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Widow Jason's Hogs

By
**PAUL
CAREW**
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Widow Jason was the relict of Farmer Jason, and she carried on the farm after his death with even more wisdom than he had shown himself possessed of. She was still on the brighter side of forty, fair to look upon and was at peace with all her neighbors until the one to the east of her sold out and a stranger moved in.

He was a man of middle age named Chisholm, and, being a widower, his sister managed the house for him. If the Widow Jason was one of those who wondered what sort of man he was, she was the first to find it out. Among her live stock that year were a dozen hogs, and it was the fault of her hired man that there were holes in the fences through which they made their way into the potato field of the new neighbor. She had just finished her breakfast one morning when Chisholm was announced. He had the courtesy to lift his hat and give his name, but he also had the bluntness to add:

"Madam, your infernal hogs have rooted up half an acre of potatoes for me, and if you can't manage to keep 'em home I'll shoot every one of 'em!"

She looked at him and saw that he was above the ordinary and felt that had she been introduced in the conventional way she would have been pleased to make his acquaintance. But his rude greeting angered her, and, being a woman with a mind of her own, she at once replied:

"I can pay for all the potatoes on your farm, and if you come here to threaten me you'll find a woman who don't scare!"

"Well, you keep your hogs at home."

"And you keep yourself in the same place."

That was the first tilt. The fences were mended and the hogs were in despair when a high wind blew a gate open, and the drove spent the night in the same potato field. Next morning Chisholm drove ten of them home and said to Widow Jason:

"Madam, there are dead hogs belonging to you in my field. Will you have them removed or shall I bury them?"

"You killed them, did you?" she asked.

"I did. I told you I would, and I did."

"Then I'll have the law on you."

"Go ahead."

She went to law, and there was a suit, and she was ingloriously beaten.



JOSEPH FOUND HIMSELF A LIKED MAN.

Womanlike she felt pretty bitter over it, but at the same time she had to give Mr. Chisholm credit for lack of any bitterness. He stated his case in the mildest manner and even spoke highly of her as a neighbor. When she returned home after the lawsuit, she said to her hired man:

"Josh, if that man Chisholm comes on my land again I want you to throw him off."

"Yes'm, I'll do it," replied the sturdy Josh.

It wasn't a fortnight before Chisholm came. He was on his way to the house when Josh headed him off and ordered him back. He refused to go, and Josh laid hold of him to do the throwing act, but found himself a liked man in about three minutes. While he sat on the ground with a handful of grass to his bleeding nose the victor passed on to the woman, who had witnessed the fracas from the front steps. Lifting his hat, he said:

"Madam, those hogs of yours have been at it again—this time in my cornfield—and I've had to kill another."

"Have you dared to kill another of my hogs?" she demanded as her cheeks flamed and her eyes flashed.

"I have. Shall I bury him?"

"Sir, you are a scoundrel!"

"And you are a charming widow!"

She drove to town at once to see her lawyer. There was \$10 in the case for him, win or lose, and he advised her to sue. She sued and got beaten again.

The defendant referred to her in the highest terms, but he also proved that her fences were out of repair. The lawyer saw \$10 more in it, win or lose, and advised Josh to prosecute for assault and battery. Josh brought his swollen nose and black eye into court and was beaten by several lengths. He had provoked the encounter, and if he had got the worst of it the law couldn't help him.

It was a month before anything further happened. The fences around the hog lot were thoroughly repaired, and for four weeks the porkers had to make the best of their sad lot. Then Josh left the bars down one night, and as the widow was getting breakfast she heard the crack of a rifle. Half an hour later Mr. Chisholm appeared to say:

"Good morning, Mrs. Jason. Those wretched hogs of yours rooted up my garden last night, and this morning I killed another of them. If you want another lawsuit, I'll drive you to town in my own buggy."

"And you—you've shot another?" she gasped.

"I have."

"Then I'd like to shoot you! You are the meanest man in the state of Ohio!"

"Yes'm," he replied, with a bow as he turned away.

Widow Jason drove to town to consult her lawyer again. There was \$10 in it for him, win or lose, but this time Mr. Chisholm was arrested for malicious persecution. In his testimony he referred to the plaintiff as "that lady" and exhibited no animus whatever, but he also proved that he was the one persecuted. The widow's hogs would not let him alone. She was beaten again, and this time a stout pen was built, and the hogs were shut up. The farmers had of course taken sides. Some contended that Chisholm had exhibited a mean and unneighborly spirit and others that the widow had been derelict in not mending her fences, and there was much talk and discussion. It occurred now and then that the two principals met on the highway or at the crossroads meeting house, but while Chisholm lifted his hat and bowed as if there was nothing on his mind the widow, except for her blazing eyes, seemed carved of stone.

