

THE WEEKLY OREGON STATESMAN

Published every Tuesday and Friday by the STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

266 Commercial St., Salem, Or. R. J. HENDRICKS, Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: One year, in advance, \$1 00 Six months, in advance, \$ 50

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

SUBSCRIBERS DESIRING THE ADDRESS of their paper changed must state the name of their former postoffice...

We say, good luck to the hop growers in their efforts to secure remunerative prices for their product!

A neighboring paragrapher pictures Grover Cleveland as probably trying to figure out how he can help his old running mate...

The news from China is a Chinese puzzle. The Government of the Empire is a mob, and there is no system or organization...

It is certainly a worthy ambition of the hop growers, their desire to get prices for their product high enough to leave them some return for their labor and the use of their land.

Said the New York Sun on July 6th: "Newspaper row, last night, presented a strange contrast to past election years..."

The Oregon growers are the biggest factors in the hop trade of this country. They furnished last year over a third of the hops baled in the United States...

And the pearl, the flower, the crown, the palm, the cake, the bun, the tip and turret of all pulchritude is Col. Jim Guffey of Pennsylvania...

NOT AGAINST HIM. The Associated Press informs an anxious public that Hon. John Barrett, a few years ago a newspaper reporter in Portland...

FROM A LOOKER-ON.

The following interesting editorial leader is from the New York Sun of July 5th, the day Bryan was nominated:

"The man who planned personal humiliation for David Bennett Hill at Kansas City, and who inflicted that humiliation with a merciless directness which cannot be called brutal because it was intelligently pre-conceived and calculated, was Richard Croker."

"The man who really crushed Mr. Hill at Kansas City and defeated his final attempt to assert in the national affairs of the Democracy the title to leadership which he has so often, and often so successfully, maintained under difficult circumstances, was William J. Bryan, and he alone."

"The two widely different aspects of the sensational incident in the caucus of the New York delegation should be clearly distinguished."

"Alf that Croker achieved in the way of personal revenge and political advantage by the downfall of Hill and his friends was due to his prompt and adroit use of the opportunity afforded him by Bryan's resolute adherence to his conviction of the silver issue's living importance to the Democracy."

"But Bryan did not yield. Against his honest courage of mistaken convictions the miserable policy of evasion, suppression and compromise which has marked Mr. Hill's course now for just four years shattered itself into a thousand pieces."

IT IS A PTY.

The Hon. Benjamin Franklin Shively of Indiana is by far the most beautiful person yet mentioned as the Democratic candidate for Vice President.

It is a pity they did not get a view of Col. Jim. There is nothing of pulchritude added to the ticket by Adlai Stevenson.

BRYAN'S TELEPHONIC ADDRESS Friends and Fellow Citizens: I come not there to talk, Because the Convention Has business to transact, And you know me, But I shall make A few remarks to you Over the long distance telephone.

As painful to me As is its outrageous embargo On my language! Think, dear friends, What a speech you might have from Your matchless leader.

Which of the two to choose, A Bryan speech Or a bill that would Paralyze all our time honored Principles of economy? However, I digress; And digression costs money. Men and Brethren: Let me beg of you That I am still IT.

And that the Chicago platform Is the same Yesterday, today and forever. Keep that ever before you As your cloud by day And your pillar of fire by night, But if you find it Absolutely necessary to my success To shade it a little, Just a little, mind you.

That you do so With my public protestation And my private permission. I am unalterable for The great and glorious principle Of 16 to 1. Also, If any man attempts To run up the American flag In the Philippines or elsewhere, Shoot him on the spot! Them's my sentiments, And if the Stars and Stripes Don't want to get it in the neck They will remain at home. Liberty and good government And that sort of thing? Are well enough in their way, But it is none of our business To scatter them broadcast Over the world. As to my running mate, I want the ticket. To be exclusively Western. For the East is in the hands Of Trusts, those menaces To the freedom of the Republic. That's the object of the meeting Men and brethren, And if we miss our connections This time, I shall be compelled To the conclusion That you held. A few G. O. Peters in your midst To show you how The thing is done. My say is yet unsaid, But the hated monster Presses on me and I must stop. Would that I could Talk to you as I wished, But I cannot. Under the circumstances, Farewell, dear brethren, I leave it all to ye. Be brave and fear not!

