

# Great Slaughter of Prices

Winter Goods Must be Closed Out.

We are putting out all our suits and overcoats, at a big reduction during this sale. You will find our net prices far below the prices of others on the same goods, notwithstanding the big discounts offered by some. The size of the discount does not mean anything to the purchaser: it is the net price that determines whether an article is a bargain.

- Ladies' Waists and Wrappers at a reduction.
- Ladies' Capes and Furs greatly reduced in price.
- Flannelettes and French Flannels at cut prices.
- Comforts also at reduced prices.

Call and get some of our bargains before the stock is picked over.

# Where Whole Families can Trade THE FAIR



TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1902.

ISSUES NOT LACKING.

The Salem Statesman pays the East Oregonian the compliment of saying that this paper has a storehouse of wisdom. The East Oregonian would like to return the compliment, but the courtesy is impossible of giving. The remarks of the Statesman are in connection with the suggestion by the East Oregonian that the free pass will be taken up as an issue in the coming state campaign, and attached to the democratic platform. The Statesman hints that issues are not plentiful and that this is resorted to as a forlorn hope.

Not so, our damp brother of the Willamette valley, issues fairly crowd upon the people. For instance, there are the trusts, now so carefully pampered by the republican majority in congress; there is the question of reciprocity with Cuba, howled for by many republicans; there is the railroad consolidation, eliminating that safeguard of the people—competition—which seems to have most in its support representatives of the party of benevolent assimilation; and these are some of the national issues.

Then there are, in state politics, the election of a governor who will administer the affairs of the state with an eye single to the interests of the people; the prevention of further debauchery of legislatures by the railroad lobby, one feature of which is the giving of free passes; the emphasis of election of United States senators by direct vote of the people; the settlement of United States senatorial elections, so long as the present regime prevails, without entangling every interest of the commonwealth and subserving all matters to that one event; and there are others yet to hear of.

Indeed, issues are so plentiful that they press for recognition, and most of them taken hold of by the democracy in a firm manner will embarrass the majority party in Oregon. No, our rail-soaked brother of the sanctum in Salem, political issues are not lacking. The free pass evil is but one of many now demanding proper treatment here in Oregon and in the nation at large.

### THE HISTORICAL NOVEL.

People are prone to express weariness at the historical novel, and to pine for some new phase of fiction from current writers. Of course, there are historical novels and historical novels, and some are not worth reading. But, this is true of every class of literature, and always has been true. In discussing this sort of books, it should be assumed that those receiving endorsement must be of excellence from two standpoints—their literary quality and their historical accuracy. Granting these qualifications in any given work, then that historical novel has a distinctive value. Indeed, they have a value possessed by no

other stories. They combine the permanency of the record of past events, with the romance and entertainment of the plot and the sketching of character done by the hand of the word artist.

Many persons who would not otherwise learn the happenings of past generations, by reading the well-written stories dealing with eras of history receive insight into the things which they should understand. Proper knowledge of history is essential to understanding of the present. And the current issues of the historical novel supply this need as perhaps no other class of literature.

### ROAST ON FORT CANBY.

The other day a soldier stationed at Fort Canby was sentenced by a general court-martial to 10 years' imprisonment at Alcatraz Island for having threatened to kill President Roosevelt upon the expiration of his term of enlistment.

The ten year sentence was all right. The man deserved it, and more. But, instead of having been sentenced to do his time on Alcatraz Island, the man should have been condemned to soldier ten years more at Fort Canby.

Fort Canby is the limit taken off and every man his own tabkeeper. Alcatraz, a horrible seven acre rock, a Chateau d'If in the middle of San Francisco is bad enough, but Fort Canby is worse.

But Fort Canby! Fort Canby is the Thibet of the western hemisphere. It is situated in the state of Washington. It sleeps (that is the proper word in this connection) at the base of Cape Disappointment (a beautifully named cape), at the mouth of the Columbia river.

