

CAMERON COUNTY PRESS.

H. H. MULLIN, Editor.

Published Every Thursday.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. Per year, \$2.00. If paid in advance, \$1.50.

ADVERTISING RATES: Advertisements are published at the rate of one dollar per square for one insertion and fifty cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

Legal and Official Advertising per square, three times or less, \$2; each subsequent insertion 50 cents per square.

Local notices 10 cents per line for one insertion; 5 cents per line for each subsequent consecutive insertion.

Obituary notices over five lines, 10 cents per line. Simple announcements of births, marriages and deaths will be inserted free.

Business cards, five lines or less, 45 per year; over five lines, at the regular rates of advertising.

No local inserted for less than 75 cents per line.

JOB PRINTING. The Job department of the Press is complete and affords facilities for doing the best class of work.

No paper will be discontinued until arrangements are made, except at the option of the publisher.

Orders sent out of the county must be paid for in advance.

Here is a small domestic comedy in Missouri, which, like all true comedy, has a dash of pathos to flavor it.

"The Practical Joke" Again. A man named Burton was employed in the car-shops in Madison, and he took a bride.

After a few months there appeared a person named Lehman, who knew Burton, and decided to play a practical joke upon him.

The joke was to claim the bride as the wife of Lehman. Burton does not seem to have been built from a very heroic pattern, for in place of breaking the head of Lehman, he had the bride arrested on the charge of bigamy.

She spent the night in jail, and the next day the practical joker learned how much of a joke he had perpetrated.

Explanations followed, and finally the bride went back to her husband. She is evidently too sweet-tempered to attend to him as he deserves, for (and here is the dash of pathos) she said after she was released that she did not mind being in jail, for she knew that she was innocent, and that it would all come out right in the end.

The great economical experiences of life are belittled by the same insistence upon the trivial: Life and love look into each other's eyes—a man and woman elect each other from all the world; but the joyful solemnity of marriage is ruffled by the details of the wedding, perhaps by family squabbles over flowers and gowns and invitations, says a writer in Harper's Bazar.

Or Great Death comes in at the door, and the little human soul, overwhelmed with grief, appalled by the sudden opening of Eternity before its eyes—yet fuses (there is no other word for it) over "mourning," over the width of the hem of the veil, or the question of crepe buttons or dull jet! This may be shocking, or mournful, or ludicrous, as one happens to look at it, but it is certainly uncivilized.

One difference between a home and an institution—that is, most institutions—was indirectly brought out at a recent meeting of the ministerial league in a New England city.

The league was addressed by the president of a woman's union which has founded a home for working girls. That wise woman told the assembled ministers that one room in the new house is set apart for "sessions of courting," where the girls are permitted to receive calls from men friends. She reported that the "courting room" is often engaged for weeks ahead. The ministers laughed, but they also applauded this triumph of human nature over old-fashioned institution rule and routine.

A novel feature of the Colorado exhibit at the St. Louis world's fair will be a miniature irrigated farm—a real farm, with growing crops. The farm will consist of ten acres, in one corner of which will be a small range of hills, representing the Rocky mountains; a reservoir at the base of the hills will contain the water that flows from a fountain spring gushing from the side of one of the imitation peaks; radiating from the reservoirs will be canals and ditches irrigating the fields of growing alfalfa, potatoes, corn, beets and other crops indigenous to Colorado soil. It is expected that this exhibit will prove a valuable object lesson to irrigation enthusiasts.

Nobody living outside New York knows how difficult it has become there for people of moderate means to bring up their children in the love of genuine things. It is still done by many, says the Century, but with increasing effort, and only by dint of a strong will and an inheritance of the truest graces of life; simplicity, the domestic affections, and the love of nature and one's kind. It is to the cultivation of these graces that we must look for a rescue from the pitiable circle in every American city known as "the smart set."

TRYING TO HARMONIZE.

The Democracy Is Having a Hard Time Smoothing Out Factional Differences.

According to the tenor of a great deal of newspaper talk, democratic party reorganization goes merrily on, but it goes on in such a balky sort of way, that the man who can put his finger on any spot and say: "This is the nucleus of the future harmonized democracy," ought to be elected a permanent political weather prophet.

Is there any leader of presidential magnitude who offers a rallying point? Oh, no! There is David B. Hill, he is out for it, but if it be true that Bryan still controls even a third of the party, it is just as true that that control will prevent any nomination of Hill, or a Hill man in 1904.

Gorman has his eye on the place, but the same influence stares him malignantly in the face. Bryan himself is out of the question, even if his own modesty does not preclude his candidacy. All that is left of leadership above the horizon clusters sporadically about the names of Tom Johnson, of Cleveland; Carter Harrison, of Chicago; Pattison, of Pennsylvania, and Olney, of Massachusetts, says the San Francisco Argonaut.

