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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. Some of these object to having the paper discontinued at the time of expiration of their subscriptions. For the benefit of those who are in this position, we have concluded to discontinue subscriptions only when notified to do so. All persons paying when subscribing, or paying in advance, will 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 do not. 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.

CIRCULATION (SWORN) OVER 4000



There's a beautiful art that is sadly neglected.
Add daily I wonder to see it rejected.
By some who'd be healthy and wealthy
and wise.
By just condescending to open their eyes.
And look at things fairly with never a pout—pout—
I refer to the fine art of doing without.

Why, that's nothing wonderful!
maybe you'll say,
"I do without things I want every day!"
Quite likely you do, but how do you do it—

With good grace, or a face that's as blue as the sky?
There's a wonderful difference—just put that down—
Between giving up things with a smile or a frown;
And that is precisely the difference between
The artist and bungler—you see what I mean.

You can't do as you like! Then do as you can:
I'm sure you'll find it the very best plan.
Can't have what you want? Take what you can get:
No better device has been patented yet.

'Tis the bravest and blithest and best way by far
Not to let little losses your happiness mar;
'Tis an art that needs practice, by that there's no doubt.
But 'tis worth it—this fine art of doing without.

PETER VERSUS PAUL

The average legislator is but an average man after all. Perhaps more could not be expected and perhaps should not. He does not always try to be consistent and perhaps he would be wrong quite as often if he were. Emerson said he would have the courage to say what he thought today even though it gave the lie to everything he said yesterday. This is true courage and admirable philosophy.

So, in this sense, many members of the Legislature are not only courageous but philosophical. This was impressively illustrated during the late special session by several gentlemen in the debate on the flat salary bill. Every member was elected on a platform to enact a "flat salary" law at the session one year ago. A flat salary means a salary that is specific, that is fixed at so much and that every citizen may know at any time by inquiry what any public officer is receiving for his services, to a cent. The Governor, for instance, is already receiving a "flat salary," because everybody can know exactly what it is.

But when put into actual and practical operation many members who had no objection to the proposition which found public expression during the progress of the campaign before the people, have since discovered that a flat salary law would be unconstitutional. The state constitution, an instrument to be revered at all times, says the Governor shall have \$1,500 a year, and a flat salary law which should undertake to give him any more would be clearly unconstitutional, therefore, they insist upon leaving his salary just constitutionally as he is, you know, where it is! The literal words of the constitution fix specifically the

salaries of all the state officers, except that of the State Printer, therefore, any law which would change them from what they now are, would be unconstitutional and must not be permitted to pass. Long live the constitution!

Indeed, an extra effort has been made to see that Senator Rand and not Senator Pierce, shall have what credit there is supposed to be in saying that "only a knowledge of the English language is needed to make it plain that the constitution fixed the salary of the Governor at \$1,500, and no more."

Now, a knowledge of the English language is a good thing to have around while interpreting so important an instrument as the constitution of the state, but from the standpoint of the Senator from Baker, the English language is as difficult to handle as the state constitution. That sacred instrument also says that "no Senator or Representative shall, during the time for which he shall have been elected, be eligible to any office, the election to which is vested in the Legislative Assembly," and in all the codes this provision is printed in plain English.

"Only a knowledge of the English language is needed to make it plain" that no Legislative Assembly shall elect one of its own members to any office, yet Senator Rand violated this section of the constitution every day of the session last winter, although his attention was constantly called to his unconstitutional procedure, and that, too, in plain English.

And there were others, also. The conscientious Senator from Clackamas, who would rather at any time heroically lose his good right arm rather than do anything looking toward a violation of the state constitution, was positively affronted that even such a suggestion should creep into a body of which he was the presiding officer. His very soul recoiled at the bare suggestion, and nothing but "political chicane" (for which he has the "supremest contempt, by the way), prompted those who were advocating this wicked, unconstitutional proposition!

And yet, "no Senator or Representative shall, during the time for which he may have been elected, be eligible to any office, the election of which is vested in the Legislative Assembly." This is not the first instance, however, where the overgrown camel went easily through a passage so small that the further progress of the shriveled goat was effectively and fatally retarded.

And these men were bound by their oaths! Otherwise they would be in favor of giving the Governor more than \$1,500 a year, but, in plain English, his salary is restricted to that sum, and they would never, no never, vote for any bill that added one dollar to it! Nay, nay!

