

WE SHALL LIVE AGAIN.

(Editorial in New York Herald.)
And there shall be no night there—Revelation, xxii, 5.

There is not a whole household on the face of the earth! Not one in which there is no grief for the departed! The air is full of joyful greetings for those who have just come, and of sad farewells for those who are just going.

We know by experience what awaits the new comers into this short but beautiful life, but what have we to say of those who have whispered their "good night" and are about to fall asleep? Are we left in the dark concerning them, and must we weep until forgetfulness dries our tears, or can we look serenely into the future and think of them as in some foreign clime, where they are rejoicing at their larger opportunities and awaiting our coming?

This is the great problem, and until it is solved to the soul's satisfaction we really have no God to worship, for a God who has made love the mightiest element of our natures, but breaks our relationship to others at death as a giant snaps a thread, is a being to be feared, but not one in whom to repose a cheerful confidence, and unless our religion has as much to say about the future as about the present, it neither fits our needs nor responds to our cravings. It is weakest where it should be strongest, and it suffers defeat when it should win the victory.

Unless you can tell me something about tomorrow I do not care to ask any questions about today. If the journey ends at sunset it makes very little difference to me where I wander or what happens to me. The time is too short for the accomplishment of any high purpose, for while I am engaged in my work and just as I get accustomed to myself and learn how to use myself to the best advantage, I drop out of sight, leaving nothing behind except the memory of an unfinished task, and become a mere nothing in the midst of nowhere. My floral sense is destroyed, and instead of that self-sacrifice for the good of others which is at one the most heroic and admirable quality of my nature, I eat and drink and am merry, because tomorrow I may die.

How can I care for a God who cares so little for me that He makes me thirsty, leads me to the fountain and then refuses to let me drink? I may be convinced of His power, but I am suspicious of His alleged wisdom and I stoutly deny His goodness. An earthly father who should act thus toward his family would neither receive nor deserve the affection of his children.

The denial of immortality, therefore, by those who are constituted, as we are, and who are as dependent as we on that affection which develops all that is highest and noblest in our natures, is a preposterous libel against Him who taught us the Lord's Prayer. It chills every warm motive that leads to holiness, and so dwarfs the soul that it becomes hardly visible. No man can attain his full stature except under the influence of a faith which once in a while catches a glimpse of heaven any more than a rosebud will blossom in the damp darkness of a cellar. Men and plants need light—the plant the light of the sun and man the light of immortality.

But once convince a man that he has fallen asleep so often in this life that he looks forward to it after the hard day's work, sure that he will wake again at sunrise refreshed and ready for additional toil, so will he close his eyes at last only to open them in a brighter world, and you make a new creature of him. He is transformed and transfigured. The whole current of his thoughts is changed, his incentives lead him to a higher level of action, he is no longer like the musician who plays out of tune, for he keys his instrument to the concert pitch which the Leader gives and produces the best music of which he and his instrument are capable.

Our lives are based on thoughts, and the loftiest thoughts make the holiest lives. There is no conception which equals that of immortality in its benign, invigorating and inspiring influence on the characteristics of a man. It consecrates all his energies and sanctifies all his affections. It brings him into harmony with the universe and gives him the right to call on God in time of need. He lives for eternity, makes plans which reach far beyond the confines of our earthly life, bears with resignation the burdens which Providence places on his shoulders, and tearfully says "Goodby," with the glad certainty of saying "Good morning" later on.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Creamed Celery.

Take the small, tender heads of celery, wash and scrape it quite clean, removing the outer stalks. Put one pint of rich milk (part cream, if possible) into a double-boiler. Cut the stalks of celery into small cubes, and let them boil in milk till quite tender. Then rub one tablespoonful of butter and the same or a little more of flour into a smooth paste; add to it the boiling celery. Season to taste with salt and pepper, and let it boil until it becomes rich and creamy.

Macaroni With Brown Sauce.

Put one pint of water or stock on to boil, and break up two ounces of macaroni into pieces about one inch long. When the stock boils add this and a little salt and boil for about half an hour or until soft. Drain off the stock. Put one tablespoonful of butter into a pan, and when melted add one tablespoonful of flour. Let them brown, then pour in the stock or water with beef extract or sauce, and stir over the fire until it thickens. Add one tablespoonful of grated cheese, pepper and salt, and the macaroni, let it reboil and is out after their scalps.

NEWS OF THE STATE OF OREGON

The Base Ingratitude of a Umatilla Daughter of the Forest.

Signs of an Early Spring—Good Stage Business—For Irrigation—Good Crop Prospects for Klamath—Politics in Linn

—Mark Hanna to Blame.

