

THE WEEKLY OREGON STATESMAN

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SUBSCRIBERS DESIRING THE ADDRESS OF THEIR PAPER CHANGED MUST STATE THE NAME OF THEIR FORMER POSTOFFICE, AS WELL AS OF THE OFFICE TO WHICH THEY WISH THE PAPER CHANGED.

Hops are still dull in price, and the prospects for a better market are not very bright.

There is a little more stir in Marion county politics. Some very good men are being talked of in connection with the various offices.

If the hop pool keeps on growing it will cut a figure in the business; especially after this year, if operations are successful this year.

Nothing shows the sweep of modern industry more distinctly than the fact that the world's production of beet sugar for 1899 was \$510,000 tons.

Mr. Carnegie's benefactions for public purposes in the year 1899 amounts to \$5,155,000. Not all of those who envy his income would be willing to imitate his outgo.

In the last year the railroads of Connecticut carried 50,269,468 passengers, with a record of none killed. The trolley lines of the state caused the death of eleven passengers in a total of 58,084,702.

One-fourth of the world's total output of coal is produced in the United States and the cost of mining per ton is lowest in this country. Last year's exports of coal went up to 4,000,000 tons, and this item of foreign trade is growing fast.

A Boston church has suspended from its membership two trolley car motorists for running their cars on Sunday. So far as known, however, the church is still paying its janitor, its organist and its pastor for faithful performance of their necessary work on Sunday.

The lists of the Weekly Statesman (now issued in two sections, on Tuesdays and Fridays) have nearly doubled since the 10th of October. This was as great an increase as we expected to make, when the change was decided upon. The indications are that it will double again in a few months.

At last, the water has been turned into Chicago's big drainage canal. There has been a great deal of talk at St. Louis and in the neighborhood of that city of attempting to prevent the turning of all this sewage into the Mississippi. But such an attempt will scarcely be successful now.

Ocean-going vessels are increasing rapidly in size. The number of ships launched in Great Britain this year fell off 12 per cent, but the tonnage is larger by 30,000. Two steamers of 18,835 tons each have been launched at Belfast and several six-masted schooners of 3000 tons constructed for coast-wise trade.

The Associated Press reports that the commission appointed by President McKinley to determine the most feasible and practicable route for the canal across the isthmus of Panama will sail Saturday for the scene of its labors. It is not stated which commission—the last, or the next to the last, or one of the various others.

My own opinion is and has been for many years that we need, first of all, more people—Governor Geer in introductory article in New Year edition of the Statesman. Governor Geer is quite right in his opinion. More people will bring all the other things we need; motor lines, manufacturing concerns, diversified and intensified agriculture, better wagon roads, and hundreds of other things that are necessary to the accommodation and enjoyment of densely populated communities.

THE FRUIT GROWERS.

"I see my time is nearly up for receiving your valuable paper for 1899. I have been benefited much by the contents of its columns, although I have had nothing to cheer me up in a pecuniary sense from any orchard; but the plow plowed, the harrowed harrowed, the clod masher ran, the war on the borer was kept up, pruning was faithfully attended to, and the spray pump was used—all as thoroughly as if the trees had been loaded with fruit. My trees look well and are better set with fruit buds than ever before since I have had the orchard. If the conditions are favorable I hope to have a bountiful crop in 1900 by giving the orchard equal attention with this year. I hope the fruit growers will organize and be in shape before another fall to

control the marketing of their fruit, so that the markets will not be glutted. This will require co-operation and confidence on the part of the growers, and a willingness on their part to abide by the result of a system of classifying as to quality and grade. It will, of course, take work to bring this about, but I believe we have men in Oregon who are just as honorable and as capable of carrying on this work as they have in California or elsewhere.

The above is a communication from D. M. Cronse, of Liberty, to the "Oregon Agriculturist and Rural North-west," at Portland.

The spirit of organization seems to be in the air in Oregon. It is argued that if there is necessity for organization by the hop growers, the fruit growers should also combine their interests.

There is no question but the problem of marketing their products will be a serious one for the fruit growers, whenever they shall have a full crop. We can scarcely realize the immensity of the yield of fruit in Oregon, when the trees shall all have come into full bearing, and in the years of abundant crops. Perhaps we will have an illustration of the busy times such a condition will occasion next year. We will have, if the weather from now on to harvest time is favorable.

