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CHAMP CLARK STORIES

Tales Gathered Among the Nation's Lawmakers.

Four Redheaded Men Who Became Famous—Backsliding Democrat Aply Characterized—Bill Jones' Mule Colt—How Senator Vest Required a Courteous Act—When War Waged Desolation—Caught Them Both Ways—Beaten by a Sixth of a Vote.

(Copyright, 1902, by Champ Clark.)
When Senator Joe Blackburn returned to Washington last spring to re-enter the house of the conscript fathers after an enforced retirement of four years, he was joyfully welcomed to "the finest capital in the world" by two of his old schoolmates, now occupying high stations and who easily rank among the most illustrious citizens of the republic, Mr. Justice John Marshall Harlan of the supreme court and George Graham Vest, the brilliant junior senator from Missouri. It is an interesting historical fact that these three distinguished men, all redheaded, and another redheaded statesman of equal renown, B. Gratz Brown, were in their youth classmates at an old fashioned high grade academy at Frankfort, Ky. The quartet were all destined to a high career.

Vest's Story.
When Senator Vest was in his prime, he was the prince of stump speakers. He excelled in every feature of that difficult sort of oratory. He used logic, learning, sarcasm, irony, wit, humor, eloquence. As an anecdote teller in public speaking he never had a superior.

Up till the last few years all kinds of independent parties or political side shows flourished in Missouri. The "Ginger movement," "the Tadpoles," "the Greenbackers," etc., made life burdensome to the Democrats. Vest is a Democrat of "the straightest sect," and in his speeches he laid on and spared not. He was as merciless in ridicule as Voltaire himself. One of Vest's opponents on one occasion twitted him with the fact that a prominent Democrat had deserted his party. "Oh, yes," replied Vest, "the hereditary enemies of the Democratic party laud every Democrat who deserts to the Tadpoles as a great man and prominent citizen. I will tell you about that. When I was a boy and was living in Frankfort, Ky., there was an old fellow named Bill Jones who got drunk every time he came to town. One day by the time he was satisfactorily primed the rains had raised the Kentucky river till it was a rushing torrent. He had to cross it to get home, and people tried to dissuade him from such an idiotic performance, but go he would, and go he did. He mounted his old slab sided mare, followed by a diminutive mule colt, and boldly plunged into the river, which carried him, the old mare and the mule colt over the dam, and they disappeared in the whirlpool below. Folks upon the bank watched in vain for them to come to the surface. Taking it for granted that Bill was drowned, the citizens dragged the river to find his body, fired cannon to make the corpse rise and did all the things usually done on such mournful occasions. At last, in sheer desperation, they gave up the attempt and settled down to the conclusion that Bill had floated down into the Ohio. But the next Saturday he rode into town, chipper as ever, and ready for another spree on his old mare, but minus the mule colt. So citizens gathered about him and told how they had mourned him for dead. 'Oh,' said Bill, 'I got out all right. So did my old gray mare, and all I lost was that measly mule colt!' And so in this case," concluded Vest, "we have not lost a prominent citizen, an influential Democrat, but a scrubby political mule colt!"

A Graceful Deed.
To hear certain persons who desire office, but can't get it, talk, politics is a sad business and hardens the human heart to such an extent that Pharaoh's by comparison was soft. According to these doctrinaires, all politicians are a bad lot, utterly destitute of the milk of human kindness and with no more sense of gratitude than a marble statue. It is a real pleasure to undeceive them.

However that may be, the following anecdote will convince all who are convinced that Senator Vest is not an ungrateful man:

He and John D. Stephenson of St. Louis were both elected to the Missouri legislature in 1860. Vest was easily leader of the southern sympathizers, and Stephenson was one of the leaders of the unconditional Union men. But they were close personal friends. Nowhere on this continent was debate more savage, feeling higher or excitement more tense than in the Missouri legislature in 1860-61. When war began, Vest cast his fortunes with the south, and Stephenson entered the Union army, rising to the rank of major general. In the early stages of that unhappy conflict General Stephenson captured Boonville, Vest's home town, while the latter was far away fighting with "Old Pap" Price. Mrs. Vest was

very sick at home. General Stephenson, hearing that and remembering his personal friendship for her husband, placed a guard about her house to protect her from harm and to prevent her and her little babe from being disturbed by unwonted noise. It was a graceful deed by a noble man which bore good fruit after he was in his grave.

Senator Vest's Revenge.
It's an old saying that "the whirligig of time brings its own revenges." It is an amazing fact that nobody ever thought to say that "the whirligig of time frequently brings splendid examples of gratitude," but it does all the same. Thirty-four years after General Stephenson protected Vest's wife and child from the horrors of war the brave old general went to his reward, full of honors, but poor in this world's goods. His aged widow applied to congress for a pension such as had been granted the widows of General John A. Logan, General Frank P. Blair and other distinguished Union volunteer major generals. The professional economists in the senate made a hard fight against the bill. Vest, remembering General Stephenson's kindness to his dear ones in the awful days of 1861, took up the cudgels for the dead Union soldier and never rested from his labors until the venerable Mrs. Stephenson was placed beyond want for the remnant of her days. Vest's grateful and chivalric performance is not so widely bruited as that of Sir Philip Sidney, who when sorely wounded himself gave his cup of cold water to a private soldier dying by his side, but it belongs to the same class nevertheless and causes one to think better of human nature itself. Verily, verily, "bread cast upon the water will return again." If critics and cynics will lay aside their preconceived opinions and investigate the matter, they will discover that politicians retain many human virtues.