SIGNS OF EARLY SPRING.

Pendleton East Oregonian:

The last few warm days have had the effect of bringing forth from their winter's sleep the thousands of small grey ground squirrels in which this country abounds. So long as the sun remains out, the hills surrounding the town are fairly alive with these little rodents. Their appearance is a pretty sure indication that the severest part of the winter has passed. It has been many years since they have awakened from their winter's sleep so early.

JANUARY APPLES.

Pendleton East Oregonian:

The reputation of Umatilla county as an agricultural section is recognized all over the country, and the treasure that its rich soils yearly bring forth is beyond estimating. All classes of fruits and vegetables flourish here in season, but who ever heard of gathering apples in the month of January? Nevertheless, such is the case. Wednesday, the East Oregonian was shown a ripe apple that was picked during that day from a tree in the orchard of L. W. Jones, in this city. While not so large as apples usually grow here, the specimen was hard and fresh and was just as sound and mellow as any fruit of a like nature gathered in season. The apple was secured by a gentleman whose veracity is beyond question, and while it seems impossible that apples will ripen in the month of January, the fact is so apparent that it cannot be doubted.

GONE WITH THE SCALPS.

Pendleton East Oregonian:

John Sagwitch, a prominent swash of the Umatilla reserve, is in trouble. His head is bowed in grief and his heart strings no longer respond to the gentle touch of the fair sex. John has been deceived; his affections grossly trifled with, and he is out with his scalping knife in quest of his traducers. John Sagwitch is an old resident in these parts. Unlike the vast majority who acted on the advice of Horace Greeley and came West, John always was West. Here he has lived all his life, and when, in the springtime of his youth, he chased the festive jackrabbit and tracked the coveting coyote to his lair, little did he dream that, in his old age, he would be a much injured man. But such is the fickleness of time and women, and it is woman that is at the bottom of John's great sorrow.

While young, his heart was proof against the fires of love, but as age came on and jackrabbits became scarce John concluded that he had remained single long enough and should proceed to take up the white man's burden. He took to his manly bosom one of the fairest of his set, and, for a month past, his tepee has been bulging over the sides with love and happiness. But his happiness was too great to last, and his despoiler of homes has succeeded in making John's life miserable. It came about in this wise:

John and his newly wedded spouse had devoted their energies to the coyote trapping industry. Coyote scalps are worth \$2 apiece at the court house, and the two did a flourishing business. The last two weeks have been ones of prosperity in the coyote industry, and many scalps were secured. Unfortunately for John, he was detained from his tepee a few hours Tuesday, and another brave took advantage of his absence and fled with his bride. It is not so much the loss of the bride that worries John, as the fact that they carried away the coyote scalps in their flight. John located the unfaithful one, but his pleadings were of no avail. She refused either to return or give up the scalps. John was in town yesterday constituting the authorities, but they failed to give him the redress he asked, and he has, therefore, put on his war-paint, unsheathed his butcher knife, and is out after their scalps.

WHICH?

The Dalles Times-Mountaineer:

Before the railroad was built to Moro, a stage line between that place and The Dalles could never be made a paying business. But now, since Moro has railroad connections, a four-horse stage is being run from here three times a week and is loaded with passengers and freight every trip. Has the railroad developed the country so as to thus increase staging business, or have the people just awakened to the pleasures of stage riding?

TOO EARLY.

The Dalles Times-Mountaineer:

A little peach tree in a yard in town has begun to put forth blooms. It is about two months too early, but if the present fine weather continues will be bearing peaches in competition with the California crop.

SHOULD IRRIGATE.

Klamath Republican:

It looks wicked that rich and beautiful valley land is compelled to remain idle and unproductive for want of water. An irrigation plant is what is needed to cure the evil. Our great lake is anxious to get out of its bounds and spread itself over the land, and all now needed to give it a chance is an irrigation company with the necessary supply of money and energy. A man who owns 160 acres of unirrigated valley land could well afford to give half of it to have the other half irrigated. Then the half would be worth from \$10 to \$20 per acre. Now, the whole is not worth paying taxes on.

Breaded Mutton Chops.

Broil the chops ten minutes, baste them with melted butter, season with salt and pepper, dip them in beaten egg, roll in bread crumbs and fry in boiling fat. Fill the dish on which these are to be served with tomato sauce, and arrange the chops in it, slipping paper quillings over the ends of the bones. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve.

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Mrs. A. L. McCully came up from Portland last night and is visiting her mother, Mrs. H. A. Dearborn.

BACK TO HOME LAND.

The Bones of All Good Chinamen Go Home to Rest.

