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East Oregonian

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Ah, tis to the uncanonized,
The persecuted and despised,
That God reveals the light.
And they're the fearless ones that rise,
Against earth's concentrated lies,
To battle for the Right.

Yea, they are priests of the Most High
Whose temples are the earth and sky,
The sea and running brook—
Interpreters of Nature's lines,
And of the symbols and the signs,
In her eternal book.
—Alex McLachlan.

BE CAREFUL WHILE CAMPING.

The "combustible season" is at hand and a combination of dry leaves and carelessness will repeat the Oregon forest fire calamity. Campers should bear in mind that the safety of the forests is in their keeping, during the dry season.

So many people look lightly upon this great subject. So many Westerners take the whole question of forest preservation as a huge joke. They think the timber will always be here, no matter what wilfull waste is practised. They forget that the area is being reduced about 6 per cent each year, and no tree planting is being done to offset the loss.

It is so easy to be careful and watchful that it is impossible to imagine how people interested in the future of the country can cause such great devastation by negligence. It is impossible to think that they must waste the invaluable resources of the land, in order to complete the good time they go in search of.

Wastefulness is the besetting sin of the Westerner. He wastes his forests, wastes his game, wastes his water, in letting it run unused through the desert, wastes his range in allowing it to be trampled to death without making any provision for its regeneration and wastes his timber supply by cutting down a thousand trees each year, without planting one to replace the deficit.

The abundant resources of the virgin land inclined the pioneer to be lavish. The riches lying idle on every hand made the first settlers open-handed, open-pursed and liberal. It seemed to the men who first settled Umatilla county that the resources of the country would never be needed by civilization, they were so abundant. The very profusion with which nature had spread her bounties here, bred a lavish and wasteful spirit among the people of the West.

But a half century of settlement has changed the condition. The resources are now needed to support the population. From a condition of surfeit we have passed to a condition of need. The stockman feels his border narrowing year by year. The farmer feels his water supply diminishing and the mountain sources failing. The settler finds that lumber is becoming more and more precious and that buying wood is like buying nuggets.

The law must be invoked to save the remaining resources of the country, if the people will not voluntarily protect them. In view of this very end, the forest reserve and the law against starting forest fires were conceived and must be enforced. It will be but a few years more until the sources of the mountain streams will have to be fenced and protected, to insure a supply of water for the farming districts below. Water, timber and ranges are the great legacies of the West, and some provision must be made to transmit these unimpaired to the future.

THE DANGEROUS SURPLUS.

The national treasury shows a big surplus for the year ended June 30, and we are expected to rejoice and be glad. It is pointed to as a triumph of statesmanship. There are people who suppose we are all the richer for this surplus.

But there is another side to the matter. This surplus is nothing more nor less than hard-earned money belonging to the people, taken from them by unnecessary taxation and locked up there in the treasury for no purpose.

A nation can never make itself richer by taxation. Many a nation has made itself poorer by it. And any nation makes itself poorer when it unnecessarily takes money out of the hands of the people who have earned it and own it and piles it up in useless heaps for fools to gape at and exclaim: "Just see how rich we are."

As well might a merchant take part of his money out of his business and put it on exhibition in his show window as proof of his solvency. Instead of proving his solvency it would raise doubt of his sanity.

No sounder political principle was ever enunciated than this: Unnecessary taxation is unjust taxation. It breeds a great brood of injustices and extravagances and peculations. "You might as well," said the picturesque but perspicacious William Allen, "try to run a powder mill in hell as an honest government with a plethoric treasury." Allen is gone, but the truth remains.

The surplus revenue collected during the year was $53,000,000, some $10,000,000 more than the estimate. Of this at least $30,000,000 is the taxes imposed to meet the cost of the war with Spain. The total sum collected was only $4,500,000 less than in 1902, while the total expenditures were nearly $36,000,000 greater.

Though the war in the Philippines has been officially certified to be over, the expenses of the war department for the year were $118,550,000—an increase of more than $6,000,000 over 1902, and just double the cost in the year before the Spanish war.

The increase in the expenditure for the navy was $15,000,000.

And so through exorbitant taxation of a generous people the money flows into the treasury and because it flows it is spent, and if a little more flows in than can ge managed to be spent we are asked to accept the surplus as a measure of our national honesty. As a matter of fact, it is but a partial measure of our national extortion.

