

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.

The flax industry should be encouraged, because it is destined to build up the greatest manufacturing industry in Oregon.

There is expansion at the State Fair grounds. Every department is crowding its room, and additions are being made accordingly.

The Democratic landslide is beginning—Kansas City Times. Yes, the ground is sliding under the feet of the Democratic party, which rests principally upon two hunches, anti-imperialism and the presence of a war against trusts.

A little rain would do no great damage to the hop crop now. But a little rain and a little sunshine, the one after the other, and mixed together, and continued for several days, would do a good deal of damage.

N. Y. Sun: "Ah, Jerry, Jerry, wherefore art thou Jerry? The Sockless Socrates of Medicine Lodge says without a tremor of an eyelash that he will not be the Fusion candidate for Congress from the Seventh Kansas district.

Crocker, the Tammany boss, is right in believing the young men of the United States are an important factor in its politics, and that they may by their action turn the scale of victory.

The flax industry is to be pushed again by the Oregon Flax Fiber Association, which is taking on new life. This is good news.

When we speak against imperialism or protest against wars of conquest they say that we are pleading the cause of the Filipino. I deny it.—W. J. Bryan.

Gen. Lawton writing on this subject a short time before his death said:

"I wish to God that this whole Philippine situation could be known by everyone in America as I know it. If the real history, inspiration and conditions of this insurrection, and the influences, local and external, that now encourage the enemy, as well as the actual possibilities of these islands and people and their relations to this great East could be understood at home, we would hear no more talk of unjust 'shootings of government' into the Philippines or of hauling down our flag in the Philippines.

"If the so-called anti-imperialists would honestly ascertain the truth on the ground, and not in distant America, they, whom I believe to be honest men, would be able to see the error of the error of their statements and conclusions and of the unfortunate effect of their publications here. If I am shot by a Filipino bullet, it might as well come from one of my own men, because I know from observation confirmed by captured prisoners, that the continuance of the fighting is chiefly due to reports that are sent out from America."

THE INEXPRESSIBLE PETTIGREW.

(New York Sun.) Of all the poor creatures who take sides against their country, the Hon. Richard Franklin Pettigrew is the poorest. It is not enough for him to cosset the Tagalogs. He has to apol-

ing in advance, will have the benefit of the dollar rate. But if they do not pay for six months, the rate will be \$1.25 a year. Hereafter we will send the paper to all responsible persons who order it, though they may not send the money, with the understanding that they are to pay \$1.25 a year, in case they let the subscription account run over six months. In order that there may be no misunderstanding, we will keep this notice standing at this place in the paper.

ize for the Boxers and to blame the Americans in China for having been in danger of death and the Administration for having protected them.

"When the missionaries found they were in danger, they should have sought places of safety; and Conger should have done likewise. The Chinese have given us no justification for sending an army there."

Pettigrew has egged on the Tagals to shoot Americans. He disapproves protecting Americans in China. What an ornament to the Senate of the United States! Yet he is only carrying to an extreme the doctrine of anti-imperialism.

TOM WATTS' RIDE.

A correspondent of Leslie's Weekly tells the story of the ride of Tom Watts from Tien-Tsin to Taku to inform the British admiral of the peril of the foreigners in Tien-Tsin. The ride of Tom Watts, he says, is fit to go down in history beside that of Paul Revere, for he saved the lives of the foreigners in Tien-Tsin. Instead of peaceful colonies to whom he had to deliver his message of warning, it was Watts' duty to ride sixty miles through a hostile country, teeming with savages ready to submit him to slow torture. An attempt had already been made to communicate with Taku, but it had failed. Nine men started in a boat, but the boat ran aground, and the nine were scattered through the country. So no word of warning reached Taku.

Jim Watts then volunteered to go alone to Taku. He is a son of a Taku pilot, born in China twenty-two years ago. He was a private in a local volunteer military company. The foreigners insisted that he take three Cossacks as escort, and although he preferred to ride alone, he allowed himself to be prevailed upon.

