among the republicans of the house reported to be in opposition to the Puerto Rico tariff bill. He honors himself and serves the country by this course. The bigger question as to the Philippines, in which our Pacific states are vitally interested, is carried in this Puerto Rico bill.—Oregonian.

THE rumor is out that Oregon's chief executive has matrimonial intentions. The fortunate young lady is said to be Miss Trullinger, who formerly conducted an art studio in Portland, and who is handsome and accomplished. Her parents are well known and highly respected citizens of Astoria. There are many people in Oregon who would rejoice to see a wifely addition to the governor's household. The fact is, there is dearth of feminine helpmeets among Oregon's men in highest position, Congressman Tongue having for some time been the sole exception.

THAT DELINQUENT TAX LIST.

The effort on the part of the Telephone-Register and the North Yamhill Record to make political capital out of the fact of the publication of the delinquent tax list in two newspapers, falls very flat when the facts are known. The Reporter explained briefly what these facts were last week. That people may not be misled we reiterate: The sheriff first proposed to divide the list between the two papers. The Reporter editors thought this a very unsatisfactory way of publishing such a document, as many people did not take both papers, and would desire to see the whole list. So they agreed for the good of their readers to contribute the space for the other half, and charge a low rate for half the space, as originally intended. For the truth of this statement we ask every doubter to examine the bill for the work when it is paid, and if you can make political thunder out of it then, we say all right. The attempt is made now, because the matter on the face of it, and without this explanation, is calculated to mislead people who take little trouble to investigate. It is hardly honest politics, either.

Mr. H. C. Burns signs a call for a meeting of the democratic county central committee March 3d. It is understood that Mr. Burns is anti-fusion, and that if any fusion racket is put up on him, he will not travel with them.

Here is a fact that illustrates a somewhat general truth in McMinnville, though some people seem very slow to realize it. Fish dealers in Portland are selling salmon at 20c a pound. Mr. Palmer, the local dealer, sells at 15c. Both claim they make no profit. Mr. Palmer is certainly nearest the truth. He has to sell at very near cost in order to sell at all; Portland dealers, with more people to buy, and consequently more demand, can fix their price and get it. The same will hold true with a suit of clothes, and probably furniture, carpets, hardware, etc. A good many men have told us at different times that they have gone to Portland and bought a suit of clothes, and thought they had a bargain, till they came home and priced the same suit with some of our principal dealers and found the price a shade the lowest and that, too, not counting railroad fare. One needs to be mighty shrewd in the knowledge of materials and prices to strike a bargain in Portland over McMinnville.

AN IMPORTANT SUBJECT.

An important question for Americans to consider, and one treated altogether too lightly, is the need of reclaiming the arid lands. Expansion is all right in its place, but it is a serious question whether the first duty of America is not to render habitable her waste places. Why do not political parties make this subject of internal improvements a chief plank in their party platforms, rather than the threadbare and exploded issue of free silver, and like matters that have proved to be vagaries by laws already in operation? There are very few who realize what a marvelous increase in population and prosperity throughout the whole western half of the United States would follow the adoption of the national irrigation policy. Stop and think of it! France has a population of 38,343,192. Montana and Idaho would, if irrigated, sustain them all. Together these two states are larger than France. Belgium has a population of six millions and the Gila and Salt river valleys in Arizona are as large as Belgium, and if irrigated would sustain as large a population. California has over 58 million acres of government land, more than half the area of the state, and 17 million acres of it can be reclaimed by irrigation. Today the city of Chicago has a larger population than the big state of California. Population makes prosperity, makes markets and makes property values. Oregon has much land that could be redeemed in this way. Strike a line through the United States on the meridian of 98 deg., which cleaves Kansas and Texas about midway, and the United States as well, and you have west of this line a population of 4,404,000. East of the line you have 58,218,000. What makes the difference? Chiefly humidity. The magic touch of water. Reclaim as far as possible by irrigation the arid side, and it will sustain a greater population than the whole United States contains today. The opportunities for millions of workers and home builders, and the increase of markets for merchants and manufacturers would exceed the scope of imagination. Then would this truly be America for Americans, and there would be slight need to migrate to the islands of the sea or invade the torrid regions of the half-civilized.

ARE YOU A CANDIDATE?