The people of this country are today riding on the crest of the wave of prosperity. The pinch is not felt today. But for all these vast expenditures and all this wonderful surplus left in the treasury after the bills have been paid, the man who works with his hands has to contribute out of his slim earnings.

The pace is being set in good times and the cost may not worry us, but it is a drain upon our resources just the same, and we shall feel it severely when depression comes.

Every dollar of these expenditures, every cent of this surplus, come out of the earnings of the people who work with their hands. They pay it indirectly in the increased cost of living under a government that collects more money than it needs.

That surplus is nothing to be pointed to with pride. It is a monument of shame and extortion.

The persistence with which Umatilla county sheep and cattlemen are breeding up their stock, is one of the best assurances for the future that is to be seen in the country. The great number of stock must be reduced and a better quality introduced to correspond with the diminishing outside range. No district in the West has witnessed a greater improvement in the quality of the herds in the past five years than Umatilla county. There is room for still greater improvement, and it is coming just as fast as money and pains can build up and grade up the holdings. One good animal does not consume more feed than a poor one, and the income is so much greater that there is no comparison between them.

There are 60,000 bales of wool awaiting shipment in the warehouses at Shaniko. The Columbia Southern railway borrows its freight cars from the O. R. & N. and because the woolgrowers of Shaniko will not bill their product to suit the O. R. & N., the company has delayed furnishing cars. The woolgrowers can get a cheaper rate to Boston over the Northern Pacific, and decline to ship over the Union Pacific. There is but one gate to the Shaniko district, and the O. R. & N. holds the key. What is the woolman going to do about it?

Champ Clark has made a host of friends in Oregon, during his brief stay. In fact, he was only going through the formality of getting acquainted with his friends—for he has been making them here for years by the high order of his public and private character and the purity of his politics. Champ Clark's stories and lectures are fireside words in numberless homes of the West, where genuine humor and sound sense and everyday religion and politics are admired.

Colombia has appointed the following commission to collect and arrange her exhibit for the World's Fair, St. Louis: Dr. Santiago Cortes, Julio D. Portocarrero, and Gen. Francisco Javier Vergara y Velasco.

DRIFTWOOD.

In Washington the other day the coach of the Russian ambassador was stopped as it was about to enter a street which was undergoing repairs. The coachman was highly indignant. "Let me past," he said, "I drive the Russian ambassador." "Can't do it," replied the man who was keeping carriages off the street. The coachman spoke volubly in French, then he came back to English and announced: "I drive Count Cassini master of the imperial court of Russia, and ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary of the Russian empire." "G'wan down the other street," replied the guard, unmoved. "I wouldn't let you through if you were driving a free-born American citizen."

The late Henry G. Morse, president of the New York Shipbuilding Company, was one day visited by a man who wished to borrow money wherewith to launch a questionable enterprise. Mr. Morse gave some polite excuse for his unwillingness to lend, and the man declared that he regarded this excuse as somewhat fishy. Thereupon, smiling grimly, Mr. Morse said: "Let me tell you a little story. Once upon a time an Arab went to his neighbor and said: 'Lend me your rope.' 'I can't,' said the neighbor. 'Why can't you?' 'Because I want to use it myself.' 'What do you want to do with it?' the borrower asked. 'I want to tie up five cubic feet of water with it, was the reply.' 'How on earth, the other sneered, can you tie up water with a rope?' 'My friend,' said the neighbor, 'Alla is great, and he permits us to do strange things with a rope, when we don't want to lend it.'"

Mr. W. E. Russel in a new volume of reminiscences gives some interesting glimpses of the married life of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, which he says was one long honeymoon. The jocose and genial side of the great premier and his wife is very attractive. With quaint enjoyment, Gladstone used to grasp his wife's hand and sing the refrain of his favorite "fiddler's song:"

A ragamuffin husband,
And a rantipoling wife;
We'll fiddle it and scrape it
Through the ups and downs of life.

An interesting contest showing the power of a great newspaper even when pitted against one of the greatest powers on earth, is going on at present between the London Times and the Empire of Russia. The Times correspondent was recently expelled from Russia because he was intolerably frank in his exposures of the social and political condition of Russian society. Now the other European correspondents of the Times are keeping the Russian authorities in the hottest kind of hot water by sending similar news to it from other European capitols. To make matters worse for Russia, the newspapers of Europe side with the Times to such an extent that the Russian government has felt constrained in self-defense to circulate a note of explanation and contradiction.

