The Fourth of July

is drawing near. Are you going to celebrate? Now is the time to prepare. We are selling a fine quality of White Goods at 5 cents a yard. An elegant line of Neckwear just received, and prices are cut in twain.

With every dallar purchase you get a guess for a gold watch.

THE MAGNET CASH STORE

Clements & Wilson. Court and Cottonwood

East Oregonian.

TUESDAY, JUNE 12, 1900.

DAILY, WEEKLY AND SEMI-WEEKLY
—BY THE—
East Oregonian Publishing Company,
PENDLETON, —AT— OREGON.

DAILY SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
One copy (1 year), by mail ..... $ 6 00
One copy (6 months), by mail 3 00
One copy per week, by carrier 15
Trial subscription 25
Single numbers 2½

SEMI-WEEKLY SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
One copy, one year ..... $ 3 00
One copy six months 1 50
Trial subscription 50
Single numbers 3

WEEKLY SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
One copy one year ..... $ 1 50
One copy six months 75
Trial subscription 25
Single copy 3

ADVERTISING RATES:
(Display Advertisements.)
One inch, or less, in Semi-Weekly per month ..... $ 1 00
One inch, or less, in Daily per month 2 00
Two inches, or less, in Daily and Weekly per month 3 00
Over three inches, Semi-Weekly, per inch per month 75
Over three inches, Daily, per inch per month 1 00
Over three inches, in Daily and Weekly, per inch per month 50
One inch, or less, in Weekly per month 1 00
Over three inches, in Weekly, per inch per month 75
Over three inches, in Tuesday's issue of Semi-Weekly, per inch per month 75
Solid nonpareil advertisements in Semi-Weekly Weekly or Daily, first insertion, per inch, $1.00; each subsequent insertion, 50c.
Local notices, ten cents per line, each insertion.

Oregon is still republican but the vote of Oregon republicans is not on the increase. When all the voters of Oregon go to the polls Oregon may not be longer republican.

The English mind is now considering the statement that the destruction of the two South African republics, as is contemplated by those in power in Great Britain, will make every Dutchman in Natal and the Cape a bitter enemy of the English, and South Africa would become the least loyal of the empire's self-governing colonies, forcing upon the English a burden which is altogether unnecessary and upon the Boers and Free Staters an offensive control which would be without result.

The great river Nile might be fittingly called the great river of life to Egypt. Burnt from one end of the year to the other by a sun that rarely hides itself, and deprived of the kindly influence of rain Egypt only exists by the Nile, and this river, in order to carry to her the tribute of its fecundating waters produced by tropical rains, is obliged to meander for many hundred miles between arid banks and savage rocks without a single drop of water from the brassy heavens, or a particle of percolation from streams or springs, coming to compensate its losses from evaporation and infiltration and diversion for irrigation. And so the Nile's volume, instead of increasing as it nears its mouth, steadily decreases.

The New York Sun advocates the constitutional debt limit on the ground that voting bonds is the easiest and most popular form of raising money for public purposes. Hence, cities which have unlimited debt-making power are likely to run into financial difficulties, and the Sun thinks they should be restrained from debt by constitutional provisions. In other words, that when it comes to spending somebody else's money everybody is willing. The truth is, there should be no laws for the collection of debts and, if there were not, the bond industry would not be so thriving and the institution of debt would not be growing top heavy. With no laws for the collection of debts there would be still all the debt that was necessary for developing trade and carrying on industry and enterprise, but there would be no long time debt, no shacking of future generations with burdens not of their creation for the benefit of money hoarders, who love to see their money grow, and interest eaters.

Tom Platt, the republican Boss of New York state, went to Governor Roosevelt and asked him to appoint a man named Hazel to the responsible position of commissioner of insurance, and Roosevelt is said to have set his teeth hard together, showed them, and said "No" in such a way that it could not be misunderstood. A few weeks ago Boss Platt went to McKinley and asked that Hazel be appointed to an important office and the president granted the request, and Hazel was named. Roosevelt's "No" and McKinley's "Yes" to the easy boss is a complete history of the character of the two men. Roosevelt deserves to occupy high office, but McKinley does not. Apropos of this assertion the Portland Oregonian can be quoted. In an editorial paragraph that paper makes this wise reflection: "There is no more need of a national republican convention than there was of a republican county convention in Multnomah. It is completely set up in advance by the bosses, who may as well publish their edict without the trouble of holding a convention or of making any clumsy attempt to disguise the bossism."

An interesting fact is just coming to light. Dr. Leyds, the diplomatic agent of the Transvaal in Europe, was entrusted with $2,500,000 in gold to be used in Europe for the Boer cause. Instead of using it as he should have done Leyds is accused of converting the money to his own purposes. In his letters, prior to the beginning of the war with England, it is even said, he had informed Kruger that France and Germany would intervene in the event of war; and the statement was fortified with diplomatic documents which have since been found to be forgeries. When these were shown Leyds, that gentleman simply shrugged his shoulders. It was on the strength of these letters that the South African republics took the action they did. It is asserted that Leyds made these false reports with the view of bringing on the war, as, in that event, the republics would be crushed and there would be no one with authority left to demand an accounting from him. If these assertions are true Leyds will become in the eyes of the world the Benedict Arnold of South Africa, deserving of the contempt of his fellow man from land's end to land's end.