The same section of the state constitution which says the Governor shall receive an annual salary of \$1,500 also says the Supreme Judges shall receive \$2,000, and yet they are now receiving a "flat salary" of nearly twice that amount, while many of these painfully perpendicular Senators voted for it in the plainest of English.

Senator Brownell is especially sure that the Supreme Court would declare a flat salary law unconstitutional, in the face of the fact that it construes that provision of the constitution regularly every three months—through the State Treasurer's office. How would you find a better rule by which to anticipate what the Judges would do than that which points to what they are doing?

"A knowledge of plain English is only needed" to convince any one that the constitutional provision regulating salaries of state officers is merely a guarantee of a minimum sum and it is so construed in every appropriation bill passed during the last twenty years, and by every legislator who has voted for them.

But sometimes, as a matter of construction, it makes a sight of difference whether it is Peter or Paul who is to be affected. In any event, however, long live the constitution!

Let no "carping critic" say that the editor of this paper has any feeling in the matter. Not so. He is only determined that no man shall surpass him in his unswerving devotion to a literally construed constitution—construed according to "plain English."

PROTECTION TO CHINESE PHEASANTS.

One of the minor measures passed by the Legislature was the one prohibiting the killing of Chinese pheasants under any circumstances for a period of two years. This amendment to the state game laws has been needed for some time, but came unexpectedly at the special session. The Chinese pheasant is really and peculiarly a game bird, and for his many chivalric qualities should have the consideration of that chivalry which is supposed to belong to the true sportsman.

This beautiful bird does not take advantage of thickets or swamps, but gives the hunter an even show, and usually furnishes him with a "run for his money" even then! Indeed, so open is he in his methods and habits, that the annual onslaught beginning on the first of October partakes of little else than wholesale murder. Always in the open, the Chinese pheasant so nearly partakes of the characteristics which

mark the cunning heathen Chinese at home, that even then, he can often succeed quite well in disappearing where there is nothing to disappear behind. This faculty makes him really a "game" bird, but with the modern hunting appliances, including the trained dogs, his chances for escape are decidedly against him.

The man who can witness the patient care and constant application of a pair of these imported beauties during an entire summer in their effort to rear even two large broods of little fellows, and then on the first day of October, in three short hours, perhaps, undo all their work and bag the greater number of both broods, including both parents if he can, may be, and no doubt is, a "sportsman," in the sense that anything that contributes to his pleasure is sport. But it is not sport in the better sense of the word. It is slaughter, pure and simple.

The Statesman rejoices at this recognition of the Chinese pheasant, and trusts to see the new law vigorously enforced.

A "LAND OF FABLE."

The San Francisco Call declares that "Truly, California is the enchanted land of fable." This is well said, and is in truth, an unusual admission for a California paper to make. Many of the superior features which have been claimed as California's own by her enthusiastic people, especially when considering that state in comparison with other portions of the coast, really belong to the filmy realm of "enchanted fable." The Californians are, in fact, a great people in many ways, but their country has its limitations. If it had the rainfall of the Willamette valley it would be a veritable earthly paradise, but being permanently deprived of that incomparable earthly blessing, that great favor is ours with all that the term implies.

But, especially is it tiresome to an Oregonian to hear a citizen of the Golden State speak of our providential showers in words of earnest and ironical disapproval when his own country has been wrestling for months in the throes of the destructive drought until, through sheer paralysis of a parched throat, he can with difficulty give utterance to the expression of supposed sarcasm. But, of course, "a land of enchanted fable" would somewhat tend to the growth of enthusiastic fallacies.

In this connection it is "germane" to remark, however, that if the lower regions were favored with the climate of Oregon the principal supposed characteristics of that locality would disappear, to use an expression of President Roosevelt in one of his messages, in "one brief, red moment." No, indeed, Oregon is not a "land of enchanted fables." Here, rather, we have all the realities of a tangible paradise.

IT IS UNACCOUNTABLE.

The utter impossibility of pleasing the unaccountable whims of the fair sex, which has been the ruling ambition of all men from the beginning, has received a fresh vindication recently in Portland, where a woman has sued, a beauty doctor for damages in the sum of \$250 for treating one side of her face until it looked like that of a blooming girl of sixteen and then refused to treat the other side. We are not informed what ulterior motive possesses the stubborn doctor, and do not care. The ingratitude of the woman is what will most interest the astonished public. While all women are beautiful, more or less, (generally more), it is incomprehensible why any member of the gentler sex should consider herself damaged in any amount by a process which she admits has added fifty per cent to her beauty.

