

THE WEEKLY OREGON STATESMAN

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The Statesman has been established for nearly fifty years, and it has some subscribers who have received it nearly that long, and many who have read it for a generation.

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There are good prospects for securing the free rural mail delivery routes out of Salem—and chances that they may be established this year.

As between the mountains and the seashore this summer, it is suggested that the preference of the Boers is not remarkable. England is mistress of the sea.

In every department of the Oregon State Fair, opening September 17th, will be the biggest and best in the history of the institution.

The Seattle Post-Intelligencer makes this boast: "Some gold is being shipped out of New York, but more will come into Seattle during the next three months than goes out on the other side of the continent."

The corner stone for the Salem government building may yet be laid this year, but it will be too late to get far along with the work during the present dry season.

Mr. Bryan pays more taxes on personal property than any other man in Lincoln. An exchange thinks this is not very surprising, for it is pretty well known that the defeated candidate of 1896 has not been tramping over the country during the past four years for his health.

Men interested in hops are saying the outlook for fair prices for the growing crop is growing brighter. The stocks on hand are becoming small, even the very poorest grades being shipped away, and the present indications are for a smaller yield, at least in this country, than last year.

Another illustration of the comparative hopelessness of The Hague peace conference is furnished in the fact that the English government has a plan under consideration whereby every lad in the public schools of that country is to receive a military training with a view to future possibilities of being called on.

Fainting Spells

Are peculiar to women. Men rarely faint. Many women are liable to what they term "fainting spells," and this liability is always most marked at the monthly period. This alone is sufficient to connect the "fainting spell" with a deranged or diseased condition of the womanly organs.



It gives me much pleasure, writes Miss H. Supp. of Jacksonville, Ga., to thank Dr. Pierce for the great good received from the use of his 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery'.

to serve as a soldier. If the plan matures about four million children will be subject to this new branch of learning. It is proposed to start in with their martial tuition at about the age of 11 and continue it for at least three years.

The Belgian hare business in Oregon is older than was generally known a short time ago. A lady near Turner in this county has been raising Belgians for two years, entirely for her own table.

Of late considerable agitation has been going on over the matter of using the feathers of insectivorous, and even less useful birds, as trimmings for ladies' hats.

THE OREGON LESSON.

Oregon held a state election on Monday last, and it was regarded by both parties as the only state to vote before November that would be in any measure a fingerboard forecasting the result of the national battle in the fall.

Until the action of the New York and Maryland Democratic state conventions, discarding the free silver issue, it seemed inevitable that a radical cheap money platform would be adopted by the Democrats at Kansas City.

Two leading journals which actively support Bryan for President, the Chicago Chronicle and the New York Journal, have accepted the triumph of Oregon as conclusive against Bryan holding the far Western states which were carried on the free silver issue four years ago.

Thus, while the Republicans have won what under all ordinary conditions would be regarded as a most important victory in Oregon, it is now more than probable that the Republican victory will change the Democratic attitude in the coming campaign and make Bryan vastly more formidable than he would have been had Oregon elected to Bryan ticket, and thus alienated the great Eastern Democratic states by a radical cheap money national platform.

We do not believe there is any good foundation for the conclusions drawn by the Times. The American people are not so weak and vacillating that they will follow a fragmentary party that is hunting in the dark for issues, knowing not its own mind and having no fixed principles.

THE GROWING INDUSTRIAL SOUTH.

The rapidity with which capital is pouring into Southern manufactures is enough to make the professional Bryanites and coldlers of calamity in that region snuff and groan. The Manufacturers' Review recounts some of the industrial improvements projected in the last two weeks.

In Tennessee a \$500,000 cotton mill is to be built in Chattanooga and a disused mill in Memphis is to be set to work. Coal mines are opening, coke ovens and furnaces are building.

Expansion and the Nicaragua Canal will add wonderfully to the already wonderful prosperity of the South—and in the sure and vast increase of business and markets and wealth that lies immediately before her, she cannot cling for long to the wealth-proscribing policy of the Democratic party.

One of the most encouraging things with the booming dairying business in the Northwest, and especially in the Willamette valley, is the fact that it will oblige the farmers to pay more attention to forage crops, and this will bring them to leguminous plants, which will conserve the richness of the soil, and bring up its original fertility.

Linn county is claiming to be the banner creamery county in the state, having a creamery at Albany, and one each at Plainview, Brownsville and Scio, besides the one at Stayton, depending (so it is stated) largely on Linn county farmers for business.

CASTORIA. Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Peterson

On His Merits Alone.

Herman Berthold's fine mansion, overlooking the Hudson, was as grand and stately as a palace. It was magnificently furnished with curiously carved antique furniture, and its walls were hung with the portraits of the aristocratic Bertholds of past generations.

