

THE WEEKLY OREGON STATESMAN
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CIRCULATION (SWORN) OVER 4000



GORDON'S TRIBUTE TO VALOR

From address of General Gordon, delivered at New Orleans reunion of United Confederate Veterans last May.
We have long since drawn the curtain of oblivion over the regrettable and unseemly things of the past; and we cherish, as Americans, the valor and nobler deeds of both armies, and of all sections. We of the South are satisfied with our own record, and the power that would attempt to make us blush for it would be both stupid and blind.

CRITICISM BY PROXY

In a somewhat lengthy editorial, entitled "A Discreditable Record," the Oregonian pays a well deserved tribute to the military record of General Miles and sharply criticizes the Secretary of War for administering a shameful snub to that distinguished military officer on his retirement from the army.

In reference to this treatment of General Miles the Oregonian characterizes it as "the darkest spot on the record of the Secretary of War," and this serves to recall the fact that the Secretary of War on that occasion had prepared a letter which was highly laudatory of General Miles, but the President would not permit it to be issued.

The dispatch continues as follows: "Mr. Root wanted General Miles to have the honor of being the last Commanding General of the Army, as Congress intended, and a week ago issued an order which clearly indicated that the command was to be discontinued. At the same time he prepared a farewell letter to General Miles which was of the most laudatory type."

Hair Splits

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for thirty years. It is elegant for the hair dressing and for keeping the hair from splitting."
J. A. Gruenfelder, Grandfork, Ill.
Hair-splitting splits friendships. If the hair-splitting is done on your own head, it loses friends for you, for every hair of your head is a friend.
Ayer's Hair Vigor in advance will prevent the splitting. If the splitting has begun, it will stop it.

stand as high among the many distinguished Secretaries of War as any of his predecessors, unless Edwin M. Stanton be excepted, and this "darkest spot" on his record should not be placed to his credit. If he had not been overruled by his superior officer that spot would never have been made.

At the time it occurred the Oregonian sharply criticized President Roosevelt, by saying that "the display of personal feeling at such a time may well be regretted as unworthy a broad minded man who is the constitutional Commander-in-chief of the United States Army," adding that, in view of Miles' splendid record, "even a President of the United States might doff his hat without offending his dignity."

In justice to the retiring Secretary of War these facts should not be forgotten when summing up his record, and he should be given whatever credit belongs to his undoubted desire to do justice to General Miles.

When asked for his opinion as to who is the ablest member of his cabinet recently, President Roosevelt is said to have replied that Mr. Root stands at the head of the list, saying, in substance, that while each officer was an excellent man for his particular post, yet neither of them would be suitable for any other—with the exception of Mr. Root, who could fill any position in the cabinet with the same ability that has characterized his administration of the War Department.

A NEEDED REFORM

The Statesman heartily agrees with an exchange that the custom, or rather, law, which permits the issuance of invitations to various persons named to witness the execution of convicted criminals is unnecessary and is tinged with a vein of barbarism. It only serves the purpose of contributing to the morbid side of humanity and is wholly without any good purpose.

It is to the credit of progressive humanity that a reform in this matter has been asserting itself within the past few decades. The writer of this paragraph was a witness to the execution of Beale and Baker in this city in April, 1865, on the gravelly banks of South Mill Creek, a few rods above where the bridge crosses that stream leading to the Blind School. The scaffold was erected on the common with no enclosure of any kind, and the crowd which pressed around to witness the execution certainly numbered not less than five hundred people, men, women and children.

Of course, if such a thing were permissible at this time, it is possible that as large a crowd of people would assemble to witness a similar affair, but it is not believed that the best class of people would flock from all parts of the country, as they did then, to be present at such a shocking spectacle. The fruits of education along the right line are noticeable in every direction, and while executions are no longer permitted to be viewed by the public, a still further reform is needed in the diminution of the number admitted as spectators at these necessary but shocking vindications of the law's majesty.

