Daily Capital Journal.

BY HOFER BROTHERS.

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EDITORIAL.

The past week has revealed no great progress in the prosecution of the war with Spain. There have been several skirmishes at sea, and on land American forces were able to plant the flag on the south shore of Cuba, Brave Lieutenant Hobson, and his crew were not exchanged as was expected for Spanish troops. The fate of these men deeply interests the government.

In congress the war revenue bill was passed and signed by the president. It was a compromise measure, under which there are issues of bonds provided for; and also the coinage of a large amount of gold and silver bullion, the latter being the seigniorage at the rate of $4,000,000 a month. It is gratifying to know that there is an abundance af financial resources to carry on the war.

There has been a reaction of political indifference after the Oregon election. The Republicans have a majority of 16 as reported in one paper on joint ballot, and carried the state by no real additions to their vote but by the stay-at-home-vote of the opposition. While the party won on a gold standard platform, the election was really a refusal of the people to withold support from the President and his administration on the war issue.

The Union party campaign was affected by the labor agitators sent into Oregon by the national Fusion committee at Washington. The campaign in Marion county was successfully opened by making every meeting of the Union party a war meeting to uphold the administration's policy in a vigorous prosecution of the war, and confining the discussion to county and state affairs. But wer en the administration was waged vigorously at the end with the only result.

Ratifying the Geer victory at Salem has been postponed. Mr. Geer is refusing all invitations to talk at celebrations, etc. The more conservative Republicans opposed the demonstration as planned, preferring to wait until the inauguration. Mr. Geer will have his hands full to meet the clamors for a clern sw p in the heads of all the departments, in the administration of which he will not find it easy to make improvements. It is doubtful if they were ever better managed from a business point of view than at present.

The old-style scramble for the senatorship is already on. Men are travelling over the state on personal adventure bent to capture he prize. The Republican party is fully in power in Oregon and committed to the gold standard. Hon John H. Mitchell is frequently mentioned and bases his claims on support of McKinley and the St. Louis platform of 1896, which he contended was a declaration for bimetallism. The recent act of congress returning to a larger coinage of 16 to 1 dollars will act in Mr. Mitchell's favor.

The senatorial scramble has resolved itself into the lowest kind of personal politics, without a particle of principle involved. A few Republicans in Oregon have kept their skirts clean of the mire of unprincipled pollution, but the great majority of politicians are willing to win on any terms. That no honorable man can take a Republican senatorship in Oregon and pretend to be anything but an advocate of the single gold standard and a foe to silver and greenbacks as full legal tendermoney, goes without saying,

One thing has been demonstated: the more firmly establishing of the gold standard does not bring up the price of wheat. Famines, short crops, Letter speculation, have sent up the price and put it down, not the political fortunes of the gold standard theory. Wheat may bring a fair price in Oregon this fall and it may not. The drouth in California will make oats, hay, and other feed crops bring as much money to Oregon as wheat. A change of railroad rates is producing prosperity in our lumbering districts for which laboring people are thankful.

JOURNAL "X-RAYS."

Wheat 52 cents. Binding twine 15 cents. Hurrah for prosperity.

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Binding twine is enjoying prosperity, anyway—raised from 14 to 15c a pound.

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Editor Fletcher says in the Weekly Independent: "Nothing makes one feel so small as to say mean things about a person and then have him treat us exceptionally well the next time we meet him."

* * *

Why not go the whole hog, and put the United States and Great Britain under one government? We've already got the gold standard. We are to have the "Anglo-American Alliance." Now let us engage Columbia to the Prince of Wales.

* * *

A high English court has upheld trusts. "It is not illegal," the justice said, for a "trader to aim at driying a competitor out of trade, provided the motive be his own gain by appropriation of the trade."

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Northwest Journal of Education: The public schools of a Christian people cannot be godless. No school can be godless which is presided over by a Christian man or woman. Wherever Christain character stands as an instructor, a guide and a pattern there God is.

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Who would have thought the war with Spain would prove to be a war on saloon keepers? But such it is, for beer is taxed a dollar a barrel, and the retailer must bear the loss, as he gets no more for it than before war was declared.

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When an Irishman becomes a colonial governor he does not necessarily lose any of his national characteristics, and least of all his partiality for mixed metaphor. An Australian governor of Hibernian origin, recently addressing a gathering of 1000 school children, advised them to "put their shoulders to the wheel, and they would be sure to reach the top of the tree."