NEW COLOR IN ENGLISH.

Few who use English as their mother tongue have even a vague idea of the vast possibilities of that language. They find it suits most admirably the purpose of everyday needs; it is terse, to the point, practical; but to what extent it may be used to fashion those marvelous mosaics of thought and fancy which are somewhat indefinitely grouped under the name poetry is indistinct if not unknown to the average English speaking person. The possibilities of a language are shown by the demands made upon it. A person of practical, unvisionary bent will use speech without color—even, strong, straight to the point. Another person, living in the cloud land of fancy, seeing things as in dream, will fashion the selfsame words into phrases and sentences full of music, rich in color, entrancing as bird songs after the long winter. Evidently, then, the possibilities of a language lie not in the speech itself, but in the person using it. It is simply the material in which thoughts are clothed and the quality of the thought gives shape and character to the garb. The Anglo-Saxon is not by nature a poet. He is the very opposite of a dreamer. He is practical, material, unfanciful. Here and there a poet comes out from the ranks of commonplaceness, but this only emphasizes the general character by contrast. It is by no means typical.

* * *

The Anglo-Saxon tongue has been called hard, unelastic, harsh unmusical, vigorous; it seldom is considered soft, musical, plastic. But may the fault not lie with those who use it exclusively, or as their chief medium of thought communication? Is it not capable of adapting itself to the texture of dreams, of etching the diaphanous lines of fancy, catching the subtle tints that illumine the realm of poetry? If the speech itself were at fault a poetic people could not use it in a way that would charm; the rare Anglo-Saxon dreamer could not set it to the music of his souls. Of late a new color has been softly, almost imperceptibly, creeping into English, showing that in its everyday use it may possess beauties hitherto not imagined, and for this delightful revelation—a revelation at least to the average English speaking person—we have to thank the Japanese. Here is a nation of dreamers as well as a people spurred by ambition. Not many years ago a new Japan was born, a Japan that recognized the material advantage of a wider trade, his ambition and knowledge naturally spread beyond the bounds of the kingdom of flowers and fed where it found the pastures most abundant. Almost at the first it recognized that in matters of trade the Anglo-Saxon was dominant, and to learn the ways of the Anglo-Saxon it was first of all needful to understand his tongue. So, bright young men went out from Japan to the schools of the United States and of England to study. In due course the language was mastered and these young men became important factors in helping their native country to enter with vigor the channels of international commerce.

* * *

For some years the English and American periodicals now and then presented papers from the pens of these traveled Japanese, mostly written in a serious vein and dealing with practical affairs. Meantime other young Japanese were studying English and dreaming the old-time dreams of their own country. And these have begun writing their dreams in English, shaping a hitherto unplastic tongue to the nimblest flights of their fancy, tinting the dull speech of commerce with the subtle colors of poetry. Last Saturday's issue of the evening Post gave a good specimen of this poetic use of English in the views of the young Japanese poet, Yone Noguchi, and the current McClure's presents an equally good illustration written by Adachi Kinnosuke, now in Los Angeles, and who was a cadet at the battle of Yalu and is author of "Iroka—Tales of Japan."

Mr. Kinnosuke is describing and incident of the Japanese-Chinese war of 1894 and the manner in which he blends the soldier and the poet is most charming. His opening words are those of the dreamer: "Far away on the horizon, from beneath the purple and dreamlike bedquilts, it woke and opened its large, blue eyes the 17th of September, 1894." Here speaks the true poet, the child of nature, the traditions of a people that for centuries have personified everything. To him nothing is inanimate. The sea, 'older than tradition, is a little maid after all. All her girlishness as on her dimpled face that morning. She laughed giggled and sung, according to the humor of breezes, changeful as the heart of man." There is Omar, Ossian, the heart of all the ancient bards, the essence of the songs of Solomon. Later comes the battle, and all this beauty is changed. The thickest of the fight is thus described by this poet-sailor: "Then it was that we entered into the queer place over the gateway of which, Dante tells us, in the warning to leave hope behind. The beautiful autum day, dreamy on the historic Yellow sea of the poets, was suddenly hurled into the primordial chaos where the sun had not yet been born." It would be difficult to imagine a nearer perfect, more clearly etched word-picture of the awfulness of a fierce battle between modern ironclads.

* * *

But there is more than poetry in this sketch. There is a descriptive power of high order, a grim humor here and there and flashes of satire and sarcasm surprise the reader at every turn. The leading ship of the Chinese fleet has just been partly disabled by a shot from one of the Japanese vessels, Ya Imali, close friend of Kinnosuke, sees it and embarks in a tone hard and dry as a commencement sermon. "What! the head gone? So early!"