A venturesome editor, after launching his bark on the tempestuous seas of matrimony and getting some of his erroneous ideas of life corrected, sizes up the situation somewhat as follows:

In the gladness of her gladness she is glad,
And in the sadness of her sadness she is sad;
But the gladness of her gladness and the sadness of her sadness,
Are not in it with her madness when she's mad.

The following lines, written in old Trinity cemetery, are by Arthur Guiterman, in New York Times:

This was a merchant and that was a belle,
There lies a statesman—you know he fell,
Under the monument fronting the street,
Rests the young sailor who, spurning defeat
In a lost battle, and with his last prayer,
Gave us a watchword to challenge despair.
Troy and patriot camp side by side;
Truce of the turf to their rancor and pride.
Look toward the river, the stone at your feet
Shelters a blade of his majesty's fleet.
Gallant and gay when the red-coated leaven
Troubled our city in 'seventy-seven.
What of his ending—the daisies may know
More that is silence, a word and a blow.
Then, a locked room in the tavern, the gloom
Flickered with candles; the whisper of doom,
Bicker and ring of encountering steel,
Panting of bosoms, the stamp of the heel,
Feint, circle, parry, lunge, counter and carte—
Dead like a man, with a thrust thro' the heart.
What was the cause? Ah, you question in vain,
Dorothy, Annabel, Phyllis, or Jane,
Queen of Assemblies and toast of the bold,
Somewhere she slumbers in Trinity's mold.
Search in your heart if you seek to descry
That which is hidden, the passions that lie
Buried in earth, with her grasses above—
Sorrow and ectasy, hatred and love.
Tutuilla, July 26th.

TO IMPROVE THE SLUMS.

A number of women of Pittsburg have inaugurated a new method of improving the slums of that city. They have organized and incorporated a stock company capitalized at $20,000, and they are to build a model tenement house at some suitable place in the slums, fill it with typical residents of the neighborhood and proceed to give an object lesson in sanitary living, says the New Orleans Item. The company is called the Tenement Improvement Company and the capital named in its application for a charter is likely to be materially increased. The directors named are Misses Alice Holdship, Ann S. Phillips and Mary E. Bakewell, and with them are associated other women interested in municipal improvements.

LEO'S SUCCESSOR.

Perhaps few men are more generally looked upon as eligible to succeed Pope Leo XIII than Cardinal Girolamo Maria Gotti. He was suddenly brought from the silence of his cell to Rome, to be raised almost directly to the cardinalate, and the monastic humility and simplicity, which are a second nature with him, confer upon him the sort of power which is not feared but loved.

Though so long a monk, he seems to possess a thorough knowledge of the world, and, though he has lived a great part of his life in the solitude of a cloister, he has a marvelous power of winning affection and trust from all who know him. He has not been long at the head of the Propaganda, but his management is both keen and wise. Leo XIII esteemed him so highly, according to report, as to designate him as his probable successor. This may or may not be exactly true, but the Catholic church could scarcely have a better head and leader. I think that a certain prejudice which now undoubtedly exists against the choice of a monk for the papal throne may prove an obstacle in the way of Cardinal Gotti's election; but this is a purely personal opinion, and one which it is to be hoped will prove to be mistaken.—Marion Crawford in Everybody's Magazine.

SOCIALIST GAINS IN GERMANY.

The socialists are making great gains in Germany. Americans are interested in this, not only because it means that Germany is approaching our own standard of free government, but for business reasons. The German socialists want German tariffs on American foodstuffs removed—they are working people mainly, and want food to be cheap and plenty.

Yesterday there were a mere handful in the German congress: today they are more than one-third of its membership. In the elections just closed, they won scores of seats from the aristocrats and the farmers, who have been building up high tariff walls against American grains and meats. Hitherto German elections have been decided mainly upon religious and professional political issues; hereafter, there as here, business issues will decide elections. Truly, as Charles Ferguson says, the day of the professional politician is passing. The masses of the people the world over are learning to demand the comforts of life, and how to get them.—Frank Putnam, in August National Magazine.

THE NEWSPAPER MAN.

"My son I don't know if your youthful conception,
Has breadth in the scope of its nebulous plan;
To wield comprehension of that one exception
To workaday mortals, the newspaper man.
But if you'll agree to a feeble description
From one of their number, I'll do what I can,
To blend in the way of a little description,
The mixture that's known as the newspaper man!