Caught 'Em Comin' and Goin'.
Nowhere did the civil war rage with more ineffable bitterness and more un-governable fury than in Missouri. At its close things were in chaos. Four prominent participants in that titanic struggle acted with consummate wisdom—Francis Marlon Cockrell, George Truman Vest, John F. Phillips and Thomas T. Crittenden. Cockrell was a major general and Vest a colonel in the Confederate army, while Phillips and Crittenden were Union colonels. All four are Democrats. As soon as "the smoke of battle cleared away" Colonel Vest and Colonel Phillips opened up a law office at Sedalia, in Pettis county, and General Cockrell and Colonel Crittenden opened up another law office at Warrensburg, in the adjoining county of Johnson. Parenthetically it may be stated that Pettis and Johnson are two of the richest counties in that marvelous commonwealth. So they paired off, a Confederate and a Union soldier in each firm. They set their traps, "like the nigger's con trap, to catch 'em a-gwine and a-comin'."

Law and Politics.
They were four tiptop lawyers and raked in lots of shekels. Whether they originally intended that law should be their serious and principal business, with politics as "a side line," or vice versa, I do not know. Whatever they intended, they succeeded well at law and amazingly well in politics. For a third of a century they have been the big four of south central Missouri and Vest and Cockrell the big two of the entire state. In court they had the cream of the business and were usually pitted against each other. In politics they have had the cream and while sometimes pitted against each other have most commonly acted together, at least in late years. Phillips and Crittenden ran against each other for congress and defeated each other for the gubernatorial nomination, and when Vest found that he could not secure the plum for himself he threw his strength to Charles H. Hardin, who defeated Cockrell by one-sixth of one vote, the closest shave on record. Neither Cockrell nor Vest became governor, but both reached the senate. Vest has been elected for four full terms and Cockrell for five. They can stay in the senate as long as they live. What they aspired to and failed to get Colonel Crittenden secured, the governorship. When Grover Cleveland became president, Cockrell and Vest remembered their old law and political partners in a most handsome manner. They had Colonel Crittenden appointed consul general to Mexico and subsequently register in bankruptcy at Kansas City, which latter office he now holds. They had Colonel Phillips appointed United States judge for the western district of Missouri, a life position with a good, fat salary. The career of this great quartet illustrates what may be accomplished by soldiers in times of peace by a judicious combining of law, politics and military records.

Vest's Gubernatorial Namesake.
It is very rare that one man still active in public life sees another man who was named for him governor of a great state. Yet that is precisely what Senator Vest has done, the recent governor of Missouri, Hon. Lon Vest Stephens being his namesake. Thereby hangs a tale which furnishes another illustration of Vest's gratitude. When he migrated to Missouri, he located at Boonville. Colonel J. L. Stephens, father of Governor Stephens, the leading lawyer and financier of the town, took the brilliant young Kentuckian into partnership on liberal terms. Soon after a son was born to Colonel Stephens, and he christened him Lon Vest out of admiration for his youthful partner. Time went on. Vest was in the senate; Grover Cleveland was in the White House; a great national bank broke in St. Louis; the senator had his namesake, Lon Vest Stephens, appointed receiver out of friendship and gratitude to his father. Lon Vest discharged his duties as receiver with such ability that when a vacancy occurred in the office of state treasurer of Missouri Governor Francis appointed him to serve during the unexpired term. Then he was elected for a full term of four years. He made such an excellent treasurer that in 1896 he was nominated for governor by acclamation and triumphantly elected.

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KITCHEN HELPS.

If salt is thrown on a stove when the contents of a pot or pan boil over, it will prevent an offensive odor.

Before putting on milk to boil always rinse out the saucepan with water. This will prevent the milk from burning.

For greasy dishes a little soda in the water is a great help, and in washing glass a bit of blue in the water adds much to its brilliancy.

Salt and vinegar will be found the best for scouring the copper preserving kettle, and a lemon cut in halves and dipped in salt will remove all stains.

If in covering a kitchen table with oilcloth a layer of brown paper is put on first, it will prevent the oilcloth cracking and mat. Wear three times as long.

Wooden bowls make the best receptacles for washing fine glassware which requires careful handling. If two bowls are employed, the results are apt to be more satisfactory, using one for washing and the other for rinsing purposes.

After peeling onions wash your knife and your hands in cold water. Hot water sets the odor of the onion instead of removing it. Then rub the hands and knife with a piece of celery or cut lemon, or even a raw potato, to remove the odor.