MR. WATTERSON'S HOROSCOPE

Evidently Br'er Watterson is not particularly charmed with the unusual activity of Mr. William Jennings Bryan, of Lincoln, Nebraska, who will be remembered as an erstwhile candidate for the Presidency on the Democratic ticket, to wit, in 1896 and again in 1900. The caustic Kentucky editor and noted Democratic critic intimates that Mr. Bryan's recent visit was the result of a coalition between the foreign embassies, all Republicans, and the Republican leaders at home, to give Mr. Bryan as much prominence as possible while abroad that his new notoriety might the more nearly make his renomination certain at the coming national convention.

To an outsider the situation is, indeed, ludicrous. Why Mr. Bryan has not subsided and attended to his newspaper duties, as any other man under the sun would have done, is past a ready solution save by the one conclusion that he intends to be the next Democratic candidate or President or to dictate his selection. His never-ceasing activity and persistent personal display before the public cannot be accounted for by any other disposition of the phenomena. Having been ingloriously defeated twice, why doesn't the man subside for a day or two, at least, as every other prominent man of whatever party, does occasionally? Why should he be burdened with the assumption that the guidance of the Democratic party and the selection of its candidates and current principles rest exclusively with him? Why should Mr. Cleveland have the same right to assume that the platform and the candidate must conform to his personal desire? Cleveland has been twice elected President as a Democrat, while Bryan has been defeated twice, and

yet the defeated aspirant assumes to carry "the Ark of the Covenant," as against the only man the Democrats have elected President during the last fifty years!
Verily, the persistent party effrontery of the man is the wonder of the age. It is no surprise that Mr. Watterson is amazed beyond even his usual power of expression. But it suits the Republican reassertion of the Kansas City platform, "in its entirety" will be worth an even one hundred thousand Democratic votes for Roosevelt. And Mr. Watterson is not the only man whose vision embraces that fact.

A FEROCIOUS CUSTOM

If Armstrong was half as crazy as the wandering Jewlings contained in his letter left for publication, and his remarks on the scaffold, would indicate, he was almost a proper candidate for the asylum instead of the process of capital punishment. Having undergone the experience of professed "repentance," he could stand in the presence of an assemblage of our best citizens and lecture them as to their duties pertaining to good citizenship! He had been the timely, and, therefore, it would be presumed, the providential means of sending Minnie Ensminger to heaven, where he—chastened through repentance—would soon meet her, and live with her in happiness through all eternity! As presented by him to the young men of the country he was a specially favored individual, made so, through the medium of his awful crime. He had simply hurried along a condition which was commendable from every point of view and was glad that, through his crime, his murdered sweetheart who refused him here would welcome his delayed coming. What a wonder it is, now that we look back, that such a prolonged effort was made by his attorneys to delay the realization of such a state of incomparable ecstasy as this!

No executed criminal should be permitted to give out such drivelling idiocy. It is a perversion of common sense, it is a travesty on the better view of religion, is harmful, so far as it may have any effect at all, on young people, and others, and should be buried with its author. There is scarcely too much publicity given to these unpleasant processes which vindicate the force of the law by means of capital punishment and the morbid desire to read of them should be curtailed by a suppression of the details connected with their execution. That the law has been enforced and the culprit hanged is all the public should be interested in. The tendency, so doubt, in the right direction.

OVERDOING A GOOD THING

The Statesman is in receipt of the Tacoma Daily News of January 18th, containing something like one hundred pages of descriptive and illustrative reading matter pertaining to the progress and prospects of the City of Destiny. It is a magnificent issue, both in extent and quality and reflects great credit on the management of that bustling daily, but the immensity of it suggests the doubt of the real value of such overgrown special issues.