"Take a brain that is steeped in solution of knowledge,
Most varied and picturesque under the sun;
Then add just a pinch of the salt of the college,
A flavor of wit and a soupcon of fun.
For a relish, Bohemian sauce is the caper,
And a mind that will stretch from Beersheba to Dan;
In fancy or fact, when it comes to 'the paper',
Or touches the heart of the newspaper man!

"To a memory that clutches the veriest trifle,
And a hand that is tireless when work's to be done;
Add an eye that is quick as the flash of a rifle,
And keen as the eagle that flies to the sun.
Take strength and endurance, and loyal devotion,
And add all the grit and courage you can
To the heart that's as big and as deep as the ocean;
A hundred to one on the newspaper man!

"With a brew of ideas that, seething and boiling,
Run out into moulds that are models for men;
Add a ceaseless encounter with planning and toiling,
For the world of today that is ruled by the pen.
Add the honey of friendship, the dew of affection,
And, the esprit de corps that gets down to hard pan;
And paste in your hat the whole mortal collection,
As the regular stock of the newspaper man!
—John J. Gormley, in New York Sun.

A SONG OF THE OPEN.

Give me freedom, give me space,
Give me open air and sky,
With the clean wind in my face
Where the quiet mountains lie.

For the road goes up and the road goes down,
The years go over and by,
And soon will the longest day be past,
Soon I must lay me down.

I am sick of roofs and floors,
Naught will heal me but to roam;
Open me the forest doors,
Let the green world take me home.

I am sick of streets and noise,
Narrow ways and cramping creeds;
Give me back the simpler joys,
Nothing else my spirit needs.

Give me three days' solitude,
Sea or hill or open plain,
And with all the earth renewed
I grow strong and glad and sane.

For the road goes up and the road goes down,
The years go over and by,
And soon will the longest day be past,
Soon I must lay me down.
—Bliss Carmen, in The Reader.

GENERAL NEWS.

The boiler of a threshing machine exploded at Brockton, Ill., yesterday, killing two men.

Plans for a rebellion in Cuba have been discovered and drastic measures taken to head it off.

Six persons were killed at Alpena, Mich., yesterday by lightning and four were seriously injured.

The milling concerns of San Francisco have advanced the wholesale price of flour 20 cents per barrel.

The home rule party in Hawaii has passed resolutions memorializing congress in favor of independence for the islands.

There is in progress considerable of an exodus of negroes from Southern Indiana to Kentucky, since the race riots at Evansville.

In the wreck of an excursion train at Glasgow, Scotland, wherein 13 persons were instantly killed, one entire family was wiped out.

William Smith, of Geneva, N. Y., a millionaire nurseryman, will build and endow a college for women, one building of which will cost $150,000.

The most destructive fire that has visited Phoenix, Ariz., in 10 years, occurred there yesterday, a large part of the business section being wiped out.

Laurence Murphy, treasurer of the New York Stonecutters' Union, has been found guilty of larceny by embezzlement of $10,000 of the union's funds.

A unique collection of 120 paintings by Adolf von Menzel will be a feature of the German section at the World's Fair St. Louis.

The wrecked coal mine at Hanna in which over 200 men were killed, is full of water below the 20th level, and nearly all the bodies are in the immersed levels.

Maggie L. Walker, a colored school teacher, has been chosen president of St. Luke's Savings Bank, at Richmond, Va. The institution has $75,000 in deposits.

Professor David Starr Jordan declares that systematic and extensive propagation of the species in hatcheries is necessary to keep up the supply of salmon.

This year's output of gold from the Klondiye amounts to $16,000,000. All of which is an untaxed, non-interest bearing, "gratuitous" addition to the circulating medium.

C. E. Endicott Allen, a Harvard student, has awakened from an almost unbroken sleep of 44 days. The condition was one of exhaustion from hysteria and overwork.

Officials of the St. Louis Exposition announce that the opening day will be May 1, 1904; that there is no intention of recognizing any possiolity of delay or postponement.

Mrs. Mattie D. Rich, of Chicago, was convicted at Chihuahua, Mexico, in 1900, of murdering her husband, and was sentenced to 15 years imprisonment. She has been released.

The "Fisherman's ring," worn by the pope and identified with his personality and all insignia of his sacred office, is missing from the effects of Pope Leo. Whether stolen, or secreted by the late pope is not known.