Your way of getting to Fort Canby is this, when you start for that scene of desolation from the end of the world: You ride for six days and nights (and several more when there are washouts) to Portland, Ore. There, if you've taken the president's two-bit piece and wear the uniform and have got to go! You crawl aboard of a plug of a stern wheel boat that burns wood for fuel, and you are conveyed (at the rate of fully three knots per hour) to Astoria, about one hundred and ten miles away.

Astoria is a shack town built upon piles that was founded by the honest old pell dealer who is nevertheless responsible for the expatriate who runs the Pall Mall paper and knuckles to English lackeys. Astoria is a salmon fishing plant, and every night two or three fishermen with their season's cleanup of money are clubbed to death there and dropped into the Columbia by persons who need the money themselves.

When you get to Astoria, if your heart isn't broken already, you fall aboard a government tug that makes one trip per diem (when the Columbia isn't on its hind legs) to Fort Canby, thirteen miles away, across the tumultuous mouth of the river.

There you are dumped. Then, if you were born right, after employing ten minutes in looking about, you gallop over to the fir and spruce forest, throw a few rocks at the black cinnamon bears that you meet up with—and holler murder.

The nearest railroad to Fort Canby is more than fifty miles away, due east. To make that railroad you'd have to slaughter, in single combat, 67,000 bears, catamounts, panthers, woodticks and other denizens of as deep and dark a forest as there is on this globe. It rains exactly twelve months and fifteen days per autumn in Fort Canby, and it rains hard. When the heavens get right down to the business of raining in Fort Canby you want to carry a pair of balling cans or you drown standing up.

The only other human beings at Fort Canby besides the two companies of heavy artillery is a life saving Disappointment crew. Their job, during the salmon season, is to put off every night and pick up four or five dead Portuguese and Stwash fishermen of the raging Columbia river bar. They get more than a hundred of 'em every season. This, of course serves to add to the life and excitement of Fort Canby, for the damped persons are buried in a little plot back of the post, not forty feet from the Pacific ocean, where the soldiers who go mad and shoot themselves are also interred with military honors.

If one Chinaman counts as an inhabitant, then there is a Chinaman who lives back of Fort Canby, close to the graveyard. When you feel as if you wanted to bust open the gun rack and kill all of your bunkies, the Chinaman will let you visit his shac and smoke ho pso as to lose yourself for a little, little while.

Three miles across the trail from Fort Canby is Il Wasco. Il Wasco is a bundle of Portuguese shacks, with the occasional shack of a bad white man, hiding from the law. Il Wasco is the place to which the soldier resorts to get drunk in self-defense. To get there he has to cross that trail. He has to carry a hind pocket gun that makes a loud report in order to try to bluff the bears that hang round waiting for totable soldier meat. Some of the bears are so chesty and experienced in the business that they decline to be shot in that way, and then the soldier has got to lope back to Fort Canby, and he has got to know how to lope, too.

When, however, the soldier does make Il Wasco, he goes up against the game of a man named Jawbones Hayden. Jawbones Hayden keeps on hand a barrel of whiskey which he makes each morning, and dumps out at night if it isn't sold. It is composed of wood alcohol, shellac and sweet chewing tobacco, in proportionate quantities, and it sure has the clutch. Professional users of the knock-out drops have journeyed all the way to Il Wasco on many occasions to induce him to cough up the secret of that formula, but Jawbones holds that secret tight in his maw. It's too good.

This liquid first-aid-to-the-injured Jawbones dispenses to the honest soldier boys out of a tin dipper which is rusted in the bottom, at 5 cents per bit. After you've been at Fort Canby for a year you can stand six of these hits, such is your accumulated war, without soiling your bunkie mawares by the back of his legs and dashing his brains one against the top of Jawbones' barrel. But new men at Fort Canby after getting outside of only three of those Jawbones dippers have been known to hold their hands close to their sides and just tear at each other with their teeth. One of the very mild effects of the Hayden ambrosia is that which induces habitually kind men to tear weatherboards from Il Wasco's shanks with their naked hands and with these implements to lambast aged men and roasting children.