If a candidate for a county office really and sincerely desires to serve the people in such capacity, why shouldn't he announce the fact and come before the people candidly and flat-footed? And as the newspaper is the legitimate medium for getting before the people, why shouldn't it be paid a reasonable sum for the announcement? Merchants pay for telling the people they want them to buy their goods. That community is rare in this country that hasn't a standing candidate or two each campaign for almost every office. The standing candidate generally gets left when the nominations are made, and often justly so, because he has poor abilities for the place he seeks. It were well if this were all. But the candidacy of such men has a deterrent effect on men of ability and worth, which operates to keep them out of the race through sheer disgust of this misdirected ambition in the scramble for public favor. Let the candidate who sincerely believes that he could serve the public acceptably and well, announce the fact, and with the assistance of the editors, let voters know that he believes the qualities are so blended in him as to make a satisfactory public servant. It is the correct and dignified way of coming to the front. Office no longer seeks the man, so let good men seek office, and do it in an open and above-board manner. Then voters have time to consider merits, and to go into conventions prepared to vote intelligently. That newspaper that announces in a lump sum the names of all the candidates that come to its ears, and winds up the notice by saying that each and every one of these gentlemen would make a good and acceptable officer, can be safely put down as asserting that which it cannot prove, and for the purpose of an all-round stand-in. Dignity does not approve such a course, nor do facts warrant it.

There's a Show of Truth in This.

The contest in June for the successor of Hon. Thos. Tongue to represent Oregon in congress promises to be very warm. Brother Brownell of Oregon City has his picture in the Oregonian as a prominent candidate for the position. There have been less complimentary things in the Oregonian concerning Brother Brownell before now, and yet it will not be new or strange to see the paper named call a man a horse thief, a liar, and other pet names and then support him for a public office.—Portland Chronicle.

Wayland Hunsaker, B. E. Coulter and P. H. Messner will leave next Monday for Sumpter. The latter gentleman has mining interests there, and the others hope to acquire some.

DIVERSE AND BEAUTIFUL OREGON.

Editorial Correspondence.

Ashland, Or., Feb. 18, 1900.

Sometimes the dairy of a wandering citizen is of interest to the people of his own home, and especially is this true when the citizen starts out firm in the faith that his own home cannot be outdone in point of excellence by any other section of earth.

Leaving Portland on the Southern Pacific train yesterday evening, we have had a most delightful journey to the "Granite City," whose gates we will enter by the time this letter is finished.

A jaunt through the Willamette valley over the Southern Pacific always has its attendant pleasures at any season of the year, and now, when the season that we call winter is here, the exhilarating ozone abounds at every turn of the broad, expansive valley that has given to Oregon much of its name and fame, and a trip can be made with as much comfort now as when the roses of June are blooming. The ubiquitous colored porter alone feels the discomforts attending a winter's trip. You know the ways of the colored porters, and how they always make you feel that if you don't give them a pretty big tip, you are a good deal worse than a slave driver. In the winter they are more particularly in need of a generous fee than at any other time, for they must look after the ventilation and heat of the car, and when you ask for more cover on the bed they know you are making them a lot of trouble unless your request is accompanied by the sound of silver. However, the porters are kept busy, for the recent inauguration of a double daily train service to San Francisco is a notable addition to the facilities of the traveling public, and has made it possible to reach, in two days time, the many resorts of Southern California, so attractive at this season.

The only unplesant feature of the night train out of Portland is the fact that much of the scenery of the great Willamette is shut out. From the hop-pole dales of Clackamas to the swine-clad hills of Umpqua, the darkness of night shuts out the view.

But when the morning dawned the beautiful and picturesque scenery of Rogue river valley, and the superb and awe-inspiring sight of the rugged Siskiyou mountains repays one for the hours of waiting. No description of these delightful sights has been set out in the circulars of the railway company, for no pen can do them justice. The famous Cow creek canyon is a hair-lifting piece of road. It is to trainmen what the Black sea is to sailors—they do not like to tackle it. When the railroad was new, and until the scenery got settled, loosened rocks used to roll down on the track, and many an engineer has stopped his machine just in time to prevent great destruction of life. A few years ago the side of a mountoin slid down into the canyon, carrying away a portion of the track and making a deep lake of the portion of country up-stream from where it found a resting place. But now the conditions in the wild Cow creek canyon are tamed down, and the locomotive with its long train of cars rounds the curves gracefully, looking back now and then as if to see that everything was all right, and then, satisfied, about face, and with a snort plunges into the long lane of steel ahead.