In the thick of the fight Kinnosuke is hit by a shot and thus he tells of it. "I thought that my arms, both of them, were pretty well occupied, especially just at that time. But a steel shot thought otherwise, and, kindly and thoughtfully enough, it came and relieved me of one of them." Here is a description of the close of the fight on Kinnosuke's ship: "Slow and old as the ship was, she was running at her topmost speed. She had passed and was astern the Chinese line. A thick column rose from the quarterdeck and poop, genie fashion. It rolled clear up to the mizzentop, swelling, belching, fatter and fatter. The ship was on fire."

* * *

This sketch shows a delightfully refreshing way of using English. It is not after all wealth of words that counts. It is the brain back of it, the fancy struggling for expression, the dream seeking to become concrete. Out of the seven primary colors nature weaves all the tints of the rainbow, and man, copying her, produces the varied shades in fabric and on canvas. The dreamer may know but comparatively few words, yet he may leave these into sentences that charm and thrill by their ethereal beauty. The American Indian makes poetry of his smattering of English words. The southern negro coins phrases full of music and beauty with a very limited vocabulary. And the Japanese, dreamer of dreams that he is, poet by nature and tradition, is introducing us—heirs to no other tongue but Anglo-Saxon—to a music in our own language by arranging the few verbal notes at his command in a new and thoroughly charming fashion. The secret lies, apparently, in keeping close to nature. All her true children are more or less poets, and in striving to voice their fancies they tinge the coldest speech with the sunset glories and warmth of dreamland.

The Way That Women Work.

It's enough to wear any one out. First it's washing, in damp and draft. Then it's ironing with the hot stove and the hard work to endure. And in between whiles, meals to get, house to clean, and children to tend. It's bad enough for a well woman but for a weak woman it's slow torture. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures the diseases of the delicate organs which weaken women. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, *free of charge*. All correspondence strictly private. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

"My health is the best now that it has been for four years," writes Mrs. Phebe Morris, of Ira, Cayuga Co., N. Y., Box 54. "I have taken but two bottles of your medicine, Favorite Prescription and Golden Medical Discovery. These medicines have done me more good than all that I have ever taken before. Before I took your medicines I was sick in bed nearly half the time. I couldn't do my work only about half the time, and now I can work all the time for a family of four. My advice to all who are troubled with female weakness is to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and Golden Medical Discovery—the most wonderful medicines in the world."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets sweeten the breath.

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TO THE WISE

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Our booklet, "WHEAT and how to handle it," will be sent free on application.

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The price is only $1 per year.

It is virtually a daily at the price of a weekly.

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CARTER & RALEY, ATTORNEYS AT Law. Office in Savings Bank Building.

T. G. HAILEY, LAWYER. OFFICE IN Judd Building, Pendleton, Oregon.

THOS. FITZGERALD, ATTORNEY AT Law. Office in Association Block.

S. BERKELEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in Association Block.

E. D. BOYD, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Court St.

S. A. NEWBERRY, ATTORNEY AT Law. Room 15, Association Building.

JAMES A. FEE, LAW OFFICE IN JUDD Building.

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DR. W. G. COLE. OFFICE IN PENDLETON Savings Bank building. Office hours 10 to 12 a. m.; 1 to 4 p. m. Telephone 7.

F. W. VINCENT, M. D. OFFICE REAR of First National Bank. Office hours 9 to 12 a. m.; 1 to 3 p. m.

DR. C. J. SMITH. OFFICE OVER PENDLETON Savings Bank. Telephone 8, residence telephone 3.

H. S. GARFIELD, M. D., HOMEOPATHIC Physician and Surgeon. Office in Judd Building.

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E. A. VAUGHAN, DENTIST, OFFICE in Judd Building.

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IN POUND—THE FOLLOWING ANIMALS have been taken up by the City Marshal and will be sold at the expiration of ten days for costs and expenses:

One roan horse branded V L connected on left shoulder, weight about 1 to pounds.

One bay horse branded half circle F on right thigh, weight about 1200 pounds.

One bay horse branded T B on left thigh, weight about 1 50 pounds.

One black mare branded D E on left shoulder, weight about 1 50 pounds.

One bay horse branded W on left hip, weight about 1100 pounds.

Dated June 4, 1900.

J. M. HEATHMAN, City Marshal.

STATE TREASURER'S THIRD NOTICE.

State of Oregon, Treasury Department, Salem, June 4, 1900.

Notice is hereby given that there are funds on hand with which to redeem all outstanding state warrants drawn on the general fund and endorsed "Presented and not paid for want of funds," prior to this date, except those drawn for conveying insane for the years 1899 and 1900; also to pay all warrants drawn on the state scalp bounty fund and endorsed "Presented and not paid for want of funds," prior to May 20, 1899, and that all such warrants properly endorsed will be paid upon presentation at this office, interest thereon ceasing from and after this date. CHAS. S. MOORE, State Treasurer.

The East Oregonian is Eastern Oregon's representative paper. It leads, and the people appreciate it and show it by their liberal patronage. It is the advertising medium of this section.