

# THE WEEKLY OREGON STATESMAN

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The Statesman has been established for nearly fifty years, and it has some subscribers who have received it nearly that long, and many who have read it for a generation. Some of these objects 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

## REPUBLICAN TICKET

### STATE.

For Justice of the Supreme Court,  
F. A. MOORE.  
For State Food and Dairy Commissioner,  
J. W. BAILEY.  
For Presidential Electors,  
J. N. HART,  
JAS. A. FEE,  
GRANT B. DIMICK,  
A. C. HOUGH.

### CONGRESSIONAL.

For Member Congress—First District,  
BINGEY HERMANN.  
Second District,  
J. N. WILLIAMSON.

### JUDICIAL DISTRICT.

For Judge,  
GEO. H. BURNETT, of Marion.  
B. L. EDDY, of Tillamook.  
For Prosecuting Attorney,  
JOHN H. McNARY, of Marion.

### MARION COUNTY TICKET

County Judge—John H. Scott.  
Sheriff—W. J. Culver.  
Clerk—John W. Roland.  
Assessor—Fred J. Rice.  
Treasurer—W. Y. Richardson.  
Recorder—John C. Siegmund.  
School Supt.—E. T. Moss.  
Commissioner—L. C. Needham.  
Surveyor—B. B. Herrick.  
Coroner—A. M. Clough.  
Representatives—Jos. Calvert, Hubbard; J. G. Graham and T. B. Kay, Salem; John Ritchie, Scots Mills; Jesse H. Settlemier, Woodburn.

### COMMITTEES.

Chairman State Central Committee—Frank C. Baker, Portland.  
Chairman Congressional Central Committee—Walter L. Toole, Woodburn.  
Member State Central Committee—Hal D. Patton, Salem.  
Chairman County Central Committee—Chas. A. Murphy, Salem.  
For Justice of the Peace,  
H. H. TURNER.  
For Constable,  
ROBT. O. DONALDSON.



## FLOGGING IN PRISONS AND SCHOOLS.

While there are undoubted objections to flogging in prisons when applied to men whose infraction of rules and refusal to conform to discipline cannot be overlooked, on the ground of apparent brutality, the difficulty is presented on the other side as to what should be substituted in extreme cases of mulish stubbornness, for men of this character find their way into prisons and must be made by some method of punishment, to obey the rules prescribed for all prisoners.

Flogging seems brutal. In one sense it is. But so is any form of corporal punishment, when administered by one person upon another who is powerless to resist, and this condition usually attends cases of this character. The parent who flogs his little boy for an infraction of some rule of conduct is engaged in a brutal act, because the child is helpless and is at the mercy of his two hundred pound father. Many a parent has administered a flogging to his boy because he felt sure that his welfare required it, and has afterward shed tears in private

## Tired Out

"I was very poorly and could hardly get about the house. I was tired out all the time. Then I tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and it only took two bottles to make me feel perfectly well."  
Mrs. N. S. Winney, Princeton, Mo.

Tired when you go to bed, tired when you get up, tired all the time. Why? Your blood is impure. You are living on the border line of nerve exhaustion. You need Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

Ask your doctor what he thinks of this grand old family medicine. Follow his advice and we will be satisfied.

Take Ayer's Pills with the Sarsaparilla. They act on the liver, cure biliousness, headache, constipation, etc.  
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

over the necessity which demanded this form of correction. And yet, we have all heard grown men remark, laughingly, that they needed "more lickings" than they ever got.

Does some one say that resort to persuasion should be relied upon to correct children when they need correction? To this a sufficient answer is that persuasion will do for some children, but for others it would be as ineffective as no attempt at government at all. There are children and children. There are also prisoners and prisoners. A reliance upon kind treatment, good and abundant food, a pleasant greeting and morning and evening prayers, and these alone, for a satisfactory government of many prisoners would be like placing a four-year-old boy in personal command of the Russian army. And the observing man who undertakes to manage a prison along these lines will soon discover it.

While all forms of brutality in prisons should be prohibited, yet extreme measures, in some form, are often as necessary as brick walls, guns and iron bars, and while it may be that now and then a convict is "reformed" while in prison, there are one hundred others upon whom all efforts in that direction had as well never been made. The time to reform the average man who finds himself in the penitentiary was before he acquired the habits that sent him there. His Sunday school training should have been had while he was a boy and on the outside, and while it is well to continue the efforts on the inside, for the sake of the one man in the hundred, the management which concludes that these efforts at reform are a guarantee that professions of docility are genuine, will find itself, sooner or later, in deep trouble.

