

TAXES COME AND GO

People Paying That Forgiven in Hard Times Days.

They Liquidate Because They Have the Money With Which To Square Themselves.

There is but one serious objection that died in the wool democrats, reformed populists, socialists, demopops, popo democrats and anti-republicans have to urge. They seriously, tearfully and consistently object to any man being able to pay his tax stipend. Any good democrat or reforming populist knows full well that when a man pays his taxes without a legislative stay of collection, such as was necessary in the days not so long ago when they ruled the roost, that their only argument has frattered away like the dead leaves of autumn.

It is well within the memory of even late day Palouses when the country was aflame with beggar petitions to the state legislature asking a stay of proceedings on tax collections. This was in the days of an administration such as the political dodgers and financial fuddlers of today are attempting to re hoist on a long-suffering people. The legislature listened with attentive ear and told the people they would not be forced to liquidate. Through the days when the reformers were looking after the country taxation was dodged.

For the last two years people have been paying the taxes accumulated since 1893, when the democratic policies of the government were put into effect. They have paid considerable money. Why? During populist or demopopulist days—they were forgiven because they had no money to pay even sugar and coffee bills, let alone taxes.

In these piping times they are paying, not only the taxes of the current year, but for seven years in arrears. To pay the tax for seven years sticks in the craw of many good citizens, as well as in that of the still howling tax-dodger of 1896, 1894 and 1893.

Money as It Came and Went.

This year the people have freely paid taxes. They have settled many an old score dating back to the time when the Farmers' Alliance turned into the threatening and cowardly Silver Federation and the later period when the Silver Federation prostituted the populist party to its will.

Times have changed. People have the money to pay their taxes. They honestly want to do so, and do when the buzz of the demagogue who haunts country school houses and other secluded spots leaves their ears.

Whitman County Collections.

Tax collections in Whitman county have been surprising, but they are not all for one year. People have been paying in large lumps for taxes owed in the days of populist democracy, when they couldn't raise a cent for public purposes. Since January 1 Treasurer Windus has received as the county's income—nearly all from taxes—\$272,418.43. He has disbursed from the various funds \$136,352.79.

The receipts for the month of June were:

Taxes for 1899	\$ 27,910.57
For 1898	280.98
For 1897	214.19
For 1896	87.59
For 1895	86.54
For 1894	34.93
For 1893	62.55

Total tax collection for June \$ 28,677.35
 Official fees for June 728.80
 Liquor license 829.16
 Taxes prior to 1893 16.47
 Accrued interest on taxes prior to 1893 71.40

Total income for June \$ 29,659.02
 Previously received since Jan. 1 242,759.41

Total county income since January 1 \$272,418.43

Money That Went.

The disbursements from the office of Treasurer Windus were nearly the usual, due to the large amount paid out in the causes of education, more than half the expenditures of the month. The disbursements from the various funds were:

From school district fund	\$ 15,001.22
Special school fund	5,840.44
Road district fund	3,399.07
Current expense fund	8,820.16
Road and bridge fund	1,282.08
Indigent soldiers	35.00

Disbursements for June \$ 34,384.97
 Since Jan. 1, previously reported 101,967.82

Piled Up in the Road.

H. W. Goff, the Colfax insurance agent was in the middle of an accident Friday which might have resulted more seriously than the skinning of a cheek bone. On a stage between Fairfield and Waverly, an intoxicated traveler imagined that he was more of an artist with the ribbons than was the driver. He grabbed the reins from the driver's hands and emitted a war whoop. The result was a piling up of the entire outfit in the road. Four people were more or less injured, but by strange chance the drunken passenger was the worst hurt. His shoulder was dislocated, and nose took pity upon his whimperings. Mr. Goff escaped with a badly bruised and well skinned cheek bone.

Fourth On Dry Creek.

The people of Dry creek and neighboring country happily enjoyed themselves on the Fourth of July. Nearly a hundred of the neighbors gathered with well loaded baskets and "hearts as light as the wind that blows" at Nelson's grove. Croquet was played and yarn reminiscent of the early days north of Snake river were spun by many a stout hearted pioneer. The crowd staid until the shades of evening reminded them of milking time, while many remained until darkness showed the fireworks in brilliance against the sky.

