

CAMERON COUNTY PRESS.

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Published Every Thursday.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For year in advance, \$2.00

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, 25 cents; subsequent insertions 10 cents per square.

JOB PRINTING.
The Job Department of this Press is complete and affords facilities for doing the best class of printing.

The Latest Panacea.

We Americans have a genius for the invention of cure-alls, and for faith in them after they are invented. Some one has now contrived—on paper—the Order of Nebuchadnezzarites.

President Roosevelt may find support for his theory that under certain conditions war may be more honorable than peace and better for mankind in the utterances of Dr. Emil Reich, the Hungarian historian and philosopher, now lecturing in London.

Waste of Scientific Thought.
Word comes from Paris that a scientist over there has an invention that will make a detailed record of a man's thoughts.

Sometimes Americans wonder that Australia, a country with less than 4,000,000 inhabitants, should turn out so many crack athletes, especially jugglers.

It is said that eagles sometimes go up 50,000 feet into the air, but how anyone can prove it is a mystery.

TAFT'S HIGH HOPES

PRESIDENTIAL PROSPECTS OF THE OHIO MAN.

He is Greatly Admired as Citizen's Jurist and Statesman, But Leading Protectionists Question Whether He is Sufficiently Sound in Their Economic Faith.

Events of an unusual character have conspired to project into the arena of public discussion the aspirations of Hon. William H. Taft for nomination as the Republican candidate for president of the United States.

In a recent issue of the Morning Call of Paterson appears a significant letter from one of the foremost citizens of New Jersey, Col. William Barbour, chairman of the executive committee of the American Protective Tariff League, as follows:

"New York, April 29, 1907.—To the Editor of the Call: In last Saturday's Call, under the heading, 'Taft Boom in the State,' you printed an article that would lead the reader to suppose that Secretary Taft was the choice of the Republican party in New Jersey to succeed President Roosevelt.

"Having had the privilege of representing the Sixth district at so many national conventions, may I say for myself, and on behalf of the many friends I have consulted, that when the time comes to nominate the next president, who will undoubtedly be named by the Republican party, the state of New Jersey can select a better protectionist to occupy the White House than Mr. Taft?

"If we are to continue to enjoy the prosperous times to which we are entitled so long as our country is blessed with bountiful crops, the tariff must be let alone, and Mr. Taft must speak out on this great question, as McKinley did and Vice President Fairbanks has, before visiting congressmen can hope to make many friends for Mr. Taft in the great manufacturing state of New Jersey. Very truly yours,

"WILLIAM BARBOUR."

When Col. Barbour thus early raises the question whether Judge Taft is a good enough protectionist to command the support of a great industrial state like New Jersey, it is an evidence that the time has arrived when the Taft candidacy must be taken seriously. Only a few days previous to the publication of the Barbour letter Hon. Theodore E. Burton, representative in congress from Ohio, paid a visit to New Jersey. The object of this visit was clearly revealed in a speech before a New Jersey audience appealing for New Jersey's undivided support of the Taft candidacy.

As Col. Barbour has a rather larger interest in New Jersey affairs than the Ohio congressman can possibly have, and as the moment for plain speaking has plainly arrived, it seems both natural and proper that a protest should be filed against the unripe assumption that New Jersey was going to be solid for an Ohio aspirant.

Col. Barbour questions whether so doubtful a protectionist as Judge Taft can command the solid support of the New Jersey delegation in next year's Republican national convention. Many protectionists have similar doubts as to the delegations from other states. It is believed that even in Ohio, Mr. Taft's own state, there are many such protectionists.

This opposition to the Taft candidacy is based upon no feeling of ill will toward the man himself. Far from it, Secretary Taft is warmly esteemed and greatly admired for his splendid abilities as jurist and statesman. He is indeed a most lovable sort of a man, albeit a strong fighter and a hard hitter. He fights in the open, and what he says you can depend on. But is he a protectionist?

Mr. Taft's strenuous advocacy of free trade in Philippine products competing with the products of American agriculture stamps him as a devoted friend of the semi-servile and half-savage Filipino, but it does not make him out a protectionist.

Mr. Taft's persistence in the matter of purchasing in foreign markets materials and supplies for the construction of the Panama canal was doubtless actuated by a desire to enforce strict economy in the canal expenditures, but it was a mistaken economy—the economy of those who urge that the right thing to do is to buy everything in the cheapest market, and that a protective tariff that gives the home market to home production and labor is morally wrong.

pressing need of the hour was, under the circumstances, of questionable propriety. It was not what a good protectionist would have done.

That Col. Barbour in his letter to the Call has voiced the general view of protectionists we think is beyond question. His rank in the world of industry, finance and business, together with his official relation toward the American Protective Tariff League and his many years of conspicuous identification with Republican politics in New Jersey, combine to give his declaration more than ordinary significance. It is well that Secretary Taft's early and frank avowal of his presidential aspirations should be met by an equally early and frank avowal that if he is to stand well with protectionists he must declare himself a protectionist in terms of unmistakable certainty.