No business man anywhere, not even in Tacoma, and especially in Tacoma, can afford to squander the time necessary to read even a small part of this great paper. Idle people will not read it and busy people cannot. Life is too short to waste any considerable part of a day in undertaking to read such a paper. Looking at this question from the standpoint of a reader the Statesman wishes to repeat a former observation that if the publishers of these immense issues desire first of all that they be read, they should print them in magazine form where the reading of one section will not surely result in scattering the remaining sections about the room, from which condition they will never be rescued. In nine homes out of ten these large issues of our leading papers in disconnected sections are used more for waste paper than for any other purpose. By the time one glances at some of the more attractive pictures the leisure hour has expired and then the next issue is here, with the evening paper intervening, if you take an evening paper.

Few Facts About Stock

L. B. Geer, ex-State Land Agent, was in the city yesterday from his "ranch" in the Wadsworth Hills. "By" he is more commonly called, is very much pleased with the condition of winter grain in general, which is, he says, as good or better than it has been for years. The recent blustery weather did not affect the grain in the least, which is coming on nicely and promises a bountiful crop.

Another bit of information which he imparted and is not generally known, is that the livestock raisers are not feeding their stock for market now, but are breeding over until next year, when the market will revive and much better profits will be realized. While the live stock quotations are \$4.25 to \$4.50 per hundred for best steers are considered fairly good prices for stock on foot, there is very little of this quality of beef cattle to be procured for the reason, as he stated, that breeders are not now feeding for the market.

Mr. Geer breeds nothing but the best of favorite breed being the Short horns, and he now has over eight head on his hands, more than he wants for this year, but he can not dispose of them on the market now as they are not in marketable condition. On account of having so much stock on hand he was obliged to build over 3,000 feet of shed and he did not like that very much, but it was necessary for the proper care of his stock.

From Across the "Creek"

O. E. Price, the wood dealer, remarked to a Statesman reported yesterday that he had just made another sale of grub oak wood for \$5.50 per cord, and was having no difficulty in selling all of his wood at the same price, as fast as he could haul it to town, and this is pretty lively, as so much work has been done on the roads in Polk county that they are almost as good for hauling as in summer. With a five-horse team and trail wagon he daily draws to market three and a half cords of wood.

BY THE FARMERS

INTERESTING INFORMATION OBTAINED FROM PROSPEROUS RURAL RESIDENTS.

Brooks Farming Community Is Becoming More Thickly Settled By Industrious Immigrants—Crop of Oats Last Season Was Large and Most Granaries Are Still Filled.

(From Sunday's Daily.)

It is only necessary to converse with a few of the numerous farmers who daily visit the Capital City, to find that the country was never in so prosperous condition as at present. The indications for next year's crop are splendid, and the comfortable bank accounts will be further increased, as such a thing as a mortgage on the farm is now a thing of the past. A Statesman reporter yesterday conversed with a few of his farmer friends, and their interesting talks are given herewith for the benefit of the Statesman readers.

Property Around Brooks

Matty L. Jones, the prosperous farmer from near Brooks, was in the city during the past week and had a great deal to say regarding the condition of the farming community in which he resides. Mr. Jones knows what it is to be prosperous, as he has only recently moved into one of the finest country mansions in the great agricultural state of Oregon. He has named his ranch the "Lambert Meadows," and is living under the most auspicious conditions. Mr. Jones said that never before in the history of the country had the Brooks farming community been in such a prosperous condition. He thinks the recent heavy immigration into the country has had a great deal to do with this satisfactory condition.

Some energetic young men from Minnesota bought a piece of timbered land in that neighborhood about a year ago, and have since been devoting their energies to clearing the land and selling the wood which they have marketed in Brooks, and shipped to Oregon City and Portland, thereby yielding a handsome profit besides preparing the land for cultivation. The boys are now offering the land for sale in small tracts for \$40 per acre and have good prospects of selling. Many of the farms in that neighborhood are being sold to immigrants who recognize the value of the land for farming, and these people, by practicing diversified farming, are making the farms pay better than formerly and are largely raising the community more prosperous. A goodly number of the soil tillers grow hops, and of course these wise individuals are getting rich.

Mr. Jones reported that winter grain was in first class condition, giving promise of good crops, for the acreage, although not so much of the land was devoted to raising grain as formerly. On account of the mild winter, the pasturage is excellent, and the farmers around Brooks are interested quite extensively in sheep and cattle.

