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PORTLAND IN EARNEST.

Portland's Chamber of Commerce is in earnest in the matter of the improvement of the Columbia river. That organization has formulated the only consistent plan that has yet been presented for the prosecution of this work. It involves the deepening of the river below Portland to a depth to accommodate the larger vessels now coming into use, and opening the upper river to navigation to the passage of boats.

The claims of the people of the Columbia valley are thereby recognized justly, as to all sections. The region drained by the Columbia includes 245,000 square miles of territory, of which about 150,000 is east of Celilo, where the first obstruction is met in coming up from Portland. Below that point the river is open to commerce, and substantial benefits have accrued to the people in the form of reduction of freight rates, ranging from 30 to 70 per cent. But the majority of the people of the great valley of the Columbia are denied the benefits that would come with the proper recognition of the waterway by the federal government.

The Portland Chamber of Commerce's plan now proposed is to combine the two projects—upper and lower river improvements—in one, and to urge them conjointly before the river and harbor committee of the national house. To this end, according to the East Oregonian's information, the chamber has inaugurated a strong movement looking towards the presentation of the scheme to the representatives and senators, and will put forth efforts to bring matters to a head within the next two or three years.

In this movement, Eastern Oregon and Washington and Northern Idaho may well join heartily, and supplement the Portland chamber's members in every manner possible. Furthermore, the plan should enlist support in Astoria and tend to heal the differences between that town and Portland. If Astoria be wise, her citizens will fall in line and cooperate with Portland.

STRAWS BLOW HIS WAY.

Throughout the Willamette valley voters are disposed to concede the governorship to Eastern Oregon. They recognize the validity of the claim that this region has too long been denied adequate representation at Salem in the state offices, and they are ready to back up this claim in substantial manner in the state conventions.

Indeed, the following of Governor Geer is noticeably smaller than it was when he was first made governor, and the loss he has suffered has fallen to the lot of Eastern Oregon. H. E. Ankeny is not regarded in a serious light in connection with the gubernatorial nomination, and there are really no others in the western part of the state to contest for the place with Mr. Geer.

In Portland, one finds a disposition to view the situation as promising the office to Eastern Oregon, and, of course, that means to Umatilla county. It is now an even wager that the man who next will occupy the governor's chair now resides in Pen-

dleton. The political straws begin to blow that way, indicating the direction of the winds.

A REVOLT IN A MUSEUM.

A little group of old relics from different quarters of the globe, had found their way at last into a down town shop, where they patiently awaited the coming of purchasers or admirers.

The individual and collective importance of the group was not realized by the shop keeper. In their own private estimation, they were a priceless array of celebrities.

For instance, a Pack Saddle which had accompanied Phil Sheridan on a dozen or more Indian campaigns when he was only a cavalry captain, was marked down to two dollars—a sacrifice which smote the company keenly. It was worth at least fifty dollars, and as good a judge as the Gold Pan—the one, by the way, in which the very first nugget was washed out on Sutter creek, that memorable morning in '49—had so remarked on many occasions.

A Buffalo robe which had warmed the naked shoulders of Sioux chieftans for several dynasties, was offered at a sacrifice—it was said to make room for Filipino curios, a new race of relics which was invading the museum.

It was something awful to contemplate, this wholesale slaughter of long-established prices. The shopkeeper was denounced secretly, at first, as a heartless mercenary—who loved dollars more strongly than he did antiquated pedigrees. The murmurs of discontent soon became audible. The relics began openly to plot the overthrow of the keeper.

The Buffalo Robe whispered to the Pack Saddle that indignation meetings should be called—"a war-talk"—it would be in the Sioux tongue. The sooner the better agreed the Pack Saddle to forestall any further deterioration of past honors and past prices.

The shop was crowded with old specimens. They were hanging on hooks, pegs, nails and racks, lying on shelves, tables, boxes and show-cases. There was not a vacant nail to be found on the wall.

Being accustomed to taking the lead on former occasions, (the mule rode was a colt of the bell mare), the Pack Saddle took it upon himself to call the meeting. He set the example by a blustering memory of the old dash of his former master.

"Our future is at stake, we must take action—decisive action," said the Pack Saddle to the Army Musket, in notifying him to be on hand.

"I have taken part in many campaigns against an outrage," said the Musket, sternly. "I am not forgetful of the past; depend upon me, you know where I can be found!" The same old Tartar as of old, laughed the Pack Saddle, "loaded to the muzzle."

These two friends broached the subject to the Army Pistol who replied, with a touch of battle in his voice:

"Let peace adorn our deliberations," he said. "Peace!" said an Ox Yoke, which had once belonged to Israel Putnam. "Who is it that speaks of peace with six powder-stained chambers loaded, capped and primed?"

"It is the Navy Pistol who speaks," said the Musket. "We all know her record as a peace maker."

"Her arguments are unanswerable," chimed the Howitzer. "And her voice a song!" cried Cavalry Boots.

