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IS ONE WHO HAS GOOD UNDERSTANDING!

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THE DAILY JOURNAL

BY HOFER BROTHERS

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1900.

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THE GOEBEL OUTRAGE.

When the news of the assassination of Senator William Goebel was flashed over the wires a feeling of horror and condemnation went with it. The first thought was that it was an act of Republican desperation to prevent him from ousting Taylor from the governorship in which he was recently installed. Second thought, however, generally seems to have been that the shot was fired by some half-demented crank of the Booth or Guiteau class who had lost his head in the excitement which has prevailed in Kentucky during the bitter contest since the election. Few of any party were ready to seriously accuse Taylor or the Republican leaders of Kentucky of complicity in the crime.

But the course taken by Governor Taylor and his aides since Goebel was shot down shows that they are at least determined to take advantage of the situation and draw whatever advantage they can from the act, placing themselves in the position of accessories after if not before the crime. This makes it proper to scrutinize closely some of the acts which might indicate a conspiracy to keep Goebel out by any means, fair or foul.

In the light of these later developments the mysterious arrival in Frankfort of 1000 men armed with Winchester rifles, last week, has a peculiar significance. No explanation has yet been given of their presence there. They were "mountaineers," who came "to see that justice was done." Governor Taylor disclaimed all knowledge of their identity. Yet they were allowed to enter the capital.

They were banquated at the state house. They were provided with badges bearing the portrait of Governor Taylor. They were addressed by prominent politicians of Gov. Taylor's party. In fact, they were expected; they were given armed possession of the capital; they were taken in and treated as allies of the Governor and his officials. They were not soldiers; they were simply armed anarchists imported to over-ride the laws of Kentucky.

Some of them went away as mysteriously as they came. Some staid, and have slept in and made their headquarters at the state house ever since.

Some of them were in the house, from the upper story of which Goebel's assassin fired the shot which struck him down. When men attempted to enter the building to search for the murderer, groups of these mountaineers with Winchester rifles in their hands stood in the doors and prevented any one from entering until the assassin had had plenty or time to make his escape.

What did the Governor and his officials do? They made loud outcries of horror at the deed; they called out the troops; but did they make any attempt to round up the occupants of this house which contained the murderer?

Not they. Squads of these mountaineers, who had been wearing Governor Taylor's badge and sleeping in the state house; who were in the house when the shot was fired, and who prevented any one from gaining entrance to search for the man who did the shooting; they were allowed to walk away with their Winchester rifles without interference.

Have any of them been arrested? They have probably returned to their quarters in the state house, surrounded by Governor Taylor's troops for protection.

The dispatches say that all the state militia has been called to Frankfort. "It was feared that the news of the shooting would so inflame the Democrats that they would come to Frankfort in swarms, while the mountaineers would lose no time in coming to the capital for the purpose of upholding their party principles."

Is free assassination one of those principles? Or are these armed mountaineers coming in with their Winchesters to uphold the law by the methods of anarchy? The law had not been threatened, for the oppositian was proceeding strictly according to the laws of Kentucky, and proposed to oust Taylor by the forms of law, and in no other way.

These mountaineers armed with their Winchesters have the run of the capitol, while Gov. Taylor's troops do what?

They prevent the legislature from assembling; they drive the legislators from the state house at the point of the bayonet, chase them at the point of the bayonet through the streets of Frankfort, preventing them from assembling either at the opera house or the court house.

Governor Taylor issues a proclamation adjourning the legislature and call it to meet next Tuesday in London, Ky., the hot bed of the kind of Republicanism represented by the mountaineers with their Winchesters, who have been feasted at the state house, and who protected Goebel's assailant with their arms.

The dispatches say: "No progress has been made toward apprehending the party who shot Goebel." But "Governor Taylor is having warrants prepared for the arrest of every member of the legislature who has allied himself with the Gobelites, charging conspiracy."