This is only another example of that idiosyncratic tendency of the feminine mind to rove in the realms of whimsical notions which emphasizes the duty of their natural protectors to overlook it altogether and to admire rather than reprove.

GOOD RIDDANCE.

One of the professional anarchists in California has been sent to the Folsom prison for a term of years, and that is where all professed anarchists should be. There are scores of men serving terms in every state prison who have committed crimes of much less injury to the state and to society than the man who openly advocates the periculous doctrine called anarchy. Such a man is a foe to all the best instincts of the human heart as they have worked through generations of persistent effort toward a better earthly condition. The anarchist is a menace to society, to civilization, therefore, and is a human beast of prey that should not be tolerated in any community where he undertakes to promulgate his destructive and insane theories. If any man is so unfortunate that he really believes all government is wrong, he should, not necessarily be sent to prison, but he should be compelled to keep a padlock on his mouth and commune in silence with the product of his diseased brain.

SENATOR HANNA'S RETIREMENT.

If Mark Hanna retires from the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee next June, the party will lose one of its most active workers, for when Mr. Hanna steps down and

out his activity to a great extent will cease, although his loyalty to Republicanism and to the administration, whether Roosevelt or otherwise, will never waver. He is one of the sound, solid, sensible men of the Republican party.—Eugene Register.

This is every word true. The good "horse sense" of Senator Hanna is his strong characteristic. Coupled with this in his natural ability and broad experience with prominent men for thirty years. These make a combination that have placed him in the front rank of our public men under circumstances of unusual difficulty. He has by the means of persistent application and pugnacity put to flight those who for years sought by every means, foul as well as fair, to force him under the ban of public disrespect. His retirement from the Chairmanship of the Republican National Committee is to be sincerely regretted.

PRESTO, CHANGE!

The Statesman predicts that the means employed to spirit away the house bill making gambling a felony, will yet be discovered. It was no ordinary theft. Somebody knows all about it and how it happened and who did it. The Clerk of the House says he gave it to the Senate page and the page says he never received any paper of any kind from the Clerk of the House. Of course, one of them is mistaken, but nobody believes either of them guilty in the matter. No doubt it was duly delivered at the Senate desk, for Mr. Jennings says he delivered it there in person.

There is no disposition to charge the loss to any particular officer, and yet, there was gross carelessness somewhere in allowing the opportunity to occur by which the enemies of the bill were permitted to attain the object of their efforts. A bill never loses itself nor disappears without assistance.

Neither was President Brownell's statement correct that "there is scarcely a session of the State Legislature but one or more bills of general interest and importance turn up missing." They never "turn up missing" without convenient assistance and, besides a bill on the same subject of gambling which took a mysterious trip to Astoria a few sessions ago, it would be difficult for the gentleman from Clackamas to name even one bill that has ever "turned up missing." At least, such a proceeding is far from being so common as to be described as a "very usual occurrence" and worth but a passing notice.

The mystery which surrounds the whole transaction is almost amusing, in that everybody's mind is a perfect blank on the subject. It left the House in the usual manner, but never positively arrived anywhere. And one of the queer features of the whole transaction is that though there had been a hard fight over the matter in the House and it had passed that body before noon on Wednesday it was never called for in the Senate nor was it missed apparently until both houses had adjourned at midnight!

Where were its friends in the house that they were not looking after it in the Senate? Very queer!

CHICAGO'S DEAD.

It is a source of extreme gratification that owing to the special efforts of the police department in that city, it is again possible for the people of Chicago to die with a reasonable assurance that they will be buried without the interference of the strikers. Funerals are now conducted with a squad of policemen following behind the hearse and the churches, where it is deemed safe to enter them with a corpse, are heavily guarded to prevent a hostile attack by the strikers.

For some time it has not been deemed safe to die in Chicago, owing to the uncertainty of being able to obtain the consent of the unions. This has resulted in unnecessarily prolonging the lives of several supernumeraries who, like the Oregonian is said to have remarked about Senator Morrill, simply lived on "to save funeral expenses." It is really pleasant, on the whole, to have a lot of apparently useless mossbacks on hand, alive, than to be burdened with them around in corners, dead, waiting for the consent of the unions to proceed with the interment. But with this new arrangement it is hoped that the usual death rate in that city will be resumed.