It was just at nightfall that he left Tien-Tsin. The city was blazing behind him, some of the shells falling perilously near. He left the place as quietly as possible, but as soon as he was out in the open, he put spurs to his horse and hastened his pace. The country was alive with hostile Chinese. Again and again bullets came whistling over his head, and before he reached Taku one arm hung uselessly at his side, a bullet having passed through it. Chinese ran out as he passed and tried to seize his bridle, but he swung his whip vigorously, and charging would knock the assailants over with the onrush of his horse. There was no chance for rest or sleep; he must go forward and go rapidly, and this he did, overcoming numerous obstacles until at last he reached Taku. Obtaining at once a small boat, he put out to Admiral Kenniff's flagship, and his message was the first news the admiral had that the foreigners in Tien-Tsin were in serious danger.

The world knows the rest of the story, for Tien-Tsin was saved, Watts returning to the city with the allied troops on June 23, marching in with the Welsh Fusiliers. His reception showed the gratitude of those whom he had risked his life to save. He was cheered on all sides. He was rewarded by being promoted to a lieutenantcy and will doubtless be voted a medal by the allied powers.

THE PROSPERITY ALPHABET.

- Abundance of work. Better times. Calamity dethroned. Duty performed. Expansion realized. Free silver exposed. Gold Standard continued. Hawaii annexed. Independence to Cuba. Justice to all. Knowledge promoted. Liberty extended. McKinley's re-election. National honor upheld. Opportunities improved. Protection assured. Quantities of employment. Roosevelt a winner. Stability of credit. Trade extended. Union forever. Values upheld. Wages increased. 'Xs' more plentiful. Yankee Doodle Dandy. Zenith of Prosperity.

Never was sunshine more beautiful, or timely.

WHAT MORE?

Referring to his position upon the Paris treaty, Senator Wellington said he had voted for it because he wanted to bring the war to a technical as well as a real close. He had, however, only consented to give his vote after securing the President's assurance that it was not his purpose permanently to acquiesce or to hold against the consent of the inhabitants the Philippine Islands; that it was his purpose only to restore law and order by American arms in the contest then being waged and to prevent foreign interference in the archipelago.

What more has President McKinley done? Law and order has not yet been thoroughly restored, though progress is being made, and it will be complete after the defeat of Bryan, whom Wellington has announced his intention of supporting. After that, there will be a chance to arrive at the "consent of the inhabitants." And foreign interference has been prevented, in the only way it could be prevented; and that is by an attempt to protect the lives and property of foreign residents against the murderous attacks of the revengeful and blood-thirsty and covetous Tagalos.

A CREDITABLE RECORD.

To show how utterly a foreign visitor may fail to comprehend the people among whom he travels, Henri Regnier, the French poet who lectured at our State University last winter, declares that Huntington was the ideal of this country. This is about as absurd as though he had given the Rothschilds or any of the great bankers of Paris as the French nation's ideal. The piling up of great wealth is possible in any country, but the man who accumulates it is never a hero or an ideal in the eyes of his countrymen.—S. F. Chronicle.

Yet Huntington was an exceptionally good man of his kind. He was a builder; not a wrecker or mere manipulator or absorber. He was not afraid to undertake great things in his line; not afraid to put confidence in other men; not fearful of the future of his country. The country needs more Huntingtons in all lines of industry as much as it needs more of the sort of men the Chronicle by inference refers to.

There was no argument in the hisses with which Senator Wellington of Maryland was greeted by some of his constituents, when he announced his intention of deserting the party at whose hands he was preferred, and casting his lot with Bryan, claiming it was for conscience because of the boggy "imperialism." There was no argument in the hisses, but the hisses show the estimation in which the man and his motives are held where he is best known. Senator Wellington is one of those men who take themselves too seriously, and set too high an estimate on their own worth and the value of their own opinions and influence. This campaign will soon be over, and then Senator Wellington will be heard of no more. He will realize, with the rhyme, that fame is a bee; it has a sting; it has a wing.