On a Little Outing.

A. E. King, W. C. Fudge, J. W. Potent and Omar Johnson left Monday morning for swift water on the St. Joe river, Idaho, for a few weeks' vacation. They intend to follow the river to its source at the Montana line. Bert Newton accompanied them to care for the camp.

Palouser in Missouri.

The Adrian, Mo., Journal of June 29 contained the following interesting and complimentary personal notice: "Judge Wm. A. Inman of Colfax, Washington,

arrived in the city last Saturday for a visit with his brother, E. T. Inman. On Monday their brother, James Inman of California, arrived. This is the first time they had met since 1856, 44 years, and the reunion was a most enjoyable one. They separated as boys, the eldest one being but 16 years old. Now their heads are silvered with age. Their meeting revived the incidents of childhood, as well as the struggles of life since they separated in the long ago."

SHORT POLITICAL SERMON

Various Kinds and Varying Degrees of Thought and Action.

If Populists Were Ever Honest, and Not Purely Demagogic, Now Is the Time to Prove It.

Editor Gazette:—Many democrats are severe in their criticisms of the faction of the populist party which refused to be led into the democratic fold when the latter party held its county convention some time ago. The Commoner especially seems to be very much aggrieved because its scheme to "amalgamate" all the "reform" and "reformed" forces of this county failed to materialize. In a recent issue of the Commoner appears the following:

Just as surely as the gold democrats constituted a McKinley aid society in the last national campaign, the populists of Whitman county who decline to unite with the democrats will constitute a republican aid society next fall.

Now, I would like to have any person give an intelligent reason why the democrats and populists should fuse, or why the populists should fuse with any other party? If the principles of the democratic and the populist parties are so nearly alike that they can with any degree of consistency fuse or unite under one party banner, then we, as republicans—as American citizens, if you please—can see no reason why there should be two party organizations at all. Why not disorganize one or the other and maintain one party organization only?

History of the Populists.

We remember when the populist party came into existence a few years ago, that its leaders roundly abused "both old parties" as being thoroughly corrupt, meaning, of course, the republican and democratic parties. But, notwithstanding this, we find the average democrat tearfully pleading with the populist brethren to unite with his party and help defeat the "common enemy" which is interpreted to mean the republican party. We maintain that there is no more reason why the populist party should manifest any more love for the democratic party now than it did several years ago, when it first came into existence as a party and claimed that both the democratic and republican parties were corrupt and treated them not as "common enemies."

But, says one, the democratic party has reformed. It endorses the populist platform; hence, the populist party can very consistently fuse with us as a party. Well, if that is true, there is absolutely no excuse for the existence of the populist party as an organization, and it should immediately disband and let its members seek political homes elsewhere. If the members of the populist party are democrats in sentiment, then let them be democrats in name, and fight under the old democratic banner and be done with it.

Memories of Populist Organization.

It will be remembered that a few years ago when the populist party of this county was in the zenith of its power, the democratic party, constituting a small minority, was most anxious to fuse with the populists for the sake of a few crumbs which might fall from the populist table of plenty; but the overtures of the democrats were peremptorily declined, with the sound populist advice that the individual democrats could, if they wished, leave their party and unite with the proud and arrogant and victorious populist party.

But to divide the spoils of office with the weak democratic party could not be considered. But after the wheels of political fortune had turned and made the populist party the weaker of the two, we see such populist leaders as Apostates Janeway and Crow and other smaller lights doing all in their power to lead their party bodily into the democratic fold—thus doing the very thing they condemned a few years ago.

And when they failed to drag their party into the democratic convention those pure (?) minded "reformers" rushed wildly into the democratic tent, hiring a small boy in advance for ten cents to announce their coming.

They were received with open arms by the hungry office seeking element of the said organization.