PROTECTION IS AT STAKE.

"There is not a state in the Union today," said Senator Lodge in his speech before the Republican National Convention, "which could be carried for free trade against protection."

Before his death Mr. Frank, Sr. was a noted physician, and reputed to be a millionaire. He lived in an undistinguished manner and never spoke of his wealth.

THE STRANGEST FREAK YET Undoubtedly the strangest freak yet of the many curious cases of lightning during the very recent thunderstorm in this section, happened on Saturday night at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Craig of Union street.

ANTI-IMPERIALISM RUN MAD. The open declaration of the anti-imperialist free traders and mugwumps that they are fully prepared to support Mr. Bryan if it comes to a choice between the Popocrat and Republican national tickets, moves the New York "Times" itself a free trade and mugwump journal.

St. Paul, July 7.—"The liquor habit is decreasing among the men, but it is increasing among women," said Mrs. Leonard M. Lake of St. Louis, in her lecture on temperance at St. Mary's Hall.

PERU'S VAST MINERAL PRODUCT. The soil of Peru contains the largest number of mineral species of any country in the world.

Plumer truths that these have seldom been put into words. Each and every one of the dire conditions predicted as the result of Bryan's election would surely and inevitably come to pass.

"Who Gives to All Denies All."

This is as true of the spend-thrift of health as of the waster of money. Do not waste your health by allowing your blood to continue impure, but purify, vitalize and enrich it by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, America's Greatest Medicine.

Dyspepsia—"My husband declared a long time for dyspepsia with only temporary relief. The first bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla helped and the second cured him. It cured my sick headaches." Mrs. Mary A. Clark, Wilmington, Vt.



every one of the dire conditions predicted as the result of Bryan's election would surely and inevitably come to pass.

reward that came to a man who lovingly saved his father's trunk. New York, July 7.—Loving reward for the memory of a dead father, led Charles Frank, a wealthy commission merchant of No. 79 Park place, to save a trunk full of clothes for seven years, and his sentiment has met with a rich reward.

FORTUNE IN AN OLD COAT.

The other day, while looking over the clothing Mr. Frank felt some papers in the pocket of a coat, and upon examining them, discovered three deeds one to property in Phoenix, Ariz., and the others to property in this city. In all the wealth represented is \$200,000.

WHISKEY IN THEIR STOCKINGS.

St. Paul, July 7.—"The liquor habit is decreasing among the men, but it is increasing among women," said Mrs. Leonard M. Lake of St. Louis, in her lecture on temperance at St. Mary's Hall.

Mr. Jobson's Vacation.

When Mr. Jobson returned from Mrs. Jobson from the seaside last summer he stood forth and declared himself on the subject of summer trips.

"This is the first," he announced. "No more of these idiotic hot-weather jaunts for me. I haven't a better comfortable holiday since I left home. Washington is a pretty good place to live in. It rains me winter and summer, and the next time I let anybody drag me away from my own home for a month or six weeks during the sizzling weather, the one that does the dragging—be or she—is going to be told a few things. I didn't want to go in the first."

"Why," put in Mrs. Jobson, "you know that you were talking about going to the beach with anticipation for weeks before we—"

"No, I wasn't," Mrs. Jobson interrupted Mr. Jobson. "I didn't any more want to go to the beach than I wanted to go to jail, and you're evidently suffering from an atrophied memory when you say otherwise."

"I was wheeled and limboozled and coddled into letting off with you to a swarming, teeming summer resort, where I had to sit on a red-hot hotel porch and talk pretty to a lot of people that I had nothing in common with, and that probably despised me in their inmost souls, and where I had to flounder around an ice-cold sea water every day because all the rest of the gang did it, and where I had to go along on cruisers in sailboats and get sick every time you nodded to me that you wanted to go, and where I didn't get a proper meal of vitamins during my entire stay, and where I had to push you around in a perambulator and look as if I liked it, just because all the other imbeciles down there with strong, healthy, 100-pound wives perambulate their wives, and where I felt in general like a salt mackerel in the bottom of the barrel. It's taken me a good many years to get this home together, and—"

"Well, I am sure I would be perfectly content to remain at home all the year around," said Mrs. Jobson. "Don't you remember that I suggested last spring that we remain at home this year and get a new porcelain bathtub instead of spending the money for a trip, and have the house painted all over, and get a new chiffonier and a modern refrigerator?"