We would like to remind our friends who know a good thing when they see it that the circulation of the Twice-a-Week Statesman is now just three times the circulation of the Weekly Statesman a year ago. And the advertising rates have not advanced. They are going to soon, though, if the growth continues, and it is not only going to continue; it is going to grow faster yet.

Present indications do not suggest that much will be heard about "British gold" in the campaign funds of any party this year. The British are rather shy of gold for their own use and may have to come to the United States for more loans before the year is out.

Out of consideration to the hop pickers, the fruit growers, and the Portland carnival, the weather clerk has kindly postponed the stunt of old Jupiter, Pluvius. May the performance of the lachrymose old fellow be put off until after the State Fair.

How these fellows compare themselves with Lincoln! Even Wellington, of Maryland, with a chin and forehead (and mind and heart) that compares with Lincoln's like a pig's with George Washington's. Abraham Lincoln's memory ought to be above this.

Wellington looks in his pictures much more like Napoleon.

GOD KNOWS BEST.

"I need oil," said an ancient monk. So he planted him an olive sapling. "Lord," he prayed, "it needs rain, that its roots may drink and swell. Send gentle showers." And the Lord sent a gentle shower. "Lord," prayed the monk, "my tree needs sun. Send sun, I pray thee." And the sun shone, gilding the dripping clouds. "Now, frost, my Lord, to brace its tissues," said the monk, and behold, the little tree stood sparkling with frost. But at evening it died. Then the monk sought the cell of a brother monk, and told his strange experience. "I, too, have planted a little tree," he said, "and see, it thrives well. But I entrusted my little tree to his God. He who made it knows better what it needs than a man like me. I laid no conditions. I fixed not ways or means. 'Lord, send it what it needs.' I prayed—'storm or sunshine, wind, rain or frost. Thou hast made it, and thou dost know.'—Selected.

TARANTULA AND TOAD DUEL.

Desperate Encounter Between Two Reptiles in Texas.

The tarantula and the horned toad live in the same climate. They are usually on good terms, but once in a while trouble comes between them and there is a duel to the death. A witness to recent fight between these rare animals describes the unusual sight vividly, thus:

"In the early summer, while herding a bunch of cattle in the northern panhandle of Texas, I was sitting on my pony about as indolent as could be when a strong scent of formic acid was whiffed on the wind to me. A few feet away was a large bed of ants, in which a horned toad sat busily engaged at a meal of the ant people the toad paid but little attention to the attacks made upon him, but ate away as though he had been with Dr. Tanner on a 40-day fast and had just arrived at Delmonico's."

"Presently a large brown tarantula came hopping toward the ant bed, as though frightened. He halted a moment by the toad. Each looked at the other as though some apology should be made. The toad was the first to take offense and demand a reckoning. He ran at the tarantula with open mouth. The great spider leaped into the air about a foot and descended upon the toad's head, biting him over the eye. A strange little cry of pain came from the horny duelist. The battle was on in earnest."

"The bite made the toad sick and for an instant he halted as if he were dazed. A little distance from the ant bed a small tongue cactus was growing. The toad ran to it and began sucking the juice from a wound made in the thick leaf. Then he returned to the conflict with renewed energy. The tarantula lost a limb in the contest. A third time was the duel renewed. The tarantula lost another limb. Ready drops of a viscid liquid stood on the tips of the toad's horns. The leaps into the air were not repeated by the tarantula, but whether it was on account of the loss of limbs or the poison-tipped horns of the toad can never be known. Each stood facing the other some seconds as though seeking an advantage. During the armistice the ants set about inflicting a few wounds on the flat stomach of the tarantula and the toad. Neither seemed to care now for the bites of the ants, but eyed each other with a fierceness more than human. In an unguarded moment the tarantula leaped forward and inflicted a wound upon the lip of the toad."