There may be a better way to enforce discipline in the case of a man who is utterly reckless of consequences than flogging, but it is doubtful; and yet, this, like and other form of punishment, should be administered with prudence and discretion. So it should be at home or at school. What is called "spanking" is administered in reform schools, and is a form of flogging, or corporal punishment, that could not well be dispensed with. In Chicago, at present, the necessity for adopting more radical means of enforcing discipline in its schools is being discussed by the different boards with much earnestness. The control of the schools is getting away from the management, as the result of dispensing with corporal punishment, and the necessity for its restoration in some form is a question that has to be met. Unnecessary punishment, either in prisons or schools, is never to be commended, but, especially in prisons, no relaxation from a fixed and uniform, though just, set of rules of discipline can be indulged without ultimate injury to their efficiency.

### "YELLOWISM."

The Chicago Chronicle raises the question as to the real sanity of the reader who habitually invests in the daily paper, consisting largely of sensational headlines "whose purport is flatly negated by the text of the article below." It is pointed out that this phase of unrelatable journalism has been emphasized since the beginning of the war between Russia and Japan, by wholly unreliable reports, accompanied by daily pictures of battles that had not occurred and other evidences of newspaper "enterprise" that cater to what appears to be a public demand.

Not long since the Statesman took occasion to refer to the daily appearance of alleged pictures of naval engagements in some of our papers not far away, the securing of which would be a matter of the utmost impossibility, even if the battle had occurred. The mechanical feature of these mythical representations is horrid and there is no possible redeeming trait, even when accompanied, as some of them are, with the explanation that they are the product of drawings from descriptions by telegraph.

But the serious phase of the subject is in the fact that there is no doubt of a popular demand for this sort of dyspeptic mental pabulum. The actual facts are not so much wanted as something that would be highly exciting if they were facts. The facts are not wild enough, and they are belated. Fiction is wanted. The actual happenings are too much of a humdrum nature. If a tremendous battle has not taken place on the banks of the Yalu, since it seems to be overdue, the reader wants to read all about the details of such a conflict as he imagines it will be when it does occur, and the publisher, knowing this, pleases the demands of the reader by a little premature account of the engagement as it doubtless will be when it happens, and sells it "like hot cakes," and the purchaser is satisfied. He demands a battle, and if the Russians and Japs are too slow for him, he can appeal to the yellow publisher, who is always on time with "the goods."

It doesn't matter that the whole thing is flatly contradicted the next day. The reader was the beneficiary of the excitement of the description while he was reading it, and was as highly entertained as if it had been true. And upon the slightest provocation—a mere rumor is usually sufficient

—the yellow journal will run its black headlines across the entire front page, descriptive of a telegram that will not occupy two inches of one column, and the reader is compelled to use practically all the time at his disposal finding the item that belongs to the headline, and, even then, it will be flatly contradicted as a mere rumor on some other part of the same page, and with no headline attachment whatever.

It is no uncommon thing to see the headlines in one of these papers occupy more space than the article itself, and even if the statements of the two should happen to be on the same subject, the mission of the one seems to be to prove the other untrue, which it usually succeeds in doing.

Perhaps the publishers of such rot are not at all to blame, though there is a question whether such contribution to a morbid desire for wholly valueless trash is to be justified by any rules of ethics; but the demand for it, growing as it appears to be, is not one of the good signs of the times.

### MR. CLEVELAND AGAIN.

It has been but a few days since ex-President Cleveland lectured to an immense audience in Princeton, devoting himself to a comprehensive review of the Chicago labor troubles during his second administration, and undertaking to make it clear that he was merely in the discharge of his plain duty in all he did to quell the disturbance and to insure the supremacy of the law. But upon this point, no doubt nine-tenths of the people of this country agree that Mr. Cleveland showed the right spirit at the time and did no more than the welfare of all interests demanded. To have done less would have been to have failed in the obligation which his position imposed.

But why he should just at this particular time appear in public and engage in an elaborate endeavor to justify an incident long ago closed, seems to indicate a desire to be in front of the public that is not at all consistent with that reticence which has characterized him in a marked degree during the past eight years. For a long time it was impossible to get an expression from him upon any public question. His persistent silence was as unbroken as that of Judge Parker. Mr. Cleveland had not only retired from politics but was not disposed to engage in the discussion of current topics.