It seems to us that such conduct should have disgusted the better element of the democratic party. The fact is, this hybrid organization (the demopopu-go-go) is dominated by persons who are seeking political loaves and fishes and who care nothing for principle.

A few years since such men as Senator Turner, "Pat" Winston, "Wheat Chart" Jones, J. R. Rogers and many small fry office seekers abused the democratic party severely.

Especially did Turner and Jones denounce said organization in unmeasured terms.

When Populists Were Powerful.

These charlatans of "reform" politics united with the populist party when it was able to give them official pelf, and just so soon as the old democratic party began to manifest new life and the populist party began to die from its load of hypocrisy, they again "flopped" by turning their backs on the party which had trusted them, and went to the party they not long ago abused, for the reason that they want office and are willing to sacrifice principle, honor and all they have preached in the past to secure it.

In conclusion we assert that the populist party is no more a republican aid society, nor in fact, not so much as it is a democratic aid society—the opinion of the Commoner and democratic leggers for deputizing to the contrary notwithstanding. OBSERVER.

A SOLDIER ON LUZON

Tells Tragic and Comic Tales of Life on the Island.

Takes a Philosophical View of the Difficulties and is Afraid of Nothing But Snakes.

W. B. Blachley has received a letter from his son Frank of Company C, Thirty-fifth volunteer infantry, in which all of the thirty volunteers from Colfax are enrolled. The letter is dated at Balinaug, May 26. After speaking of letters received from home and his delight from them, the young soldier says:

"I have seen from the papers sent that grandfather is dead. Everything is dull here now. There is nothing going on. Once in a while one of us is picked off on the outposts, but there are no general engagements since the gentlemen of color disabused their minds of the idea that the American soldier is a coward."

"It is rumored that our detachment of the Thirty-fifth is soon to go to Manila to garrison the famous Billibid prison, where in the days of Spanish rule so many iniquities and barbarities were practiced upon the unlucky natives who fell into Spanish military hands. It is said we will go there in June. I hope we do, for it will be ever so much better there than here in the rainy season now drawing on. We were paid on the 18th, but after I had visited a Chino restaurant and a few lemonade and banana stands and paid a few necessary bills I found \$2.90 in my inside pocket. Pretty good, isn't it? Ha-ha. A nice mess of fish or a half spring chicken fry is too tempting a dish for me to pass for strong and stomach-turning bacon and prunes—when I can get them on time."

"A meal at a restaurant costs 7 cents for tea, 5 cents for bread and butter, 5 cents for potatoes, 10 cents for onions, 10 cents for spring chicken (10 years old at least), judging by the toughness of its hide), 45 cents. So, you see, I eat a hole in \$15.00. But the American soldier lives for his appetite. If his inner works call for chicken, chicken he surely has. But I have done considerably better than some of the boys. They have gone in debt beyond their depths in carressing their appetites, while I have kept within the bounds of financial resources at hand."

Out With the Macabebes.

"I was out with the famous Macabebe scouts the other day, scouting around. There were four of them and myself. No officers were along to interfere with us, and we contributed somewhat to the gaiety of the oriental nations. We were sneaking along through the woods, tropical thickets and luxuriant grasses, slipping up to a house. The first thing we knew we ran plump into a big band of (Look out now, I have Filipino blood in my hands)—a band of gosses. When they saw me they ran squawking in the gibberish of several different island languages. Of course, I was the first white skinned man they had ever gazed upon and they did not know how kind-hearted I was. One of them (poor things) was so frightened that in his hurry to get away and hide he fell down and broke his neck short off. Of course, I did not feel that the folks at home would sanction such a thing as allowing his plump carcass to go to waste, so we hunted a house and persuaded the woman to cook him in equatorial style. All the scouting I did that afternoon was around the rim of the pot which held the sad remains. One of the Macabebes seemed to think the poor thing had suited its head against one of Uncle Sam's guns in my hands, but when I showed him the hole into which the unfortunate had fallen in its mad haste, he laughed and was convinced by a generous slice of the big white breast. I won't say that it would have been toothsome at home in the far-away Palouse hills; but, you know, when a tender kid like me has been hiking through the burning tropic sun and climbing mountains for hours without a stomach-staying bite, a juicy goose is good."