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A Few Words About "Col. Jeff."

The wide wader Col. Jeff Meyers is cutting in Washington City this winter, hobnobbing with United States Senators and members of the Lower House, persuading them that the "Oregon Country" is well worthy an appropriation of \$2,125,000 to assist in properly celebrating the Lewis and Clark Fair, calls to mind the fact that that valiant military hero of the Forks of the Santiam was once younger than he is now and certainly gave no indication of that prominence which his good nature, good sense, not to say good looks, have since brought him.

Just where Col. Jeff originally came from is not known to this writer. From from is not known to this writer. From from is not known to this writer. From from is not known to this writer. From from is not known to this writer.

and the Col. was one of the most retired and meek members of that distinguished body. It was before the days of his bloody military experience which came to him when Governor Penney refused to allow the state's cannon to be used in celebrating the inauguration of President Cleveland, the martial spirit which has characterized his bearing in later years had not become noticeable. But he was suddenly brought to the front in the House by the appearance of a bill providing for the creation of a new county out of the eastern part of Linn, with Scio as the county seat. The object of the movement was to cut off that Democratic stronghold and insure a Republican county out of Linn as it would be then constituted. It was generally conceded to be a Republican measure, and, as this writer recalls the circumstance, was introduced by a committee in the Senate, it being impossible to induce any member of Linn county to father it.

The prospect of a county seat with all its advantages had caused a sentiment to prevail in Scio citizens, and the Democrats of the county, generally, were, of course, opposed to it for political reasons. Naturally, being guided by that ambition which has since developed in the Col., and which he must have been, even then, nurturing, he could not afford to antagonize the Democracy of the entire county, and at the same time desired to placate the political friends of his own precinct. It was a predicament which frequently environs politicians of even more extended experience, and Col. Jeff was in hot water without any asbestos protection.

The climax came when one day a delegation of prominent Scio citizens, led by a vision of local sheriff and a court house, suddenly appeared on the scene to read the riot act to Col. Jeff for dereliction of duty to the interests of his home people. In the middle of the forenoon, while enjoying that pleasant sensation accompanying the swinging movement peculiar to the House chairs, the dreaming Col. was simply charged to behold in the lobby about a dozen well known townsmen whose visages betrayed the anger that lurked in their bosoms. They were after the Col., and he knew it without making any inquiry.

Immediately upon adjournment at the close of the impatient delegation sought an interview with the recalled representative, but in the confusion following adjournment the Col. disappeared in the most miraculous manner. Diligent search was made and anxious inquiries failed to ascertain his whereabouts. A few moments later the Col. reappeared in the lobby, and he was seen on State street near the State House grounds, making rapid progress towards the Willamette Hotel. Upon being told that his numerous constituents who were paying him a visit were still in the House searching for him, he explained that he was aware of their presence and the object of their visit, and in order to escape the unpleasant interview which he anticipated he had had recourse to the stairs which de-

chined, and last year threshed almost as many oats as wheat, about 17,000 bushels, and Shepard's machine in the same neighborhood, threshed about 20,000 bushels. Very few of these oats have been marketed, says Mr. Price, and every farmer has his barns filled to overflowing with oats. They are all holding with the expectation of selling in the spring for 75 cents per bushel.

River Channel Changing

F. G. McLench, a prosperous farmer from Spring Valley, who now lives in this city near the Fair Grounds, has sold a large quantity of balm wood of the Spaulding Logging Company, of Newberg, the wood to be used in the paper mills at Oregon City, and recently the company sent the steamer Eudora to haul away a quantity. The steamer went up into the slough several miles to get to a convenient spot for loading the wood. This brings the steamer to within a short distance of Mr. McLench's house, and he is jubilant over the achievement. This is the first time a steamer ever navigated this body of water since the channel of the river changed many years ago, the channel now being several miles to the east. It has long been pointed out that the river was changing back to the old channel and Mr. McLench hopes sometime to see steamers running past his house every day. Such is the queer and frequent action of rivers.