However, this may not be the end of the trouble. If the order is ever issued that no man will be allowed to draw his last breath unless he has a union label on it, the difficulties will only have just begun. This step is probably in contemplation at this time, and if so, will be presumptive proof that a coalition has been formed between the unions and the municipal authorities as an aid in keeping ahead of all rivals in the matter of population. Put nothing past Chicago in a contest of this kind.

For the present, however, the unions are powerless to further obstruct the ordinary burial of the dead in the White City by the lake. But just wait. It is hard to permanently down the unions.

REV. JASON LEE.

When the annual Methodist Conference was held in Salem two months ago, Bishop J. W. Hamilton, with a party of friends, made a visit to Lee Mission

cemetery in the outer suburbs of the city, where many of the pioneer Methodist missionaries lie buried. The visit disclosed the fact, which was a surprise to many of the party, that though the cemetery is the oldest in the state and is named after Jason Lee, the remains of that valiant pioneer in missionary work in Oregon were buried in Canada. Indeed, while standing by the grave of Mrs. Lee, several inquired where her husband's grave could be found. No doubt the fact is not generally known that Jason Lee died in Canada and was buried in his native town.

Jason Lee was born in Stanstead, Canada, on June 27, 1803, and married Miss Anna Maria Pitman on July 16, 1837, at the Oregon Mission. Miss Pitman had been appointed a teacher at the Mission school. Mr. Lee sailed from Boston in July, 1836, and arrived at the Columbia river in May, 1837, via Cape Horn.

In the spring of 1838 it became necessary for some member of the Mission to return to "The States" for supplies of various kinds, and Jason Lee was chosen for the trip. Upon arriving at Shawnee Mission, where Kansas City now is, he was overtaken by a messenger who had been sixty days on the road taking to him the sad intelligence of the death of his wife in the July previous. She had given birth to a son and after a few days both died and were buried in the same grave.

Pursuing his journey Mr. Lee spent the winter in the Eastern states looking after the interests of the Oregon Mission, and in the following summer married Miss Lucy Thompson, and on the evening of October 9, 1839, in company with fifty-four others, sailed from New York on the ship Lausanne for Oregon, arriving at the Columbia river on June 1, 1840.

In 1843 it again became necessary for some representative of the Mission to go East and Mr. Lee was again chosen to make the journey. His second wife had died the year before, leaving an infant daughter whom he never saw again. He spent much of the summer of 1844 in Washington City, and as it was during the celebrated campaign between Polk and Clay when the cry of "fifty-four forty, or fight," was the Democratic motto, he gave much valuable information to all inquirers about the wonderful "Oregon country."

But his health failed him and going to his friends in Stanstead, Canada, on March 12, 1845, he died in the room in which he was born, and his remains are at rest in his native village.

His daughter by his second wife, Lucy Ann Lee, was for many years a teacher in the Willamette University, and afterward became the wife of F. H. Grubbs, now living in Portland. Mrs. Grubbs died many years ago, but is kindly remembered by many people scattered over the state to whom she was a teacher in the early days.

The grave of Anna Maria Pitman, first wife of Jason Lee, is in a small inclosure in Lee Mission cemetery, dedicated to the burial of the more prominent Methodist missionaries and their wives. It is a beautiful location on a low eminence overlooking the Willamette river, with the range of magnificent hills beyond, and when chosen for that purpose in 1838, must, indeed, have been a romantic spot, three thousand miles from anything but the merest outposts of civilization.

The sad story is told in the inscription on a plain marble slab to be seen there today, and which was visited by the writer only a few weeks ago:

"Beneath this sod,
the first broken in Oregon,
for the reception of
White Mother and Child,
lie the remains of
ANNA MARIA PITMAN,
Wife of
REV. JASON LEE,
and her infant son.
She sailed from New York, July 1836,
Landed in Oregon June, 1837,
Was married July 16,
and died
July 30, 1838,
Aged 36 years."

A DIFFERENT VIEW.

In discussing the very mysterious disappearance of the anti-gambling bill the distinguished President of the Senate says "if it is lost I am sure I know nothing of its whereabouts, and, since the Legislature is now adjourned, I cannot see what difference it makes." Of course, no one supposes that he knows anything about it, but his slipshod indifference about the loss of any bill seems out of place. In other words, since it is lost, why say anything about it? If a bill is stolen by some one in its transition from one house to the other what difference does it make? Even if an investigation should now disclose the guilty parties, "now that the Legislature is adjourned," the bill could not be passed, so nothing could result from a further examination of the question, but a possible discovery of the parties who did the stealing, "and what difference does that make?" Sure enough. We hadn't looked at it in that light.