Ribbon Economy.
Economical women have learned the value of gasoline for cleaning ribbons, while others use suds made of soap bark chips. They should be rubbed between the hands until thoroughly clean, then examined and, if too badly faded to use again, dyed some darker shade with dye. White ribbons will take delicate shades of blue, pink and lavender. Light colored ribbons are pretty dyed cardinal red, but if they are too dark for that save them until you have half a pound or more and then color them black with dye for silk. No matter what color they are or how spotted or streaked, they will dye a good black. Rinse thoroughly in several warm, soft waters until the last rinsing water is left clear; then smooth the ribbon between the hands and wind over a wide piece of stiff cardboard. When all has been wound around, place it between soft cloths and put it under a heavy pressure. When taken out, it will be smooth and look like new. Another way to manage them is to hang them in the open air until about half dry; then cover them with cheesecloth or some other thin material and iron with a moderately hot iron.

The Children's Hour.
Our quiet hours with our children should first of all be cheerful hours. Sydney Smith has said: "If you make children happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it." I believe this to be quite true. We should make the hours with our children full of joy, then twenty years from now we, too, can recall how happy they were, how we heard their merry voices and watched them play, and we can look with pride on our children, whom we loved and who went to Grownup Land. Then, too, the quiet hours with our children should be loving hours. How much the small touches of a mother's love mean to the child! Even if it is only to whisper to your son as he starts to school, "Remember, mother is thinking about you all day and expecting you to be a good boy," how much better the effect of such a farewell than to hurry him away with some sharp and nervous rebuke.—Mothers' Journal.

Just Like a Baby.
Old Gentleman (in the park)—What are you doing, my little dear?
Little Girl (with doll)—I am giving dolly a drink.
Old Gentleman—Giving dolly a drink, eh? But the water is running down all over her pretty dress.
Little Girl—Yes; she slobbers a great deal. All babies do.

The curious sight may be seen in Dover, England, of a young tree growing out of a high mill chimney in a public thoroughfare. Notwithstanding its extraordinary position the tree has grown two or three feet high. It is believed to have its root in an old nest.



MINIATURE WHIRLPOOL.

An Easy Way of Producing a Tempest in a Tumbler.

Here is a trick which may be successfully performed with a very little trouble and which does not need any appliances besides things that any one has in the house. It is a very pretty trick, too, and, while there is nothing wonderful about it, it is most interesting to watch and will serve to entertain a number of your friends in one of those awkward moments that so often occur at parties or gatherings of both young folk and their elders.

All that you need for this trick is a glass of pure water placed on a table or little stand in plain view of all your audience and a few shavings of camphor. It is better to have the camphor shavings quite thin and to have a number of them—say eight or ten. Now your apparatus is ready.

Before performing the trick you should tell your little friends something about whirlpools; how they draw ships into their fearful, revolving



DOING THE TRICK.

throats and, crushing them, suck them down to the depths of the ocean; how they are formed of masses of water whirling round and round until a funnel appears in the middle, which engulfs anything caught within the rushing ring of water. Now your trick should be done.

Sprinkle the shavings of camphor on the surface of the water in the glass. Try to have the pieces of camphor at equal distances from each other, so that they extend completely around the edges. The camphor chips will instantly start to whirl around the top of the water in the glass, and in a moment there will be a beautiful whirlpool, but of course on a very small scale. This will continue for some time and is very interesting to watch.—New York Herald.

Boyhood's Delights.
I'd like to be a boy again without a woe or care, with freckles scattered on my face and bayseed in my hair; I'd like to rise at 4 o'clock and do a hundred chores and saw the wood and feed the hogs and lock the stable doors; and herd the hens and watch the bees, and take the mules to drink, and teach the turkeys how to swim so that they wouldn't sink; and milk about a hundred cows and bring in wood to burn, and stand out in the sun all day and churn, and churn, and churn; and wear my brother's castoff clothes, and walk four miles to school, and get a licking every day for breaking some old rule, and then get home again at night and do the chores once more, and milk the cows and feed the hogs and carry mules galore; and then crawl wearily up stairs to seek my little bed and hear dad say: "That worthless boy! He isn't worth his bread!" I'd like to be a boy again; a boy has so much fun; his life is just a round of mirth from rise to set of sun; I guess there's nothing pleasanter than closing stable doors, and herding hens, and chasing bees, and doing evening chores.—American Boy.

Light and Sound.
Light travels at the rate of 186,000 miles per second, and it takes eight minutes and eighteen seconds to travel from the sun to the earth. Any phenomenon, therefore, occurring on the surface of the sun is not observed by the inhabitants of the earth till that time afterward. Sound travels in still air at the freezing point at the rate of 1,000 feet per second. The report of a gun one mile distant would not be heard till nearly five seconds after the flash was seen.

For cleaning the teeth and strengthening the gums there is nothing better or more wholesome than a teaspoonful of common salt in a tumbler of warm water. Brush night and morning and rinse with clear cold water.

HOTELS.

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The Best Hotel in Pendleton and as good as any.



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