When the soldier is ready, or thinks he is ready, to depart from Jawbones Hayden's Il Wasco honkaton to repair across the trail to Fort Canby and resume his military duties at the hour of reveille, Jawbones slaps him up suddenly. If he decides that the soldier requires a period of restful slumber before busting into the barracks he adds a few mysterious ingredients to the party dipper full which the soldier takes, with the purpose of dropping the man at a certain point near the post.

Jawbones never falls on the range if he figured that it would be a good thing for the soldier to topple over just behind the target butts; for a man before reporting for duty, he band the soldier a potion, and the soldier just does make the target butts before he goes down. Jawbones can drop 'em at any point from the thousand yard range up, and what is more, he can fix them so they will supine the precise amount of time that'll be best for them.

A couple of soldiers that had been stuck there for more than a year had Fort Canby about right. One of them went out of the barracks one afternoon and deposited his frame on the sand close to the Pacific's verge. The tide was coming in fast and the surf was roaring. Some of his swaddles saw him lyus there.

"Hay," they yelled at him from the bluff, "The tide's coming in."

"Uh-huh," he answered back, and he lay right there and pulled his campaign hat over his eyes. The tide came whopping in about five minutes later, and the surf grabbed him and over the bar he went, without any "clear call" or "sunset and evening sky," either. He was just tired; he was just Canbyed.

That other soldier was looking out at the whirling sheets of wet one morning. He stretched his arms and yawned.

"Aw hell, what's the use?" he said half aloud and half to himself, and then he went to the gun rack, which happened to be unlocked, got out his rifle, plugged a ball into it, sat down on his bunk, pulled off one of his shoes, placed the gun muzzle to his temple, and pulled the trigger with his toe. He had been a cheerful man in life and had asked for little, but that little wasn't at Fort Canby.

Alcatraz Island may be all right as a punitive proposition for military prisoners, but if the war department were to issue a general order tomorrow to the effect that henceforth all



## SAVES LIFE

Willard, Ill., August 1, 1900.  
I was in bad health this spring and could not get up in bed for four weeks. When I was confined my child died. When I began to sit up I felt so weak and had such terrible pains in my back and hips. I had kidney trouble and falling of the womb. I also had hysterical spells. I was in a bad condition when I received your "Ladies' Birthday Almanac" and read the advertisement of Wine of Cardui and Theodor's Black-Draught. Since April 20th, I have taken four bottles of Wine of Cardui and three packages of Theodor's Black-Draught. I feel like a new person now. I can do all my work and can walk out to see any of my neighbors. I believe I would have been in the grave had it not been for Wine of Cardui. IT SAVED MY LIFE.  
Mrs. ALICE DAVIS.

It is well that women are more patient than men. Few men could bear the bitter pangs, the agony and distress that women endure. Thousands of women have come to look upon suffering as a duty of their sex. But there are many instances of this heroic fortitude which

## WINE OF CARDUI

now renders unnecessary. Women need no longer suffer for modesty's sake. Wine of Cardui brings relief to modest women in the privacy of their homes. Many of the best homes in this city are never without this great medicine. It cures whites and falling of the womb and completely eradicates these dragging periodical pains. Mrs. Davis' cure shows you conclusively what you may expect if you follow her example and take Wine of Cardui. Theodor's Black-Draught aids Wine of Cardui by regulating the stomach and bowels. When you ask your druggist for these medicines, be sure you get them. It was Wine of Cardui and Theodor's Black-Draught that saved Mrs. Davis' life. Never take a substitute.

For advice and literature, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Company, Chattanooga, Tenn.

general military prisoners be sent to Fort Canby every buck soldier in the American army would be hunting up the neighboring Y. M. C. A. in an effort to be good.

CLARENCE L. CULLEN.

The whisky trust paid out \$1,941,368 in dividends during last year—more than double the amount of the year before.

## That Lame Back

You can hardly straighten up, the back feels so sore. There's a chance that it is kidney "trouble," and that is something which it is dangerous to neglect. The best medicine for disease of the kidneys is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.