For this reason, his present activity and even unusual interest in the progress of events is suggestive of a returning ambition to enter public life. This is emphasized by his coming contribution to the Saturday Evening Post in justification of the financial policy of his last administration. Of course the large majority of the American people have given their full endorsement to the principal features of this policy, but why a man who has retired from politics and would under no circumstances again be a candidate for any office within the gift of the people, should at this time come before the public in defense, on two different occasions, of his record, gives color to the suspicion that a third term in the presidential office would not be so distasteful to the "Sage of Princeton," after all.

It would be impossible to suggest any one thing less likely to come to pass than the election of the Democratic candidate for the presidency this fall, no matter who he may be, but certainly no man has been suggested for that nomination whose standard of statesmanship equals that of Mr. Cleveland. And yet, he is very unpopular with those who imagine themselves "Jeffersonian Democrats."

### CAPTAIN MERIWETHER LEWIS.

Next Saturday, the 14th of May, will be precisely one hundred years since Lewis and Clark started on their memorable journey of exploration from the Missouri river to the Pacific coast, a journey fraught with so much of far reaching importance not only to the United States, but which had, ultimately, much to do with the affairs of many of the leading nations of Europe. The moving force behind this great undertaking was Thomas Jefferson, at that time President of the United States. The conception and prosecution of this gigantic enterprise to a successful termination, was the crowning feature of Jefferson's public career. He had many associates in the Revolutionary period who were as active in opposition to the tyrannical methods of the English government as he was, and who would doubtless have formulated the Declaration of Independence and fought the war of the Revolution to victory had Jefferson been an obscure private citizen, but, strange as it may appear, there seemed to be no public man of his time who understood the immense value to the future of the United States of the vast region beyond the Mississippi, including the unknown territory reaching to the Pacific ocean, as did Jefferson.

During the interim between the close of the War of the Revolution and the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, Jefferson was minister to France, and while there met John Ledyard, a citizen of Connecticut, who was desirous of exploring the Pacific coast and in whose proposals Jefferson became much interested. Jefferson's

proposition to Ledyard was to go to the eastern coast of Kamtschatka, cross in some Russian vessel to Nootka Sound, "fall down to the latitude of the Missouri," and cross the continent "to the United States."

The plan did not succeed in its inception and was given up, but it serves to show that Jefferson was, even then, alone of all his contemporaries, alive to the necessity of doing something toward exploring the great unknown country to the west, with the view, certainly, of finally adding it to the territory of the United States, though this conclusion is at variance with his opposition to accepting the Louisiana Country when its purchase had been accomplished without his knowledge, on the ground that we had no constitutional right to acquire more territory in that manner.

The opportunity for exploring the country west of the Missouri came to Jefferson when, in 1803, the act establishing trade houses with the western Indian tribes was about to expire, and, to use his own language, "some modifications of it were recommended to Congress by a confidential message of January 18th, and an extension of its views to the Indians on the Missouri river. In order to prepare the way, the message proposed the sending an exploring party to trace the Missouri to its source, to cross the Highlands, and follow the best water communication which offered itself from thence to the Pacific ocean. Congress approved the proposition and voted a sum of money for carrying it into execution."

Captain Lewis, who had at that time been for two years Jefferson's private secretary, made an urgent application to be selected for the journey and his importunities were successful. He was born on the 18th of August, 1774, near the town of Charlottesville, Virginia, in Albemarle county, one of the most distinguished families of the state. One of his father's uncles married a sister of General Washington. Lewis at once applied himself to vigorous study of astronomy and botany, etc., under distinguished professors, that he might be better qualified for the great task about to be intrusted to his charge. He chose as his associate in the hazardous undertaking, William Clark, brother of the noted George Rogers Clark.

The beginning of the famous Lewis and Clark expedition was made on the 14th of May, 1804, the exact spot being "at the mouth of Wood river, a small stream which empties into the Mississippi river opposite to the entrance to the Missouri." The party returned to St. Louis on the 23d of September, 1806, having been gone two years and four months.

After their return Captain Lewis was appointed Governor of Louisiana. For a number of years he had shown symptoms of mental depression, which grew upon him after his location in St. Louis. Jefferson intimates that on account of this, his affairs made it necessary for him to go to Washington, and while stopping over night at the house of a Mr. Grinder in the interior of Tennessee, at 3 o'clock in the morning, October 11, 1809, he took his own life.

But, notwithstanding his unfortunate end, he leaves a name which will always be prominent in the history of the United States for his intrepid daring and ambition to make a journey filled with dangers and hardships, that a great, unknown land, equal to an empire in extent of territory, might be explored and placed in a position where its acquirement by the United States would be not only possible but altogether probable.