WHOLE IDEA IS WRONG.

State Department Errs in Effort to Revise Tariff.

When even Democratic newspapers deprecate invasions across the border line which separates the respective powers and functions of the legislative and executive branches of our government, the situation takes on a serious aspect. The new York American has no love for the protective tariff system, but it gravely questions whether that system can or ought to be changed by an edict of the secretary of state without the concurrence of congress.

In a well considered and ably written editorial in the American of May 2 the conclusion is reached that:

"This method of dealing with a matter of national magnitude is wrong and dangerous. It threatens disturbance to our whole foreign trade."

This presupposes the truth of the reports that in the new dicker with Germany the spirit and intention of the Dingley tariff law have been subverted to an extent that will revolutionize customs methods of appraisal and collection. Unfortunately the supposition turns out to be correct. Our gifted state department has for the time being taken over the authority to revise the tariff schedules downward.

A THREATENING TROPICAL CLONE.



A Serious Question.

Referring to the proposed transfer of the tariff making prerogative from the United States congress to the expert—undervaluers of Germany, the Bulletin of the American Iron and Steel Association remarks:

"If the reader will compare the concessions made to Germany with the forecast made by the correspondent of the American Economist he will see that our government has shamelessly yielded to the German demand that not the true value of German exports to this country, but the value placed upon them by the exporters is to be the guide to our customs officials in assessing duties. When did congress give to the president the authority to set aside and absolutely nullify the plain provisions of our tariff schedules?"

The practical repeal of the customs administrative sections of the Dingley law is accomplished if the reported concessions are carried out. Congress has explicitly laid down certain rules for the ascertainment of the values of imports. If the state department sets aside these rules so that German exporters and not United States appraisers may determine such values, are not the power and authority of congress in effect usurped? It is more than possible that this question will be brought up in congress.

Have Kept Things Steady.

"This is no time for stand-patters." The foregoing is one of the recent declarations of George P. Hummer, the Democratic candidate for congress in the Fifth district. This sarcastic reference to Republicans who do not favor repeal of the Dingley bill or any drastic tariff changes, has been repeated from time to time for several past years. These years have been the best this country has ever known. Had it not been for the positions held by the so-called "stand-patters" the changes and experiments proposed six or eight years ago would have been entered upon. There are few Americans who are not now glad that these demands for changes were resisted and prevented. Those who now are asking for changes in policies and conditions are those who did their best to prevent present policies and present conditions.—Houghton (Mich.) Gazette.

CONFESSION

Of a Series of Crimes Is Made in Court by

HARRY ORCHARD.

The Prosecution's Star Witness in the Haywood Trial Tells a Story that Sickens His Hearers.

Boise, Idaho.—Alfred Horsley, alias Harry Orchard, the actual assassin of Frank Steenberg, went on the stand Wednesday as a witness against William D. Haywood and made public confession of a long chain of brutal, revolting crimes, committed, he said, at the inspiration and for the pay of the leaders of the Western Federation of Miners.

An undertaking by the prosecutors for the state, that they would by late proof and connection make his testimony legitimate, opened the way like a floodgate to the whole diabolical story, and throughout the entire day Orchard went on from crime recital to crime recital, each succeeding one seemingly more revolting than the one that preceded.

Orchard confessed that as a member of the mob that wrecked the Punker Hill and Sullivan mills in the Coeur d'Alenes he lighted one of the fuses that carried fire to the giant powder explosion; confessed that he set the death trap in the Vindicator mine at Cripple Creek that blew out the lives of Superintendent McCormick and Foreman Beck; confessed that because he had not been paid for his first attempt at violence in the Vindicator mine he had been treacherous to his associates by warning the managers of the Florence and Cripple Creek railway that there was a plot to blow up their trains; confessed that he fired three charges of buckshot into the body of Detective Lyte Gregory, of Denver, killing him instantly; confessed that for days he stalked Gov. Peabody, of Colorado, about Denver, waiting a chance to kill him; confessed that he and Steve Adams set and discharged the mine under the station at Independence, Col., that instantly killed 14 men, and confessed that, falling in an attempt to poison Fred Bradley, of San Francisco, he blew him and his house up with a bomb of gelatin powder.

Orchard retained control of himself almost from the moment he took the stand. His eyes were bloodshot and his face mottled in color when he came into the room to confront the man whose life he jeopardizes. He was plainly nervous. He quickly steeled himself and was soon talking in the soft, easy tones that characterize his speech. His manner was easy and his gaze steady in any direction whence a question claimed his attention.

FOR CONTEMPT OF COURT.

The Secretary of an Oil Company is Given a Sentence of Three Months in Jail.