And Governor Taylor and his supporters are the people who have been raising the cry that Goebel was trying to steal the governorship!

They say Goebel has killed his man. But he killed him in a shooting match on the street. He did not shoot him from ambush, and we have not been taught by Southerners to believe that shooting across the street through a partly raised window was according to the Kentucky code of honor and chivalry.

Whatever Goebel is, his assailant committed a dastardly crime, and the alacrity with which Taylor tries to take the advantage given him by that crime must throw a strong suspicion upon him, of which he will have difficulty in clearing himself.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

THE PRIMARIES ARE PRIMARY.

Pendleton East Oregonian.

Announcement is made that the factions of the dominant party in Oregon propose to fight to a finish the coming state election at the primaries, there settling all differences and going to the polls strong in unity and concord. This is as it should be. The primaries should be the battle-ground as between the elements composing a political party. When differences are carried to the polls, then do treachery and knifing of candidates by piqued members of a common organization find play, and the elections lose what dignity they are supposed to possess according to the genius of our institutions.

Furthermore, it is at the polls the schemes of politicians are worked. Usually, the machine "fixes" things at the primaries, and then the people can go to the demnition bow wows. The politician, having elected his creatures as delegates, is in a position to say like a well known eastern party manager, "the people, damn the people."

The fundamental principle which must govern in all movements for correcting political evils is that the people must give attention to the primaries and not wait until election day to express their views on current issues.

WHY PRICES ARE HIGH.

When you stop into a store, says the Centralia Courier, and find that the merchant asks you from a fourth to a half more for his wares than he did a year ago, don't fall out with the merchant. The plain truth is that the trusts have raised the price on every single manufactured article. Domestic is up 40 per cent. All prints up from 20 to 60 per cent. Leather is sky high. Hardware is playing tag with the man in the moon. So when our merchant asks you two prices for what you formerly got for one, don't look at him like you thought he was a thief. The merchant has the price put upon him by the trusts and he has to hand it down to you. There is not a man with a family of five who has bought $400 worth of manufactured articles the past year but has paid the trusts a tax of a cool hundred dollars.

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After the bottle has been used, rinse it thoroughly in warm water; then fill with warm water containing a teaspoonful of
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and let it stand, shaking every now and then. If rubber tube is used let it remain also in the water. Rinse through clean water several times. Gold Dust is much more effective than soap to clean them, as it removes all specks and motes clinging to the sides of the bottle.
The above is taken from our free booklet "GOLDEN RULES FOR HOUSEWORK" Sent free on request to
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Scott's Emulsion does just this. It enables you to conquer the inflammation. The lungs soon heal, and all danger is passed. Do not let the disease become chronic because of neglect.

50c. and $1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

TURN ON THE LIGHT.

From the Chicago Journal, Repub.

Only three weeks ago Senator Hanna announced that it would be the policy of the majority party in congress to grant every facility to Democrats who desired investigations of this or that administrative act. Since that time at least three resolutions of inquiry have been suppressed in congress by the well disciplined Republican majority:

1. The resolution asking an investigation of Secretary Gage's relations with the Standard Oil bank.

2. The resolution inquiring as to the mission of a United States man-of-war to the coast of Africa.

3. The resolution asking for the details of Admiral Dewey's "understanding" with Aguinaldo.

Why this curious reversal of policy? Why this shutting off of the light? It puts the administration in the position of the witness who declines to answer lest he incriminate himself.

To Salem Business Men.

This is no joke. People keep on eating and drinking in winter time. They wear clothes—more of them usually—in winter. They also buy goods. The merchant who advertises seasonable goods at right prices finds his trade holding on remarkgbly well. How is it with you? Are you getting your share of this midwinter trade? The live dealer, who keeps his name and business prominently before the public eye, is the one who attracts trade. That's natural. People don't hunt for stores in a cemetery. Make it easy for them to find your store, and give them some good reason for trading with you. Put a plain, catchy advertisement in the DAILY JOURNAL, where advertising space is worth more than it costs. Every reader is a buyer.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup furnishes most substantial comfort and relief to consumptives; it works most remarkable cures. Don't despair. Relief can certainly be had; acure is possible with this wonderful remedy.

