

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.

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.

China is the under dog in the present scramble, and a yellow dog, at that.

Americans more eager to give him their votes. There must be a number of millions of persons in this country who sympathize with the United States.

It is the finest fair ever seen in the Northwest. And from this day on it will be the biggest.

OUR NAVY AND MERCHANT MARINE.

Don't be over confident. Take nothing for granted. There is too much danger in a Democratic victory.

The new battleships the naval construction bureau is planning will be the heaviest in the world. They will not vary greatly in general appearance from the Wisconsin, whose trial trip is soon to be made before she is accepted by the government.

"It is a great thing for the farmer to have men employed in shop and factory."—President McKinley.

Experience teaches. This was one of the old maxims which the find in the oldest books. And as a youth never dies or gets old, this great one is existing today as strong and useful as ever.

The Southern Pacific people deserve credit for standing by the State Fair. They are thus standing by the state of Oregon.

Too much grain food is the cause in the majority of cases, and the entrance into the winter in ill condition in consequence of want of suitable preparation for the exigencies of this exacting time comes second. What is the remedy? There is an easy one. Provide the most suitable feed for the late summer and so fit the sheep by a healthy condition for the dry feeding to follow.

"There can be no imperialism. Those who fear it are against it. Those who have faith in the republic are against it."—President McKinley.

There are hundreds of new people reading the Twice-a-Week Statesman who never read a Salem paper before. Circulation last issue, 2150. It will be 3000 by the end of the year, at the present rate of increase.

Salem ought to have a good trade year. Her business men evidently think so, too, for they are putting in larger and better stocks of goods than ever before.

HE OVERPLAYED THE LIMIT.

Mark Hanna is a little blunt as a public speaker, but he is plain, and no one can deny that he has the courage of his convictions. He is not afraid to "sprink out in meatin'."

From the Denver Evening Post. In the shadow of her tepee, Chewing pine-tree gum and scowling, And anon a sigh discharging, From its birthplace in her bosom, Sat Juanita Ethyl Sunbeam, Waiting for her first best fellow, Whom she'd telephoned to meet her, When the evening star had risen, She was dressed for the occasion, In her new red flannel leggings, And in skirt of smoke-tan buckskin, Trimmed with beads and soldier buttons.

We believe the Salem business houses are using good judgment in putting in larger stocks of goods than ever before for the fall and winter trade. It is going to be a good business year.

And with Bryan campaign badges That she had received as prizes, With Quick-raisin' baking powder, Shone her hair with gloss of wolf-grease, And her witching face was painted, In designs 't'd quell a riot, Round her neck was hung a necklace, Of the claws that bears climb trees with, And her ears were gemmed with Jewels.

It is kindly explained by cable for South Africa that President Kruger is going to Europe on personal business; that his health is poor, and he thinks a change of climate would be highly beneficial.

THE TAGAL CANDIDATE.

Bryan is always Bryan. Anything new he may say is simply a rehash of an old something he has said before. So with his letter of acceptance. The country has got used to him, and we believe tired of him.

"Count von Waldsee need not despair. He may not find any campaign against the Chinese to direct when he arrives at Peking, but if he can straighten out the middle between the allies he will prove himself a greater man. Immensely so. But he will probably not be called upon in the matter. It will require a style of talent different from the sort possessed by him.

The Chinese puzzle grows more complicated and less interesting; the South African war is about over, and there seems no hope of getting up any excitement in the campaign in the United States, it being considered a foregone conclusion, if the people will only show interest enough to get out and vote. The general news has grown stale and insipid, and the world is yearning for something fresh.

The Havana custom house receipts for the month of August amounted to a shade less than a round million dollars. Our Caesarism, imperialism and the rest of our soulless tyranny don't seem to be exactly ruining Cuba as yet.

Another instance of the risk American girls run in marrying foreign noblemen has come to the surface in the metropolis, where Count Festetics, a member of the Hungarian nobility, has just been arrested charged with cruelly beating his wife. This occurrence getting into public notice at a time when two other eminent knights of the pummeling fraternity, Messrs. Corbett and McCoy, are the oratorically at the bar of justice to answer for indignities inflicted upon their better halves, suggests the very natural query whether the accident of birth makes such a difference in man's sense of chivalry after all. This country's growing fondness for heraldic emblazony has not yet got down to the prize-fighters, but it would seem in the Count's case, if he has a coat-of-arms, the arms certainly ought to have fists to them.