But surely there are issues that will unite the party! Oh, no, not particularly. They are all agreed on certain vague principles known as Jeffersonian, but on matters of practical value in winning elections, several hobbies have been born and died aborning, but the real "getting together" on anything definite is still

BRYAN'S CAMPAIGN PLANS.

Willing to Be Shelved in 1904, But Still Stands by the Kansas City Platform.

It is believed that William Jennings Bryan brought back some interesting news from his recent lecture tour through the south. The news relates to the stories that the south was ready to turn from the Kansas City platform to accept the leadership of David Bennett Hill, says a Lincoln (Neb.) report in the New York Sun.

Mr. Bryan is not talking for publication, but he makes no secret to his particular friends of his satisfaction over the condition in which he found democratic politics in the south. While he discovered that leaders like Bailey, men with ambitions of their own to follow, have indicated their intention of allying themselves with that faction of the democratic party which promises the quickest success nationally, he found the rank and file still loyal.

The west he regards as morally certain to stand by the Kansas City platform, and whatever successes are achieved in the congress campaign this fall he is sure will inure to the benefit of the regular democracy.

At Washington he found unexpected friendliness among democrats from all parts of the country, save the middle states. The central west he looks upon as the real fighting ground of the democracy in preliminary skirmishes, and here he proposes to go next, for the purpose of looking after his fences.

Mr. Bryan's plan of campaign is

ESCAPED CONVICT

He Puts Up a Desperate Fight Against His Pursuers.

He Shoots a Number of Men, Three of Whom Are Dead—Oregon Outlaw a Very "Bad Actor"—Large Rewards Are Offered.

Seattle, Wash., July 4.—Tracy, the escaped Oregon convict, in a battle with a Seattle posse near Bothell last evening shot and instantly killed Charles Raymond, a deputy sheriff from Everett, who joined the pursuers, and dangerously wounded Deputy Sheriff John Williams, of this city. Carl Anderson, a newspaper man, was slightly grazed on the arm. Louie Seefrit, another reporter, was wounded in the face.

So intense is the excitement over the killing of Raymond and the wounding of Williams that an effort is being made to have Gov. McBride call out the militia. Tracy was last seen below Bothell and was headed for Seattle in a wagon.

A special train carrying more than 25 men armed with Winchesters, has left for the scene.

Tracy was seen walking the track of the Seattle & International railroad yesterday morning by Jack Freeman, night watchman at the State university. He at once notified the sheriff's office and the pursuit began. The posse of deputy sheriffs was soon joined by a number of citizens.

According to the latest reports Tracy was concealed in a cabin on the banks of Squak Slough, two miles from Bothell. When the posse came in sight Tracy commenced firing. Williams and Raymond were both hit. Tracy then retreated and concealed himself in the cabin. Anderson claims to have fired three times at Tracy, but does not know whether he hit him.

Capt. Clark, of the steam launch H. and S., yesterday gave a thrilling account of the trip of himself and crew up the sound on Wednesday in company with Harry Tracy, the escaped Oregon convict, who at the point of a rifle forced all hands to embark and pilot him northward. For nearly ten hours Tracy was commander of the craft by virtue of force, finally abandoning it and escaping into the woods.

Seattle, Wash., July 5.—Convict Harry Tracy killed Policeman Brees and fatally wounded Neil Rowley, in the city limits, after having murdered Deputy Sheriff Charles Raymond, of Snohomish county, and probably fatally wounded Deputy Sheriff John Williams, of Kings county.

Gov. McBride is taking the keenest interest in the case. He has offered a reward of \$2,500. This, with other rewards offered by relatives of the victims of Tracy's rifle, brings the rewards offered up to \$5,600.

Thursday night Tracy was located in the home of Mrs. R. H. Van Horn at Woodland Park. The news was conveyed to Fremont by a butcher's boy, who broke the intelligence just as Sheriff Cudihoe drove into the suburb from Bothell. The house was surrounded, but Tracy deliberately fought his way through the guards, killing Policeman Brees and mortally wounding Guard Neil Rowley and disappeared into the brush towards Ravenna park. Sheriff Cudihoe twice had a head upon the desperado, but was unable to fire for the reason that the fugitive had taken the precaution to walk between two impressed men who would have been imperiled had the sheriff opened fire with his rifle.

Tracy slept in a barn at Ballard, six miles from here, Thursday night. He was seen to leave Friday morning. Neil Rowley, who was shot by the outlaw, died yesterday.

Gov. McBride has ordered two companies of national guard to assemble at their armories. It is understood that Gov. McBride has no intention of calling the troops out unless Tracy should be taken alive, in which case they would be used to prevent a lynching.

