

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 nature, 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 moral 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 are, 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 rosebush 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 as 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 keeps his instrument in tune, 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. If 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. But whether do they go who are summoned hence? Do the bonds by which they and we are united in life break at death? Does memory die when the body is worn out? Is memory a physical function, or does it belong to the soul, to live as long as the soul lives? Will they be so enraptured by the glories of the future that their interest in us will cease? This cannot be true. Neither reason nor revelation gives utterance to such a preposterous statement. True love, the love that has grown sweeter and more tender with the passing years, the love on which two souls leaned for support and comfort in the various vicissitudes of this lower world, is as much stronger than death as a giant is stronger than a child. The change from our life to another can produce no change in love, except, indeed, to make it purer than ever. Love will not, cannot die. And they who go not so far but they can return. It is not a long journey from here to heaven. In Jacob's time it was only a ladder's length, and it is the same now. Our loved ones are close to us, bringing help and good cheer. The angels ministered to Christ, and the law has not been repealed. They minister also to us, and when we die our opening eyes will see familiar faces, and in our weariness we shall find rest in the embrace of those who have gone before. GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

BACK TO HOME LAND.

The Bones of All Good Chinamen Go Home to Rest. (Chicago Inter Ocean, 18th.) The bones of fifty-two good Chinamen will rest peacefully in the soil of the Celestial kingdom three months

hence, they having been started on their last long journey yesterday afternoon by Sam Moy, the head of Chicago Chinatown, and William Eisfeldt, an undertaker. They were sent over the Great Northern railway to San Francisco. Soon they will be shipped upon the Pacific, and eventually landed upon the shores of the Mongolian kingdom, where they will forever after be numbered among the silent and peaceful subjects of Confucius. The work of disinterment has been going on for several months under the supervision of the health department of Chicago, and Undertaker Eisfeldt has been preparing the bodies for shipment. Some of them have been buried since 1886, and in most cases merely the bones were left. The Chinese government bore the expense of conveying the remains to China, and yesterday all was ready for the shipment. Fifty-six boxes were piled high in the waiting-room of the depot, and Undertaker Eisfeldt was busily engaged in seeing that they were properly disposed of by the train hands. The cases were numbered with letters and figures, and a bill of lading gave the names which correspond with the numbers. At about 4 o'clock the train pulled out of the depot, and Sam Moy departed to his home on South Clark street. Many of the dead Chinamen had been his personal friends, and Sam was much affected. He retained his composure, however, and as the train passed out of sight he waved a farewell. The Chinamen have been holding ceremonies for the last three days at Rose Hill cemetery, where most of the bodies had been interred, and there was no ceremony at the departure. Most of the Chinamen who had died in Chicago had been in the prime of life. The cause of the majority of deaths among them was consumption, although there had been one or two shot, and several had committed suicide. It is the ambition of all Chinamen to have their bones finally repose in the flowery kingdom, and it is the purpose of the Chinese government to gratify this ambition. On this account, after burial for a certain length of time, the bones of all Chinamen are disinterred and sent back to China at the expense of the government. Bodies of a large number of Chinamen are still buried in Chicago, and it will be several years before any of them are disinterred. LINN COUNTY POLITICS. (Albany Herald.) County politics and candidates are beginning to wake up and in a few short weeks we may expect a red hot campaign. Party lines will be remodeled and it is hard telling just how things will adjust themselves. The republicans will place a straight ticket in the field and will elect it. In this they will be assisted by hundreds of independent voters who will cast their ballots against the wild theories of Bryan and his crowd of anti-expansionists, and silver cranks, who seek to make the campaign solely on those two issues. The opposition will probably meet and arrange for a fusion or combined ticket of some nature and will seek to cover it up with a long list of pledges which they would never expect to fulfill if elected. The prohibitionists will likely also place a ticket in the field. Just how the fusionists will "get together" seems uncertain, but whatever they do, will be under the guidance of the Albany politicians (?) and the fine Italian hand of those gentlemen are already at work outlining a policy to be pursued. A few weeks more and their various movements will begin to take on color and the voters will then expect to hear those gentlemen out in the country, bewailing the condition of the "poor farmer and laboring man," while they kept the eye on the fat office with its annex of \$3000 to \$2000 per year. Cut off the salary from those offices and we venture to say that those same gentlemen would be going in other walks of life. That shows their "reform tendencies." 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 serve at once. Rice Croquettes With Jelly. Wash one-half cupful of rice; add it to one-half cupful of boiling water and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Cover and steam until rice has absorbed the water. Then add one cupful of scalding hot milk. Stir lightly with a fork. Cover and steam until the rice is soft. Remove from the fire; add the yolks of two eggs and one tablespoonful of butter. Spread on a platter. Form into balls, roll in crumbs. Then make nest shape. Dip in egg and again in crumbs. Fry in deep fat till a good brown. Put a cube of jelly in each croquette. 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 quillines over the ends of the bones. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve.

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 Kalamath--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 Greely 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 cunning 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 the 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 consulting 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 100 acres of irrigated 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.

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 renewed 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 hush 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."

MARK HANNA TO BLAME. The Dalles Chronicle: M. J. Anderson, the village blacksmith and populist statesman of Durif, thinks he can see as far into a republican millstone as the man who picks it. While in town today he strongly denounces the present smallpox scare as a deep-laid scheme of Mark Hanna and the McKinley administration. "It is notorious," said Mr. Anderson, "that only populist precincts have got this Filippino itch, as they call it over in Sherman county. Moro, a populist stronghold in Sherman county, has got it bad. So has Wamic in this county, which is almost solidly populist. Tygh is badly threatened, and Tygh is Bryan-que to the core. Antelope and Hood river, two republican strongholds, have not a single case. Neither is there a case in The Dalles. This shows beyond controversy that Mark Hanna is at the bottom of the whole business. The affected districts have all been quarantined so that they may not be able to vote at the next election." It's a cold day when Anderson gets left, however. In the absence of a doctor, and without a proper instrument to scarify the flesh, Anderson has inoculated every populist in Durif, using a curry comb to start the blood and injecting the patients with a virus obtained, he says, direct from Lincoln, Nebraska.

UMATILLA COUNTY POLITICS. (Pendleton East Oregonian.) Chairman Livermore, of the republican county central committee, was seen by an East Oregonian reporter in relation to what was being done by that party towards organizing for the coming campaign. The chairman stated that as yet, he had taken no action, but that a meeting of the committee would be called early in February. They would not attempt, however, to accomplish anything of an important nature until after the state committee had held its meeting, which is likely to occur almost any time now. When questioned regarding the present condition of the republican party throughout the county and its prospects, he said: "Probably never before in the history of the party in Umatilla county has such confidence and good feeling existed. All petty strikes and contentions have been declared off and the hatchet buried. The organization is well perfected. The organization is well perfected. The organization is well perfected and prepared at a moment's notice to enter the political arena." "To what causes do you attribute this activity among the republicans, of which you speak?" "The present prosperous condition of the country has more to do with it, than anything else," was the reply.

TWO CASES HEARD

A POLK COUNTY ROAD CASE ARGUED IN SUPREME COURT. Originally Appointed 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, 1899, 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 paper signed by thirty-two remonstrators asking that the 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 from Marion county. The case is briefly as follows: This was an action of conversion commenced on January 22, 1895, 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 is further admitted by the pleadings 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 a bar to the present action of conversion. 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. 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.