More than a score of "employment agencies" in New York and Brooklyn have been closed and their licenses revoked as it was ascertained that they were exchanges or fences for procuresses.

One hundred carloads of fruit are being shipped every day eastward from Sacramento. Forty-one million two hundred eight thousand pounds of fruit have been shipped from Sacramento this year to points east of Ogden, Utah.

The Irish welcome to the king and queen has been very variable—nothing whatever unanimous. No slights or insults have been offered them, but decorations have been torn down, and they have been treated with great indifference in some localities.

Honolulu is clamoring for a professional baseball club, to be made part of the California circuit. This evidence of loyalty to the great American game is expected to neutralize the memorial of the Hawaiian home rule party in favor of independence.

The Hearst syndicate of newspapers, including the Examiner, the Chicago American and the New York American, are now considering the plan of taking up the Lewis and Clark Fair, and booming it for all it is worth, for the purpose of benefiting the entire Pacific Coast.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST NEWS.

Dr. Cooper, of Chetco, Or., was shot for a deer and instantly killed, near that city, Tuesday.

John Dalton, a miner, was found dying in an empty water tank, at Laurel, Mont., Wednesday.

A smallpox epidemic is now raging in Kalama, Wash., 11 cases being under care of the city physician.

Hawthorne Rebensdorf, aged 6 years, of Portland, was fatally injured Wednesday by a runaway horse.

The body of Ah Quong, a Chinese laborer, was found chopped to pieces in a cannery at Naas River, Alaska, Monday.

John B. Dimmick, formerly a member of the state senate from Marion county, died at Salem Wednesday, of pneumonia.

Carl Newhall, sentenced for one year for larceny, from Coos county, was pardoned by Governor Chamberlain Tuesday.

John Harrington, a conductor, formerly of Portland, was killed in a Northern Pacific wreck, near Missoula, Mont., Monday.

Vera Ridenour, a graduate of the Corvallis high school, committed suicide in that city Tuesday, by swallowing carbolic acid.

The treasury department has ordered the Salem postoffice completed and bids for $10,000 worth of work has been advertised for.

A field of fall-sown wheat at Independence, Or., consisting of 100 acres averages six feet in height, and will yield 60 bushels per acre.

R. Burrell, of Salmon River, B. C., was fatally injured Monday by falling from the top of a hay stack, on to the prongs of a pitchfork.

Kid Irvin, of San Francisco, was knocked out in the fourth round of a prizefight by Andy King, of Butte, Wednesday night, at Haines.

The crew of the Crescent City sawmills, at Grant's Pass, has struck on account of the poor quality of the grub furnished at the boarding house.

A severe wind and hail storm in the vicinity of Spokane, Sunday night, did many thousands of dollars worth of damage to crops and orchards.

Farmers and land-owners, of Meyers' Falls, Wash., are preparing to build an electric road from Spokane to the interior, a distance of 60 miles.

Two masked men held up and robbed the Boulevard Hotel, Seattle, Wednesday morning, securing $700 from two roomers, T. J. Clark and J. D. Hoolihan.

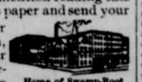
DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

Kidney Trouble Makes You Miserable.

Almost everybody who reads the newspapers is sure to know of the wonderful cures made by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

It is the great medical triumph of the nineteenth century; discovered after years of scientific research by Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, and is wonderfully successful in promptly curing lame back, uric acid, catarrh of the bladder and Bright's Disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble.

Dr. Kilmer's **Swamp-Root** is not recommended for everything but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. It has been tested in so many ways, in hospital work and in private practice, and has proved so successful in every case that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of this paper, who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent free by mail, also a book telling more about Swamp-Root, and how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles are sold by all good druggists. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.



Home of Swamp-Root.

A telephone pole on Main street, Tacoma, upon which was strung 200 wires, was sawed down Tuesday night, the work of striking linemen, it is supposed.

E. H. Harriman has ordered the withdrawal of the Central Pacific timber lands, of the Northwest, from the market. Most of this land is located in Southern Oregon.

The superior court of Washington has decided in favor of the mayor of Bremerton, the navy department and leading citizens of Bremerton, and against the saloonkeepers, and the saloons and joints there will be closed.

News has just reached Seattle of the drowning in Alaska on the 2d of July, of Lou Wheeler, August Reichel and Burt Ford, of Seattle, and of Henry and Paul Weidmer, of Valdez, while crossing the Nazina river.