"You have it," said Mr. Jobson. "Mrs. Jobson," said Mr. Jobson, "It's a wonder to me that you didn't take to the writing of fiction in early life. I'd like to recommend you to be remembering all that, but my memory isn't as elastic as it might be convenient for you to have it. I do remember, however, that you began to tinker with material for a new bathing suit as early as the month of March, and that you began to read the seaside advertisements in The Star paper before the films began to show up on the market stands, and that you began to get letters from hotel keepers down at the beach in response to your secret inquiries as to terms, long before the month of May dragged to its close, and that when the first hot day in June happened along you began to pant and to look wistful, and to remark that you'd never suffered so much from the heat before, and to tell me that you thought I needed a change and the salt air pretty badly, and so on."

"Didn't you say two weeks before we started that you picked folks that had to remain in the bathing city all summer, and?"

"Fodder city," Mrs. Jobson explained Mr. Jobson. "You never heard me make use of such a term in your life with reference to Washington. All this talk about Washington being a hot city in the summer is nonsense. It's cool enough for me, anyhow, and the next time you commence to look listless before the summer's half begun, I'll send you to the seaside all right, but I'll stay at home myself. I've had all the summer-resorting I want in films."

This was the way Mr. Jobson declared himself upon his return to the seaside last year. It may be remarked that, in attributing to Mrs. Jobson a wild, unresistible desire to go to the beach, Mr. Jobson was, as usual, just a trifle beside the mark. However, it was a settled thing from the time Mr. Jobson issued his pronouncements on the subject of summer trips that a holiday would be no summer trip for the Jobsons this year. Mrs. Jobson was content with that understanding. She had never been particularly fond of the hotel existence and the incessant dressing and plugging about of a seaside resort.

Frequently during the winter, when friends of the Jobsons would ask them where they were going when the summer came again, Mr. Jobson would expatiate at great length and with much fervor upon the complete futility of modern follies who think they're wiser and impose upon if they can't manage to leave their comfortable homes for a month or two every summer and rush to a crazy summer resort, where they had to spend all their time fanning themselves and fighting mosquitoes and trying to convince themselves that they were having a swell time.

"Not any more for the Jobsons," Mr. Jobson would wind up, decidedly. "Folks who can't make themselves lumpy and comfortable and contented in Washington from January 1st until December 31st simply don't know when they're well off, and they're welcome to do all the summer-resort floundering they want to. But I know one Washingtonian who will benefit from Washington, good enough for him the year round."

Mrs. Jobson did not begin, as usual, in April to get her clothes ready for a summer trip. She was, in fact, rather glad to be rid of that bother. Nothing was said about summer plans, and she took it for granted that they would have a quiet, comfortable season of it beneath the shade of their own vine and fig tree. There were some humid, sultry days late in May. On the second jobson came home from his office mopping his forehead a good deal and complaining that he hadn't felt so "run down" in years. It was obvious to Mrs. Jobson that he wanted her to suggest that they take a spin to some cool place, but Mrs. Jobson didn't have any such suggestion to make. She said she wasn't feeling the heat at all. Mr. Jobson looked skeptical at her, and then he went on to say that he thought Washington would have a pretty warm summer of it this year.

Mr. Jobson saw a lot of pictures of young women in bathing suits in the fashion department of one of the papers early in June, and he commented upon how much more stylish women are beginning to rig themselves up for salt water bathing than they did in former years. Mrs. Jobson, however, didn't take the hint, and again Mr. Jobson gazed at her out of the slants of his eyes, as if waiting for her to say something.

On Friday afternoon last Mr. Jobson came home with some bundles under his arm. He calmly opened the bundles and showed them to Mrs. Jobson as soon as he got in. One of the bundles contained a neat white flannel suit, another a yachting cap, and still another a pair of white canvas shoes.