"Grandfather is quietly sleeping, we will not disturb him. I will take you to my quiet nook, where you can enjoy a view of our beautiful Rhine," she replied, leading the way to a quaint little summer house overlooking the river.

When the heiress of the Bertholds entered the house she went at once to her grandfather's room. "My child," said the old man, as she lovingly kissed his cheek and knelt before him, "I fear that I shall not long remain with you."

"Oh, do not say that, grandfather!" she exclaimed, clasping and caressing his withered hands with sudden remorse at having deceived her best friend. "Mildred, I see you love me, and know it is not a difficult task to please those whom we love. Now, listen, I expect your cousin, Ernest Berthold, tomorrow. It is my wish—my command, that you two should be united and together uphold our noble name after my death. I have also sent for Mme. Rheinhardt, my trusted friend, for it is necessary that you should have agreeable company as well as consoling propriety."

"Sure enough, the morning brought Mme. Rheinhardt, but no Ernest as yet. What a respite! The least sound startled the girl, and she must needs have wandered down into the dell, out of sight of the house, thinking to intercept him and thus spare him the humiliation of a refusal."

"Be you Miss Berthold, marm?" said the boy, taking off his cap instinctively at the sight of the lovely face. "That is my name," she replied. "All right, here it is, marm," said he, handing her a letter.

"Dear Mildred, my own love," the letter ran, "I am so anxious, for it is rumored that the man whom your grandfather favors is already on his way to win my darling. By marrying him you will win a princely fortune, together with Mr. Berthold's blessing. Do you love me well enough to forego all this, well enough to share my humble lot? Meet me at the old trysting place before this cousin arrives, and confirm with your own sweet lips the precious promise you gave me yesterday. Mildred, my best treasure, you see how exacting love is."

"Miss Berthold, Mr. Berthold wishes you to hasten your toilette," as Ernest Berthold is momentarily expected. "Mildred became pale; how unfortunate! Hastily she wrote the following: 'Dear Philip, I am watched, and can not meet you tonight, but comfort yourself with these true words—I love you, Philip, with my whole heart, and, thus loving you, am content to become your wife. Let nothing whatever cause you to doubt Birdie's promise.'"

"Mildred, you are looking charmingly tonight, only a trifle paler than usual. Your lover has arrived and I think will restore the roses to your cheeks. Are you afraid that you start so violently? He is a splendid fellow—handsome, intellectual, all that a girl could desire, worthy even of you, my pet."

"Fearing that my beautiful cousin would be sure to hate a man forced upon her as a husband and also desiring to know if she possessed a loyal heart or a mercenary one, I entertained the idea of winning her by my merits alone, outside of all adventitious circumstances. The result has been satisfactory. As Philip Clayton, a poor man, unknown to fame, I have fortunately gained her love and promise, and if she is now of the same mind, as Ernest Berthold, I claim her as my promised wife."

Shall we have a wedding?

"Yes, grandfather." — Philadelphia Item. LIGHTNING TORE OFF HER SHOE. Says the Atlanta Journal: Lightning's red bolt in the storm this morning hit Mrs. M. V. Lee, of 25 Haynes street, after demolishing her home, starting at the chimney top, the current ran through the roof and ripped pictures, plastering and furniture to pieces. Then it jumped into the kitchen and struck Mrs. Lee in the foot, tearing her shoe off and giving her a severe shock.

The bolt struck the chimney on the right side of the house. It tore away a portion of the chimney and glanced to the roof, making a hole in it two feet across, scorching the shingles. The bolt then descended into the front room immediately beneath and tore up a number of pictures, demolishing the furniture. It knocked the plastering off in this room and in the hall adjacent.

The kitchen is the next room on the same side. Mrs. Lee called for help. Her daughter rushed through the blinding smoke and soot and caught her mother just as she was about to fall. The young lady tore the flaming shoe from her mother's foot, burning her hands in doing so.

A strange incident of the occurrence is that absolutely nothing in the kitchen where Mrs. Lee stood, shows any signs of having been struck. The room is in good order.

HOW CHILDREN SPENT MONEY

An investigation was conducted recently in the Cleveland school of St. Paul to determine in general the practical uses of children have of the practical uses of money. A list of questions was furnished by Prof. Ashcraft, which the children answered in writing, as in an ordinary examination. The questions sought to determine the child's estimate of money which he had acquired in three different ways, namely, by gift, suggesting restraint as to spending; by earning, the most difficult means of acquiring, and by finding, by which he acquired with least difficulty.

"If you are given money, about how much each week?" "If you earn money, about how much each week?" "What do you do with your money?" "If you ever found money, what did you do with it?" "If you had \$10 to spend as you liked, what would you buy?"