WE WILL EXPLAIN.

B. F. Alley in the Baker City Republican says: Will the Salem Statesman please explain how they lost the magnificent appropriation for the Willamette river and Yaquina bay, secured by Hermann. Perhaps you would like to shake hands with "Our Binger!"—Engle Journal.

While the Statesman would not like to fall into the habit of following up the vapors of the Baker City Republican man, "Col." B. F. Alley, who utterly lacks fairness, disregard of truthfulness, and is painfully short on common sense, we will do a little explaining in this particular case.

The magnificent appropriation for the Willamette river, about which he speaks, was not passed until after Mr. Hermann had ceased to be congressman. It was passed during the special session of the last congress, and after Mr. Tongue had become a member. "The magnificent appropriation for Yaquina bay," to which he refers, it is assumed, was the million dollars for the continuation of the contract. There never was one dollar of appropriation passed for this. The law authorizing the secretary of war to make the contract was passed at the session that ended in June, 1896. Mr. Hermann was a member of congress for a year thereafter. Oregon's delegation in congress was full. Ellis was in the house, McBride and Mitchell in the senate, every one of these gentlemen was heartily in sympathy with the improvement of Yaquina bay, and willing and ready to do everything in his power to assist in the accomplishment of that object. Another session of congress was held prior to the expiration of Mr. Hermann's term of service. Yet these gentlemen were not able during that time to secure a dollar of appropriation for the contemplated improvement, or for carrying out the contract, nor were they able to prevail upon the secretary of war to approve the project and let the contract. The present delegation succeeded in prevailing upon the secretary of war to do the latter. It was thwarted and delayed through the engineering department, which is thoroughly hostile to it, until finally the river and harbor committee was induced to take up the matter and block the improvement. Some of the newspapers are charging that the present delegation procured a commission instead of an appropriation. An appropriation was an utter impossibility. The commission was a compromise to prevent the total repeal of the law authorizing the contract. The commission has dodged the main question referred to it, that is, whether or not the contention of Capt. Symonds that the extension of the jetties will not improve the harbor, is correct or not. In this way, the contest has been postponed, not decided.

FARMERS COMING.

Several small colonies of farmers are on their way to the state of Washington and some of them will locate on Puget Sound. One party had made arrangements to settle in Whatcom county, and the transportation companies report that numbers have engaged passage to other sections of the state. The year is likely to see a very noticeable growth among agricultural communities and it will be especially marked on this side, of the Cascade mountains. There are few spots more inviting to the farmer than the rich country around Puget Sound, and those who have moved from less favored sections and have taken up a home on our generous lands have never ceased to congratulate themselves that the change was made. A mild and even climate with no extremes is in sharp contrast to the harsh surroundings of the East, where people are burned in summer, frozen in winter and forever battling with blizzards, severe frosts, drouths and cyclones. Here they find a genial temperature with atmospheric disturbances almost unknown. They find opened to them an existence with some opportunities for enjoyment and not a never-ending fight with nature. Moreover, the new settler soon realizes that this country is a land of plenty. The soil is rich and yields prolifically. Such a thing as a crop failure is almost un-

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

Kidney Trouble Makes You Miserable.

Almost everybody who reads the newspapers is sure to know of the wonderful cures made by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy. It is the great medical triumph of the nineteenth century; discovered after years of scientific research by Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, and is wonderfully successful in promptly curing lame back, kidney, bladder, uric acid troubles and Bright's Disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. It has been tested in so many ways, in hospital work, in private practice, among the helpless poor to purchase relief and has proved so successful in every case that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of this paper who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent free by mail, also a book telling more about Swamp-Root and how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Birmingham, N. Y. The regular fifty cent and dollar sizes are sold by all good druggists.

known.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

The Puget Sound is a very good country. But there is a much better one for the farmers who are coming West down here in the Willamette valley. Our soil is generally richer and deeper, and anything that can be raised there can be grown here. The main reason that more new people are settling up there than down here is that the railroads drawing their main coast business from Washington are more active than our Oregon roads in advertising the resources of the country and turning the tide of immigration so as to be of benefit to their properties. There is every indication of an immense accession of new people to our Pacific coast states. Oregon could get and keep a very large share of them, if she could have combined effort in this direction. We need the new settlers. There is room for them here. Governor Geer, in his introductory article in the New Year edition of the Statesman pointed out some of the reasons why Washington is securing more people than Oregon. The state of Washington as a commonwealth, the cities and commercial bodies, and the railroads, all work together to this end, and they do not spare expense.