Though suburban residents in every quarter have notified the sheriff of strange men, supposed to be Tracy, in their neighborhood, the most reliable report received after that of Tracy's departure from Woodland Park was that of his appearance near Bothell, where Thursday's desperate encounter was fought.

A correspondent in a bulletin sent from Bothell stated that the convict was reported to have been seen about three miles south of Bothell, driving on a country road. Poses were called in and picketed in a circle about the neighborhood, where he was supposed to be. They beat the brush to a central point, all meeting there. Believing that Tracy had sluded them by some divergent path leading toward Lake Washington on the east, Sheriff Cudihoe released the most of his deputies and proceeded back toward Seattle, establishing a sordon of pickets along the entire road.

Alleged Poisoner Is Arrested. Paris, Ky., July 5.—Berry Bedford, who for many years was county surveyor, died very suddenly Thursday night, aged 80 years. His wife is now in jail, charged with the murder. Arsenic was found in his stomach and it is charged that she poisoned him.

Shoe Factories Tied Up by a Strike. Burlington, N. J., July 4.—Four of the seven shoe factories of this place were rendered idle yesterday by a strike of employes which is expected to extend to the remaining three establishments. The strike is the result of a notice posted in all the factories announcing that when the works re-opened next Monday none but non-union hands would be employed. The strikers claim that in recent years their wages have been gradually reduced until now they are receiving 50 per cent. less for their work than was the case ten years ago.



THE PATIENT—"WHAT WILL BECOME OF ME IF THEY KEEP ON DISAGREEING?"

A story of the future. Watterson's "man on horseback" issue is not panning out to the delectation of the champion of the star-eyed goddess. Democratic stock-raisers of the west frown on Sulzer's project of creating an issue out of the exportation of American mules to South Africa.

Congressman Richardson's "blush of shame" issue, which he found in the Christmas report on the Danish Islands transaction, faded as soon as it saw the light. Mr. Hill is for tariff reform, but not much imbued with anti-trust politics. Tom Johnson says tariff reform is impossible, tariff abolitionism is his panacea. Imperialism is getting threadbare, the silver question is dead. Democrats are not agreed that the Philippine question is available, and in the meantime Mr. Bryan, with his backing of popularity still remaining, is able to keep the reorganizers generally guessing and always confused. A democratic suggestion is that if Croker and Bryan must retire in the interest of harmony, others ought to retire, too, and the suggester pertinaciously sticks the point of the suggestion into David B. Hill. It is not a bad idea. The first step toward harmony should be to clear the ground. As long as the old war-horses of the democracy are pawing and prancing about, party harmony is apt to get trodden under foot, and reorganization chased out of the field. If democracy would gather up her skirts, suppress the old chargers, and let out some new stock, the chances of "getting together" would be vastly improved.

The Filipinos' Friends. Americans are not in these islands to exploit them. They are not here to pursue the policy pursued by the Spaniards, and a policy that will elevate and ennoble the Malay race. To accomplish the purpose for which God sent us here we must be true to ourselves and as virtuous, as moral and as honest as we would be at home. We are closely watched and any lack of principle on our part has its effect at once on the Filipinos. If we are among a race that is immoral we, at least, should be moral. The noblest man in the world is an American who lives up to the high ideals of his country. Let every American live up to these ideals and we will accomplish in these islands a noble work for God and for humanity.—Hollo (Panay) Times.

According to the Bryan philosophy, Gen. Buencamino, when he met His American captor in Chicago, ought to have displayed resentment toward one who had thus injured the cause of Filipino freedom. Gen. Buencamino, however, being a man, and not a nervous degenerate, was very glad to see the man who had brought him into intimate acquaintance with American civilization.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

very simple. It is to rouse the masses, who he is firmly convinced look upon principle as more important than expediency, to the point where they will use their power to prevent the reorganizing element from taking charge of affairs.

He has become aware that an insidious attempt is being made with all the signs of a concert of action, by leaders who were pushed to the background by the uprising of 1896 to reassert their influence and again to get into control. He realizes that it is a situation fraught with considerable danger to his continued leadership, but he is willing to abdicate if thereby he can secure the success of his faction.

The reorganizers lay entirely too much stress upon the belief that Bryan is anxious again to lead the national democracy as its candidate. As a matter of fact, that is very little in his mind. What concerns him most is the fear that through apathy the reins of leadership may drift back into the hands that formerly held them.

His concern is to prevent this and to secure the nomination in 1904 of some man who stands with him upon the main planks of the Kansas City platform. Here in Nebraska it is believed that his real choice is Tom Johnson, mayor of Cleveland, and the three conferences that have taken place between them in the past seven months are looked upon as corroborative evidence.