The use of this medicine has resulted in some remarkable cures. It increases the activity of the blood-making glands, purifies the blood and relieves the kidneys from clogging impurities. "I feel it my duty to let you know that I have recently advised a young gentleman who was suffering with kidney and bladder disease to try your 'Golden Medical Discovery,'" writes Frank Harris, M. D., of Houston, Texas. "He bought four bottles from our druggist here, and after he had used the first bottle he began to improve. Some times he was unable to walk ten steps, now he can ride any horse without any pain in his back and he looks as well and sound as a young boy. His age is only 31. He has suffered for nearly three years, and several other doctors called the case incurable, but I had confidence in Dr. R. V. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I have been offered one hundred dollars several times already for my kind advice, but I would not accept it because I want everybody to know what Dr. Pierce's famous medicine can do."

"This testimony is absolutely true, and the reason I haven't mentioned the young gentleman's name is because he don't want to have his name published."

Accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery." The sole motive for substitution is to enable the dealer to make the little more profit paid on the sale of less meritorious preparations.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets stimulate the action of the sluggish liver. They should always be used with "Discovery" when there is need of a laxative.

## LUMBER

and other building material including

- Line,
- Cement,
- Plaster,
- Brick,
- and Sand.

We have a large stock of WOOD GUTTERS for barns and dwellings.

## Oregon Lumber Yard

Alta St., opp. Court House.

## Farmers Custom Mill

Fred Walters, Proprietor.  
Capacity, 150 barrels a day.  
Flour exchanged for wheat.  
Finer, Mill Feed, Chopped Feed, etc. Always on hand.

## BARGAINS!

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- 480 acres near Pendleton.
- 210 acres near Pendleton.
- 320 acres near Pendleton.
- 160 acres near Pendleton.
- 320 acres near Pilot Rock.
- 120 acres wheat land
- 100 acres wheat land
- 100 acres wheat land
- 120 acres wheat land
- 160 acres wheat land
- 100 acres wheat land

From 5 to 20 miles from town.

### Six New Houses Cheap.

## N. Berkeley

THE REAL ESTATE MAN.  
Savings Bank Building, Pendleton, Or.

## For Sale!

Eight lots with dwelling and barn.

\$3,000

House has seven rooms, bath, cellar and wood house, city water, hard finished on stone foundation.

Also four lots and new cottage,

\$1,250

Two lots and house, \$1,000, part cash, reasonable time on balance, or will sell on installments. See

## FRANK B. CLOPTON,

817 Main Street.

**Laurels Again!**  
The Paris Exposition gave the Gold Medal Award to  
**L. W. HARPER KENTUCKY WHISKEY**  
Gold medals were awarded for quality and purity at the World's Fair Chicago 1893.

Sold by JOHN SCHMIDT  
**The Louvre Saloon**  
PENDLETON . . . . . OREGON

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Notary and Corporation

\$3.50 to \$5 Delivered

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**The Place to Buy**  
Is where you can get quick and cheap prices. Best line of

Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Building paper, Tar paper, Lime and cement, Pickets, Plaster, Brick, Sand, Moulding, Screen Doors, Windows, Sash & Doors, Terra Cotta Pipe.

Pendleton Planing Mill Lumber Yard.

R. FORSTER, - Proprietor

LaFontaine & Garrison  
Proprietors

Old Dutch Hen Feed Yard.  
Cavalry Horses for Sale.

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GIVE US A CALL

**CARRIAGE, SIR?**  
Certainly, everyone enjoys driving, and will happen, though, to the best of drivers with the strongest vehicles. It's getting hard against breakdowns to have repairing done by us. Like a great mechanic, restorers despatching fitfully to perfection, we can make a dilapidated vehicle use again. Such results are made possible by skill, experience and superior tools. Charges low.

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Water St., near Main, Pendleton, Ore.

**GOING THROUGH**  
A careless laundry will go through your shirt in two washings—worn as completely as if you had worn it a year. We save your shirt and save you money. We will send for your linen if you send us your address.

**THE DOMESTIC LAUNDRY**  
J. F. Robinson, Prop. Pendleton.

**You get Good Beer.**

When you drink

**PILSNER BEER.**

Guaranteed not to cause headache or dizziness.....

Ask for it.

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Daily East Oregonian by Carriage, only 15 cents a week.