I. L. Sanford shot and killed Mrs. C. M. Northup, near Spokane, Wednesday, over the ownership of a piece of fruit land. He then started to the home of his victim to kill her brother, but was prevented by a young lady who outrun him and informed the people of his crime and intentions.

John M. Gilkinson, of Sparta, ex-recorder of Union county, was injured in a strange and unexpected manner, near the East Eagle mines, Tuesday. He was sitting beside a large flume which conveys water to the mines, when it suddenly burst. The flying timbers struck him on the head and seriously injured him, and he is now in the Baker City hospital.

ON THE FARM.

There's many a successful business man who sits in his city office and lets his mind slip back to his boyhood days on the farm. How good it felt to live! What an appetite he had! How good everything tasted! How sound his sleep was! How eagerly he rose with the sun and raced with him through the long day. And now he's a successful man. But he can't sleep. He doesn't enjoy his food. His stomach is weak, his nerves are shaken, and he no more rises with the sun to race eagerly against him. His vitality is low and now and again his heart seems to plunge in his breast as if it would break loose. That's the price he has paid for success.

The mischief of the whole business is that he buys "tablets" of one sort or another to "aid" his digestion, and indulges in bromides and other nerve stimulants, just to hold himself together, and wonders why he seems to be getting worse.

The whole trouble with such a man generally lies in what is called a "weak" stomach. The food he eats does not nourish him because it is only partially digested and assimilated. No man can be stronger than his stomach, because it is in the stomach and allied organs of digestion and nutrition that strength is made from the food which is eaten.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It restores the strength of the body in the only way strength can be restored, by food which is perfectly digested and assimilated, when the diseased stomach (with its allied organs) is cured of disease. It is a blood-making, body-building medicine, inasmuch as blood is made from food and the body is built up by blood. It is not a stimulant, containing neither alcohol or any other narcotic.

NO OTHER DOCTOR FOR ME.

"Last spring, early, I wrote you my feelings and condition," says Mr. A. J. Vanderwater, 873 West Division Street, Chicago, Ill., "and you advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery (a few bottles), and then write you how I felt. I am happy to say I am getting to feel fine. In all I have taken six bottles of the 'Discovery' and four or five vials of the little 'Pellets.' They have done me worlds of good. All my friends say, 'Vanderwater, how well you are looking. What in the world have you been doing?' I tell them I have been doctoring with Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y. 'Why,' they say, 'you haven't been there?' No, I say, but I took his 'Golden Medical Discovery' and his little 'Pellets.' These medicines have wrought the great change in me. From a slow mope of a man that could hardly crawl, tired and sick all the time, and could do no work; to a man who can work, sleep, eat, and feel fine, and that tired feeling is all going away. I am very thankful that I wrote to Dr. Pierce. His 'Golden Medical Discovery' and his little liver 'Pellets' have almost made a new man of me. I feel young as I did at thirty years. No other doctor for me, only Dr. Pierce."

HAD GIVEN UP HOPE.

"I will express my thanks to you for the kindly advice you have given me in regard to my case," writes Miss Carrie J. Wharton, of Dunavant, Spottsylvania Co. Virginia. "When I wrote to you last spring I was in a terrible state of health. Had given up all hope of ever being better. I spit up my food all the time and it seemed sour as vinegar. I would have a bad sick headache every other week; in fact, my head never felt clear, and I was perfectly broken down under the strain of losing my food constantly. I had read a great deal in your books of what your medicine had done for others, so I wrote you and got your advice. Bought two bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and the first dose I took I felt better. When I had finished taking the two bottles the spitting up had entirely stopped and my head was much better. I believe your medicines are just what you have said of them.

"I carefully read the books you sent me and shall always speak a good word for the 'Golden Medical Discovery' whenever I have a chance.

"You can publish this if you think it worth while. It might induce some one else to try your medicine who was suffering as I did. It was by the testimonials of others that I was induced to try it. I shall always rely upon your advice and feel safe to do as you tell me."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation, its causes and consequences.

Lunch

When the hot days of summer come the cook stove is to be avoided and well it can be with the stock of summer delicacies. Lots of new things in convenient form ready to serve cold or with a little warming. You will be surprised at the many tempting dainties we have for you.

HAWLEY Bros.

