East Oregonian

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—BY THE—
East Oregonian Publishing Company,
—AT—
PENDLETON, - - - OREGON.

DAILY SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One copy (one year) by mail	$6 00
One copy six months, by mail	3 00
One copy per week, by carrier	15
Two subscriptions	5c
Single numbers	2½

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(Display Advertisements.)

One inch, or less, in daily—Weekly per month	$1 00
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Over three inches, Semi-Weekly, per inch per month	1 25
Over three inches, Daily, per inch per month	1 00
Over three inches, in Daily and Weekly, per inch per month	90
One inch, or less, in Weekly per month	1 00
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Social competitor advertisements in Semi-Weekly, Weekly or Daily, five insertions, per inch, $1 00; each subsequent insertion, 50c.

Local notices, ten cents per line, each insertion.

If the English have captured in the last year or so as many Boers as they have reported, we would like to know where the Boers are coming from that are making it warm for the British at the present time.

Boss Tom Platt, of New York, is preparing to get off his party's band wagon for fear of falling off if he should remain on it. Few men would have such good judgment of "climbing down" before it was too late.

Sir George Williams, the founder of the Young Men's Christian Association, is 80 years old and still he belongs to the institution the same as any other "young man." No man is ever too old to identify himself with a good institution.

The battleship Wisconsin has shown better speed than the Illinois in a sport, and the people of the Badger state are elated in consequence. It is the long test that tells the tale. The Oregon still wears the laurel for both speed and endurance.

David Nation, the husband of Carrie, of Kansas-saloon-hatchet-smashing-fame, announces that his wife, having refused to return to her home, he will go to live with his sister in Ohio. Thus it is, the moral reformer usually succeeds first in breaking up his or her own home.

The telephone girls in Chicago are objecting to walking up and down several flights of stairs in going to and from their work. Bless their souls, they could lessen their labor just one-half by sliding down the baluster rail. It is quite possible at all times to alleviate at least half of our troubles by making use of some of the resources near us.

Perry Belmont says Bryan and Croker must go—leave the democratic party. If they do and Perry succeeds them the party will not be greatly improved. Perry talks as if he were a fly on the wheel of progress, but the democratic chariot will not be helped or hindered by his presence, as his influence does not extend beyond New York city. Even the leadership of Croker is preferable to that of Belmont.

The latest report of the doings of Morgan et al comes from Denver and is to the effect that there is a gigantic scheme on foot for these men to transfer all the railroads of the United States to the general government in consideration of $10,000,000,000. It would not be surprising if an attempt were made to sell the railroads to the government at a fancy price, placed upon them by these Wall street gamblers and sharks.

A Chicago lawyer called a woman a liar in open court and a furore is the result. If a lawyer had applied the same epithet to a man little would have been said or done about it. However, a woman is just as likely to be a liar as a man, and a lawyer in court should not be allowed to insult the one any quicker than the other. Man or woman is entitled to equal rights and decent treatment in our courts. Justice does not and should not rest on sex.

With $25,000 the Pendleton academy can be provided with very substantial brick buildings and the work of making a good school will go forward with redoubled vigor. From the appearance of things, the full amount can be secured, as from all directions come assurances of a willingness to give to this worthy object. Since the last publication of the list of subscriptions more than $1000 has been promised in sums of $100 and less. The time is ripe for the success of the project and the energy with which the Pendleton people take hold of it furnishes a testimonial of their wide-awake intelligence.

Pendleton, with a population of 5000, will spend about $1800 on her Fourth of July celebration, all of which is raised by subscription among her business men. Is there another town in three states so liberal in providing entertainment to those who are invited to come within its gates? There are a few men in Pendleton unwilling to lend a helping hand to any worthy project, but there are a few who are willing to participate in the benefits but not willing to carry their share of the burdens. Being blind to their own duty no one need be surprised that they allow others to shoulder responsibilities which they should willingly help to carry.

THE CHARMING WOMAN.

A charming woman is an enviable possession, whether you are her husband, her lover or her friend. Your sense of ownership is a delight; she is one of your riches; you quote her remarks with confidence and refer to her opinions triumphantly. Your love of admiration for her is so true and unselfish that you are proud to shine by reflected light, the light of her favor.

It is your pleasure to glide into reverie when thought brings her image, a reverie which traces with the tender finger of fancy the loved lineaments of her face, the familiar lines of her figure, the color and fashioning of her favorite gown—the one you love to see her in—a reverie which goes on to suggest, as with softest tone of flute or violin, those gentle fascinations of voice and manner which first attracted you and taught you to look for strength and sweetness of character, for the wisdom and loving kindness on which you have come to lean more and more as time goes by.

It was her eye, perhaps, which, as the most expressive feature of a face illuminated with an inner light, first caught your attention. You recall now the first meeting—can you ever forget it?—and your surprised delight in your new acquaintance. A thousand others, beheld casually and passed by easily, had been forgotten. But this face—why did it linger? And you reviewed it at the second meeting with a curious interest aside from the pleasure of reunion—large eyes, violet gray, with heavy lashes and full lids; brows well arched and distinct, but not too pronounced. But it was the light in her eyes, after all, not their size or color; and they seemed such an essential part of her smile. You noticed her mouth: it was large, too large for beauty; but her teeth were perfect; when she laughed you saw them. Her eyes and smile! For the rest there were a clear complexion, fairly regular features, and soft brown hair, but nothing that would seem remarkably beautiful in other women. Yet in her the combination was simply irresistible, and from that second meeting you loved her.