That pen held the hogs for a long six weeks, but hoggens have their weak points, and patience and perseverance will seek them out. The hot sun warped a board and made an opening, and the industrious swine enlarged it until one night they all passed out and headed straight for the next farm. They fetched up among the cabbages, pumpkins, squashes, melons and carrots, and during the long hours of darkness they ran riot. They were missed from the pen early next morning, and the widow sat down on the doorstep and cried. She cried because she was vexed, and she cried because she was a woman. Every minute she expected to hear the crack of Chisholm's rifle, and she fully realized that any further appeal to the law would be wasted. She was vexed at the hogs, at Josh and at Chisholm. Her tears were still falling when the new neighbor stood before her and bowed and said:

"Mrs. Jason, those blamed hogs of yours damaged me a hundred dollars' worth last night."

"And how many more have you killed?" she asked.

"None. I've just driven 'em home."

"But why—why?"

"Because I see how it is. I must either kill off your whole drove or build a pen myself. I shall come over tonight to talk to you about it."

He appeared an hour after supper, and it was 11 o'clock before he went home. Even then the "talk" was not finished. As a matter of fact it required a great many evenings and was only concluded one winter's night when she laid her head on his shoulder and said:

"If you are really sure that you love me, then the farm, the hogs and I are yours, and we'll be married New Year's day."

Fishing For Ducks.

In India an ingenious scheme is practiced for taking ducks on a line, which is attached at one end to a flexible stick stuck up in the mud, the other extremity having a double pointed needle of bone attached to it. The latter is baited by stringing upon it some grains of corn. Presently along comes Mr. Duck, swallows the needle and finds himself a captive the moment he tries to fly away. In olden times the Cape Cod fishermen depended largely for bait up on the seaweed they took on their voyages. To catch them they threw out fishing lines with hooks on the end, to which were attached chunks of cod liver. The latter floated because of the oil they contained, and murre, gulls and other birds swallowing them were quickly pulled in, skinned and chopped up.

Roast Peacock.

In the old days a peacock was perhaps the most gorgeous and decorative dish on the Christmas board. This was prepared by first carefully removing the skin without losing the feathers. The fowl was then dressed, stuffed with all kinds of good things, roasted and finally sewed into its skin, still retaining the brilliant plumage. The beak was gilded, and this dish, fit for a king, was placed upon the table amid the blare of trumpets and the rapturous applause of the revelers.

LACE ACCESSORIES.

Guipure Lace Is Used For Waists, Jackets and Evening Wraps.

Many pretty lace boleros are easily converted into dinner waists by tacking them deftly over a white satin slip with a suggestion of chiffon and a pointed waistband. Some of the odd remnants of lace now on sale make



LOUIS XV. GOWN.

smart little sack coats lined with silk or satin and even edged with fur. A confection of this sort makes a charming wrap for evening wear.

Louis Quinze jackets of lace are among the smart winter thin things which will be also much worn next summer. Heavy guipure lace is best for this purpose, and the jacket can be made separately to be worn with different gowns. Some of these jackets are trimmed with embroideries, others with applied flowers and still again others with medallions of tuck and painted chiffon.

Evening wraps of lace are cut after the fashion of very loose Chinese coats.

The Louis XV. gown in the illustration is made of pink crepe de chine and lace. There are a fichu of pink chiffon and deep elbow frills of the same. The rest of the waist is in the form of a lace jacket made of all over guipure lace. The skirt has a full flounce headed by a wide band of the lace. The belt is of panne and is passed through slits in the front of the jacket.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

BLACK GOWNS.

A Smart Dress of This Color Should Be in Every Woman's Wardrobe.

A dress of black lace edged with a thick ruching of net, gauze or chiffon is charming over white satin. The neck can be cut decollete for evening wear, and for day occasions a guimpe can be made to wear with it. These black gowns are the most useful a woman can have.

Pretty and serviceable black gowns are being made of black crepe de chine much tacked and combined with black velvet chiffon and jet.