Leavenworth, Kan.—Judge Hook, of the United States circuit court, on Wednesday sentenced H. H. Tucker, jr., indicted secretary of the Uncle Sam Oil Co., to three months in jail for contempt of court, the contempt being an affidavit filed by Tucker alleging a conspiracy between Federal Judges Pollock, McPherson and Phillips and the Standard Oil Co. to drive the Uncle Sam out of business.

Judge Hook condemned the action of Attorney Albert L. Wilson, of Kansas City, who prepared the affidavit. The judge said that the only purpose of filing the affidavit was to create interest in the papers and influence public sentiment. Hook said there was no precedent for such an affidavit, and the clerk of the court was reprimanded for placing it on file. The affidavit was stricken from the files by order of Judge Hook.

Tucker began serving his sentence last night. The bankruptcy proceedings were continued until a judge can be found to sit in the case. Judge Pollock will not preside.

The affidavit alleged that Judges Pollock, Phillips and McPherson went on a fishing trip to Tampico, Mexico, on January 26, 1906, in the private car of Gardner Lathrop, head of the legal department of the Santa Fe railroad, and strongly intimated that during the trip a conspiracy was entered into between the judges and the Standard Oil Co. The assertion was made in the affidavit that the Standard Oil Co. and the Santa Fe railroad were controlled by the same persons. The affidavit further alleged that Judge Pollock made a statement against Tucker and the Uncle Sam out of court.

Tucker was on the stand two hours and was subjected to a grueling examination by N. H. Loomis, general attorney of the Union Pacific railroad, named by the court to conduct the examination. Tucker attempted to corroborate the charges in the affidavit, but became mixed and admitted that the affidavit was prepared on hearsay.

Fifty-seven People Injured.

Nashville, Tenn.—Going 25 miles an hour, a Southern railway passenger train on Wednesday plunged off a 15-foot embankment at Black Branch, 33 miles east of Nashville, injuring 57 out of the 60 passengers aboard.

Croker's Horse Wins the Derby.

London, Eng.—Richard Croker's Orby, ridden by "Johnny" Reiff, the American jockey, won the Derby stakes, of 6,500 sovereigns, at Epsom Wednesday; distance about one mile and a half.

SIMILAR, BUT DIFFERENT.

"I've got a bright idea, George!" Exclaimed the maiden fair To the young man by her side As the sunbeams kissed her hair.

Perseverance.

The mistress of a large, fashionable home had just secured a new maid of Irish extraction, and who had just come from the "ould sod." Being on friendly terms with her neighbor, she told the maid that the neighbor could use anything she desired.

One day the mistress went out for all morning. On her return she found that the telephone which had been installed in the hall was gone. Calling the maid, she inquired for it.

"Please, mum," answered Bridget, "th' lady across th' shtrate asked me if she cud use th' telephone, an' Oi sint it over to her; but Oi had an awful toime to git it unshrewed."—Judge.

Changed.

But Love, it soon appeared, was by no means the spoiled child he once had been.

"People don't make so much of him as formerly, particularly Americans," whispered Venus, with a note of resentment.

That was the mother of it. She was downright offended, in her heart, and thought it but a poor world where people made so little of anything but money, noise, trouble for their neighbors, and the like.—Life.

Didn't Get Over It.

Two young men were having a heated argument over a problem which needed a great deal of mental calculation.

"I tell you," said one, "that you are entirely wrong."

"But I am not," said the other, "Didn't I go to school, stupid?" almost roared his opponent.

"Yes," was the calm reply; "and you came back stupid." That ended it.

Just the Animal He Wants.

"Halloa, Hodge," said Thomson, "what's wrong with that horse?" "I'm going to sell him," replied Hodge.

"What for?" "Oh, well, my mother-in-law was driving him yesterday, and he ran away, and gave her such a fright that she has left the house."

"Oh, I say," cried Thomson, eagerly, "I'll buy that horse. What do you want for him?"

Diplomacy.

Watkins—The De Robinsons are giving a big dance next month. I wish they'd invite me.

Roberts—Do you? Then I'll tell you a scheme that generally works. You drop in some night and tell Mrs. De Robinson that you'll be out of town all next month. See if they don't invite you then.

Height of Laziness.

Mifkins—So you consider Dawdles rather lazy, do you?

Bifkins—Lazy! Say, he's the limit. Why, even when he has nothing to do he is too lazy to do it.—Chicago Daily News.

MI:UNDERSTOOD.



Old Lady—I see misfortune's laid her hand most cruelly on you, my poor man.

Poor Man—No mum, yer wrong there, it warn't no miss as done it—it was my missus.

A Diamond Composer.

A composer of op'ras galore Went broke for a twelvemonth or more; But he's now struck it rich With the baseball team which Employs him to write out the score.—Judge.

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