(Chicago Inter Ocean, 14th.)
The bones of fifty-six good Chinamen will repose peacefully in the soil of the Celestial kingdom three months

The people are commencing to find out that the republican party has a policy, and, furthermore, has the ability to carry it out. It knows what it wants and how to get it. Immediately after the inauguration of Mr. McKinley, the party proceeded to fulfill its election promises. The tariff bill, which in my opinion is the cause of our present prosperous condition, was promptly enacted, and an era of better times immediately set in. In my opinion the history of the party since President McKinley's election should stimulate republicans everywhere to renew and unflagging devotion, and I further believe it is doing so. Local conditions do not cut much figure with the average party man, and this is particularly true of republicans this year. Their interest is centered in the national administration, and that they appreciate the wisdom of republican rule, there is no question in my mind.

Fusionists Might Win, Though Doubtful.

In respect to a fusion of the democrats and populists, Chairman Livermore said: "I should like nothing better. It would please me to see such a coalition effected. It may serve its purpose and succeed in placing those parties in power in this county, but I believe not. In fact, it is my opinion, if that proceeding is carried out, the republicans will win with hands down. Should it turn out otherwise, however, it is only for a matter of time, as fusion will in the end kill anything it comes in contact with."

GOUGH'S PERORATION.

A Climax by Which the Famous Temperance Lecturer Thrilled His Hearers.

(Chicago Times-Herald.)

Many and many a day ago, on the then frontier line of the Valley of the Minnesota, in the at that time beautiful village of Mankato, word went out that Gough had been engaged by the local lyceum bureau to lecture on temperance. Gough came. He was received by a committee of men who had fought Indians and "secesh" swam rivers, spoiled the virgin forests, opened new soil endured poverty, suffered hunger and never surrendered their belief in the right. They escorted him to the opera house and stage.

His speech was slow at first, gestures few, illustrations not many. The village toppers were out in force, and some more decent men for whom women were praying to give over the habit of drink. He told something of his own life, of the misery brought by drink, of the laws of self-denial and self-sacrifice. He was intense at all times, and this intensity bore down upon the listeners until he had made them one with himself. Even the small village boy inclined to cat calls and gurgling whistles was silent, and there came through the sepulchral hall no sound but the raw cry of the winter wind from outside.

He made some slight comment on the condition of a drunkard's family, the want which came upon them, the loss of self-respect. He described the degradation of spirit which rested with the habitual drinker and how if that spirit was not destroyed mere signing of the pledge would not redeem. He pleaded for exercise of will power, more potent in affecting reform than all the drugs and medicines in the world. This was but developing the minds of his hearers for a climax.

Suddenly he swung one arm high in the air and shouted:

"A drunkard and his fall to the depths of everlasting hell is like the man who climbs to the top of St. Peter's in Rome. He is on the very summit of the great dome, the blue sky above and the world far, far beneath! He looks down from his perch, and having nothing to grasp, to hold to, grows dizzy."

"Everything is whirling now before him. His senses leave him. He is swooning. His feet slip. He is off the dome. He is in the air. He is falling—

"Down!

"Down!

"To the earth beneath and the ruin of himself.

"Thus descends the drunkard—

"Down! Down! Down!

"To the fires of hell, and the ruin of his soul."

The whole exclamation was accompanied with such use of his right arm and body as to bring the fearful descent immediately to the eye of the mind.

A shudder ran over the audience.

The sobs of women were heard. Men felt uncomfortable. Men and women are living today who still feel the power of that illustration, uttered by lips long since cold.

IF FRANCE SHOULD FIGHT.

Navy Outclassed in Case of War With England.

The French navy consisted in 1898 of 27 battleships (8 building), 9 armored cruisers (10 building), 30 protected cruisers (10 building), 16 unprotected cruisers, 14 coast defense, 13 torpedo vessels (2 building), 211 torpedo boats (38 building), and one special vessel.

The personnel consisted of 2,024 officers and 43,451 men. There is a merchant marine of 15,526 vessels (14,301 sailing), of 804,071 tons.

This is what the French navy would have to face in a struggle with Great Britain; 19 first-class battleships (12 building), 5 second class, 8 third class, 23 port defense ships, 30 first-class cruisers (18 building), 54 second class (2 building), 179 third class (2 building), 118 torpedo craft (37 building), manned by 3,000 commissioned officers on active service and 93,750 trained seamen, and backed by the Royal Naval Reserve of between 20,000 and 30,000 men.

France is the second naval power, but it is a long way second to Great Britain, and as the fighting would be mainly on the sea, the chances of France doing serious damage to the British empire are not good. If wise counsels do not prevail to restrain the French from a war with Britain, the consequences to France cannot fail to be most disastrous.—Victoria, B. C.