Conrad Platzoeder

All kinds of Fresh Meats always on hand. Fine Bacon, Hams and Sausage.

Prices as low as the lowest

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And many other painful and serious ailments from which most mothers suffer, can be avoided by the use of **"Mother's Friend."** This great remedy is a God-send to women, carrying them through their most critical ordeal with safety and no pain. No woman who uses **"Mother's Friend"** need fear the suffering and danger incident to birth; for it robs the ordeal of its horror and insures safety to life of mother and child, and leaves her in a condition more favorable to speedy recovery. The child is also healthy, strong and good natured. Our book "Motherhood," is worth its weight in gold to every woman, and will be sent free in plain envelope by addressing application to **Bradfield Regulator Co. Atlanta, Ga.**

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THE SURE WAY

To Prevent Pneumonia and Consumption is to cure your cold when it first appears. **Acker's English Remedy** will stop the cough in a night, and drive the cold out of your system. Always a quick and sure cure for Asthma, Bronchitis, and all throat and lung troubles. If it does not satisfy you the druggist will refund your money. Write to us for free sample. W. H. Hooker & Co., Buffalo, N. Y. F. W. Schmidt & Co., druggists.

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Carryalls for picnic parties. Good teams with competent drivers for commercial men. Speedy horses and handsome rigs for evening and Sunday drives. Gentle horses for family use. Stock boarded at reasonable rates. Best of care given to transient stock. Opposite Hotel Pendleton. Phone Main 161.

ANY TIME IS A GOOD TIME

Now is the accepted time to have your house painted or papered. A little painting here and there will help its looks wonderfully. Some nice, bright, new wall paper will lend a freshness to any room. Our stock of wall paper was never more complete—pattern in endless variety and every one new and up-to-date in color design. Better come in and let us show them to you and tell you what it will cost for your whole house or one room.

E. J. Murphy,
111 Court Street.

GOOD SHOES CHEAP.

The Grand Mid-Summer Sale

STILL GOES ON

And on the Oxfords that are left we are making another reduction to make room for our fall stock of shoes, which will arrive soon.

If you want ladies', misses', men's, boys', youths' or little gents' Oxfords, call and examine our goods and prices before buying.

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We have just received a full line of Gilpin, Langdon & Co.'s pure, high grade Spices. A few of the varieties are

Cloves, English Mustard, Red Pepper, Black Pepper, White Pepper, Turmuric, Cinnamon, Mixed Spices, Etc.

These are all guaranteed pure spices of the very best make. Put up in convenient sealed packages.

When you want spices that are right, come to us.

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has all the fresh ripe flavor of the fruit or vegetable—nothing but the most select stock goes into a MONOPOLE can.

¶Every bit is packed fresh, sweet and delicious, with painstaking care and you can not find an equal anywhere to MONOPOLE.

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We have the Best Bargains in Real Estate. We have some nice homes that must be sold. Choice Buildings, Lots. Alfalfa Land from one acre to 160. Wheat Land, tracts from 160 acres to 12,000.

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Room 10 over Taylor's Hardware Store.

LOOK AT THIS

Pendleton Real Estate for Sale

6-room dwelling, stable, chicken corral and 2 lots—$1,000.

6-room dwelling and two lots, beautifully shaded lawn, finely located—$2,500.

14-room boarding house and one lot, centrally located—$2,500.

5-room dwelling with two lots, north side—$1,250.

A number of lots somewhat elevated. $125 to $150 each.

1 lot on flat, five blocks from Main street, $500. Other lots on flat $250 each.

Much other very desirable property for sale. All sold on easy terms. Come and buy.

To find just what you want at the right price, see

E. D. BOYD. 111 Court Street

BARGAINS IN REAL ESTATE

6-room house and five lots for $800; $250 cash, balance long time.

One of the best stock ranches in Eastern Oregon.

67 acres fruit ranch under ditch.

2,280 acres fine wheat land.

Several small orchard and garden tracts near town. Prices right.

Improved and unimproved city property at reasonable prices.

Over 50 desirable ranches for sale. Life and fire insurance.

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Repairs for all kinds of
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Cash paid for old castings
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We will shortly have a full line of electric supplies on hand. We will be glad to furnish estimates on all kinds of electric work. All of our work is guaranteed. Leave orders at Baker's Cab Office on Alta St.

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The Oregon Daily Journal can be found on sale at Frazier's book store.