Minstrels Tomorrow.

Perhaps one of the best displays of the strength of a minstrel show is its street parade, and yet the big street parade given by Richards & Pringle's Famous Georaia Minstrels tomorrow afternoon fails to give even an adequate idea of this company's numerical strength, nor the magnitude of its stage performance, which in point of excellence and genuine merit remains unrivalled.

A Brilliant Finish.

"I saw him kiss you just before he was leaving," said the sour visaged aunt, and she said it in a regular dull thud tone.

"Yes, auntie."

"Well, I can realize that it would be the last thing he would think of." And she sailed out as though she had scored every possible point.—Detroit Free Press.

An Odd Stage Wager.

The late Signor Foli, the well known vocalist, once made a very curious wager with some of his companion singers at Her Majesty's Opera House. Some 20 years ago Mephistopheles in Gounod's "Faust" was among his favorite impersonations. In the garden scene his strides when attempting to avoid the elderly Martha formed an important feature of the humorous business.

One night, the length of his legs being a subject of chaff as he was standing at the wings, he declared his ability to cross the stage in three bounds. The comments that ensued resulted in a bet.

When the proper moment for the experiment came, he retreated a few paces, and then, to the surprise of the audience as well as to the representative of Martha, leaped from side to side. The scene never evoked more laughter, and Foli was acknowledged to have won the wager.

Equally Divided.

"During the civil war," says the Boston Transcript, "the Law school at Cambridge was presided over by Professors Parsons, Parker and Washburn. They were divided in their political views, and each did his best to maintain his opinion.

"Professor Parker was one day asked, 'How do you get along on politics at the Law school?'

"'Nicely,' he answered. 'We are equally divided.'

"'But how can that be?' continued the inquirer. 'There are three of you?'

"'Easy enough,' replied the professor. 'Parsons writes on one side and I on the other, and Washburn—he speaks on one side and votes on the other.'"

THE HIDDEN PAGE.

She stooped and on her sister's grave
Laid blossoms white as snow;
Then lifting up a fair young face,
With happiness aglow,
She softly said, "How much I grieve
Because you never knew
The blessedness of being loved
By one so good and true."
She kissed the jewel on her hand,
She felt that life was sweet,
And died a pitying tear for her
Who slumbered at her feet.

A breeze came up from life's great sea
The angel of the book
Saw it turn some pages up,
And, as with rapid look,
He pressed them to their place to wait
Their proper hour and day,
He could but read a word or line
Which on the margin lay.
Then, looking on the head that bent
Above the cross and wreath,
He whispered that the favored one
Was she who slept beneath.

—Detroit Free Press.

AN ACCIDENT TO PONSONBY

A Story of A War Correspondent.

It was hot, villainously hot. So was the firing. So were transport mules, Chinese stretcher coolies, advancing troops and the poor bleeding wretches who were being put into the ambulances. So was all the available water. So were the little knot of correspondents who drummed their heels on the sides of a stack of biscuit boxes on the side of the railway embankment and anathematized the war, editors in general and the press censor in particular. But the very hottest thing of all was Ponsonby. And Ponsonby, the usually calm and urbane Ponsonby, the well tried representative of The Daily Gaddy, was now swearing like a trooper, or, for the matter of that, like a thousand troopers. Had he not lost his pony and smashed his camera? Had not a staff officer ordered him, "Fifteen paces behind the staff if you please, gentlemen?" And had he not fallen headlong into a buffalo wallow, thereby befouling his usually neat attire and twisting his ankle?