* * *

Justice David J. Brewer of the United States supreme court, in the course of an address last week to the law students of Iowa state university, said:—

We are in the midst of a war undertaken in a spirit of humanity, but, whatever others may think, I still believe in George Washington, who advised us to avoid all entangling alliances with the foreign nations. We are strong and we should make every nation know and, if need be, feel our strength, but when our own are protected, instead of putting our hand into the politics of the old world, let us obey the 11th commandment, and mind our own business.

There is enough to do at home, in other words, and so there is.

* * *

Col. Bonnaffon, a veteran of the civil war, was a pensioner of the United States, as he deserved to be, for his body still suffers from holes made by southern bullets. But he was recently appointed cashier of the custom-house in Philadelphia, whereupon he sat down to write to Pension Commissioner Evans. It was such a letter as some rare old follower of Napoleon under the first empire might have written in the heart of a French novel. "I believe," said he, "that when a pensioned soldier is called to 'an official position by the government' with ample salary for the sup'port of himself and family, he should 'not exact from the government his 'pension in addition." And so Col Bonnaffon will, durlog his term of office, return his pension checks to the treasury. We salute the colonel. He's an old hero.

OREGON SUMMER RESORTS.

At this time of the year Oregn people are looking about for a summer resort. Seekers after health and recreation will go by the thousands during July, August and September to the coast and the mountains.

Marion county has a hot springs on the Santiam, or rather on one of its forks, the Breitenbush, that is destined to become famous as a place to cure all that hot springs anywhere can cure. Take the train for Detroit. There you can go in over a trail that has been cut and camp in tents or live in one of the cabins. Fishing fine at your doors.

Points on the ocean accessible by rail are not many in Oregon. Newport and Astoria are now reached the same day. Leave Salem for Newport and Yaquina Bay at 11 a. m., and arrive for supper. At Newport there are plenty of cottages. Hotels, camping spots and good fishing and boating.

For a more secluded place and yet with delightful attraction there are the famous Seal Rocks and a little farther South Alsea bay, Waldport, and the wonderful rocks, the Yahats, and Cape Perpetua. For hunting and fishing, both great and small, these latter regions offer great resources. A Ferry and stage down the beach connects daily with Newport.

THE VOICE OF THE OREGON.

You have called to me, my brothers,
from your far-off Eastern sea.
To join with you my brothers to set a
prostrate people free.
You have called to me, my brothers to
join to yours my might,
The slaughters of our brethern with
our armored hands to smite.
We have never met, my brothers, we
mailed knights of the sea;
But there are no strangers, brothers,
'neath the Banner of the Free;
And though half a world's between us
and ten thousand leagues divide,
Our souls are intermingled, and our
hearts are side by side.
Did you fail to call me, brothers,
'twere a fault without a tone.
Twas but justice to me, brothers, you
should not strike alone.
The brethern in the slaughter were no
more thine than mine,
And the blows that visit vengeance
must be me mine as well as thine.
Through days of placid beauty and
nights when tempests toss.
I follow down the billow, my guide
the Southern Cross;
Past lands of quiet splendor, where
pleasant waters lave;
Past lands whose mountain rampart
fling back the crashing wave.
But I see no land of splendor, and I
see no land of wrath;
I see where me only the ocean's heavy
path.
And I plunge along that pathway like
a giant to the fray.
Who hath no stomach in him for
aught that might delay,
I am nearing you my brothers, from
the Western sea's afar.
And the ray that lights my course now
is the gleaming Northern Star.
I pray you wait, my brothers, for the
air with war is rife.
And in courtesy of knighthood I
claim to share the strife.
In the winds that blow about me the
voices of the dead,
Are calling to me, brothers, to urge
my topmost speed.
In the foam that's upward flying in
whirling wreaths of white
The wraths of murdered brothers
beckon onward to the fight.
I am coming to you, brothers, wait
but a little while,
And on to the thunders of our greeting
shall the God of Vengeance smile.
And in the flashing and the crashing
the universe shall see
How we pay our debts of honor, we
mailed knights of the sea.

Utica, N. Y. H. J. D. BROWNE.

FROM A SUFFERER.