Even so long ago as a full century, "there was something doing" in the United States, and statesmen were carrying into execution colossal plans for the future, affecting the destiny of many nations and the trend of the human family.

The Portland Journal, commenting upon the institution of a suit in support of the claims of the Warner Valley settlers by Governor Chamberlain, said "it is regretted that the other members of the state land board, presumably because the Governor differs with them politically, would not join with him in this effort to have justice done, notwithstanding the unjust decision of the department." But the Journal shows in this statement that it has no acquaintance, whatever, with the characteristics of "the other members of the board." That was about as unjust a remark as a paper of assumed standing could make. No lower motive could be ascribed to public officers. Treasurer Moore and Secretary Dunbar had wrestled with this question officially over and over again long before Governor Chamberlain was seriously thought of for the position he now holds. It would be equally true and proper to say that Governor Chamberlain has instituted this suit because the other members of the board viewed the matter differently from him, but which, probably, no paper in the state will say. The sympathy of the public is generally with the settlers in this case, but there are two sides to it, as may well be assumed, since the decisions of the land department at Washington have generally been in favor of the original claimants. It is just as well to be fair. If anybody should say that Governor Chamberlain was moved in this matter by the desire to make a



## From the Office Window

It is reported, upon what appears to be good authority that Cicero Lileman, Oregon's ex-Attorney General, is in line for the appointment to the Governorship of Alaska. A better man could not be found for the place. He is capable, honest, affable and good looking, and these combined qualities would be a guarantee of undoubted success in his new field. We should regret to lose him, even temporarily, but if he begins with the Governorship he may land the United States Senatorship when Alaska becomes a future state—and that may be the only future state the General will ever be permitted to really enjoy. We advise him to accept the position by all means, if it should be offered him.

### A Pioneer Mother.

The romantic and useful lives of the noble pioneer mothers of Oregon cannot be too often recalled nor too much he said in praise of the part they bore in laying the foundations of that civilization which preceded by many years the first movement toward a state government. In the busy lives we are leading, surrounded by all the comforts and conveniences of the present, we seldom take the time to reflect that the time was when Oregon in the 40's, was as much of a wilderness as any country on earth with the bare exception that occasionally was a family that had ventured here—and God alone knows why, under the circumstances which directed some of them—that was undergoing all the vicissitudes that hunking could endure and yet live.

One of the noblest women who ever came to Oregon, and one of the most useful, was Mrs. Tabitha Brown, the real and conceded founder of the Pacific University, at Forest Grove. At the beginning of the year 1846, Mrs. Brown was living in Missouri. She was then 65 years of age, and had been a widow for many years. She was a native of Massachusetts, but after becoming a widow she taught school for several years in Maryland and Virginia, and finally went to Missouri to improve her situation and help her boys, of whom she had two, as well as a daughter.

We have before us a letter written by Mrs. Brown in August, 1854, from Forest Grove, to her brother and sister in the east, from whom she had not heard for several years and whom she had long supposed to be dead. In the spring of 1846, Mrs. Brown provided herself with a good ox team and what she supposed was a sufficient supply for the trip, and in company with her daughter and one son, besides Captain John Brown, a brother of her deceased husband, started for Oregon.

At Fort Hall, to use her own language, "three or four trains were delayed off by a rascally fellow who came out from the settlements in Oregon, assuring us that he had found a new cut-off, that if we would follow him we would be in the settlement long before those who had gone down the Columbia. This was in August. The idea of shortening the journey caused us to yield to his advice. Our sufferings from that time no tongue can tell. We were carried hundreds of miles south of Oregon into Utah and California, fell in with the Clamotte (Klamath, no doubt), and Rogue River Indians, lost nearly all our cattle, and passed the Umpqua Mountain, nearly twelve miles through. I rode through in three days at the risk of my life, on horseback, having lost my wagon and all that I had but the horse I was on. Our families were the first to start through the canyon, so that we got through the mud and rocks much better than those who followed."

This Canyon which Mrs. Brown refers to, was the present famous Cow Creek canyon which within the past few years has been such a terror to the section hands and train crews of the Southern Pacific railroad.

Mrs. Brown proceeds to say that "out of the hundreds of wagons only

grand stand play, the Statesman would feel disposed to rebuke him quite severely, as it is so disposed toward the Journal for its fling at "the other members of the board."