"The struggle continued. Half of the legs were cut from the body of the tarantula. The poor cripple seemed lost, but somehow he closed in on the toad and seized his underlip and killed him."

FOREIGN SUBSTANCE IN THE EYE.

A natural instinct impels a person who feels pain or irritation to rub the affected spot. When some trifling object gets under the eyelid, one is tempted to rub the exterior of the lid, and thus unconsciously embed the object in the inner surface, thus rendering its ultimate removal more difficult. Another almost irresistible impulse prompts one to wink. This operation is apt to have the same effect. If the lid be promptly turned inside out, though danger from both of these causes will be avoided, and the discovery of the mischief-making particle may be promoted. It is better to have some one else do the hunting, but if a looking glass is at hand, perhaps the victim can see well enough with the other eye to find the object in question. A correspondent of the Scientific American makes these suggestions: Gently hold the eye open with the fingers and thumb of one hand, while with the other hand dash light handfuls of water in and across it, so as to produce a current of water flowing over all the surface of the eye, and the under side of the lids. The effect of this almost invariably is to push the intruding object from the eye. The eye should not be rubbed, or one lid drawn over the other, or a silk handkerchief drawn across the affected part, but the eye should be kept from winking as much as possible, while prompt action is being taken to cause a current of water to pass over the surface of the ball. This method is a copy from nature for when very fine dust enters the eye nature seeks to relieve it by means of the fluids which moisten and lubricate the eye, and when larger objects enter, and cling more tenaciously, the irritation causes a copious discharge of tears, so that the eye overflows, as nature tries by flushing it to propel along a float away with the current the cause of the irritation.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE'S WORK.

She Should Decide Her Share, and Not Be Tyrannized Over.

Every minister's wife is deeply interested in the work of the church, but no one should attempt to decide for her how much of that work is her share, says the Ladies' Home Journal for September. The undue burden of burdens upon shoulders wearied with much willing service has caused some of us to raise our voices in protest. If not for ourselves, for the over-taxed bodies and brains of our less fortunately situated sisters. Let a clergyman's wife decide not to be tyrannized over by circumstances. She more than many, needs to think out her life with care, and come to definite conclusions by which she is willing to abide. No regulations can be laid down for all alike, for a woman must be herself the judge of her abilities. Let her see to it, however, that she remains unimpaired by those who would seek to affect her. It may be laid down as a rule of the remedy that no minister's wife should be at the head of more than one organization, and if her home cares are many she should not attempt even that. If she desires to take a class in Sunday school she need not be given the worst class of boys, nor the most difficult class of little children.

Many streams in France have been stocked with American black bass, and the fish have flourished to such an extent that they are common articles of diet in the hotels and restaurants.

As a rule, the best time to sell hops is early in the season, when there are the most buyers.

"Want of Watchfulness"

Makes the Thief."

Many cases of poor health come from want of watchfulness. But if you keep your blood pure no thief can steal your health. The one effective, natural blood purifier is Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Disordered Blood—"My father has long been troubled with disordered blood and weak back. Hood's Sarsaparilla made him strong and healthy; he works every day." A. S. Wykes, S. Easton, Pa.

Humor—"When I need a blood purifier I take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cured my humor and is excellent as a nerve tonic." J. J. Eaton, Stafford Springs, Ct.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

JUPITER'S RED SPOT A GREAT MYSTERY. Peculiar Markings on the Surface of the Big Planet—No One Understands Them.

By far the largest and most perplexing marking on Jupiter is the "great red spot." It is roughly estimated to be thirty thousand miles long and several thousand miles wide, is pointed at both ends, and lies parallel with and just south of the southern equatorial dark belt. As if by some mysterious power of repulsion, it has created a deep indentation in the margin of the belt, so that a wide boundary of brightness is interposed between the edge of the cavity and the spot.

