

COLFAX GAZETTE
 W. L. HUNTER, PUBLISHER.
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 O. R. & N. Time Card.
 To Portland.....8:15 p.m.
 To Spokane.....6:15 a.m. 4:00 p.m.
 To Pendleton.....10:45 a.m. 8:15 p.m.
 From Moscow.....9:15 a.m. 3:45 p.m.
 From Moscow.....10:50 a.m. 8:20 p.m.

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.
 Beginning with this week, a change will be made in the editorial department of THE GAZETTE. William F. Guion, an old and experienced newspaper writer, well known in Seattle, Spokane and throughout the state, will become editor of THE GAZETTE. Mr. Guion is an editor and writer of recognized ability and his connection with this paper must certainly prove of service to our many readers.

W. L. Hunter, publisher of THE GAZETTE, will hereafter confine himself to the rapidly growing business department which has reached such size as to demand exclusive attention.

It's Something New.
 If "most anybody" in Whitman county has a grievance which he cannot adjust to his own personal satisfaction he goes to the Colton News-Letter or to the Spokesman-Review, and blames John N. Pickrell.

If a man fails to be appointed "minister to Dahomey" by President Roosevelt, he damns J. N.

If a man wants to borrow money of a man and doesn't, he's after Pickrell.

When some of the men with bulging foreheads run out of "copy," they hand it to "J. N."

But it remained for the Portland Oregonian to discover another phase of the variegated Pickrell personality. It is given in the following editorial:

"The Washington railroad commission will not leave Colfax to complete the taking of testimony in the joint rate case. Colfax was decidedly lukewarm in its support of Governor Mead, and, for a long time after his election, was distrustful of the strength of his railroad Commission. This weak support and distrustfulness must surely vanish in face of such a demonstration as has been made during the past week. With all of the big railroad men of the North west bowing low or stepping lively as Whitman's favorite son, Citizen John Pickrell, prods them with the joint rate harpoon, respect for the powers of the commission must certainly be at high-water mark at Colfax. Then there is statesman Martin Maloney, who keeps the hotel. Martin is a recent arrival in Whitman county and always a democrat, but he is also a staunch commission man, and the longer the flow of tainted railroad money for board and lodging is continued, the more favorable Martin will be to the railroad commission."

Result is Gratifying
 The state railroad commission, after devoting five days to the hearing of testimony by shippers and railroad representatives, adjourned last Monday evening after preparing and issuing an informal statement of its findings. The findings are wholly against the railroads and are favorable to Colfax and Eastern Washington.

The result of the investigation by the railroad commissioners is peculiarly gratifying to the GAZETTE, which newspaper, because of its support of the commission, its openly expressed faith in the honesty of purpose of the commissioners, has been repeatedly attacked by disgruntled organs like the Spokesman-Review, the Commoner, the Colton News-Letter and other organs which, for reasons of their own, sought to discredit the commission and the GAZETTE.

The commission has done exactly what the GAZETTE said it would do—returned an honest and fearless finding. None of the predicted trucking to the railroads happened.

On the other hand, a clear, concise and uncompromising finding of facts and an emphatic declaration of remedies proposed marked the work of the commission.

Surely those organs that have been crying "wolf" and accusing other newspapers of being subsidized must now turn to some new victim of their calumnies.

While there are rumors of several candidates for the office of mayor of Colfax and two or three lightning rods have been partially raised during the past week, not one positive declaration of candidacy has been made by the shy outsiders.

The only bona fide candidate for the office is the present able and popular incumbent, W. J. Davenport. Mr. Davenport's splendid administration has resulted in his friends demanding his acceptance of a second term.

A Fair Exchange

(Original)
 Wilbur Parks while at college carried off prizes as readily as a chicken picks up grains of corn. Indeed, the winning of intellectual honors was so simple a matter to him that he couldn't understand why all students couldn't do the same. What Mr. Parks coveted was success in athletics and he especially desired to be prominent as a boating man. He had not the physique to gain him an entrance into the university crew, but felt it possible for him to stand well as an unprofessional oarsman.

Parks spent his vacation before entering upon his senior year at Lake M. and sent his own boat, a needle shaped affair with wide outriggers on either side, up by rail. At the hotel where he stopped there was a couple of college girls, one of whom had no end of conditions consequent upon her last examinations to make up and should have been studying rather than sunbathing. The other, Josephine Banning, was rich, and it made little difference practically whether she got a diploma or not, but Alda Lane was poor and doomed to the drudgery of a school-room and her degree was of the greatest importance to her. Since the needful is seldom bestowed in the right place, Miss Banning was a good scholar, while Miss Lane dragged along at the foot of her class. However, the latter was pretty and there was hope for her in another direction.