The row in the camp of the Iowa Democrats over whether they should be for or against Hearst, reminds one of the contest among the Peeryites and Sweetkites in Multnomah county. Of course the Iowa Democrats will have something to say as to the national nominee, but they will cut as small a figure in the state election there as will the Democrats in Multnomah. Strangely what enthusiasm some people can arouse over the possession of a vacuum.

The Boise News, the leading Democratic paper of Idaho, says "if the party couldn't get together on a man as clean and able as Towne, it is certain to remain split." This is no doubt true. But how does he stand on the

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

One came through without breaking. The canyon was strewn with dead cattle, broken wagons, beds, clothing, and everything but provisions, of which latter we were nearly all destitute. Some were in the canyon from two to three weeks before they got through. Some died from fatigue and starvation while others ate the flesh of cattle that were lying dead by the wayside.

"After struggling through mud and water up to our horses' sides much of the way in crossing this twelve mile mountain, we opened into the beautiful Umpqua valley, inhabited only by Indians and wild beasts. We had still another mountain to cross, the Calipose, (no doubt the Calippooia), besides many miles to travel in the mud, snow, hail and rain.

"Winter had set in. Mr. Pringle and Pherne insisted upon my going ahead with Uncle John to try and save our lives. They were obliged to stay behind a few days to recruit their cattle. They divided the last bacon, of which I had three slices. I had also, a full cup of tea. No bread. We saddled our horses and set off, not knowing whether we would ever see each other again. Captain Brown was too old and feeble to be of any assistance to me. Near sunset we came up with the wagons that left camp that morning. They had nothing to eat and their cattle had given out. In the morning I divided my last morsel with them and left them to take care of themselves. I hurried Captain Brown so as to overtake the three wagons ahead. We passed beautiful mountains and valleys, and saw but two Indians in the distance. In the afternoon Captain Brown complained of dizziness and could only walk his horse behind. In two or three hours he became delirious and fell from his horse. I was afraid to jump down from my horse to assist him as it was one woman had never ridden before. He tried to rise to his feet but could not. I rode close to him and set the end of his cane, which I carried in my hand, hard in the ground to help him up. I then urged him to walk a little. He tottered along a few yards and then gave out.

I then saw a little sunken spot a few yards ahead and led his horse into it and with much difficulty got him raised to the saddle. Two miles ahead was another mountain to climb, and as we reached the foot of it Captain Brown was able to hold the bridle in his own hand and we passed over safely into a large valley, a wide solitary place, but no wagons in sight."

While it is not possible to certainly locate this place which Mrs. Brown describes, it must have been the Yoncalla, a beautiful little mountain valley with which many modern Oregonians are familiar.

The following paragraph from Mrs. Brown's letter reads like a romance, and illustrates one of the saddest experiences among all the hardships which so many of the Oregon pioneers were compelled to endure.

"The sun was now setting, the wind was blowing hard and the rain was drifting upon the side of the distant mountain. Poor me! I crossed the plain to where two mountain spurs met. Here the shades of night were gathering fast and I could see the wagon track no further. Alighting from my horse I flung off the saddle and saddle pack and tied the horse fast to a tree with a flass rope. The Captain asked me what I was going to do. My answer was I am going to camp for the night." He gave a groan and fell to the ground. I gathered my wagon sheet, which I had put under my saddle, flung it over the projecting limb of a tree and made me a fine tent. I then stripped the Captain's horse and tied him, placed saddle, bridle and blankets under the tent, and then helped the bewildered old gentleman and introduced him to his new lodging upon the bare ground. His senses were gone. Covering him up as well as I could with the blankets, I seated myself upon my feet behind him, expecting he would be a corpse before morning.

"Pause for a moment, and consider my situation. Worse than alone, in a savage wilderness, without food, without fire, cold and shivering, wolves fighting and howling all around me. Dark clouds hid the stars. All as solitary as death. But that same kind Providence that I had always known was watching over me still. As soon as light dawned, I pulled down my tent, saddled the horses and found the Captain able to stand upon his feet. Just at this moment one of the emigrants whom I was trying to overtake came up. He was in search of venison. Half a mile ahead were the wagons I had hoped to overtake and we were soon there and ate plentifully of fresh meat."

This small party travelled on and at the foot of Calippooia mountain the

children and grandchildren of Mrs. Brown overtook them. They "were many days crossing the Calippooia mountain, which was covered with snow, and could go ahead but a mile or two each day. All the food was gone, practically, and Mr. Pringle set off on horseback for the settlements, not knowing whether he would ever get through. We were again in a state of starvation. Many tears were shed during the day by all save one. She had passed through many trials, sufficient to convince her that tears would avail nothing in our extremities. Through all my sufferings in crossing the plains, I not once sought relief by the shedding of tears, nor thought we should not live to reach the settlements."