PAVING STONES OF TAR.

Paving stones, with tar as one of the ingredients of their composition must be regarded as a novelty. The Germans are making artificial paving stones by mixing coal tar and sulphur adding chlorate of lime and then breaking up the mass and adding broken glass. This is reduced to a powder and subjected to severe pressure, and the paving stone is ready for use.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

Anxious Mother—What did Mr. Cummings say to you last night, Clara, when he was trying to button your gloves? Clara—Why, he said any man who made gloves that wouldn't button easier than mine ought to quit the business.

Doctors Can't Cure It!

Contagious blood poison is absolutely beyond the skill of the doctors. They may dose a patient for years on their mercurial and potash remedies, but he will never be rid of the disease; on the other hand, his condition will grow steadily worse. S. S. S. is the only cure for this terrible affliction, because it is the only remedy which goes direct to the cause of the disease and forces it from the system.

W. R. NEWMAN, Staunton, Va.

I was afflicted with Blood Poison, and the best doctors did me no good, though I took their treatment faithfully. In fact, I seemed to get worse all the while. I took almost every so-called blood purifier, but they did not seem to reach the disease, and had no effect whatever. I was disheartened, for it seemed that I would never be cured. At the advice of a friend, I bought S. S. S., and began to take it. I continued the medicine, and it cured me completely, bringing up my health and increasing my appetite. Although this was ten years ago, I have never yet had a sign of the disease.

It is like self-destruction to continue to take potash and mercury; besides totally destroying the digestion, they dry up the marrow in the bones, produce a stiffness and swelling of the joints, causing the hair to fall out, and completely wrecking the system.

S. S. S. For The Blood

is guaranteed Purely Vegetable, and is the only blood remedy free from these dangerous minerals. Book on self-treatment sent free by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

CRIBBAGE FOR A TOWN SITE

Shortly before the Northern Pacific Railroad company sold to the old St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba company its branch lines in North Dakota, north of its main line, there was a dispute between a number of real estate men as to whether the town site of Good Hope should be located on the Goose river or three miles from that sedgy stream, near where Portland, Ore., was carried to Arthur, thence to Newberg and Grand Forks, and one afternoon resolved itself into the proposition that the disputing factions should settle the matter by a game of cribbage. Each side was to choose its best player, and which ever side won the victory was to be abided by. It may be stated that cribbage is a game idolized on the frontier and understood as it is not in the effete East. In this particular party of real estate speculators no cribbage board was to be found, so without ceremony 121 holes were hollowed out on the prairies, wagon stakes were selected for pegs, and two trusted men—one from each side—were selected to move these pegs as the cards were played. Such a game of cribbage was never played before.

The titles of the two factions were River Site and Prairie Site. The man who played for the river men was named Sundberg, a bracing young Norwegian. His opponent was called Ellis, and afterward lost his life in a flood at the Klamath river crossing. Each man had learned the game in a mining camp that place where imagination never dwells and cold calculation is the spirit of life. The dealer of cards was thrown out, the spectators stood up, the players sat, squat. Stretching far out on the prairie the level was the double row of peg holes, scooped from the virgin sod. On the cut of the cards Ellis won the deal and crib. The Prairie Site faction cheered, but a threatening gesture toward his pistol by a deputy sheriff who favored the River Site caused demonstration to cease.

Ellis threw out six cards to his opponent, took his own hand, the two-card discard was made by each, the crib formed and Sundberg led with a troy. Ellis covered this with a ten spot, leaving his opponent to add a deuce, and making the first fifteen-two. Laboriously the first peg was moved two holes. Nothing sensational occurred after this, and when the first hand and crib was counted Ellis had 12 points and Sundberg 10.

Now it was Sundberg's crib and deal. When he had finished his discard he held in his hand two sevens, and two eights. On the turn-up of the crib six appeared. He therefore held in his hand at least twenty points. Ellis opened the hand with a lead of a six spot, a dangerous move sometimes. Sundberg covered it with an eight, Ellis slipped in a seven, secured a run of three and scored three points. Sundberg paired and scored two. Ellis played a troy, made thirty-one two, and counted two more points. At the end

of this hand the score stood: Sundberg 36, and Ellis, 30. This was very high playing in points, and while a new deal was on various side bets were made. The wagers ran in horses, pistols, acres of land, hunting outfits and cattle. There was a man from McCauleyville that bet six milch cows Sundberg would quit winner at least ten points ahead of Ellis.