Said the New York Sun last Thursday: A Manila despatch published in the Sun of Monday told of the capture by the Americans of some letters written by Gen. Sandico, an insurgent chief. The letters "show," says the despatch: "That the writer intends to advise the insurgents to surrender in the event of President McKinley being re-elected, but he urges them to maintain their opposition until the elections in the United States take place, in the hope that Bryan may be elected. He interprets a Democratic success as equivalent to the independence of the Philippines."

The enemies in the United States in the Philippines long for the election of Bryan. They wish to give aid and comfort to him as he has given aid and comfort to them. His election is their hope. The fact that the Luzon rebels give Bryan their prayers will not make

A LESSON FROM EXPERIENCE.

It is a matter of history that luxurious living weakens the constitution and physical stamina of any race and the explanations given by the historians of the decay and disappearance of noted ancient nations from history, as well as the general decay of modern peoples has been that luxurious living and absence of physical culture has done the mischief. So it is that all our domesticated animals have been saved from deterioration by frequent infusion of non-related blood. A cross-bred animal even has been found more profitable to feed than purebreds that have been too closely bred.

Experience teaches. This was one of the old maxims which the find in the oldest books. And as a youth never dies or gets old, this great one is existing today as strong and useful as ever. The simple plain lesson to be gathered from these two words remains to teach us that our sheep must not be too highly fed on stimulating foods, nor kept without ample exercise in moderately fair pastures, if we wish to preserve them in the highest health and vigor. These thoughts occur to us, as we look over the numerous letters of enquiry in regard to diseases of sheep now at the end of the feeding season, for the majority of these instances may be attributed to faults in feeding.

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THE SONG OF THE SINGER.

Day long upon the dreaming hills, One watched the idle hours fade by, And had no thought of other thing, Than waving grass and summer sky.

And all the wilding scents and sounds The lavish-hearted season brought, He made his own and prisoned them, Within the little songs he wrought.

While he was singing, in the town His busy brethren bought and sold, And got them place and circumstance, And all the pride and pomp of gold.

When John L. Sullivan was in his prime as a fighter, he was traveling in a sleeping car in company with Pat Sheedy. During the night a phonographic snore disturbed the other occupants of the car, and there were loud protests, but without avail. Sheedy finally awoke Sullivan, who slumbered peacefully, and asked him to use his influence with the snorer. John L. clambered out, located the offender, and awoke him with a start. Then John made a speech: "Say, young fellow," he roared at the frightened young man, "you think you're quite a snorer, didn't you? Well, I'll just tell you what I'll do, I'll snore you for \$100 a side. Marquis of Sleepyhead rules, and if you start snoring before I get to sleep again, there'll be trouble, see? The snoring gentleman remained awake in a condition of nervous dread the remainder of the night."

"Necessity Knows No Law."

But a law of Nature bows to the necessity of keeping the blood pure so that the entire system shall be strong, healthy and vigorous. To take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, is therefore a law of health and it is a necessity in nearly every household. It never disappoints.

Blood Disorders — "My step-daughter and I have both been troubled greatly with blood disorders and stomach troubles, and several bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla have been of great benefit." — James F. Thompson, Wilmington, Ohio.



SHORT HISTORY OF BRYAN.

A Neighbor's Investigations Give the Following Striking Result. (From a Private Letter from Lincoln, Neb., to a Citizen of New York.) "Bryan came here about 1885, having just been admitted to the bar. He was then about 25 years old. During the next three years he attempted to practice law, did as much as any young lawyer in a new state would be expected to do, but his practice was confined mostly to cases before the justice of the peace and before the county court, where the jurisdiction is limited to \$500. I think he probably had a few cases in the district court, but the district judge, who was on the bench at that time, told me that during the entire three years that he attempted to practice law he did not appear before him in court more than three or four times and, as he puts it, had absolutely no practice whatever. At the end of three years he was a candidate for congress from this district; was elected and served four years. Since that time he has not attempted to maintain any law office here, but has been traveling over the country making political speeches.