When the great red spot was discovered, in 1666, it had a fairly well defined outline and a salmon pink hue. During the next two years it gained in distinctness, and its color deepened to a brick red. Then it began to fade. From that time to the present its visibility and tint have undergone many fluctuations. At times the spot has almost entirely disappeared, and then it grows in distinctness. When near the minimum of visibility it appears only as a very faint ring, of pink, the central portion being white or gray. There are perceptible differences, too, in the case with which the two ends can be distinguished. In 1830-37 the spot almost completely disappeared. Stanley Williams, a well-known English amateur astronomer, in "The Observatory" for July that within the last few months there has been a distinct revival. Its color is now a salmon pink, and is almost uniformly distributed, although the front end seems to be a little paler than the rear. Mr. Williams adds that, whereas in 1838 the spot appeared to have gained on the adjacent cavity in the southern belt, and to have fallen behind in 1839, it is now in about the normal position. Two or three years ago observers called attention to the fact that the equatorial bright zone possessed a rich orange yellow color. Mr. Williams says the zone is now white. In 1869 the southern dark belt had a deeper reddish hue than the northern, but now the conditions are said to be reversed. The color of both is that of iron rust. Similar differences between the two dark belts in the plenitude of small dark or white spots, protuberances from the edges, diagonal rifts and other minute are observed from year to year, and it has been suspected that there are variations in the rotational velocity of certain regions, but on this point there is no agreement among the authorities. It has also been asserted that in these manifestations of activity there is a periodicity like that in the abundance and size of sun spots.

The nature of the great red spot, which is just now increasing in visibility, is yet a mystery. Jupiter is believed to be in a state of tidal war between that of the earth and the sun. Since it was detached from the latter in the formative period of its history it has cooled down a great deal, of course, yet it is probably a molten mass. Partly because it is at only a red heat and partly because it appears to be pretty well clothed in clouds, it is thought that it has ceased to shine by its own light. Mr. Maunder expressed the opinion a few years ago that if the vapors that envelop the planet could be swept away Jupiter would exhibit a surface of uniform redness like that of the big spot. And Mr. Barnard remarked in 1892. Just after a temporary revival in distinctness, that the phenomenon seemed to him to be a shifting of an overlying but very thin veil. There was a disposition fifteen or twenty years ago to suppose that the spot was a new-born continent, lifted above the level of the adjacent territory by some internal force. But if, as Mr. Williams thinks, the spot shifts its position, that theory would be untenable. On the other hand, if one imagines that it is merely looking down through a hole in the clouds, it will be necessary, as Mr. Maunder has pointed out, to explain why that framework remains so nearly stationary and so unchangeable in form. For the present the problem is insoluble.

The markings on the surface of Jupiter, which undergo more or less change from time to time, are unique in many respects. When we look at Mars we probably see the solid material composing that ruddy little orb, whereas Venus and Jupiter are supposed to be clothed in cloud shells which cannot easily be penetrated by the human gaze. But the markings on Venus are irregular in their distribution and exceedingly faint. Those on Jupiter are more systematic and striking, although their significance is far from being fully revealed. In the first place, there is a general arrangement of bands at right angles to the axis; a broad equatorial bright zone, a darker belt on each side of it, and then in still higher latitudes a northern and southern sub-tropical bright belt, bounded more or less distinctly

by an extension of the darker polar regions.

The tendency of Jupiter's envelope to arrange itself in streaks is readily explainable by the inequalities in the planet's rotation. A patch near the equator goes around once in about nine hours and fifty minutes, whereas in higher latitudes more than five minutes additional are required. A difference in speed of one in 120 is enough to draw out any plastic material like the planet's cloud-filled atmosphere into belts in a very short time. Even the much smaller inequalities which are observed further away from the equator operate in the same manner, though more slowly.

The broad general features just referred to can be discerned with small glasses, but with larger instruments much detail is visible: black and white spots, diagonal rifts across the dark belts, irregularities along the latter's edges and delicate wisps of vapor overlying the bright equatorial zone, which, by the way, is sometimes seen to be divided longitudinally by a faint line about on the planet's equator.