Many of the new French models for skirts show box pliated backs and not



BLACK CREPE DE CHINE GOWN.

only single and double plaits, but quite a cluster of plaits with a box plait in the center. Some of the skirts even have slight gathers. The newest slips to wear under semitransparent skirts are made with deep flounces and are put on full at the back. They are finished with a plaited frill laid on quite at the edge of the flounce.

The black crepe de chine gown in the sketch is made in semiprincess fashion. The continuous tucked effect gives it the princess look. It is cut decollete but the bare effect of the neck is partly hidden by perpendicular applications of jet held in place by means of a transparent jet collar. The sleeves pouch into a considerable fullness and are held into a cuff of jet. The skirt has a gored flounce headed by the jetted application.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

A Fenimore Cooper Letter.

An autograph collector of Philadelphia has in his possession the following letter written by James Fenimore Cooper to his publishers in 1831:

"I hope you will be wrong in anticipating a bad reception for 'The Bravo.' I cannot tell you much of its reception in Europe, though Gosselin says it is very decidedly successful in France. America is, of all countries, one of the least favorable to works of the imagination. In Europe or, rather, in England, where there has existed a necessity of accounting for some success in the very teeth of their prejudices and wishes, it has been the fashion to say that no writer ever enjoyed so favorable an opportunity as I because I am an American and a sailor. As to the sailor part of the business, it is grossly absurd, for what advantage has an American sailor over any other? They know the falsehood of what they say in this respect, for I can get £3,000 for a nautical tale that shall celebrate English skill tomorrow. For myself, I can write two European stories easier than I can write one American. Why, Europe itself is a romance, while all America is a matter of fact, humdrum, common sense region from Quaddy to Cape Florida."

German Students and Beer.

To speak of the pleasures of the German student and make no mention of beer would be like the play of "Hamlet" with the part of the melancholy Dane left out. As the student strolls about the country or the city, in the music halls and theaters, at his social gatherings of all kinds, at dinner or at supper, he steadily drinks his beer. The code of health drinking and the etiquette of the drinking bout are complicated and most punctually observed.

All university functions include a great drinking bout—jubilees of renowned professors, club anniversaries, ceremonies in honor of a retiring professor. Any and every ceremony is incomplete without the formal knepfe with toasts. He has attempted to throw a poetical glamour around beer, to invest it with the charm of tradition and to hallow it with old associations of college days.

In Europe the American prefers to drink water, and this is a great mystery to the Germans, who cannot possibly understand how they can prefer this to beer.—Detroit Free Press.

Poor Sinner's Bell.

The poor sinner's bell is a bell in the city of Breslau, in the province of Silesia, Prussia, and hangs in the tower of one of the city churches. It was cast July 17, 1386, according to historic records. It is said that a great bell founder of the place had undertaken to make the finest church bell he had ever made.

When the metal was melted, the founder withdrew for a few moments, leaving a boy to watch the furnace and enjoining him not to meddle with the catch that held the molten metal, but the boy disobeyed the caution, and when he saw the metal flowing into the mold he called the founder.

The latter rushed in and, seeing as he thought his work of weeks undone and his masterpiece ruined, struck the boy a blow that caused his immediate death. When the metal cooled and the mold was opened, the bell was found to be not only perfect, but of marvelous sweetness of tone.

The founder gave himself up to the authorities, was tried and condemned to death. On the day of his execution the bell was rung to call people to attend church and offer a prayer for the unhappy man's soul, and from that it obtained the name of "the poor sinner's bell."

King's Superstitions.

Kingship has been kin to superstition always. James I. of England was superstitious about dates, and there were remarkable coincidences in his life with certain dates of the calendar. The day of the month on which he was born was strangely interwoven with the days of birth and marriage of his wife and some of his children and their wives. But James was an old fool who made love to young Buckingham, who laughed in his face and robbed him of his jewels.

Napoleon was superstitious about the way he put on his stockings. Frederick the Great and the great Peter of Russia were superstitious about dozens of things. Marlborough, both as Jack Churchill and the duke, was superstitious as well as a thief and a traitor. Nearly all the Stuarts were superstitious and double dealers in religion. Henry of Navarre was superstitious, but that never kept him from a thousand infidelities. All the children of Catherine of Medici were scared to death by their superstitions, but they could lie, cheat and murder just as well. If Cromwell was a victim of superstition, he kept it to himself.—New York Press.

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