Wonderful Nerve

Is displayed by many a man enduring pain of accidental cuts, wounds, bruises, burns, scalds, sore feet or stiff joints. But there's no need for it. Bucklen's Arnica Salve will kill the pain and cure the trouble. It's the best Salve on earth for Piles, too. Sold by Dr. F. Fry, druggist, Salem, Ore.

FROM THE OFFICE WINDOW

Editorial Sidelights and Observations on Various People and Things, Picked Up and Scribbled Down at Odd Moments.

send from an adjoining committee room into the lower corridor and had thus left his pursuers in the lurch. And the smile which lit up the beaming countenance of the Col. (to be) was lovely to behold.

The project to make a new county of a part of Linn finally died a-borning, and everything went weasantly afterward, but the genius shown by the youthful Jeff in outwitting his pursuers at the very moment of expected victory, was but an early symptom of that strategy which soon afterward brought him military fame and has since marked his steadily growing prominence among the men in the communities where he has lived.

The Albany Democrat says "two Salem osteopaths claim to have treated six hundred cases in six days—a land office business." It certainly was, if they did it. It was a land office business, perhaps, but the osteopaths expected of the other physicians, although it is a base thing to insinuate that Salem had six hundred sick people in six days. But the Democrat never reserves its opinion!

Gen. J. Warren Keiser, who was a member of congress twenty years ago and was speaker of the House of Representatives, announces that he will be a candidate for congress from the Springfield district next fall. Most people thought Keiser was dead. He was when he left congress two decades ago.

The Cincinnati Commercial Tribune suggests that "if they really want to start a revolution, let Congressmen begin to print their pictures, with each speech, in the Congressional Record. There are some things a free people will not stand." No doubt if this scheme had been in vogue when Edly, of Minnesota, was a member of the House, the printing of his picture in the Record would have started a riot in fifteen minutes. When he was a candidate for re-election once upon a time he was publicly accused of having advocated one thing and of actually doing another, and it was heralded all over his district that he was "double faced." He was not, however, his enemies along this line by declaring before an immense audience that it was not true, that he was not two faced, and won the favor of the multitude by asking if there was one in that vast audience who for one moment believed that if he had two faces he would be wearing that one! And he was re-elected.

It is given out that among the 32,000,000 men in the United States there are but 500 who are really handsome. Just what proportion of them lives in Salem and what their names are has not yet been decided. Perhaps the special privileges of leap year will soon begin to disclose their identity—of those, at least, who are not already married.

In a very interesting write-up of the First Presbyterian church, of Portland, the Oregonian says "from start to finish there have been four regular pastors." It is to be regretted that the account did not proceed to give the time made on the first and second quarters and just how the contest appeared as the home stretch was reached. We'll wager that the writer didn't know, probably being a tentfoot.

The New York Press remarks that "it's very foolish for a woman to lace so tight that when she gets hugged it doesn't seem any different." Now, no woman on earth ever laced so tightly as that. Some things are impossible, and this being one of them, our New York contemporary, especially a New York name it bears, should know it.

The Pendleton Tribune says "it's a long jump from a rabbit canny to a beet sugar factory, but Echo is about to accomplish that feat." Well, if Echo uses rabbit feet to make the jump with, it will not be such a wonderful thing after all—not to those who are familiar with the powers of that benefactor of the late lamented bounty law.

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Salem people are not superstitious, but they will see "Ghosts" at the Grand Opera House tonight.

Rumors of war make stocks weak in Wall Street. But the actual thing, if it comes, will make a better demand for American mules and other commodities and stocks will be stronger for it.

"Pictures will be introduced at Salem public schools. They will not be cut from the colored supplements."—Portland Telegram. (No, indeed. Each one will be from a master hand, and a study worthy of the place it occupies, to inspire the fancy and the genius of the youthful.)

