

THE WEEKLY OREGON STATESMAN

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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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 subscription. For the benefit of those, and for other reasons, we have concluded to discontinue subscriptions only when notified to do so. All persons paying when subscribing, or paying 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.

CIRCULATION (SWORN) OVER 4000



RELIABILITY OF "THE OLDEST INHABITANT."

Nothing ever happens in any line that is so unusual that something in the same line has not previously occurred that exceeded it, and there is always some old settler around who can remember it. Nothing ever occurs that is the "worst ever," because some one can recall an event of the same character that happened when it was a boy that "beat it all hollow." It is probable that the "worst" can never happen, for if it should, the record can be cited which can always be depended upon to disclose something that greatly surpassed it, and which happened "in the spring or winter of '52."

And it is a source of supreme satisfaction to be assured that our parents have passed through trying experiences that can never come to us. The very worst is always behind us. Do we have an unusual thunder storm in July, such as we never before dreamed of in Oregon? We so characterize it on the spot, but immediately some graybeard who came here in '49 stoutly declares that the first summer he was here such a thunder storm prevailed that old-timers in Illinois had never seen its equal. Does a stray and unlooked for freeze in February come along and kill the rose bushes? If such an unusual circumstance should occur and "old settler" will not permit the expression of any surprise to go unrebuked, for he well remembers that in the first week of March in '46, early peach trees were in bloom and the mercury dropped to zero, fatally injuring the crop for that year. (Special inquiry as to the extent of peach orchards at that time is barred.) And if we have a light snow fall so unusually late as in March, our disposition to at once claim it as a record-breaker is sent to limbo by the "oldest inhabitant," (who is always standing near at such times), by gleefully detailing how he saw it snow here on the 18th of March in '53, ten inches deep, and the snow remained on the ground three weeks and thousands of cattle and sheep died throughout the land! Of course, we never heard of this until we undertook to exploit our own little pet snow in early March as something sufficiently out of the ordinary to merit special comment.

Recently, there has been a general disposition to claim the departing month as the rainiest February in the history of Oregon, but the oldest inhabitant, this time supplemented by the Weather Bureau record, points to the fact that we have had several wetter Februaries, so we are not so many after all. The Statesman intended to remark a day or two ago that perhaps more rain fell during the twelve hours ending at noon on Sunday, February 28, than ever before in the history of Oregon, in the same length of time, but it is as well that it was overlooked, since it would have no doubt brought a deluge of corrections by numerous old settlers who saw much more severe rain storms in the winter of '48 or, maybe, in the spring of '50.

All of which furnishes a comfortable assurance, since it seems to establish the welcome fact that we have passed

Coughs

"My wife had a deep-seated cough for three years. I purchased two bottles of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, large size, and it cured her completely."—J. H. Burge, Macon, Col.

Probably you know of cough medicines that relieve little coughs, all coughs, except deep ones!

The medicine that has cured the worst of deep coughs for 60 years is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

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

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

An inactive liver prevents any cough medicine from doing its best work. Ayer's Pills are liver pills. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

the crisis in weather extremes and atmospheric abnormalities, leaving us nothing in the future along this line of which to stand in dread.

IMPORTANCE OF GOOD ROADS

The only way to get good roads is to build them, and the only way to build them is to get at it and keep a-hammering. Just now, after a month of unusual rainfall, everybody who has occasion to attempt to get anywhere outside of the city can appreciate the necessity, not to say, comfort, of good roads between points that have or desire any business connection.

A great deal has been accomplished in different portions of the Willamette valley during the past ten years along the line of improving our roads. In fact, the spirit of good road building is contagious, though, in that respect, it does not differ greatly from other good things—or bad. For some years Clackamas county has paid special attention to this subject, and the result is that it has many miles of first class roads that are not only a credit to the enterprise of her people, but a source of solid satisfaction and unflinching profit to them.

There are many sections of the country that are earnestly moving in this matter, noticeably, in Marion county, the Liberty district, immediately south of and adjoining Salem. This enterprising neighborhood has recently built, with the assistance of the county, five miles of the best road (perhaps), in this section for that length. The people generously contributed about seventy-five per cent of the expense and the result is one that would do honor to any community. Fully as heavy a load of produce can be drawn into Salem from that neighborhood today as at any time during the summer.