Behind the face, so beautiful in your eyes, was a character to correspond. Strange, and yet perfectly natural, too, that as one sentence after another fell from her lips in those early days you were confirmed in the instinctive estimate already formed of her character. From the standpoint of present knowledge you review those early discoveries. There was strength of purpose united with a sweet reasonableness, an openness of mind which forbade any suspicion of willfulness. There was cheerful common sense offset by a light, graceful fancy. There was a practical vein of every day value contrasted with a lofty ideality ready to welcome far-reaching schemes for the world's improvement. There was even that unusual gift in woman, a sense of humor, conjoined with one less uncommon, a deep spiritual insight.

And there was her history, before you came into it—so sad, so full of cruel hardships that you wondered how she had not become soured by the experience. It was, of course, the sweet use to which she had put this adversity that had helped nourish the strong pure soul within her. It made you feel humbly unworthy to be her friend, you whose little grief seemed now so insignificant beside her tragedy. You learned of that accidentally from another, for she never darkens other lives by recitals of her own woes. Yet there have been times when something in the tone of her voice, a deep, touching sweetness, seemed to you an echo from that pathetic past. Her silence lends it a mystery, a shadow like that falling on holy ground where one fears to tread. There have been moments when you have almost expected to see upon her brow—

The nimbus which the artists paint
Around the shining forehead of the saint.

The secret of fascination it is hard to define. There are women who allure almost entirely by their physical attractions. Their reign is short. Rosy lips and cheeks must bide the approach of Time. When they

Within his bending sickle's compass come,

there is an end of their power. No sincere affection ever builds upon such shifting sand. Brilliancy of intellect is only less ephemeral. And yet a well-stored mind and the capacity for sound thinking are of great value as collateral attractions.

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An easy and graceful manner, united with that gift of instinct which we call tact—an indefinable power which no training can ever impart—these graces, so distinctly feminine, are essential elements of the fascinating power. Personal magnetism is another. Yet all these, with mental quickness and physical charm added, will still fall short of the highest point unless sustained and blended into a perfect whole by riches of character. A sweet possession is a friendship of such character. All of life, all its best for us may be locked up in such a friend. Being had, to triumph; being lacked, to hope.

A genuine love is generous. Full-feel itself, it is willing to share its store with others. The perfect woman, nobly planned, can never be the possession of one friend: we are proud to let others into our good fortune. Her charm is not a light to be put under a bushel: it shines for all. And so she goes on through life, a creature eternally youthful and lovable, scattering her bounties with a liberal hand, rejoicing the heart and enlightening the eyes. She gives her whole life for others, and her friends, with her children, arise and call her blessed.

PINGREE'S VISIT TO THE BOERS.

In the death of Ex-Governor Hazen S. Pingree the career of one of the most notable of modern Americans is closed, a man who for strength of character, firmness of purpose, indomitable energy and immense public spirit presents an example to two worlds.

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Pingree had an extremely interesting experience in his brief visit to South Africa, from where he was returning when he was taken sick. He went out armed with recommendations from Chamberlain, which enabled him to pass everywhere freely through the English lines. When he left London he was led with all the calumnies upon the Boers which have been resorted to to palliate the attempted extermination of the republics. But the moment he got to South Africa the scales began to fall from his eyes. Recommendations from the Colonial office enabled him to penetrate regions hermetically sealed to the ordinary civilian. Accompanied only by his secretary he penetrated into the heart of the seat of war and soon had an opportunity of making the acquaintance of Boers at first hand. Extraordinary though it may be he was able to lunch in the British camp in the morning and dine with the Boer commander in the evening. He found to his astonishment that the Boers were by no means so black as they had been painted. They were by no means devoid of human intelligence, they dressed and washed like civilized beings, welcomed with generous hospitality the traveling American who found them far from extremists.

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The commandoes he visited were well clothed and well armed, every man possessing at least two horses with a good reserve of ammunition. They are safe-guarding it no doubt but they still have stores of Mauser cartridges to fall back upon, but for the present they are doing all their fighting with Lee-Metfords and cartridges which they supply themselves with from the British stores.

"It was impossible that such a man as Pingree could fail to be deeply touched by the spectacle of these heroic burghers maintaining their struggle against overwhelming odds for liberty and independence of their country. He found no difficulty whatever in traversing the hostile lines; he drove in a Cape cart with his secretary and son riding bicycles as an escort. It was somewhat perilous for them, for the Boers have the disagreeable, although natural habit of shooting all bicycle-riders on sight, for with them spies and British dispatch riders are synonymous terms. It is much to be regretted that from the interest of truth and justice such a keen observer should not have been spared to return to his own country to describe the Boers as he found them in a struggle which must have recalled at every turn the stirring episodes in the war of independence."