CERTAINLY.

The Dalles is unequivocally in favor of an open river, and for this reason is very favorable to the early completion of the canal and lock above the city, but it does not realize the large expenditure over the passage of the appropriation to buy the right of way. We shall wait and see; but believe time will demonstrate that the improvement

NEWS OUR FATHERS READ FIFTY YEARS AGO.

From the Statesman of July 24, 1852.

"Having recovered from the excitement caused by the sight of a 'green cowhide,' (to the music of which he made good time to his den), he can do doubt answer.—Oregonian."

This is intended as an insinuation that when Gov. Gaines made the disgraceful attack on us in Gen. Hamilton's office, he struck us, and that we fled from his blows. Such statements have been circulated in various parts of the Territory (away from where the facts are not known), by a few pitiable apologists of Gaines. They are totally false, and the man who reports them is either the victim of a falsehood or is a liar himself. Gaines did not strike us, nor have we the slightest apprehension that he ever will, though our security lies not in his honor or malice, his self-respect, respect for his station, or respect for the laws."

THE SPECIAL SESSION.
The extra session of the Legislative Assembly will commence next Monday. If it lasts no longer than the "extraordinary" business does it will be a model for shortness.

THE FIRST IN THE COUNTRY.
There is a reaping machine in operation on the French Prairie. It is McCormick's patent which took first premium at the World's Fair last year.

"WHY DON'T YOU TAKE ONE OF YOUR SIZE?"
We were informed that Gov. Gaines made a great ado about "A Kentuckian" who told some unwelcome truths about him. "I would all sorts of terrible things," he should ever learn his name. He doesn't seem to be at all anxious to "wake up that passenger," now the name has been tendered.

has not been advanced by this legislative action.—Dalles Chronicle.

Sure. Come to think of it, Malcolm Moody really was here assisting in securing the passage of the bill providing for the right of way for the great Dalles improvement. And, besides, nothing would so naturally discourage the General Government in the matter of beginning the improvement as to find that the only obstacle had been removed. It is quite likely the presentation of the right of way to the Government will kill the project outright. If Moody had only staid at home.

A SURE ENOUGH BOGIE MAN.

The Albany Democrat fell a victim to its ungrounded fears while the Legislature was in session in the following manner:

"That is a wild aggregation down at Salem. They seem to be trying to show how little regard they have for their promises to the Governor."

"If the present session of the State Legislature is allowed to have its way another extra session may be necessary to correct the mistakes of this ravenous affair."

But they made no promises to the Governor. If they had, the Democratic members east of the mountains could not have supported the Dalles canal appropriation. And, besides, the members were allowed to have their own way, so far as was observed. Really, it did not seem to be a very "ravenous affair," either. It is best to be calm, brother, unless real danger confronts you, and it is better, even then.

CORRECT, ALL RIGHT.

During the special session the La Grande Observer printed a dispatch from Salem which said:

"Anti-Gambling."

The house, after a warm debate, passed the Washington law. The bill will meet with strong opposition in the Senate.

Later—the anti-gambling bill failed to pass in the Senate.

And the dispatch was literally true. The anti-gambling bill did not pass the Senate. It is so often, on cannot rely on an important news item in the average paper that it does one good to find an announcement so literally true as this one from the Observer.

NOTICEABLY OVERBURDENED.

Somehow that fellow Brownell is always doing the right thing just at the right time. He has a faculty of seeing farther ahead than a great many legislators. In fact, one of Brownell's greatest faults seems to lie in his excess of wisdom.—Eugene Register.

But the Woodburn Independent has this to say on the same subject:

"It is about time that Clackamas had some show of securing a Congressman or getting on the state ticket, but this can never be accomplished so long as Brownell, as unpopular on the outside as he is becoming in the county of Clackamas, stands in the road of an honest and respectable man."

LUCKY OREGON.