Parks met the two girls and devoted himself to Miss Banning. This again was all wrong, for Miss Banning didn't need a husband and Miss Lane needed one very much. One morning Parks was pulling leisurely on the sunlit bosom of the lake in his skeleton boat, when, hearing the sounds of oars ahead, he turned and saw Alda Lane in a light lap-streak she had hired at the landing. Not averse to company, Parks gave a few strokes with his long sweeps with a view to taking position beside her, then turned his head to speak. To his surprise, her boat was not on his quarter, but about as far ahead as he had first seen it. He gave a dozen more strokes, and turned again to look. He had not gained half a length. Then he began to exert himself, but when Wilbur Parks exerted himself he was sure to do poorly. He put his oars in too deep and took them out with a jerk. Miss Lane stopped rowing and let him come alongside.

"You don't feather right," she said. Parks, red as a lobster, looked at her with an expression denoting that he did not care to be taught rowing by a girl. "Your strokes are too fast for such long sweeps," she went on. "You're giving as many to the minute as I with these paddles." Parks didn't deign to reply. "Oh," said the girl, pulling on, "I beg your pardon. I didn't intend—"

Either she didn't finish the sentence or Parks didn't hear the end. At any rate, though he worked hard, she pulled from him as a duck would swim from a chicken, the "clunk" of her oars growing fainter in the distance. The young man's emotions were like the rumbling of volcanic forces. What were all the scholarly prizes he had taken against this ignominious defeat by a girl? Had she beaten him intellectually he would not have much minded it, but for a man to be worsted in the matter of a man's natural endowment—strength—by a girl, whose principal weapon should be weakness, was humiliating indeed. He hated Miss Lane, and when a man begins to hate her he is in a dangerous condition. He knew he had been rude to her and should have apologized. He compromised when they met in the evening by thanking her in a formal way for his lessons in rowing.

The matter might have stood at rest here had not a sudden shower come up when the guests were having a lawn party at some distance from the hotel. Parks was walking briskly for cover when Miss Lane ran by him. Instinctively he began to race her, but when he reached the piazza she was sitting in a hammock fanning herself.

After this there was more bad blood between Mr. Parks and Miss Lane, and they barely spoke to each other. One morning Miss Lane went to the landing for a row. There was not a boat to be had, and she was about to retrace her steps when, looking out on the lake, she was just in time to see a collision between a punt and Wilbur Parks' shell. Both oarsmen were spilled in the water, the punter swimming for shore, Parks clinging to one of the boats.

Had the girl let him alone he would have been picked up presently and no damage done, but she saw her advantage and grasped it. Taking off only her shoes, she plunged in and swam for him. Parks saw her coming and, preferring death to being saved by her, left his boat and tried to swim for the landing. When they met he was exhausted. The girl managed to get his arm over her shoulder and around her neck and carried him to shore.

After that Parks suddenly discovered that his hatred for his preserver was of a very peculiar kind. Indeed, he disliked her so much that he became her slave. The next June he left college with high scholarly honors, while Miss Lane left by the back door—that is, without a degree. But Parks gained in her the athletic attainments he prized, and she gained what was indispensable to her—a husband. She worships Parks' intellectual endowments, and he is very proud that his wife is the best oarswoman and swimmer at the summer colony of which they are members. HELEN V. TURNER.

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STAMMERING.

The Cure That One Sufferer Invented May Help Others.

Among the minor arts of great importance is the self cure of stammering, which comes upon so many in early youth. In the memoir of "John Inglesant," which his touching confession, "I contracted the habit of stammering," wrote Mr. Short-house to Lady Welby, "was a delicate little boy of three at a large day school. It was not such a misfortune as might be supposed. For without this thorn in the flesh 'John Inglesant' would never have been written or conceived, and much which is very dear to me in philosophy would have been unknown." Few stammerers can bring forth a classic from their affliction, and some would even refuse the author's fame at the price of the speaker's embarrassments.

In many cases the self cure of stammering is easy. The present writer was a sufferer when a boy at a day school. He set himself to invent the cure. It was absolutely necessary, he found, that the opening syllable of a sentence should be said several times before the sentence was under way (just as the billiard player waggles his cue before the correct stroke). It occurred that the stammering might be done silently. So that little boy stammered firmly to himself with tightly closed lips, imagining himself to be speaking. It was easy enough, when the requisite number of "tut-tut-tuts" or "gug-gug-gugs" had been achieved in silence to start the sentence. Since then he has never stammered—aloud.—London Chronicle.

A SILVER BRIDGE.

Quaint Ceremony That Goes With a Rumanian Wedding.

At Rumanian weddings it is the custom at the wedding feast for the groom to receive his bride over a bridge of silver. Coins are placed in a double row across the table, and over this the bride daintily steps to her husband's waiting arms. The ceremony of laying the bridge is one of the interesting events of the wedding feast following the religious ceremony. When the guests are brought to a proper spirit of festivity by the good cheer at the board a space at the head of the table is cleared and from a bag are drawn silver coins prepared for the purpose, the proper provision being the production of coins fresh from the mint.

These are laid in a double row across the table, and when all is ready the father of the groom makes a speech to his son, admonishing him to see that his bride's way through life is always paved with silver. A proper response is made, and, mounting a chair, the elder man swings the bride lightly to the table. Carefully avoiding the displacing of a coin (for that would mean bad luck) the girl makes her way across the short silver pathway and leaps into the arms of her spouse.

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