How A. Cooper Had a Rotten Bone Healed After 35 Years.

CHEHALIS, Wash., April 9, 1898.

Dr. J. F. Cook, Salem, Or:

I received your letter and was glad to hear from you. You want to know how my leg is getting along. It is all right; the flesh is growing out over the shin bone and is turning white. It is not straight yet, but I think it will be as straight as the other leg when warm weather comes on. I can work most of the time. The other doctors told me I could never be cured without splitting it and scraping the bone, but they are mistaken. It is getting well without cutting or scraping, so they do not know as much as they thought they did, but you are all right, for you have done just what you said you could do. I will answer any questions you ask about my leg.

Very truly yours,

A. COOPER.

Dr. Cook's office is at 301 Liberty street, Salem.

On Copper River Trail

Interesting Experience of Salem Party En Route to the Gold Fields.

The Scenery Magnificent and Picturesque—The Trail Running Over Glaciers Which Lie Beneath Towering Peaks.

Following is the first news received direct from the Mourer—McOscar party that left Salem this spring for the Copper river mining region.

VALDEY LANDING, April 10.—Piloted by a squaw man, we reached here this afternoon. There are no wharfs here so all the cargo is taken ashore on lighters, requiring about 24 hours to unload the ship. The horses s m ashore. Our goods were all landed on the beach when the tide was out necessitating immediate removal. We succeeded in getting all our goods to camp except a small box of tobacco. Pitched first camp three quarters of a mile from the beach and remained there one week; then we moved to what is called the Second bench. It will require 8 or 10 days to freight all our goods to the summit. It is estimated to be from 10 to 12 miles to the summit. Going out on the trail in the morning you can see men before and behind you as far as the eye can reach.

The trail is literally covered with struggling humanity. There is estimated to be between 1400 and 2,000 men on the Copper river trail, and we hear, many yet are coming from the states. As far as we can hear no one from the states has reached Copper river this Spring over this trail, and only a few have gone far over the summit.

The trail over which we are working now is all glacier. We have to freight all of our wood over to the other side of the glacier. Wood on this side sells for $125. per cord.

All reports we heard at home about Copper river were erroneous. It seems that no two men hold the same opinion about estimates and distances. We have, however, encountered nothing harder than we anticipated. We are only disappointed in the distance to the river, which is twice as great as the maps and reports indicate. If we had known the condition of the snow here and have brought a couple of horses with us, we could have been well over the summit by this time.

We cannot hire any freighting done at any price. After about a week's continued persuasion we got a man with five horses to make a trip for us last night. The glaciers over which we travel affords a beautful trail. It is only about a mile wide and lies between mountains towering several thousand feet, with gradual incline to the summit.

This is Easter Sunday and there are no eggs in camp.

There are several woman here expecting to make the trip to the interior. Some of these are getting in and pushing sleds. This is not a proper place for women.

FOOT OF SUMMIT, Valdey Landing, April 24.—We are at the foot of the summit, the objective point we have been striving hard to reach for the past four weeks. From the summit to the river the freighting will be much easier, because it is down grade. Yesterday we took a few loads of goods to the top of the summit—our last hard pull, before going over the divide. From foot to top of summit is one mile. The elevation is 500 feet. We expect to make six trips a day, carrying 125 pounds each time. From the top to the timber, where we will pitch our next camp is about 12 miles and we anticipate a picnic getting there. We saw some men from the other side of the summit who report the trail to be in a fine condition. The indications are good for the snow to last for weeks yet.

The report that the glacier is impassible was made out of whole cloth. We heard these reports on our way to Valdey to the effect that the glacier was cracked 20 to 30 feet wide. There is a small crevasse on top of one of the benches, probably a foot wide and 10 feet long. There is no more danger traveling over the glacier than will be encountered in any county road in Oregon We have suffered little from the cold; the worst discomfort being snow-blind, or sore eyes. There is now estimated to be about 500 men gone down the other side of the summit and 2000 altogether on the trail, so we are not the only pebbles on the beach. There was a report current on the trail last week that war had been declared with Spain.