To be frank as to the last statement, however, it should be added by way of explanation, that such load could be drawn to the city limits. After that point is passed the streets are so inferior to the road in the country that the farmer with a full load would be compelled to lessen it by one-half upon entering the city and make two trips to deliver his cargo at its destination.

Yesterday the people of that vicinity held a public meeting to discuss the importance of good roads, many of Salem's business men being present. The meeting was held in the Liberty school house, school was dismissed for the afternoon, and after a most elaborate dinner for everybody was disposed of, speeches were made by the visitors and others, a royal, old-fashioned good time being had, during which the advantages of good roads were discussed from every viewpoint. The people there are enthusiastic on this important question and are now reaping the benefits of their enterprise and push. There are no laggards out there and the entire community moves as one man. To the good ladies of the neighborhood who provided such a sumptuous repast and added greatly to the interest of the occasion, as they always do, we desire to express for the entire Salem contingent the appreciation which they felt at their generous reception. But the meeting was neither a windy nor a wordy affair—the road, driven over with speed and comfort (after we passed the city limits) being the exordium and the peroration of the best address that was made on the subject. It spoke for itself.

HEARST.

H. H. Kohlsaat, the Chicago newspaper owner, has been telling the Democrats here some interesting things the last day or so. He believes the Democratic nominee for President will be W. R. Hearst of New York. "I think," said Mr. Kohlsaat to the Eagle correspondent, "Hearst will practically get the nomination by default. Honest and conservative Democrats all over the country are getting disgusted with the trend of Democratic politics, and are one by one dropping out of the ranks of active workers."

"The Hearst presidential boom was started in 1901 and has been systematically worked up ever since. Hearst made arrangements for supplying certain material to a string of magazines stipulating that from time to time they would print articles exploiting himself and his deeds. He sent out individual agents to create a Hearst sentiment in different Southern states. The talk for him spread, and Hearst clubs were organized here and there."

"Hearst will be surely nominated, in my judgment, and he will be beaten worse than any candidate since Horace Greely ran for the presidency. But I look to see Hearst an important figure in Democratic politics for the next four or five years. He is gradually getting a grip on the rank and file, and it will be found at St. Louis that a majority of the Democratic National Committee are Hearst men. That will be enough to keep the New Yorker going for four years more, and he will be a factor in the nomination for 1908."—Brooklyn Eagle.

PLAIN AS MUD.

CHICAGO, March 3.—A dispatch to the Chronicle from Louisville says: Mrs. Laura Wyman, wife of one of the largest landowners in Central Ken-

tucky, has given birth to quadruplets. Mr. Wyman immediately named them Grover Cleveland Wyman, Marcus Hanna Wyman, Theodore Roosevelt Wyman and Willie Bryan Wyman. The last is a girl.

That the only girl in this group of quadruplets was named after Bryan is somewhat puzzling until you remember that, being a girl, it is a well deserved tribute to her dormant vocal powers, sure to come to the surface within the next sixteen years. And it was, indeed, an honor to Mr. Bryan to have the embryonic Kentucky belle thus christened—and burdened.

QUEER METHODS.

After taking high grounds that Messrs. Booth and Bridges, the officers in charge of the United States land office at Roseburg were wholly unfit for re-appointment to their respective official stations, Secretary Hitchcock has been compelled by the President to admit that he knew nothing whatever about the men, their official conduct nor of the report which his inspector had made concerning that office. The President brought from him the admission that he had never read the report of the official who had investigated the office and that he had been imposed upon by some underling who had written a report of condemnation when the investigating official had highly praised the record of the men investigated.

This slipshod manner of doing public business is certainly not defensible in any sense, neither in important nor unimportant matters, though there are no unimportant public matters. It may not be a question of so much public concern as to what particular man holds this or that office, but it is an important matter that public men be not denounced and even aspersed in character, impliedly, by such an inattention to public business as this admission of the Secretary of the Interior discloses. During the time the recommendations for the re-appointment of these two officials have been held up, the public has been led to believe that the inspection of their official conduct had proved them unfit for their positions and that evidence was on file in the Interior Department showing such to be the case. In the public estimation, so far as the public is disposed to believe matters of this character any more, Mr. Booth and Mr. Bridges have suffered reputation in a very unjust manner—all on account of the Secretary of the Interior representing to the President that papers were on file in his department showing their unfitness for further continuance in their positions, when no such papers were there.