On the third handling of the cards, and they were honestly dealt, Ellis held four five spots and the turn-up of the crib was a ten spot. Sundberg held three six spots and a nine. When the cards were played Ellis was 52 and Sundberg 42 points. The deputy sheriff's Indian horse drew his lariet pin at this juncture and made across the prairie. The game was held until he could be kicked several times in the side to teach him better manners. The deputy also, to show his possession of the animal, shot it through the left ear and the game went on.

The sun was making the western sky look as if the heavens were afire when the score peg of the two players stood at 112 each, and there were but nine points to be played for one or the other to be the winner. Sundberg held the crib and deal, a situation not altogether to his liking. Ellis was certain to have the first count. After the discard Sundberg held in his hand a nine spot, a deuce, a seven and a ten—a nasty combination as any cribbage player ever cares to hold. Ellis, singularly enough, held also a nine, a deuce, a seven and a ten. Such things happen in cribbage once every ten million years.

The card turn-up was a five spot. Ellis led his deuce and it was paired by Sundberg, who thus made two points. Ellis then led his ten, and that was paired by Sundberg, who made two more points. The next card of Ellis was a seven, giving him thirty-one-two, and two points.

Sundberg led with his seven and Ellis added a nine to it. Sundberg paired the nine and gained a count for last card, which made his eight points in all or a total of 120. Ellis counted his hand and found that it held in points just two. Sundberg counted and held in his hand two points, which gave him the game and located the site of Good Hope on the banks of the River Goose.

It is immaterial to the story that in the end the town of Good Hope was never laid out. For a long time, though, in the tales of the territory, this game of cribbage held a place. The peg holes were in sight for many a day and were often pointed out to "ten-deerfeet" from the East come to see the banana belt. The man from McCauleyville lost his milch cows and another man from Abercrombie walked without his horse. Some land changed hands and considerable money. In all there were involved in the outcome of the game about a thousand dollars' worth of wager.

that he does not, and cannot, think quick. His mental processes are naturally slow and deliberate, and those peculiarities are intensified by his military education, which lays supreme stress on caution. He absorbs a fact by degrees like a boa constrictor swallowing a cow, and that puts him at a disadvantage when the other fellow is springing around a kopje to flank him on the left.

"The national habit of deliberation is responsible for the belief that an Englishman can't see the point to a joke, which by the way, is a mistake. He always sees the point, but never on the same day, and while that is harmless enough idiosyncrasy in peace, it is a decided drawback in war. By the time an English officer makes up his mind the chances are that everything else is minded. Before he can grasp a situation the situation has grasped him.

"I make these comments in all kindness, because my sympathies are entirely with the British, but there is no getting away from the fact that quick-thinking men and quick-firing guns have the call in modern warfare, and the further fact that rapid cerebration is not the long suit of our cousins across the pond. Of course, you may say that the Boers are no better, but there is pretty good reason to believe that their rank and file is largely offered by keen-witted foreign adventurers, who pounce upon an opportunity like a hungry hobo on a hot mince pie. What the British army needs more than anything else at present is a strong infusion of American previousness."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

ODD THINGS IN CUBA.

The Way Natives Plant Fences and American Soldiers Planted Tables.

Some odd things happen in Cuba. When a man wishes to fence around his yard or field, he doesn't build it, he plants it—and it grows, too. First he cuts a great bundle of pion twigs, then he scratches a little trench where he wants his fence to run and finally he sticks in the twigs in a row a few inches apart. The soil of Cuba is so rich and the weather so warm and moist that directly the twigs take root, throw out branches and leaves and presently there is a dense hedge of pion trees enclosing the field. And there are no nails to drop out here nor boards to fall down and let in the cattle and the fence is good for a hundred years.