FOOT OF SUMIT, April 30th, 1898,—I did not expect to find time to write any more in this letter. This is Saturday and we have been snow bound ever since last Sunday consequently there has been no travel between here and beach and I have had no chance to send your letter down to be mailed. There is no post office here yet but an application for postmaster have been petitioned for, and we expect an office will be established soon, However, mail will follow to the interior at a cost I believe of $1 per letter, up to ten letters, and there they charge more, I don't know what additional raise will be. Our wood is reduced now to only enough to cook at most three meals a day and we are twelve miles from timber on the other side of sumit and 25 miles from the beach and it does not make much difference so far as labor is concerned which way we go to get it but our intentions are to pull camp in morning and go over the sumit to timber if the elements are not too strongly against us. It is not so very cold now, just blinding snow storms with the wind bloiwng very hard part of the time and most of the time on top of the sumit.

Snow is quite dry at present and in splendid condition to drift badly. We are experiencing what we had reason to anticipate all the way through in passing over the glacier. If we cannot pull camp in the morning will be compelled to reduce rations to hard tack and dried beef. Have a good supply of that kind of rations on hand and can subsist O. K. for quite a time if obliged to do so We have only worked a part of two days since last Sunday, and during that time it was storming. But we are all well and happy as can be, making best of situation. Many a man in advance of us fared much worse than we, so guess we ought not to complain of our experience. I am standing the trip fine thus far, the only thing we cannot control is our appetites. We all eat like hyenas. A United States government expedition has arrived at Valdez with their men to survey the most practical route up Copper river. Part of the expedition came in over the route we are traveling and the rest are to survey the other two routes.

ON THE SUMMIT, May 3, 1898.—We are now on top of the summit and expect to start down on the other side to timber in the morning if weather permits! There was a man just come to our tent door inquiring for letters to take down to the beach, so I will avail myself of the last chance to write.

Have had snow slides at foot of summitt; one last Saturday night at 10:30 and another on the next night, about the same time.

Two poor fellows had their lives crushed out and about 20 more injured seriously. I know by the time this report gets down to the states it will be exaggerated, so will try and state facts in the matter, there will be no further danger of slides on other side of summitt. We had five of these poor fellows in our tent, brought in immediately after they were dug out of their perilous position. Mr. Kain rescued the only lady that was buried in the slide. Her husband was a doctor. There were so many tons of goods buried up in the slide; think they will be recovered again. Indications are more favorable now for good weather we expect to push in lively now for a while. I am in good health and am anxious to reach Copper river which will require some time yet to do.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL.

Rev. W. C, Kantner, D. D., pastor. Preaching at 10:30 a. m., subject—"A Chapter of Surprises."

Anthem—"Ho! Every One That Thirsith."

Solo—"The Morning Prayer"—Prof. Scobie.

At 8 p. m. the subject will be—"The Casse of Adoni-bezek."

Anthem—"Soldiers of Christ Arise!"

Solo—"Babylon"—Prof. Scobie.

Sunday school at 12 m.

Y. P. S. C. E. at 7 p. m.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Wednesday at 7:30 p. m., at 299 Liberty street. These meetings are conducted by the students of a normal course graduate of the Metaphysical College, Boston, Mass., founded by Rev. Mary Baker Eddy, discoverer and founder of Christian Science. The public are cordially invited to attend these meetings.

EVANGELICAL CHURCH.

Corner of Seventeenth and Chemeketa streets, N. Shupp, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. The pulpit in the morning will be occupied by Rev. O. V. Kleine; in the evening by the pastor. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Y. P. A. 1:15 p. m.

EVANGELICAL.

Rev. H. L. Pratt, pastor, the usual Sunday services will be held. The subject to be used at 10:30 is, "God's Remedy for Sin." At 8. "Christs Prayer for Simon." Sunday school is held at 12 o'clock. Christian Endeavor meets at 7 p. m.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

First Church of Christ (Scientist) services, Lesson sermon 10:45 a. m Sunday school, 10 a. m. Testimonial meeting Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Christian Science hall, corner Court and Liberty streets.

U. B. CHURCH.

Rev. P. B. Williams, P. E. will preach at Yew Park church Sunday morning and evening.

Strayed or Stolen,

April 23, a dark bay mare, weight 850 pounds, aged 8 years. Right shoulder rowelled and has scar on hind leg. Has saddle marks on back with a graveled foot, of a race-horse build. Finder will report and receive reward.

J. A. HAMAR,
Champoeg, Or.

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