Now the Sound papers begin to tell about the expected rust to the Far North, and to report wonderful finds of gold in the frozen region. It is the best harvest for the Sound cities.

The geese are flying north, and the old timers say spring is at hand. The rhythmic beak of the wild geese was heard over Salem last night.

"Armstrong was hung without a hitch," the wonder arises how the rope was fastened, anyway.

The Princeton Review accuses the editor of the Crook County Journal of being a "succeedaneous editor, smarting under the plebeian paucity of campaign material." That bacilla of this character should attack a man living in the balmy atmosphere of Eastern Oregon with its mountain water is cause for genuine surprise and is, in fact, a matter requiring the attention of the State Board of Health. A dispatch from Omaha announces that a man named Henry Foster recently escaped the gallows there through the agency of a diminutive bacillus, technically called the "hippobacillus-plautus-aerogenes." This undoubtedly belongs to the prehistoric-maloccurtious variety, and its probable efficacy is commended to our belligerent brethren of Crook county. Under the evident strained relations existing there anything that promises immediate relief is worth trying.

Hats in Church

The ladies of Salem have shown so much appreciation of the suggestion in these columns a few weeks ago protesting against the thoughtless custom of interfering with the concluding portion of a theatrical production by oggining to put their hats on their heads before the villain has fairly finished his work, that encouragement is furnished to venture another hint along the same line. This is the observance of the growing custom of removing hats in church. Can any lady give a good reason for removing her hat in the theater, which she always does, and not doing so in church? Why this special exhibition of thoughtfulness for the comfort of others in a theater and the lack of it in church? Of course, there is no excuse for it at all, and none will be offered.

Who would undertake to give an estimate of the number of men in Salem who deliberately stay away from church for the reason that they know before going that a glimpse of the minister who may officiate will only be had through the mere chance of securing a seat where no lovely hat on a more lovely lady is located immediately in front of him?

This is no joking matter. The new-found danger of being unable to escape from an ordinary church in case of fire no doubt frightens many men from going who would otherwise be glad to attend, and the list of stay-aways is largely swelled by the array of hats each Sunday which obscures the vision of the average man who finds himself helplessly surrounded by the limitless display of ornithological relics and matchless flowers that bloom in the spring.

Certainly the average woman who realizes that the man who stays away from church may for that reason be punished in the future for it will refuse to be a contributing factor to that end by continuing a needless custom which drives the religiously inclined man to absent himself from church and thus become prey to the many evil influences which may at any time claim him as a victim.

Every church in Salem has a minister whose sermons each Sunday are well worth the time of any man to go and hear, but it is no pleasure to listen to a man if you cannot see him—that is, some men. If your eyes are resting exclusively on the beautiful bodies and their gorgeously decorated hats your mind is sure to be there also, and the words of the eloquent preacher are likely to fall on deaf ears and an unattentive mind. For all practical purposes a visit to a military establishment would be just as profitable—provided it did not result in a purchase.

Not long since complaint was made in the Statesman by an abused man who had been to a gathering where he was seated behind a wall of ladies' hats and was unable to see even Doc Epley, who was one of the principal figures on the platform. More than this need not be said. Certainly the ladies will adopt this new and pressing reform without any special or prolonged persuasion by their ill-treated but patient brothers, husbands and fathers.

In any way, if you believe in Salem, in fact, if you are not a member you should be.

The latest news from the war in the Orient is that there is no war, but there is going to be. This has, in fact, been the latest news for so long that it is not news at all, but ancient history.

The intense cold weather has caused so much pneumonia and kindred ailments that there is not enough room in the hospitals of New York for the sick, and they are stacked around on the floors. Again, let it be said that Oregon is the best country in the world. The extremes of climate here do not make life unbearable.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Dr. F. J. Cheney & Co., Props, Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known Dr. F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WEST & TRAU, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KIRKMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The maximum temperature for the 24 hours preceding 2 o'clock p. m. yesterday was 44 degrees Fahrenheit, and the minimum for the same period 31 degrees. The stage of the river was 9 feet above low water mark.