There is good reason to believe that much of the trouble in the land department of the General Government is due to this jumping at conclusions without investigating facts or conditions. Much of the alleged crookedness of which so much has been displayed before the public, spectacular statements as to what had been discovered and the prominent men involved, has fallen to the ground and gone for naught. The Statesman has frequently spoken of this fact. The so-called lien land mud-dle in Oregon is largely the result of arbitrary decisions of the Land Department in Washington.

Adjudications of mineral land had been undertaken according to the federal law regulating such proceedings, which had been approved by the U. S. land offices here, and whose officials found the proof sufficient. Precisely the same procedure was followed that had always been accepted before and lien land selected and sold upon the adjudications so approved. The state law of 1887 made it obligatory on the state land board to sell selections made upon such approved adjudications and the board had so done. It has always been so done, the law and the board assuming that if the testimony of witnesses upon the ground was sufficient to satisfy the United States land officials nearest the lands affected, the Department at Washington would, of course, be satisfied also.

Most of these mineral lands are practically worthless for any other than mineral purposes, and transferred into lien land, provision for which is made by the federal law, would have added in the neighborhood of \$100,000 to the state school fund. The decision of the local United States land officials has been reversed, however, by the U. S. Land Commissioner and the Secretary of the Interior, though upon what grounds is not clear. It is quite likely upon the same kind of information that was deemed sufficient to undermine the official integrity of Booth and Bridges. In that case it was explained to the President that neither the Secretary of the Interior nor the Land Commissioner had ever read the report of the inspector and that the Commissioner had been away and upon his return had "signed an adverse letter prepared in his absence along with other routine matters in going over his desk!"

With this sort of thing going on in a great department of the Government who would vouch for the correctness of a finding upon any subject coming before it? What other great matter might not suffer by the Land Commissioner coming home in a hurry "after a temporary absence" and mechanically signing "an adverse report prepared while away?"

Governor Chamberlain and the other members of the state land board are to

be commended in their efforts to secure another hearing before the Secretary. Perhaps if the delegation in Congress would take this case direct to the President, as they did the one affecting the Roseburg land officials, the "muddle" into which the decision of the Secretary of the Interior has brought the lien land selections in Oregon would be removed.

Is the Secretary of the Interior quite certain that the Land Commissioner has not signed some statement of some subordinate clerk upon Oregon lien land selections "which he found prepared for him during a temporary absence?" Perhaps upon a re-hearing, if the state secures one, the Secretary will confirm the report upon lien lands made by his subordinate officers who had examined the question.

A SIMPLE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAW.

The Salem correspondent of the Portland Journal, commenting upon the action of Chief Gibson in enforcing the law against gambling says: "What the result will be is not yet known, as some of the gamblers hope to have the sweeping order revoked, and many believe that play will be permitted in upstairs rooms or retired rear rooms, but thus far no steps have been taken by any of the knights of the green cloth to reopen or in any way resume their operations."

But upon what grounds do "many believe that play will be permitted in upstairs rooms or retired rear rooms?" The question just now is not whether gambling is wrong or not. That was settled, so far as the city is concerned, when the ordinance against it was passed. In the minds of men who want the laws enforced that point in the situation is not to be considered. If we want gambling let us say so and make an effort to secure the repeal of the provision which makes it unlawful. But until such a campaign is waged with a successful termination the only thing to be expected is the enforcement of the law as it is. The new departure in Salem is not a warfare against gambling or gamblers. The situation should not be thus misconstrued.

The only thing to be considered now is the enforcement of all the city laws, not merely the one prohibiting gambling. If that pastime incidentally comes within the list of matters which are pronounced unlawful, it is the misfortune of the pastime and not of the officers. It is the fault of the people, if it be a fault. But the people should prevail, and who will say they should not?

It is not easily understood why any one should infer that the city officers will before long permit the city laws to be violated up-stairs in buildings when it would be unlawful down stairs. A careful reading of the city charter and laws does not disclose any such discrimination as to the particular altitude in which city ordinances can be violated with the permission of the city authorities. Such a special provision has evidently been overlooked.

The City Council has merely done that which it was elected to do and any criticism of them is misplaced. It should be directed at the people of Salem. There has been no particular opposition to gambling in Salem developed lately, and such should not be inferred. The only change has been a decision to enforce the city ordinances. Simply this and nothing more. And who is opposed to the enforcement of the law? Andbody?