Emerging from this rough bit of country into the Rogue river valley, with its farms, gardens, and orchards, its many streams and undulating hills, is a relief. We roll along passing countless churches and school houses, towns and villages habilitated in all degrees of sanitary preferment and decorative art. In some of the villages the railroad, unintentionally or otherwise, passes through the back streets. What the traveler sees there is calculated to make him feel proud of the municipal government of all of the villages in his home country—especially if his home country is governed to the prohibition of tin cans and rubbish lying in the village streets as in Yamhill. These Southern Oregon municipal fathers are not so particular. Or, it may be that the decorative value of tin cans is not generally recognized in the more staid and prim communities. It is no doubt highly appreciated by the people whose homes are in this section. They surely believe that a tin can is a beautiful thing. It is so round, so smooth and shiny, with its bright label in eager colors, and suggestive legends printed thereon in delicate and artistic designs, setting forth the intense delectability and enormous nutritive qualities of the former contents of the can. They recognize the decorative value of tin cans to the extent that they pave their streets with them. From the car window one can see the representative of the meek oyster, the sad-eyed sardine, the disintegrated shote, the bright tomato and the gentle prune, all arranged in reckless profusion, for the people are not stingy in the matter. But, looking up from the village streets we can see, far to the eastward the frowning Cascade mountains, adorned with snowy summits and fragments of evergreen forest, relieved by ridges, canyons and pinnacled cliffs, among which spots of sunshine and cloud-shadow chase each other in and out, picturing alternately with light and shade, these billowy types of eternity. In front of us rise by terrace and cliff the immovable Siskiyous—the granite range—to a height of eight thousand feet, and at their feet nestles the city of Ashland, the end of a division of the Southern Pacific, and the gateway to California. The Pacific ocean is distant in a direct line 84 miles, and on the south the boundary between Oregon and California is only 20 miles away. Even now the wailing blast of the whistle proclaims the near approach to the station, and thus my first of the series of letters must close.

D. I. A.

Those Bicycle Paths.

Lafayette, Ore., Feb. 21, 1900.

EDITOR REPORTER:—I see in your last issue that you mention the arrest and fining of our neighbors for traveling on the bicycle path. Were they not on the county road?

There is no such a thing as a bicycle path on record, and we do have records that show us that the men arrested were on the public highway, and that it has certain widths, beginning at some fixed point and ending or connecting with other roads; while this road you speak of commences in imagination and ends in a mudhole; having no fixed width, no regular place, and crosses and recrosses the wagon track, having all the appearance of a cowpath in the grubs, dodging the grubs and bad places, using the wagon track when it comes to cut, hill or bridge, the worst of all places to meet scorchers.

I am with Mr. Waddel, by all means have bicycle paths, but have them recorded, protected and built well, so far as practical, and when the means to build gives out, or the road has but little travel, let all respect the right of the wheel and give it room. Let man power have the preferred track over beast power. But when we have a path, have it continuous from end to end, giving the wheel no right to the wagon track. Then the path cannot conflict with our road supervisors, and can be placed under their control or taken from them.

Yours truly,
F. J. CANFIELD.

J. F. Taylor, the tile man, returned from a business trip to Salem on Monday.

Assessor J. M. Yocom attended a state meeting of assessors in Portland this week.

The Imperial saloon building was sold on Tuesday by C. R. Cook to Daniel Gaby for a consideration of $2700. The sale was affected through J. M. Pugh. The building is leased by T. A. McCourt for four years. It brings $30 per month rent, which pays all expenses and 10 per cent interest on the investment.