Mr. Bryan will publicly commit himself no further than to say that any good man who is in good standing can have his support.

FOINTED PARAGRAPHS. Mr. Cleveland's other name for Mr. Bryan is "The Shadow of Predestined Defeat."—Indianapolis Journal.

Henry Watterson will never favor democratic harmony with Grover Cleveland presiding at the organ.—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

Tom Johnson, Bryan, Henry Watterson and Sam Jones might get together now and show Cleveland and Hill "harmony as is harmony."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The democratic congressional committee, it is said, is trying to shelve Bryan. This will be surprising to those who have thought he was shelved long ago.—Cleveland Leader.

You are to understand that Mr. Bryan doesn't want any office. He is going to all this trouble because he loves his keyuntry and would save it from destruction.—Chicago Tribune.

Mr. Bryan says pleasantly in the Commoner: "Whitelaw Reid has just been decorated with a college degree Few escape it." Fortunately Mr. Bryan himself is a good ducker.—Milwaukee Sentinel.



Mrs. D. Arnold, President German Woman's Club, Grand Pacific Hotel, Los Angeles, Cal., Relieved of a Tumor by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suffered four years ago with a tumor in my womb, and the doctors declared I must go to the hospital and undergo an operation, which I dreaded very much and hesitated to submit.

"My husband consulted an old friend who had studied medicine, although he was not a practicing physician, and he said he believed that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound would cure me. That same day I took my first dose, and I kept it up faithfully until twelve bottles had been used, and not only did the tumor disappear, but my general health was very much improved and I had not felt so well since I was a young woman.

"As I have suffered no relapse since, and as I took no other medicine, I am sure that your Compound restored my health and I believe saved my life."—MRS. D. ARNOLD.

\$5000 FORFEIT IF THE ABOVE LETTER IS NOT GENUINE. When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all-gone," and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues, and hopelessness, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine, for you need the best.

When Brains Are Needed. It is told of a learned professor who was better at Greek than golf that after a round on the links, in which he had fozzled most of his shots, he turned to his caddy for advice as to improving his play. The reply of the ruthless caddy was: "Ye see, sir, it's easy to teach laddies Latin and Greek, but it needs a head for govv!"—London News.

Our greatest glory is not in never failing, but in rising every time that we fall.—Confucius.

Luck is often but another name for hard horse sense.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Circulate as much truth and as few words as possible.—Chicago Daily News.

A trifling argument may end in a record-smashing quarrel.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Truth is violated by falsehood, and it may be equally outraged by silence.—Ammien.

The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams that are bright all the time.—Arkin.

"Loafing and arguing," commented the large-waisted philosopher, "are equally profitable; and usually the man who does most of one also does most of the other."—Indianapolis News.

Sorry She Spoke.—"Thank you, my little boy who had given up his seat in the car," and you have been taught to always give your seat to ladies?" "No, ma'am," replied the bright boy, "only to old ladies."—Philadelphia Press.

How It Occurred.—Aunt Hannah—"I saw that young man kiss you, Jane; how did it come about?" Jane—"In the most natural way in the world, auntie. He asked me if I would be offended if he kissed me, and I told him it was impossible for me to say until I knew what it was like."—Boston Transcript.

Impertinence.—Mistress (to new servant)—There are two things, Mary, about which I am very particular; they are truthfulness and obedience. Mary—"Yes, ma'am; and when you tell me to say you're not in, when a person calls that you don't wish to see, which is it to be, mum—truthfulness or obedience?"—King.

Keeping Up with Fate. "You will be married within a year," continued the fortune teller. "Dear me!" exclaimed the lady, who was already married. "I shall have to begin divorce proceedings at once."—Boston Post.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills. Must Bear Signature of Aunt Sam. See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION. CURE SICK HEADACHE.

HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL FOR PAIN OF ANY KIND. ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT. FREE TO MOTHERS OF suffering babies. Send to Henry C. Blair, Walnut & 8th Sts., Philadelphia, for a "Teething Necktie." Money refunded if not satisfactory. Fifty cents, mail, prepaid.

LIVE STOCK AND MISCELLANEOUS ELECTROTYPES IN GREAT VARIETY for sale at the lowest prices by A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Co. 71 Ontario Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Allen's Ulcerine Salve Cures Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Scrofulous Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, Ischaemic Ulcers, Heretial Ulcers, White Swelling, St. Luc's Fever Sores, and all sorts of sore swellings. Postoffice No. 511, Baltimore. By mail, 25c and 50c. J. P. ALLEN, St. Paul, Minn.

OPIMUM WHISKY and other drug habits cured. We want the worst cases. Book and recipe FREE. Dr. B. M. WOOLLEY, Box 11, Atlanta, Ga.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.