STATTON.

The Statton Mail is a real good paper and a credit to the town in which it is published. And it is published in a good town, too. But in its last issue it complains that the Silverton Appeal and the Statton correspondent of the Statesman are injuring Statton by saying that it would be a better town if it had a railroad. Candidly, it is not easy to see the point to this complaint, since any town without a railroad would be a better one with a railroad connection.

The Statton paper complains that such news reports "advertise the defects of the town." But if a town is troubled with the "defect" of not having a railroad how is it ever going

A TEXAS WONDER

HALL'S GREAT DISCOVERY. One small bottle of the Texas Wonder, Hall's Great D'covery, cures all kidney and bladder troubles, removes gravel, cures diabet, seminal emissions, weak and lame backs, rheumatism and all irregularities of the kidneys and bladder in both men and women, regulates bladder trouble in children. If not soon by your druggist, will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1. One small bottle is two months' treatment. Dr. Ernest W. Hall, sole manufacturer, P. O. box 623, St. Louis, Mo. Send for testimonials. Sold by all druggists and Dr. S. C. Stone's Drug Stores.

READ THIS.

To Whom It May Concern. This is to certify that I—as down for nine months with kidney and bladder trouble, and cried all known remedies to no avail until a neighbor induced me to get a bottle of Texas Wonder, one-half of which cured me sound and well; this I could cheerfully swear to, and for the benefit of those who are afflicted and wishing to be permanently cured, they obtain a bottle at my house, located on West 11th street. Yours truly, J. J. SEALE, Medford, Oregon.



From the Office Window

When Phil Metchan Couldn't Talk English.

Everybody knows Phil Metchan, but everybody doesn't know when he came to Oregon nor when or where he was born. The genial ex-State Treasurer is one of the best known men in the state but he was scarcely known outside of Grant county until he was elected State Treasurer in 1890.

Phil, as his friends all call him, was born in Germany, as all his acquaintances might suspect, and came to America in 1854 when he was fourteen years of age. His mother's brother, named Schrieke, was living in Cincinnati, and had been for several years engaged in the butcher business. Desiring to get some place where he could have at least a chance to expand, young Phil decided to go to America and find his long-lost uncle, and, acting accordingly, he packed all his earthly possessions in a trunk and started on his journey. Without incident or accident he arrived at New York and there his troubles began. He had not brought his knowledge of English with him and arrived in the great metropolis not knowing so much as one word of that most convenient language in this country.

Through some German friends he secured his ticket to Cincinnati, but that was before there had been any railroad "mergers," and each line being independent of every other, he was required to change cars about every fifty miles. Nearly every important city was the end of a line, and a transfer was necessary. He had no time to search for some one who could talk to him and tell him what train to take so his only reliance was to watch the baggage men as they handled his trunk and deposited it on the proper train. Presuming that they knew what they were doing, Phil would board a passenger coach attached to the same train upon which his trunk was deposited and proceed until the same performance was repeated. At the terminus of each railroad line he was the first passenger to alight and attentively watch for that trunk, which was, he says, about the size of one of the street cars that run on the Fair Ground line in Salem. He didn't sleep on the trip for fear his trunk might be transferred in the night and leave him hopelessly stranded among strangers with no asset but his useless knowledge of the German tongue.

Loyally following his trunk he arrived in Cincinnati where he remained in the employ of his uncle for four years, learning the butchers' trade fully and in detail. In 1859 he went to St. Louis, and during the next two years lived in that city, Peoria, Ill., Kansas City, and Leavenworth, Kansas. He was in Kansas City during the John Brown raid and voted for Lincoln in Leavenworth in 1860. He was not yet twenty-one years of age but he avers that he is prouder of that vote than of any other he has ever cast.

The summer of '61 was spent in Colorado and in August of that year, in company of three others, bought four mules and a light wagon and drove the entire way to California, arriving in Sacramento during the high flood in December of that year, the precise time, of the great flood in the Willamette valley.

In the spring of '62 he hired himself and four mules to a farmer living near where the thriving city of Davisville now is, and plowed for two months. Of course, this is the hardest part of the story to believe, since even the imagination hesitates before the pictured panorama which attempts to portray Phil Metchan driving four mules hitched to a plow, turning over the virgin sod of California. But this is history and the facts are not to be smothered even in deference to a staggered imagination.