"When he came here he was not worth anything. "I understand his father-in-law built him a house that probably cost \$1,500, and at the time he entered politics, I do not suppose he was worth \$500. As far as any one here knows, he is in that same financial condition today; think it is generally thought that he has made some money by speaking and lecturing and on his yoke. He may have had considerable money given him by his free silver friends, but if so, there is no evidence of it. "He was 40 years old last March. "He has never been retained in any case of importance and is not considered anything of a lawyer. "He has never been connected with or placed in touch with any financial or commercial or manufacturing business whatever. "He has never even served as alderman in our city council. "He has never had any experience in our legislature. "If he is fitted to assume the duties of the President of this country, the greatest nation on earth, then the idea that I have always had for that office has been an illusion. "His stock in trade is that he is a smooth talker, especially before the ordinary political crowd, who gather during an exciting political campaign. He studies to work in catchy, high-sounding expressions like "Thou shalt not press down upon the brow of labor this cross of gold and crown of thorns" and his rot on imperialism and militarism. "That is all there is to him; he is a political agitator, utterly unqualified and unfitted to be placed in the Presidential chair. I cannot think for a moment there is any danger of such a thing happening."

THE SONG OF THE SINGER. Day long upon the dreaming hills, One watched the idle hours fade by, And had no thought of other thing, Than waving grass and summer sky.

And all the wilding scents and sounds The lavish-hearted season brought, He made his own and prisoned them, Within the little songs he wrought.

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THE RIGHT KIND.

I like to see a girl Who knows enough to furl All her fur-bowls and get a man a dinner: Who can sing a bit and play, Who can sew, darn, knit, crochet— Well, a girl, in fact, who's got some gristle in her—

A girl who loves her dad And makes some fellow glad And who doesn't sneer at any man who labors, Who's the angel of the house, Yet, if she saw a mouse, Would jump upon a chair and call the neighbors.

I like to see a youth Who'd rather tell the truth Than resort to fairy tales or fabrications: Who can look you in the eye, Who, in short, would rather die Than disappoint his parents' expectations:

Who, never fond of fight, Can rise his left or right And pay a hundred cents on every dollar: To some one sweethearts true, He loves his mother, too, And he doesn't wear a bandbox for a collar.

I like to see a man Who, if he has a plan For removing every evil from creation, Now and then will give a cent To his wife, but not a penny, And go ask for every mill an explanation:

Who, if he has to roam, Will save a smile for home, And will never tell the sins of other people, Who isn't a beginner, Who himself has been a sinner And who doesn't measure God with a steelye.

QUEER THINGS TO EAT. Octopus is largely eaten in the Isle of Jersey. Picric acid, a component of lyddite, is used to adulterate beer. Hedgehog, baked in a clay oven, is a dish which epicures might envy. The Icelandic cats dried fish and butter just as we eat bread and butter.

RETRIBUTION. Autumn's coming on, Tom, and I'll need a set of clothes That will shield me from the shivers when the frosty north wind blows; I thought it well to tell you, since the snow is not remote, That since you've worn my shirt waist I mean to wear your coat.

THE M'KINLEY ANCESTRY. The President's Descend Traced Step by Step from MacDuff Who Slew Macbeth. The following letter written to a gentleman in Scotland was forwarded to a friend in the United States: Annie, Callander, Jan. 6, 1900. Dear Mr. —: Will you accept our very best thanks for the loan of the "Life of William McKinley," President of the United States? We have read it through, and found it most interesting. Mr. McKinley is a worthy subject for a biography and Mr. Robert E. Porter has done justice to his subject. I beg also to express through you my thanks to your worthy brother for the pleasure I have had in reading the book.

MUSICAL COW. Wanted.—A steady man to look after a garden and milk a cow who has a good voice and is accustomed to sing in the choir.—English Country Paper.

and was chief of the Macintoshes. Ultimately the line of descent became Farquharsons, sons of Farquhar (Macintosh), and possessed estates in the Braemar district of Aberdeen-shire. The twenty-first in the line of descent from MacDuff was Finlay Farquharson, called Finlay Mor from his great size and strength. He was killed at the battle of Plunkie while bearing the royal standard, Sept. 10, 1547. He had four sons, who took the name McKinlay or Macdonnally, which is in English McKinley. Though they dropped the clan name, the McKinlays kept the motto of the Farquharsons, "We force nae friend, we fear nae foe."