Happy Soldier Life.

"You wanted to know what a soldier's life is like here. It is a life of unalloyed happiness. After all, though, if you could hear us growling and kicking you would imagine us the most abused people in the great world of ours. We mount guard at 8 in the morning and stay on until 8 the next day. Then we are relieved and that day is ours until retreat is sounded that night. The next day we are on 'room orderly' or 'old guard fatigue.' 'Room orderly' duty is to sweep out and police about camp for the day. 'Old guard fatigue' is to go down to the store rooms and help unload the wagons and truck provisions of which we eat a sight. The next day we go on detail to go scouting or go on a wagon or bull train as guard. There is where the soldier's fun and taste of life comes in, because quite often we are fired upon, but seldom get hurt, and always get something to show for our pains and ammunition—a googoo or a gun. You have to get something, or the boys will laugh us out of camp and make us inland wanderers with several thousand miles of the deep blue sea between us and the land of our nativity."

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

SHAW'S PURE MALT—Exhilarates and does not poison, that's why doctors drink it. It is good for sick and old, and excellent for young and well. Sold by F. J. Stone, Colfax, Wash.

If you would have the best liniment, get Stone's Pain-Not. Good for colic, sprains, bruises and all sorts of pain. 50 cents out at the Elk Drug Store.

F. A. Blackstone sells Mason & Hamilton pianos and organs.

The best is the cheapest.—A young girl to assist taking care of a baby. Apply to Julius Lippitt.

Wanted—Girl for general housework.

Apply to Mrs. B. Burgunder.

H. W. Goff Agt. PHENIX Ins. Co.

enemy out into the bamboo thickets.

"Chum Jones and myself had drawn a military map and marked out the trails and ingresses and egresses to the town to the best of our ability. Tired with our work, we sat down on a stump to rest, with no thought of the enemy lurking in the bamboo bush. The fact is we stopped to take a whiff or two of the seductive cigarette. We were getting along immensely, when I threw the burning stub of my finished cigarette down. It dropped on something which immediately exhibited life, and uproariously so. Whoop-a-hoo—a big constrictor of greater pretensions than ever followed a North American circus, began to writhe and twist and contort right under our very feet. Even an American soldier has no love for the scales and twistings of a hideous serpent of gigantic proportions.

"Out of the tangle of tropical bush he writhed slowly, but surely. Light at my feet he wriggled along, curling the atmosphere and bushes with a length of 20 feet. Of course, I did not stop to get his exact measurement just then, but I give it to you as my best recollection. I gave one long and bloody and heart-rupturing yell and fell off the stump. Gee whizz! how I did split the Filipino atmosphere. My light marching uniform flouted defiantly in the old breeze and was raveled out like an old sock in the hands of our grandmothers.

"After a swift flight to the breakers of the boundless sea hemming me in I looked back and was thunderstruck to find that Jones was not at my heels. Later I found he had stuck to the stump and laughed and tittered like the fearless Mohammedan devil he is. 'You are a daisy,' laughed Jones. 'Where is the gun Uncle Sam gave into your keeping?' A fine soldier you will make.' I gazed awe-stricken at my poor and empty trembling hands. In my mad Irish haste at sight of the serpent contortions from an innocent cigarette I had become a deserter from the United States army and left the gun to care for itself.

"In fear and trembling I asked Jones if he expected a respectable unit of the United States army to sit quietly still and be squashed to death by a hideous monster. 'Where is that wriggling, writhing, terrifying thing?' I asked. 'Safe,' said Jones; 'come back and get your gun.'

"Would you believe it? When I cautiously picked my way back that fool Jones had thrown a tangled creeper of rattan around his snaking and had hid him so securely to a tree as ever was a bumptious cayuse to a snubbing post on the plains of Winona.

"Of course, the longer I live the more I learn. I have found that the natives make captives of these royal snakes in this same way, and when gaunt hunger has weakened the great snake they fall upon his sinuous carcass, flay him alive and devour him as you would a new potato.