Around us was nothing but smoke and dust through which the middle sun glowed in a crimson ball. A few hundred yards to the northward on either side of the line of railroad lay a long line of blue and brown clad humanity, from which came a rattling sound as though millions of crackers were being ignited in one continuous stream. Then, cutting the dust laden air with their sobbing screams, the bullets of the foe came flying overhead, occasionally alighting on the brown sun baked ground with dull thuds or clanging loudly on the iron roof of the station in whose rear we were, dust begrimed and smoke stained, taking shelter. A queer looking trio we, booted and spurred, belted and revolvered. And the worst of it was we had none of us broken our fast that day. As Agden of the San Francisco Screamer remarked, "While we are waiting here we might as well investigate the hard tack anyhow."

To this proposition I assented. A big stone and a jackknife soon had a case opened and our teeth busy, and when I unearthed a tin of sardines from my hip pocket even Ponsonby forgot to swear further. While thus engaged the firing ceased, there were a couple of bugle calls, a series of "yells" from the American troops as they rose from their rice ridge shelters and dashed forward in pursuit of the fleeing foe. Speedily we were following in their wake, pausing only now or then to look at a wounded man being borne rearward on a stretcher. The advance line is soon overtaken. They have lost all sight of the fleet footed Filipinos and are now resting and awaiting a well earned meal. Our notes are soon jotted down, and we proceed to investigate a neighboring hamlet which, after firing, the insurgents have vacated.

"Looks like hot work here," said Agden, pointing to the church, from which a shell had gently removed a corner.

We acquiesce and proceed to investigate the interior. After leaving the church we enter the adjacent priest's quarters and, finding them comfortable, proceed to camp there for the night. Your humble servant is installed as chef, while Agden and Ponsonby sally forth to annex a chicken or anything edible which comes handy. By this time a number of the victorious troops have entered the village and are looking about the place, taking sections of nipa with which to make camping "shacks," collecting firewood, seeking water, eggs, etc. Time passes. Agden returns, but no Ponsonby. It gets dark, but the village is ablaze with the light of one or two blazing buildings. We ramble about, looking here, making inquiries there. Still no sign of our friend. Anyhow, it is no use seeking him further tonight. He is sure to turn up all right. So after a pleasant little meal we "turn in."

I must have been asleep some hours when something disturbed me. What on earth is that? There, standing at the foot of my bed, is a young native woman. Naturally I spring to my feet, awaking Agden as I do so. The mysterious damsel says something in Spanish. What it means neither Agden nor myself can comprehend, but how on earth did she get there? The insurgents have carried off all their women with them, and how our present visitor can have remained behind is a mystery. She is evidently anxious about something, for see how she is beckoning.

After a brief consultation as to what to do we follow the lady through the door and into the church. She trips along the floor and goes right up to the altar, seizing some drapery at its side as she reaches it. There right in the thick wall of the church is a doorway from which descends a flight of steps. Taking a candle from some lying scattered about the floor, she lights it and proceeds to descend. Round and round we wind, and there at the bottom, his head bound in a blood stained bandage, is Ponsonby, evidently very seriously hurt, looking deathly pale, but now peacefully sleeping.

To say that we were thunderstruck would be to put it faintly. As neither Agden nor myself can speak Spanish or Tagalog, we cannot ask the lady, for a lady she evidently is, judging by her manner, her dress and jewels. She sat on some pieces of wood, her face resting on her hands, occasionally giving vent to a sob. How the weary hours passed that night with Agden and myself attending on our injured friend I could hardly tell. At length came the dawn, and I went off in search of a surgeon, after having assisted Agden to get Ponsonby up the steps leading from the crypt into the church. A doctor was soon found and came with all speed with me to the church. His diagnosis was to the effect that Ponsonby must have discovered the staircase by some accident, had fallen down it in the darkness and injured his head. It was impossible to say how severe such injury might be, and, although he had every hope of a rapid recovery, he would not try to give us any false impressions. An ambulance was soon on the spot, our wounded friend placed inside and we started for town, Agden having kindly volunteered to do my work in the field during my brief absence. The journey to town was speedily accomplished, and I left Ponsonby in the hands of the good sisters of the San Juan de Dios hospital. Meanwhile I had completely forgotten the senorita, and it was not until I met Agden at Malolos some three days after that I gave her a thought. Then I learned that she had vanished as mysteriously as she had appeared.