AT MUTE SCHOOL.—Miss Anna Belle Jameson, of Fulton, Missouri, arrived in Salem yesterday, and was promptly conveyed to the Oregon school for the deaf-mutes, having come here for the purpose of taking the position of teacher in that institution. Miss Jameson comes highly recommended as a tutor of the deaf-mutes, having filled a teacher's position in a school of that kind in Missouri with great success up to the time she was engaged for the Oregon schools. The board of education is highly pleased to have secured so valuable a teacher for that institution.

TWO CASES HEARD

A POLK COUNTY ROAD CASE ARGUED IN SUPREME COURT.

OriginallyAppealed from the Commissioners' Decision—Huffman-Knight Controversy Presented.

In the supreme court, yesterday, two cases were argued and submitted upon appeals from the state circuit courts, as follows:

M. P. Jones, appellant, vs. Polk county, respondent; appeal from Polk county. A brief statement of the case follows:

This was an appeal from the decree of the circuit court of Polk county, Oregon, made and rendered at the December term, 1897, dismissing a writ of review of the proceedings and actions of the county court of said county in the establishment of a county road known as the David Peters road. The record discloses that on March 4, 1896, there was filed in the county court a petition signed by David Peters and seventy-five others, asking for the appointment of viewers and a surveyor to lay out and survey the road described in the petition, and that on the hearing the viewers and a surveyor were appointed as prayed for. It further appears that at the April term of the county court next ensuing, the viewers and surveyors filed their reports, favoring the location of said proposed county road. It further appears that at said term of said county court there were filed remonstrances to the granting of the prayer of petitioners by Z. Howe and eighty-eight other remonstrators. It further appears that on May 6, 1896, one month after the filing of said remonstrances and two months after filing the petition, the petitioners filed another petition signed by thirty-two remonstrators asking that their names be stricken from the remonstrance; and that at said term of said county court the court dismissed the petition for the reason that the view and the survey had not been made as required by law. From this decision of the county court the petitioners appealed to the circuit court of said county, and at the December term thereof, 1896, said circuit court sustained said writ of review and remanded the matter back to the county court with orders to again proceed and view out and survey the proposed road. Acting on said mandate of the circuit court, the county court at its regular February term, 1897, made an order for the viewing and surveying of the proposed county road, and at the March term, 1897, of the said county court, the second view and survey were presented to the court and the court thereupon proceeded to find that there were five more petitioners for than remonstrators against the road, and declared the same a public highway. From this decision and the proceedings relating thereto a writ of review was sued out in the circuit court for Polk county, Oregon, by the remonstrators, and at the December term, 1897, of the said circuit court of Polk county aforesaid the writ of review came on for hearing and the same was dismissed by said circuit court at the cost of the plaintiff in error therein.

Oscar Hayter, of Dallas, appeared for the appellant and J. H. McNary and C. L. McNary argued the case for the respondents.

W. J. and F. H. Huffman, respondents, vs. John Knight, appellant, appeal for Marion county. The case is briefly as follows:

This was an action of conversion commenced on January 22, 1896, in the circuit court of Marion county, Oregon, by the respondents, who are husband and wife, against appellant to recover the value of a part of certain property, alleged to have been owned by them and wrongfully attached and converted by appellant, as sheriff of Marion county, on August 7, 1895, who attached the same as the property of one, L. B. Huffman, of whom the respondent, W. J. Huffman, is his son, under an attachment in an action instituted by Benton P. Taylor, against said L. B. Huffman in the circuit court of Marion county, Oregon, on August 6, 1895, which was property afterward sold by appellant as sheriff of Marion county on December 16, 1895, on an execution duly issued on the judgment obtained in said action. It was further admitted by the plaintiffs that the respondents previously on August 16, 1895 commenced an action of replevin in the circuit court of Marion county, Oregon, against the appellant as sheriff of Marion county, to recover the possession of all property in this present action which they now sue for the conversion of, as well as other property which was also taken by appellant as such sheriff at the same time and under the same attachment in said action of Benton P. Taylor vs. L. B. Huffman.

The first assignment of error is to the effect that the lower court erred in refusing to admit in evidence the judgment roll in the former action of replevin. The appellant contends that the judgment roll in that former action of replevin should have been admitted in evidence and, if so admitted, the jury ought to have found a verdict in favor of the appellant, because according to the contention of the appellant the former action of replevin is binding. The appellant accused the respondents of splitting their cause of action. The appellant contends that it is permissible for a litigant to split his cause of action, and prosecute and maintain several suits for the different parts.

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