It was found that of the 1,263 children reporting, 62 per cent. earned, or were given money, or both, in ranging from 5 cents to \$2 per week. Of those who thus received money 57 per cent. made useful disposition of it, and of the 256 children who had found money 28 per cent. put it to useful purposes.

"The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one druggist that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only medicine known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient a prompt relief from the most distressing and painful nature in doing its work."

THEN SHE WOULD.

Hostess—Won't you ask your wife to play for me, Mr. Phoxy? Mr. Phoxy—No; but I'll get her to do it. Hostess—Why—er—how do you expect? Mr. Phoxy—I'll ask her not to.—Philadelphia Press.

THE BEST PRESCRIPTION FOR MALARIA.

Chills and Biliousness is a bottle of GROVES' TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply Iron and Quinine in a pleasant form. No taste, no pain. Price 25 cents.

TOOK OFF HIS ARM WITHOUT TOUCHING IT.

A brief telegram the other day related that one James McMullen had lost an arm in a wringing machine in a laundry at Hutchinson. Here is the remarkable story related about the accident by the Hutchinson News.

McMullen stopped at the wringer and held his hands over it to dry them. He got one hand too low so that the air suction caught it, and his arm from the elbow down was taken off as by a miracle. The wringer is a large circular iron affair, with a smaller bowl inside it in which the clothes are placed. The smaller apartment is perforated with holes upon the sides, and the whole thing revolves at the rate of several thousand revolutions a minute. The effect is that the air currents with their power as the centre section of a Kansas cyclone. When a cyclone strikes a brick building and huris it, to atoms the force seems appalling and incomprehensible. The accident to Mr. McMullen was equally mystifying. The instant his arm came into contact with the current of air it was parted at the elbow. One part lay on the clothes that were in the machine and the other dangled from his shoulder. There was nothing about the machine to give him even a scratch.

BENZINE DRIVEN LOCOMOTIVE.

The convenience of liquid fuel, with its attendant advantages of lack of smoke, ashes, dust, etc., now that the appliances for its consumption have been brought to a high state of perfection, has given a great impetus to the use of petroleum, benzine and gasoline for small locomotives and intermittently used power plants. It more sanguine supporters even assert that petroleum and its products will soon, to a great extent, supersede the use of coal. At present the annual production of petroleum is about 150,000,000 barrels, of which amount America and Russia produce 80 per cent. European railway companies are trying oil-fired locomotives, and one steamship line has already adopted oil for firing under the boilers of most of its vessels. It is believed that an improved method of vaporizing the oil by means of a jet of hot air, instead of steam, marks a decided advance in its economy and use.

In one colliery in Germany, in the Kattowitz district, a locomotive, installed for the purpose of hauling the coal cars in the lower levels, has been in successful operation for over a year. The locomotive weighs 4000 pounds, has a length of nine feet and a gauge of about two feet. This locomotive hauls a load of ten tons on a trip, and a consumption of only 22 pounds of benzine. The cost, it is claimed, is only half as great as it was with the horse, which were supplanted. The engine is closed on all sides, making it necessary for the driver to use a key to get at the interior, thus minimizing the danger from unauthorized tampering.

HIS NEW BROTHER.

Say, I've got a little brother. Never teased to have him, muther. But he's here; and they just went ahead and bought him. And last week the doctor brought him. Wa'n't that queer? When I heard the news from Molly, Why, I thought at first 'twas jolly. 'Cause, you see, I s'posed I could go and get him. And then mamma, course, would let him. Play with me.

But when I had once looked at him, "Why," I says, "my sakes, is that him? Just that mite!" They said "Yes," and "Ain't he cunning?" And I thought they must be funnin'—He's a sight! He's so small, it's just amazin', And you'd think that he was blazin'—He's so red; And his nose is like a berry, And he's bald as Uncle Jerry—On the head.

Why, he ain't worth a dollar! All he does is cry and holler—More and more. Won't sit up; you can't arrange him—I don't see why pa don't change him—At the store. Now we've got to dress and feed him, And we really didn't need him—More'n a frog; Why'd they buy a baby brother When they know I'd a good deal rather—Have a dog? —L. A. W. Bulletin.

A WOMAN POLITICIAN.

One of the most successful woman politicians in the country is Miss Estelle Reel, Superintendent of Indian schools. Her headquarters are at Washington; her field, from Washington west to the Pacific, Miss Reel was the first of her sex in Wyoming, that paradise of woman politicians, to hold a state office by election, and she is the first woman ever appointed by the President to an office of such importance as the one she now holds, the head of government schools, says the National Magazine.

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