On Christmas day, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, Mrs. Brown entered the house of a Methodist minister in Salem, "the first house I had set my feet in for nine months. For two or three weeks of my journey down the Willamette I had felt something in the end of my glove finger which I had supposed to be a button. On examination at my new home in Salem I found it to be a six and a quarter cent piece. This was my whole cash capital, and I commenced business with in Oregon. With it I purchased three needles. I traded off some of my old clothes to the squaws for buck skins, worked them into gloves for the Oregon ladies and gentlemen, which cleared me up again of thirty dollars."

Later Mrs. Brown accepted an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Clark to spend the winter with them on Tualatin Plains, where Forest Grove now is. Arriving there, she saw the necessity for some sort of school for the many poor children in the community and at once proposed to use the log "meeting house" for school purposes. She offered to perform the work without special compensation for herself, only the expenses were to be met by the patrons. Parents who were able paid one dollar per week board, tuition, washing and all. Mrs. Brown agreed to labor one year for nothing.

"The time fixed for beginning the school was the first of March, 1848, when I found everything prepared for me to go into the old meeting house and cluck to my chickens. The neighbors had collected what broken knives and forks, tin pans and dishes they could part with for the Oregon pioneer to commence housekeeping with. I had a well educated lady from the east, a missionary's wife, to assist me, and my family grew rapidly. In the summer they put me up a boarding house. I now had thirty boarders, of both sexes and all ages, from four to twenty-one. I managed them and did all my work except washing. That was done by the scholars."

That was the beginning of Pacific University, which today is in many respects equal to any educational institution in the state, and is ahead of them all in the matter of a permanent financial endowment. There is no more beautiful story than that of the woman and sturdy character of this grand pioneer woman, who, at the advanced age of sixty-six years, endured the hardships related in the foregoing letter written when she had reached her seventy-sixth year. Her name is revered in all Washington county where her deeds live after her and where so many people yet there remember from personal acquaintance the splendid characteristics which dominated her every day life.

There were thousands of such women who came to Oregon in the early days under similar circumstances, who, though less prominent in their work, discharged their duties conscientiously and well in their humbler spheres, but who bravely contributed their share toward the beginnings of this great commonwealth. This short sketch of Mrs. Brown is but a varied version of many other heroic and noble women who uncompromisingly bore their burdens in the interests of their husbands and children and, having done their duty well, passed to the waiting future. As to them, the half has never yet been told, nor ever will be.

Mrs. Tabitha Brown died in the later fifties, aged eighty years, mourned by hundreds of personal friends who had learned to love her, and by thousands who respected her many admirable qualities that had done so much for the cause of education in this budding commonwealth on the Pacific coast.

"Pherne," frequently referred to by Mrs. Brown, was Mrs. Pringle, her daughter, who for forty-five years was a respected citizen of the South Salem hills and who was the mother of Mrs. John Hughes, of this city. Mrs. Pringle died in 1892.

Jeffersonian idea? If he is a stand pater in favor of Jefferson no other man can question his Democracy. Cleveland and Bryan are both followers of Jefferson, and, what is more, both admit it.

Since Governor Jeff Davis, of Arkansas, punched the face of one of the Supreme Judges of that state and caved in the stomach of another one, he has announced himself a candidate for the United States Senate and the Republicans have simultaneously declared against any joint canvass of the state.

Parker's boom is admittedly on the wane, and Bryan's little speech did it. This must be discouraging to the brethren, many of whom had hoped the vexed question was settled. The Statesman would suggest that the only way out of the Democratic dilemma is to nominate the blessed memory of Thomas Jefferson, taking a non-com-

mittal but glittering generality as a compromise platform—without waiting for the consent of any other nation on earth.

Hearst will probably carry the conventions of Iowa and Washington, two of the strongest Republican states in the Union. It seems that the weaker the Democracy is in numbers and resources the easier it is to inaugurate a successful stampede into the camp where waves the helpful banner of the Yellow Peril.

Andrew Carnegie has donated \$50,000 to the Berea College, in Kentucky, the only mixed school in the South. It is to be hoped he didn't employ W. J. Bryan to draw up the contract.

There are only five more days in which to register. This duty of all voters should not be neglected.