RICE AND POPULATION.

In deciding whether China's population is dense or sparse it ought to be remembered that the country produces rice. Countries which produce rice yield at least two crops a year. Countries which produce corn, on the other hand, only yield one crop a year. Therefore, proportionately to its extent, a country which produces rice ought to support at least twice as large a population as a country which produces corn.

WIFE TOOK THE FEATHER BED.

Elderly Farmer Seeks Felicity in Newspaper Personals.

The next time Jacob Krebs of Beaver Brook decides to enter the state of matrimony he will avoid the pitfalls of newspaper personals, says a dispatch from Danbury, Conn. Krebs is a well-to-do farmer, 60 years of age. His wife died two years ago, leaving him two children. The widower recently decided to remarry. So he advertised in the personal column of a New York newspaper. Several answers came, and Krebs selected one signed Maria Lange. Correspondence followed and pictures were exchanged.

On the 4th of July Krebs went to New York, met his intended, who was 25 years old, and they were married. The honeymoon was spent at the home of first found his young wife everything he expected. She was affectionate, apparently became attached to the children, and she was an ideal housekeeper. But the awakening came last Saturday, and the farmer is now suing for a divorce. Krebs had been absent all day on business, and when he returned wandered at not finding his wife waiting for him on the porch as usual. Missings arose when told by his children that their stepmother had gone away that morning. Krebs soon found a note from his wife. It said that she loved her husband, but cared more for another, and was going to Germany with him. She took with her a large sum of money Krebs had kept in the house, a gold watch, and a feather bed. All his wife had told Krebs was that her home was at 114 West One Hundred and Sixty-eight street, New York. The lawyer wrote to that address and received an answer today in which the owner of the property, Mrs. Anna Bogler, said that Maria Lange was janitress of the building a short time ago. No trace of the missing wife nor the feather bed have yet been found.

RAIN IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Fields Converted Into Lakes and Rivers Into Floods.

Yesterday nature bore herself proudly; now she appears overwhelmed and tearful, says H. Phelps Whitmarsh in the September Atlantic. The plumed bamboos which held themselves so haughtily are now spread and bend under the incessant beat of the rain, and cataracts run through their battered leaves. The fields have turned to lakes, the streams are rivers, the rivers are floods; and these roofs of bamboo and nipa are irrigating pipes, girdling numberless jets inside the houses.

In the meantime the rain has grown heavier. "Intervals cold gusts of wind are blown from the north and the horizon darkens with clouds more black than ever. The barometer, moreover, has fallen a degree. In these suspicious days of the colla, every white man looks at this sentinel of the atmosphere more often than a vain girl looks into the mirror. "The barometer to me in my loneliness is a welcome companion. When it falls, I prepare myself for the worst, and when it rises I anticipate the end of the storm."

The rain falls heavier and heavier; the world, seen from my window, is a muddy flood and my house an ark. The barometer is still falling. The dial hand already points to the remark "With winds from the north and northwest the bagno is now coming." Soon I can hear the wind coming. With a sudden gust, to which the house reels like a ship, it is upon us. A great geyser tower falls with a crash outside, and the blind shutters go flying to heaven. The wind converts the raindrops into projectiles which pierce the house at all points with the violence of hail-stones.

Night falls early; dark, dreary, and furious. "The waters are out," and the storm carries with it a terrible note. And the glass is still falling. Will it never end? Rumors of destruction come in from the forest at intervals of a minute, together with the crashing of torn branches and the howlings, it seems, of a hundred horns. Gusts of wind and water combined come howling over the house and hurl themselves against the doors. At each onset the building cracks and sags more than ever like a storm-tossed craft. But at last the master seems to be seeking its prey in another direction, and turns slowly eastward, hungry for more ruins. Southward, then, unless the law of storms is wrong, it will cause the greatest ravages. The vortex, to which all the raddi of this gigantic wheel of the bagno converge, will pass through the south of the archipelago.