Mrs. Helen D. Harford was with the local W.C. T. U. on Saturday afternoon. Her talk was replete with helpful suggestions and encouragement. In the evening a very pleasant social was held in the Union rooms. The meeting for the children at the M. E. church, at 3 o'clock, Sunday was very interesting. The memorial service in honor of Miss Frances Willard was well attended, and Mrs. Harford paid a glowing tribute to that noble woman, whom all lovers of truth, purity and temperance delight to honor. Don't forget that all ladies are cordially invited to the meeting next Saturday at 2:30. "Christian Citizenship" will be the subject for consideration. Come and help. *

A basket social with invited guests was held at the Christian church Friday evening. Receipts were well up into the 20's from sale of baskets. A large satin bowed basket made by Misses Grace Sutherland and Vinnie Gilbert excited fierce competition between Sam Laughlin and David Nayberger, and no telling what it would have sold for if the latter's immediately available cash hadn't run short. As it was, the auctioneer's hammer fell at $2.50 and the basket went to the returned Klondiker. Everybody admired Mr. Nayberger's nerve in bidding against a man who had struck it rich in Klondike. Moral: When you hold a basket social be sure you invite these two gentlemen.

Farmers and Furrows

A farmer is known by his furrow as "the carpenter is known by his chips." It takes a firm hand and a true eye to turn a straight furrow. No wonder the farmer wears out, spite of exercise and fresh air. One day's work on the farm would tire many a trained athlete. And the farmer works hardest of all. The first up and the last to bed, feeding his team before he feeds himself, his work is practically never done. Why does not the farmer treat his own body as he treats the land he cultivates? He puts back in phosphate what he takes out in crops, or the land would grow poor. The farmer should put back into his body the vital elements exhausted by labor. If he does not, he will soon complain of "poor health." The great value of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is in its vitalizing power. It gives strength to the stomach, life to the lungs, purity to the blood. It supplies Nature with the substances by which she builds up the body, just as the farmer supplies Nature with the substances that build up the crops.

"I write to tell you of the great benefit I received from the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery," writes Mr. G. B. Bird, of Byrnside, Putnam Co., W. Va. "It cured me of a very bad case of indigestion associated with torpid liver. Before I began the use of 'Golden Medical Discovery' I had no appetite; could not sleep nor work but very little. The little that I ate did not agree with me, bowels constipated, and life was a misery to me. I wrote to Dr. Pierce giving the symptoms, and asked for advice. He advised me to try the 'Golden Medical Discovery' so I began the use of it and after taking four bottles I felt so well that I went to work, but soon got worse, so I again began the use of it and used it about eight weeks longer, when I was permanently cured."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Use them when you require a pill.

Newberg was again visited by burglars Tuesday evening. Under cover of the darkness and a heavy falling rain, which tended to deaden any suspicious sounds, unknown parties made two bold attempts at robbery, and succeeded in neither. They first entered the general merchandise store of J. C. Porter by breaking in at a rear window and proceeded to bore a hole through the safe door to the combination. The charge of powder did the work, completely demolishing the door. Nothing was secured however, except a few of Mr. Porter's insurance papers, which were found next morning in an adjoining woodshed. The strange thing is that the burglars used some bolts of calico taken from the shelves to deaden the sound, and directly under the calico was hidden some $6 or $7, which was not discovered. The other business house entered was Miller's jewelry store. The entrance was effected by removing the panel of a rear door. They proceeded as before to blow open the safe, and succeeded in breaking the combination, but the bolts held and the attempt failed. This would have made a rich haul as the safe contained a good stock of jewelry, besides some money. No clue has been secured to the burglars.

The REPORTER and Weekly Oregonian one year for $2, strictly in advance.

"One Minute Cough Cure is the best remedy I ever used for coughs and colds. It is unequaled for whooping cough. Children all like it," writes H. N. Williams, Gentryville, Ind. Never fails. It is the only harmless remedy that gives immediate results. Cures coughs, colds, hoarseness, croup, pneumonia, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. Its early use prevents consumption. Rogers Bros.

A traveling artist named Englehart, who paints a fine landscape in 35 minutes, has been entertaining people with his skill, and selling a good many pictures.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has been by the County Court of Yamhill county, Oregon, duly appointed administrator of the estate of Watson S. Bagley, deceased.

Now therefore, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present the same duly verified to the undersigned, at his residence in Lafayette, Yamhill county, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated February 20th, 1900.

J. H. OLDS,
Administrator of the estate of Watson S. Bagley, deceased. 10-5

R. L. CONNER, Attorney for said Estate.