"We are not following the bell mare," said the Pack Saddle, resuming his speech. "Let us get on the right trail. We are not met to prove that peevishness accompanies old age! We are here in self defense. Our occupation is in peril. Do you, Brother Ox Yoke, who have been listed at fifty dollars for a century, wish to be adorned with a card marked seventy five cents? Or even run the risk of being carved into rolling-pins or croquet balls? Does the Gold Pan wish to surrender to a bamboo spear from Malahon? Or does the Howitzer wish to be supplanted by the Mautser, a gun of smaller bore? Even the Bear Trap, whose jaws have been closed for years, essays to speak on such an occasion!" In the language of the Pistol let us have peace.

There was a rustling throughout the shop as the curios settled down to business.

It did not take long to elect Cavalry Boots as walking delegate, to bear the grievance of the assembled relics to their master.

"Proceed with the good work, my brethren," said the Saddle Bags. "This brings back the memory of many a heated action," said the Musket "in which I have spoken as rapidly and accurately as my grammar would permit! What we want is more thorough organization, a plan of action and a declaration of principles!"

"Ah, a declaration," sighed the old New England Ox Yoke.

"This is getting to be interesting," said the Walking Delegate, inclining an ear toward the speaker. "I am sure more in the service of my people."

"My plan of campaign," said the Pack Saddle, "is to reserve all our strength for a surprise—an early morning surprise! It is the most disconcerting of all tactics. It disconcerts the enemy. We must sleep with our boots on so to speak, and be on the hot trail before the foe is aware. At dawn, swoop down upon the unsuspecting camp like a whirlwind! This would be Phil Sheridan's advice upon an occasion like this!"

"Ah, I feel this moment as if I were climbing a precipice in pursuit of the Banocks," joyously cried the Howitzer. "The plan of Crook was an all day fight—a running, swinging, pursuing fight! Firing from behind your horse, darting in close to the enemy, firing a terrifying volley and then retiring to a safe distance! Keeping this up day and night, until from utter disgust and fatigue the enemy surrenders!"

other lines; I am a miserably poor scribe," begged the pistol.

"Necessity has ever been the mother of invention," said the resourceful Pack-saddle. "The wooden Puritan clock has but one hand, yet I trust she will write."

"Maimed as I am, I can yet serve my country," said the clock, which came over on the Mayflower.

The Ox Yoke arose to offer a resolution. It had the olden revolutionary ring, and was adopted.

"Resolved, That it is the sense of this collection of relics, that we scorn the impious hand which is lifted to place another and a more recent relic in any of our accustomed places. We defy any tyrant to desecrate even the least of us, by putting down our price. And we shall resent any imputed decrease in value by force, if we must. We are, and of right, ought to be, the only relics in this shop."

The Wooden Clock finished writing the resolution with a breath of relief. Her one hand had been idle so long that this exercise gave it something resembling "writers' cramp."

"Nothing could be more perfect," said the Musket. "I could not improve upon it myself."

"My own sentiments, crystallized," said the Bear Trap.

"And mine," cried the Buffalo Robe, Gold Paw and Wooden Clock in a breath.

"My brethren, I almost regret that we are so unanimous. As I said before, there is no ground for debate," solemnly said the Saddle-Bags.

The Wooden Clock, secretary of the meeting, sealed the document and handed it to the Cavalry Boots, envoy extraordinary and walking delegate. "Once more in the service of my country," said the walking delegate, bowing graciously to the scribe.

"You are instructed, to hasten to our tyrantical master, make known to him our demands, and report progress," said the Pack-Saddle to the walking delegate.

to look into the office, so did not see to whom Cavalry Boots was addressing his speech.

"Our cause is secure," he told the waiting relics.

After another painful suspense Saddle-Bags volunteered to go to the assistance of the delegate. On hearing the open door he saw Cavalry Boots kneeling and heard him say:

"O, thou perfect being!"

The Saddle-Bags stole away unseen and reassured the assembly.

"Victory is even now in our grasp. That old veteran is kneeling in prayer," he said.

Finally the suspense became unbearable. The Musket arose and said there had been enough argument to settle any controversy which could be settled without resort to arms. He would bring the conference to a close. They would go into open revolt immediately. No more valuable time should be wasted in prayer and parleying. His friends shuddered to think of the outcome, if he acted as savagely as he looked. The Musket went immediately to the open door and entered.

Cavalry Boots was still upon his knees before the beautiful Cuban girl, who was smiling upon the bronzed and weatherbeaten soldier.

Upon beholding the Cuban girl, the old Musket lost his balance and fell helplessly into the corner of the office, unable to speak. When it finally recovered its speech it went over and leaned against the delegate and said in a stifled voice:

"My brother, your devotion is worthy of your ancestry. We are conquered."

"O, my friend, I confess my weakness," moaned the kneeling soldier. "Is this the enemy we have hated, despised, resolved against—I was going to say, feared? If it is my heart is changed. I only ask to remain in the room where this perfect being reposes. I care not how low they fix my price. I only crave standing room in her presence." "And I will be content to hang, without a semblance of price, close to her side," said the tottering Musket.

The commotion in the office brought the entire assemblage of relics to the open door. At sight of these trusted emissaries helpless in the power of such transcendent beauty, the Wooden Clock threw up her single hand. The jaws of the Bear Trap flew open in amazement. The enthusiasm leaked out of the Gold Pan, (she being rusted full of holes). The hair of the angry Buffalo Robe arose in jealousy. The Pistol wept its barrel full of tears. The Ox Yoke tried to think it had no bow.

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Plaster,
Brick,
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