It was at this time that the famous Caribou and Frazer River mines were discovered in British Columbia and the attractions of the reports concerning them were too much for young Metchan, and, selling his team he started at once for the North. His association with the mules for six months, with its consequent development of a tongue given to profanity, had so far developed his knowledge of English that he could now travel without a trunk and

to secure that modern convenience if the impression is studiously given out to the world that it already has one? The way to get a thing you want and haven't got it, is to let people know that you haven't got it and want it.

Our esteemed Statton contemporary closes its complaint with the remark that "when the Statesman editor has served as long in the editorial chair as he has in the gubernatorial chair, he will learn the use of the blue pencil, and many intellectual feats will meet their just dues."

To which it may be said that the editor of the Statesman has never yet seen any of the Statton correspondence until it appeared in print. There are a great many men employed on the Statesman and there is work for them all, although we are not aware that

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

he felt himself competent to go it alone in this great home of the free. But by the time he arrived at Victoria he was met by a stream of returning venturers to the mines who brought reports of an overdone boom, so he turned southward and arrived in Portland in June 1862. He worked at various kinds of employment in that city until July, 1863, when the reports of rich gold discoveries in Grant county attracted him in that direction, and he arrived in Canyon City on the 10th of that month.

Here he opened a butcher's establishment which he maintained until he came to Salem in 1890 as Treasurer of the state. It was a profitable business in that stirring mining camp, as Metchan made more money in that line than came to the coffers of the average miner. When the writer of this article was in Canyon City in 1898, the old shop was still standing on Main street, though deserted, but the marble block was in place with the words "Phil Metchan" cut in plain letters on the edge facing the customers—of the past.

Having gotten rid of his mules and the trunk, acquired a mastery of the English language and settled in a lucrative business, Phil turned his attention to politics. Grant county had been organized and though it had a Democratic majority of 250 in a total vote of 800, Metchan secured the Republican nomination for County Treasurer in 1868 and came within one vote of an election. At that time Hon. J. M. Church, the well known banker and politician of La Grande, was a miner in the Granite camp and was Republican candidate for County Clerk, failing of an election by three votes.

The defeat of these two popular gentlemen who were in after years to wield so much influence in the public affairs of the state, was by so small a vote that their friends endeavored to persuade them to make a contest. This Metchan refused to do but Church undertook the matter, which resulted in a confirmation of the popular vote. Church was very popular with the miners of his district and received nearly every vote in that part of the country. This experience seems to have terminated his ambition to enter politics in Grant county, but Metchan had come so near a certificate of election that the next campaign he was renominated for the same position and elected by thirty-five majority and re-elected in 1872. In 1876 he was elected County Clerk and in 1880 County Judge. In 1888 there had been some trouble in the office of County Clerk, causing a vacancy and he was appointed to serve for the unexpected term, being the incumbent of the office when nominated for State Treasurer in 1890.

Having served the people well as custodian of the public funds, for a period of eight years, Phil Metchan is rounding out his career by catering to the travelling public as the proprietor of one of Portland's popular hotels, and his experience from first to last well illustrates the possibilities of this country within the reach of the poor but persevering rustler. The Cincinnati uncle who took the place of the old German trunk in guiding the young man in the way he should go died only last year in that city at the age of 85 years.

From mule driving in Dutch to keeping the books of the State Treasurer in English is a long step but nothing is impossible in this country of equal rights and unlimited possibilities.

When Senator Foraker objected to a question asked by Senator Hoar of President Smith in the Snoot trial, because it "had been answered fifty times," the venerable Massachusetts Senator felt his official dignity had been subjected to an unnecessary impingement, and, arising to his feet, as one man, in a threatening attitude demanded an explanation. The Ohio Senator also at once assumed a standing posture, no doubt forgetting for a moment that the committee was not sitting in the Senate elevator. With an angry gleam of the eye flashing from face to face, these two great statesmen glowered at each other and bloodshed might have followed but for the mistake Senator Beveridge made in referring to Mr. Smith as "Mr. Snoot." This side-splitting mistake aroused the mirthful side of the vein which lurks in the natures of the two bellicose statesmen and the nation was happily saved. "Great God! on what a slender thread Hang everlasting things."