Nor is that the most curious thing that one may see in Cuba. What would you think of a camp table that grew? While the American soldiers were camped back at Santiago they made great numbers of little tables by driving forked sticks in the ground for legs and using a top of boards. Of course the legs took root and some of these tables are now nicely shaded by leafy branches, and in two or three years four nice trees will be growing there, and no one will ever dream that they were once table legs. Another curious thing: At Guantanamo an old tin can was fastened around the branch of a big Cuban laurel tree some four or five feet from its leafy end. It

was packed full of earth, and Americans wondered what could be the purpose of it.

"That's simple enough," said the Cuban householder. "In a few weeks pots will grow in the earth inside the tin can. Then we can cut off the limb just back of the can, stick it in the ground, take away the can and it will grow into a tree."

"Plant a cauliflower plant in Cuba and instead of spreading out in a big fat head like a cabbage, it spindles up for all the world like a sunflower, three or four feet high, with big rank leaves and a little flower at the top that you never could recognize as a cauliflower."

THE MAN WHO WORKS.

And the Man Who Gets Through Things the Easiest Way He Can.

"The man that is so far advanced that he likes the work he is doing," said Mr. Stogdleton, "has reason to feel hopeful of himself. I suppose that the very great majority of us go through the work we have in hand the easiest way we can and get through it, skipping the hard places when possible, and thinking we'll be glad when it's finished; but the next job will be just the same; there will be just about so many hard places in it, and then we'll be wishing just the same that we could get through that job."

"The fact appears to be that we are always trying to shirk the present job. We mean well, in a feeble sort of way, and the next thing we tackle we are going to do right up to the handle; but when we strike that, when that becomes the present work, don't we try to shirk that, too? We do, indeed. And that's what we do all through life; daily putting off our best endeavors till tomorrow. Kind of a miserable thing to do, isn't it?"

"But occasionally you meet a man who puts in his best ticks every day and rejoices in the labor; he doesn't care a continental what the next day is going to bring to him, he can handle it whatever it is; just now he's engaged with today's labor; and he does that up thoroughly and completely, and searches out the last nook and cranny; he isn't trying to see what he can pass by, but what he can root out; and he goes home satisfied with his work, and he's the one man in a thousand that leads all the rest and his pay corresponds with his labors."

WILL BE A "TERRIBLE YEAR."

Death of Queen Victoria and Pope Leo in the Spring Announced by a Paris Prophetess.

Apparently inspired by the vagueness of Mme. De Thebes' predictions for 1900, Octave Uzanne has sought more precise details from a rival charlatan, that is to say, clairvoyant.

She seems to flout Mme. Thebes' declaration that Venus will be the ruling influence next year by prophesying that 1900 will be a more terrible year than 1870, the year which the French know as "l'annee terrible" par excellence.

Clouds of blood and mourning are to burst over many points of the universe. Within a year of the Peace congress formidable battles will have been fought. Two important personages will die before spring time—Queen Victoria and the Pope.

The Pope will be succeeded after two days' convalescence by Cardinal B.

The United States will encounter insurmountable difficulties in the Philippines and will be unable to overcome the resistance of the natives.

Farms for Sale

All in cultivation. House and new barn, orchard, watered. PRICE \$6,500.

287 acres near above. All in cultivation. PRICE \$17.50 PER ACRE.

210 acres adjoining Sidney elevator and mills on Willamette river, about ten miles south of Salem. All in cultivation and has house and barn. PRICE \$6 PER ACRE.

150 acres of unimproved land about two miles down the river from above. All good land and light clearing. PRICE \$6 PER ACRE.

150 acres of upland adjoining last mentioned. All good red loam. About one hundred acres in cultivation, balance under timber. Fenced and good spring water, but no buildings. PRICE \$20 PER ACRE.

60 acres about one mile from the above. Level prairie land, all cultivated, except fringe of brush along creek. Good house and barn and young orchard. PRICE \$20 PER ACRE.

52 1/2 acres about three miles southeast from Woodburn. Good soil, one-half in cultivation. Buildings, orchard and running water. PRICE \$1,250.

17 1/2 acres in Willamette river, about nine miles below Salem, near Simon's Landing. About sixty acres in cultivation. All fenced. Fair buildings. PRICE \$12 PER ACRE.

97 acres about two miles from Gervais. Good prairie land all in cultivation, and well fenced, but no buildings. PRICE \$15 PER ACRE.

All the above lands can be sold on easy terms of payment. For further particulars apply to Macmaster & Birrell, Portland, Oregon, or

BOZORTH BROTHERS

SALEM, OREGON.