Dogs as Well as Snakes.

"These gentlemanly friends of ours are considerably like the beloved Sioux Indian. They are as fond of dogs as of snakes. One of our corporals found this out the other day when he was out with a party of Macabebes. They impressed dinner at a house. The corporal relished it. He thought he was eating pork and was badly disturbed in the stomach later when a Macabebe told him he had eaten dog. He has not looked well since."

CELLULOID FIRE.

Deputy Sheriff's Cuffs Exploded on His Wrists.

Deputy Sheriff Bon Carter is nursing a pair of badly burnt and swelled wrists, the result of a peculiar accident Saturday night. A jolly party of young people were making merry at his home, when some one attempted to strike a match. The head flew off and ignited the fringe of a sofa. In an instant the blaze enveloped the sofa. Mr. Carter asked a young man to take hold of one end of the blazing piece of furniture while he handled the other, to set it outside.

All worked well until a pair of celluloid cuffs worn by Mr. Carter got within the fire zone. They flashed like powder, and before they could be torn from his wrists he was painfully burned.

His hands were swelled up like hams for a few days and his usual hearty hand shake was absent.

Filipinos Join the Army.

Washington July 7.—The war department has been informed of the organization of a squadron of Philippine cavalry by Lieutenant-Colonel Wilbur E. Wilder, of the Fourth-third infantry, U. S. V., consisting of four troops of native scouts, having a maximum of 120 men to the troop.

Unclaimed Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed for in the Colfax postoffice, July 13, 1900: Evans, Mr Joe Looney, Miss Bertha Gregory, C A Looney, Miss Bertha Johnson, C G Moos, Klorieting Johnson, Stewart, Dan (Messrs Johnson, Mrs Mary Stump, Mrs Ethel Tong, Miss Elsie Tilles, Mrs P A. One cent postage will be collected. JAMES EWART, P. M.

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Apply to Mrs. B. Burgunder.

H. W. Goff Agt. PHENIX Ins. Co.

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Red Cloud Steam Navigation Co.

leaving Newport, Idaho, after arrival of the Great Northern east-bound passenger train every MONDAY and FRIDAY for the famous BOX CANYON and Metaltine, and all intermediate points.

Fare, Newport to Box Canyon, \$5.50 Round Trip

Box Canyon, with its mountain-high walls and seething waters, is one of the wild spots of nature. The adjacent woods abound in game and the waters teem with fish—the sportsman's paradise.

For tickets and further information apply to or address,

GEORGE JONES, Newport, Idaho, or ED. KENNEL, Colfax, Wash.

Great Clearing Sale

OF ALL KINDS OF

SUMMER GOODS.

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HARVEST SUPPLIES

Our stock is most complete and prices to suit the times. Here are a few articles we carry:

Groceries, Crockery, Jelly Glasses, Machine Oil, Tinware, Granite ware, Hay and Grain, Tubs, Washing Machines, Fruit, Vegetables, Baskets, Water Kegs, Confectionery, Nuts, Fruit Jars and Tops, Cigars, Tobacco, Crock, Jugs and Pots, Tropical Fruits, etc., etc.

Eggs and Poultry wanted in large or small quantities, for which we pay cash or merchandise. Bring us all you have.

C. H. MOORE,

Phone Main 3-4. Free Delivery. Colfax, Washington.

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ROCKFORD, WASH., Can fill all orders for Wood on short notice.

Best Grade \$2.25, Buckskin \$2.00 per cord, by carload

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To your own interests? Then serve them best by buying your

Hardware, Stoves, Tinware, Sash, Doors, Paint and Farm Implements

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Bulletin, Sunday, San Francisco 2.30

Call, Weekly, San Francisco 2.25

Cosmopolitan Magazine, New York 2.35

Country Magazine, New York 3.05

Chronicle, Weekly, San Francisco 2.65

Enquirer, Weekly, Cincinnati 2.05

Examiner, Weekly, San Francisco 2.65