The last bulletin issued by the Kentucky experiment station has a very interesting statement "concerning the ravages of the '17-year locusts' in 1902 in that state. The entomologist of that institution gives some very interesting facts about that peculiar pest, making, however, a distinction between them and the locusts of the Bible. Indeed, by some means not explained, he has learned that the locusts of that

date were "about one and three-fourths inches long, and measured to the tips of the folded wing, about two and five-eighths inches. It had spotted front wings, biting jaws and thickened and lengthened hind legs for leaping. On the other hand, our 17-year locusts have no thickened legs for leaping, the wings are uniformly membranous and transparent, and the mouth parts are lengthened and adapted for taking liquid food."

Having settled this question, he proceeds to give a technical description of the Kentucky locust, which is of especial interest to the native Oregonian, who would not know a 17-year locust from a chinich bug, never having had the pleasure of the acquaintance of either. The most interesting portion of the biological analysis is found in the following paragraph:

"The extraordinary feature of the life history of the periodical locust is the great length of time required to become mature. The young live in the ground sucking the sap from the roots of various trees for sixteen years, and on the seventeenth come to the surface, climb up the trunks of trees, or upon shrubbery, and shed the skin, to come forth in the form in which they are commonly known, with two pairs of membranous wings."

Sixteen years is a long period to remain in the ground in a dormant state, preparing for their destructive onslaught, probably just when the plodding farmer is least looking for them, and in this respect, we know of nothing in Oregon to compare with them, unless the deceptive wild oat furnishes its full counterpart. The wild oat, as every farmer knows, will lie in the ground dormant for ten years, if necessary, until after a period of rest when the rejoicing agriculturist has decided it will be safe to sow his field to wheat again, when it will come forth in all the vigor of an enthusiastic resurrection. The wild oat, however, as an unwelcome visitor, is much to be preferred to the locust, for the former can be turned into several profitable uses, while the latter is merely a devourer of the farmer's substance.

The injury inflicted by the 17-year locust is mostly confined to several kinds of trees and occasioned, it is said, by the females, "resulting from punctures made in placing their eggs." A compensating feature of their visits, however, is that they remain in one locality on an average of only about six weeks, probably for the same reason that lightning is said to never strike twice in the same place—after the first stroke there is nothing left.

The 17-year locust is so named for the reason that after the young disappear they do not return for seventeen years. Thus the official bulletin referred to, announces that "Brood No. 22," which appeared in Kentucky in 1902 is not due again until 1919. This would appear to be a matter of safety to the farmer, in that he will know how to prepare for their return in that year, were it not for the fact that another brood disappeared in 1859 and is, therefore, due in 1906. And then there is a thirteen-year brood that is due in four counties named, in 1907. It is also proclaimed officially that "Brood 11 will be due in Trimble county in 1901."

So, take it all in all, the official knowledge furnished is not very comforting to the Kentucky farmer who is not good in arithmetic and chronological consecutiveness, although Bretthitt county, having other troubles of its own, is not in the list of those harboring any of the official "broods."

Let the Oregon farmers consider the afflictions of other countries and welcome our rainy season with renewed satisfaction.

The Governor called a special session of the Legislature that it might pass an assessment law which he would promise to examine before signing it. He didn't want anything else and protested in advance against anything else being offered him, but the Legislature, remembering the particular time of the year, and being in a specially generous mood, presented His Excellency with more than his stockings would hold. The Governor, finding himself outwitted, however, accepted the additional Christmas gift, in the name of the state, and everybody is happy.

The development of the country within a half century is well illustrated by the fact that the Statesman printed fifty-two years ago next Thursday contained the advertisement of over five hundred letters remaining unclaimed in the Oregon City postoffice, many persons having four and five letters waiting for delivery.

With a fetching headline, a San Francisco paper announces that "China is Leaning Toward Japan." It is to be hoped that this "departure from the perpendicular on the part of the Flowery Kingdom is not a forerunner of her ultimate downfall."

We trust that our Eastern readers will make a note of the fact that the temperature in Salem in the middle of the day on Christmas was 46, and no wind whatever.

Senator Hanna is reported to have the grip. Nothing strange about that. He's had it ever since he came to public notice and it's a good one, too.

Bronchitis

"I have kept Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my house for a great many years. It is the best medicine in the world for coughs and colds."
J. C. Williams, Attica, N. Y.

All serious lung troubles begin with a tickling in the throat. You can stop this at first in a single night with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Use it also for bronchitis, hard colds, consumption.

Three sizes: 25c, 50c, \$1.00.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows.

You should promptly correct any constitutional or biliousness with Ayer's Pills, small, laxative doses.

J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.