* * * * * * *

Meanwhile the campaign went on. Weeks passed. The insurgents were day by day being driven back. Ponsonby had got out of the hospital and was recuperating in town, and as the rainy season was in full swing and nothing of importance was taking place in the country Agden and myself were also "resting." We were one evening sitting on the hotel veranda when Ponsonby walked up. After a few words of greeting he said: "Well, boys, I'm sorry to leave you, but am off tomorrow. My wife joins me in 'chinchins.' Am bound for Calcutta and thence by P. and O. home."

"Your wife?" Agden and myself exclaimed simultaneously.

"Yes, my wife."

"But we didn't know you were married."

"No, I don't suppose you did. But you remember the lady who found me in the church at Malinto."

"Well, I'm hanged!" It was Agden who spoke. I was practically dumfounded and stood staring at Ponsonby with all my eyes. Then I managed to blurt out:

"But how did she get into town?"

"I really couldn't tell you. But she came and saw me in the hospital. How she ever found me in the church I don't know and have not yet mustered up sufficient Spanish to inquire."

We were sorry to lose Ponsonby, who was always a decent fellow. But Agden will have it that his brain was affected by the fall into that curious crypt. And Agden is probably right, for, if not, why didn't Ponsonby invite us to his wedding?—Hongkong Telegraph.

A Bargain.

"Arthur, dear," she said, "I do wish you would not use cigarettes."

"Why?"

"Because you don't know what is in them."

"Oh, yes, I do! Why, for the trifling sum that cigarette costs you get nicotine, valerian, possibly a little morphia and any quantity of carbon."

She looked up into his eyes and murmured, "Arthur, dear, it does seem like a bargain, doesn't it?"—Brisbane Review.

It is not only beautiful women who hang over the mirror in the morning. Anxious women who are watching the wasting of their beauty, stand before the mirror and note the increasing lines etched by pain about the mouth and eyes. Thousands of such women, wrecked in body and in disposition, haggard, nervous, irritable, etc., have by the use of Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription been entirely cured and watched with delight the progress of the cure, marked by brightening eyes, reddening cheeks, and rounding form.

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"In October 1889 I gave birth to a baby and the treatment I received at the hands of the midwife left me with female weakness," writes Mrs. Cordelia Henson, of Coalton, Boyd Co., Ky. "I had no health to speak of for three years. I had another baby which was the third child. My health began to fail and I had three miscarriages so I found myself completely worn out. I had so many pains and aches my life was a burden to me and also to all the family, for I was nervous and cross and I could not sleep. Just after my last miscarriage (in 1896) I was taken with a severe pain in left side. Had four doctors come to see me but at last I found I was slowly dying. The doctors said I had liver, lung and uterine trouble. I was in bed for months and when I did get up I looked like a corpse walking about. I commenced to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery,' 'Favorite Prescription,' and 'Pellets,' and ever since then I have been a well woman. At my monthly period now, I have no pain. My cheeks are red and my face is white, but before it was as yellow as saffron."

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7:00 A M	Ar	Los Angeles	Lv	7:00
6:00 P M	Ar	El Paso	Lv	7:00
6:25 P M		New Orleans	Lv	7:50
8:30 A M	Lv	Portland	Ar	6:00
10:55 A M	Lv	Salem	Lv	4:00
7:45 P M	Ar	San Francisco	Lv	7:00
5:45 A M	Ar	Ogden	Lv	1:40
1:20 P M	Ar	Los Angeles	Lv	12:00
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