Any Statton correspondence has been printed that in any way has been calculated to injure that prosperous little city. The object of the Statesman is to assist in the development of every section, town and country, of Marion county and of the entire state.

Although we are getting well along in March, winter still lingers in the lap of spring, the very brazenness of the performance no doubt fully accounting for the unceasing weeping of the skies.

The chairman of the Republican State Central Committee going around over the state whooping it up for particular candidates for important offices, before even the county primaries are held, and shouting that certain other

A Reminiscence of the Campaign of 1898.

Mr. Jacob L. Coon, an Oregon pioneer of 1845, died at his home in Camas Valley, Douglas county, on February 24, aged 4 years. During the state campaign of 1898 the writer of this article was canvassing through that country for votes in the company of Hon. Geo. M. Brown, who was a candidate for District Attorney. We had started for Myrtle Point from Roseburg at six o'clock in the evening, on the second day of May, intending to drive about twenty miles before bedtime and secure lodging with some one of the many farmers along the road with whom Brown was intimately acquainted.

About nine o'clock we approached a farm house whose occupants, Brown assured me, would be delighted to entertain us, but upon inquiry we were told that while they had an abundance of house room for us, the supply of oats for the team was entirely gone, and, as the horses must be fed, we were compelled to proceed on our journey. The next farmer where we stopped was very glad to see us, and he had oats, but his house was full, he was very sorry to say—and which we were sorry to hear. The next farmer had room but no oats, so we travelled on until about eleven o'clock, never finding the desired combination of oats and house room on the same farm. (We afterwards wondered why we did not think to take some oats with us to the next farm, but we were both inexperienced politicians and did not know the value of combinations as well as some other people.)

Finally at about 11:30 we saw a large farm house in the distance, handsomely lighted from cellar to garret, the owner of which, Brown gleefully assured me, was a warm personal friend of his, who would be rejoiced to see us, and he intimated that probably he had heard of our coming and had illuminated his house in our honor. When we drove up to the gate, the farmer was himself standing in the door yard, and it being bright moonlight, readily recognized Brown with a cheerful "Hello!" Here was comfort at last, for though it was May, the night was growing cold and we were sadly in need not only of food but of warmth. The appearance of the house guaranteed both, clinched by the hearty manner of the host. But alas, appearances do sometimes deceive. Upon being told of our wants, pressing as they had become, we were regretfully told that he had an abundance of oats and house room, but that an addition to his family was expected at any moment, and he was inclined to believe that we would rather not remain to partake of his otherwise freely extended hospitality. And his inference was correct.

So we moved on, hungry and cold, but somewhat enlivened by the variety of our experience. At precisely midnight we drove up to the house of Rev. Jacob Coon, with the moon shining perpendicularly from the heavens, frozen and hungry. Brown alighted, went to the house, and after a few vigorous kicks at the door, aroused the aged gentleman who kindly took us in. He dressed, went to the barn with us and provided for the care of the horses through the night, and returning to the house, set a midnight lunch from the old-fashioned cupboard near by, that went further toward filling a long felt want than any dinner ever eaten at Delmonico's in its palmy days. And next morning his good wife apparently left nothing uneaten for us at breakfast that the commissary of the house could supply, for all which the merest suggestion of compensation was the basis for an actual affront.

Is it any wonder, then, that upon reading the simple announcement that "Rev. Jacob L. Coon died at his home in Camas Valley, Douglas county, on the 24th of February," the writer recalled the aged pioneer couple in their far-away home, typical in their simplicity of Oregon life in the early days as they hospitably opened their house to midnight travellers—and doing so "without money and without price." The writer never saw him before nor heard of him since, until reading the account of his death, but gratitude places permanently in the recollection such instances of kindness and willing hospitality. Peace to his ashes.

Aspirants have no chance for success going into print as a partisan in a factional fight in advance of any expression by the rank and file of the party, is not what one might expect from the presiding officer in a party organization who desires to be impartial as between the political constituents over whom he was selected to preside.

One of the sprightly little papers that is doing a good work for the community in which it is published, is the Daily Coast Mail, of Marshall, Coos county. Marshall is located in the corner of the state, and in one sense, somewhat out of the world, but its surrounding country is one of vast resources which are being rapidly developed. Such a country will come to the front.