"Like 'em?" asked Mr. Jobson, jauntily.

"Why, yes; they're nice," replied Mrs. Jobson. "But men don't wear such things in the city, do they?"

"These, Mrs. Jobson," said Mr. Jobson, "are not to be worn in the city. They're to adorn the person of one Jobson down at the seashore, where one Jobson and his wife will be about this time tomorrow afternoon."

"But, began Mrs. Jobson, "I thought you had forever foresworn the seashore, and that—"

"Foresworn the seashore?" said Mr. Jobson with an expression of great surprise. "Who? Me? When did you ever hear me say anything of the sort?"

"Why, haven't you been saying a winter that—"

"Not unless I said it in my sleep!" "But I haven't a rag made up that would be suitable for the seashore, and—"

"Mrs. Jobson," broke in Mr. Jobson, with great dignity, "your husband, who is on the verge of prostration from a combination of heat and overwork has extended to you a corollary invitation to accompany him to the seashore tomorrow afternoon. Your husband, mind you, has been in the habit of going to the seashore for a part of the summer for a good many years, and he doesn't intend, at this day and date, to be ebalded out of the pleasure simply because you set up that old wall about nothing to wear. I should very much dislike to go to the seashore by myself, Mrs. Jobson, but—well, will you be ready to take the train tomorrow, that's what I want to know?"

Mrs. Jobson was ready, and they went, and when they got back Mr. Jobson will probably make the same declaration about summer resorts that he made last year, and then forget it all over again. Mr. Jobson is a consistent forgetter. —Washington Star.

STAYTON HAPPENINGS.

Movements of the People in That Little City. Stayton, Or., July 11.—J. P. Davie, who was taken suddenly ill last week, is again on the streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Vankey were Saturday visitors at the Nelbert home Sunday.

A huge rattlesnake, measuring over three feet in length, was killed a few miles above Stayton a few days ago. The snake had ten rattles and a tuft.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Wimer, who lately arrived in this city from Portland, are comfortably settled in the Herdn house, on First street. Mr. Wimer has secured employment in the Brown mills.

A nine-pound baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. E. Roy on Saturday, July 7th.

Miss Maggie Taylor arrived in this city on Tuesday of last week from Pontacito, Idaho, and is a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Brown.

Warren Richardson, Wesley Riggs, Clarence Anderson, Alva Thomas and James Bass formed a party of young men who left on Tuesday morning's stage en route to points in Eastern Oregon and Washington in search of employment.

The Misses Alice and Ella Balsley took their departure Tuesday, for Genoa, Nebraska, where they expect to spend several months visiting relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Brown leave for Newport next week, where they will spend the next two months in rest and recreation.

RICH GOLD FIND.

Dawson City Reports a New Eldorado at Koyukuk. Tacoma, July 11.—News has been received here from Dawson regarding a voyage made by the schooner Florence S., which left that place May 22d bound for the Koyukuk diggings with sixty prospectors aboard. The vessel weighed its way 800 miles up the Koyukuk to a point forty-five miles from the mines, discharged the passengers and returned.

Claims have been staked at three places, dirt from which averaged \$1 to the pan. The gold is very coarse and is reported to be worth \$18 to the ounce. Properties are being worked on Myrtle and Shute creeks, South Fork and Twelve Mile.

The steamer City of Seattle, which arrived on the Sound yesterday, brought 100 passengers from Skagway and \$1,000,000 in treasure. The vessel brings news that the steamer Cottage City is on her way down with not less than \$1,000,000 in dust.

IN WEST VIRGINIA.

Charleston, W. Va., July 11.—The state Republican convention this evening nominated Albert B. White for Governor.

UNMOVED BY HUMAN SUFFERING. No Chinaman cares if a famine breaks out near him, or is shocked if another Chinaman is tortured, or will exert himself against his own interest to prevent suffering to any other human being. And no Chinaman ever forgets or questions that he is a member of the supreme civilization of the world—indeed, of the only one to which, in his judgment, that great form in its original meaning can be fittingly applied.

OSASTORIA. The Kind You've Always Bought. Sold by the Signature of Dr. J. C. Watson.