The eldest son of Finlay Mor, William, who died in the reign of James VI. (1567-1625) had four sons who settled at the "Annie" (a corruption of the Gaelic for "Ford of the Deer"), John was his eldest son, and Donald, who was born at "Annie," was known to be his, William's, grandson. Donald's son John, born about 1645, had three sons, Donald, born 1689; James the Trooper and John born 1670. This is where the President line breaks off from the "Annie" McKinlays. James the Trooper went to Ireland, where the spelling of his name was changed to McKinley, as the Irish pronounce it. His descendants went to America, and the President's descent has been traced in Mr. Porter's book on that line. Of course, I cannot say whether the connection with Macduff is correct, but my mother, who was a McKinlay had a tradition, which had descended through many generations, that the McKinlays were originally Farquharsons from Braemar, and had been tenants in "Annie" since it became the property of the Stirlings of Keir by marriage about the time of the Reformation. The old churchyard of St. Bride's, situated on this farm beside the River Leny, has been the burying place of all the "Annie" McKinlays, and contains the tombstone of John, brother of James the Trooper. This is the inscription on it: "Here lies John McKinlay and Elizabeth Ferguson, who died the 30th day of August, 1732, in the fifty-third year of his age." For seven generations the eldest son of the "Annie" branch was named John, and six of them were buried in St. Bride's. My grandfather was last of the name who was tenant of "Annie." He died in 1812. His widow, four sons and two daughters emigrated to Canada, where their descendants are still scattered about. His eldest son, John, was a Lieutenant in the Ninety-second Highlanders, and was wounded at the battle of Quatre-Bras (1815), and his son John died unmarried some years ago in New Zealand. My mother was the eldest daughter, and married Robert McLaren, who had been tenant in Stank at the foot of Ben Ledi, but took "Annie" after the McKinlays left. Five of my brothers went to America, one is a farmer in Michigan, U. S. A., and two others have farms in Ontario. There was originally a chapel at St. Bride's, Sir Walter Scott introduces it in the "Lady of the Lake." The marriage party was issuing from the chapel door when the "fiery cross," the signal for the clansmen to muster, was put into the bridegroom's hands, and Norman has to leave his bride (Mary of Tombel) to speed with the signal till he meets some one who will carry it on. Touden, a hill, now a part of "Annie" farm, was once tenanted by many crofters. My mother, who was born in 1794, remembered the gable of the chapel standing when she was a girl. I have heard a story of my great-grandfather, John McKinlay, at the time of the '45. His grandfather, Stirling of Keir, who had belonged to the side of the Stewarts, wanted to him to ask if he could raise a few men for the Pretender, McKinlay, having read the letter, locked it up and went out to visit his neighbors quite in an ordinary way, and in the course of conversation inquired what they thought of Prince Charles's claim. He found that they were entirely opposed to the movement, and had no idea of joining or supporting it in any way. He returned home, therefore, and having first burned the laird's letter, he set out on his pony for Keir House near Dunblane, where he had an interview with the laird, and told him he could not hope for any men from the "Annie" district, and, at the same time, advised him not to entangle himself with the rebellion. Having accomplished the object of his journey, he returned home, and said no more about the matter. After the rebellion, the laird of Keir was tried for his share in it, and narrowly escaped losing his head. If McKinlay had not been so prudent and cautious about the laird's letter, it would have supplied the positive evidence needed to condemn him. The McKinlays were a quiet, intelligent and shrewd race of men. I was told by a relative of mine who has seen the President that there is a strong resemblance between him and one of my uncles who left "Annie." I myself can see in the portrait of President McKinley's father a striking likeness to the McKinlays I have known. I am afraid this account is somewhat long, but I have tried to condense as much as possible. I enclose photograph of St. Bride's churchyard. With kind regards, yours sincerely, (Signed) Robert McLaren. (The writer of this letter is a shrewd, intelligent old gentleman of 80 years, whose integrity cannot be doubted. Attested by us, Justices of the Peace for the County of Perth, Scotland. (Signed) James Todd, J. P. (Signed) Thomas Bittell, J. P. Callander, Jan. 9, 1900.

LEGISLATOR CHARMS SNAKES. Ex-Representative Harvey Horner of Sumner county, Kansas, is a snake tamer, and usually carries around with him in his pocket a live bull snake, with which he makes lots of fun. A pickpocket "touched" Horner at the circus at Wichita and happened to get his hand into the pocket where the snake was kept. The shock made him scream and Horner held him until the police arrived.

What are you crying for, Esther? My teeth stepped on my tongue." Twice-a-week Statesman, \$1 a year.