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The largest sum ever paid for a prescription  
changed hands in San Francisco August 27  
1901. The transfer involved in coin and stock  
\$112,500 and was paid by a party of business  
men for a specific for Bright's Disease and Dia-  
betes, hitherto incurable diseases.  
They commenced the careful investigation of  
the specific November 15, 1898. They inter-  
viewed scores of the cured and tried it out on  
its merits by putting over three dozen cases  
on the treatment and watching them. They  
also got physicians to name chronic, incurable  
cases, and administered it with the physicians  
for judges. Up to August 27, eighty-seven per  
cent of the test cases were either well or  
progressing favorably.  
There being but thirteen per cent of failures,  
the parties were satisfied and closed the trans-  
action. The proceedings of the investigating  
committee and the clinical reports of the test  
cases were published and will be mailed free  
on application. Address JOHN J. FULFORD, Con-  
sult, 420 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

## BOY'S LOVE

By  
Isola  
Forrester

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"Are you cold?" He asked the ques-  
tion politely, but not solicitously.  
Each time he had walked to the top of  
the little sand dune and back again to  
the lone figure sitting in silent dignity  
among the straggly sword grasses and  
sand cherries he had asked the same  
question with the same result.  
"Thanks; not at all," said Jeannette  
without removing her gaze from the  
blot of ink splashed on the lake's sun-  
set stained breast far to the westward  
that represented Macatawa Island.

"Are you hungry?"  
"No."  
The other times he had gone away to  
his solitary lookout point when she had  
uttered that frozen negative. Now he  
paused and took another look at her.  
She was cold. She must be cold in  
that lacy, foolish, exquisite excuse for  
a rational garment which she wore. It  
was nearly 7, and there had sprung up



SHE GLANCED UP INDIGNANTLY.

a fresh, cool lake breeze since the sun  
shot its last crimson shaft above the  
pines of the mainland shore. He was  
cold with his coat and sweater on. "If  
only she would give some sign of  
weakening!" he thought and then  
caught a glimpse of her profile—the up-  
lifted rebellious chin and the short up-  
per lip, the straight little nose, with its  
delicious tendency to tilt heavenward,  
and the fluttering wisps of straying  
curls that the wind tossed where it  
pleased—and his foot ground an unof-  
fending clump of aspiring clover in the  
sand.

If she had never kissed him, it would  
have been another matter, but she  
had—not once; he could distinctly re-  
member several times. And they were  
not cousinly kisses either. Eleanor  
kissed him in a cousinly fashion—  
friendly, mild little shies at his chin  
or eyebrow—when he had a birthday  
or left for college, but Jean had been  
different—different ever since he could  
remember, when, a thin, big eyed, red  
haired young creature of six, she had  
proclaimed her love for him from the  
housetops and graciously showered  
him with favors varying from sticky  
caramel kisses to the eyes of her loved  
doll when the latter went the way of  
her kind. He looked at his watch. The  
boat could not possibly reach them  
from Macatawa before another half  
hour. It would make a landing on its  
way around the lake to gather up the  
cottagers for the hop.

"Are you hungry?"  
It was a last appeal. Jeannette  
plucked a spray of sand cherries and  
began to eat them stolidly. He re-  
membered other girls with red hair  
who had the same pleasant, madden-  
ing little ways at critical moments. It  
must be in the color, or was it just  
pure—

She glanced up indignantly when he  
knelt beside her and wrapped his coat  
around her and then laughed when she  
saw the look on his face.

"I like you when you're like that,  
Tom," she said.

"Like what?"  
"Oh, just brace up and boss me and  
forget you're only a boy! Can you see  
the boat yet?"

"No; I'm not a boy. Does Kerwin  
boss you?"

"Not very much; sometimes. He's  
never rude."

"Isn't that pleasant?" After a pause,  
"Do you like him so awfully well?"

He was stretched out on the sand at  
her feet, all his heart in his eyes as  
he looked at her. They were good  
eyes that had not yet lost the frank,  
questioning directness of boyhood.  
Jeannette gazed steadily at the red  
light that had suddenly flickered to  
life in the lighthouse at Osbourne  
point.

"Pretty well," she said thoughtfully.  
"Better than you do me?"

"You are so disagreeable at times,  
Tom, that it isn't fair to judge," she  
returned generously. "You keep one  
so in doubt, you know, and Mr. Kerwin  
is always the same. He is one of the

most amiable men I have ever met."

"I hate amiable men."

"How you must love yourself, dear!"  
"Don't call me dear. When we fight,  
you always ring in the cousin racket  
and 'dear boy' me. I'm not a boy."

"Don't growl so. You are a boy, six  
feet one and a hundred and sixty  
pounds of good, solid, sweet tempered  
lovable boy. I wonder if Mr. Kerwin  
will be worried about me and come on  
the boat. He has the first waltz."

"You always give him waltzes. Al  
I get are two steps. What fellow has  
any chance in a two step?"

"Two steps were made for you, Tom.  
Your graceful prance is heavenly. I  
feel as if I had been at a football game  
when you slow up and deposit my re-  
mains on a friendly chair. But one  
doesn't waltz as if one were wound up  
like a toy engine to scoot from wall to  
wall in a frenzy. Mr. Kerwin learned  
in Europe, he says."

"If I could think that you only did it  
to torment me, the way it was with  
Bob and Cliff Maxon and the rest, I  
wouldn't care a hang. But some way  
he seems different. He's forty-five"—  
"Thirty-six."

"It's all the same, and I know Uncle  
Nick smells cold cash or he'd never  
throw you at his head the way he  
does."

"He doesn't throw me at his head,"  
came the hot denial. "Eleanor is al-  
ways with us."

"Oh, well, Eleanor, she's most thir-  
ty—"

"Twenty-five last April."

"I don't care. She wouldn't look at  
Kerwin. If he comes on the boat, I'll  
throw him in the lake."

"You sweet child! Tom, dear, do you  
know—"

"No; I don't know," he retorted bit-  
terly. "I don't know anything, Jeanie,  
except that I love you, and you don't  
care a rap."

There was silence. After a few min-  
utes she stole a glance at him. His  
head was lying on his arms, his face  
hidden. She smiled a little, tremulous,  
fearful smile. What a boy he was! A  
man would have known, taken it for  
granted anyway. But all he did was  
avow his cause and lay down heart  
and sword before the battle had even  
begun.

Far off on the distant marsh some  
night fowl sent a quivering, anxious  
cry across the lake, and the water lap-  
ped lazily among the reeds down near  
the rickety old pier.

She shivered and looked away from  
the strong, athletic young figure lying  
among the sword grasses at her feet.  
If he had not been going away that  
night! How long half a year seems  
when one must be alone! But he was  
such a boy! She turned and laid her  
hand on his shoulder.

"Tom, don't do that," she said quick-  
ly, a little frown contracting her eye-  
brows. "I didn't know. You always  
acted as if it were half fun. Don't  
you know you did? And Bob and Cliff  
weren't in earnest. Boys aren't gener-  
ally. They fall in love because—oh,  
just because! And I thought you were  
the same. I didn't think you would  
want it to be forever, the way men  
do."

No response from the prostrate fig-  
ure. Her hand wandered to his hair  
It was thick, wavy hair. She had loved  
to pull it back in the old days when  
she had been angry with him. One  
could get such a splendid grip.

"You never said you really wanted  
me, you know, Tom." The words did  
not come as easily now. "Mr. Kerwin  
proposed, really and truly, in the regu-  
lation way, like a man. You never  
even proposed."

The figure sat bolt upright.

"What did he say?"

"The boat has left the island."

"How did he do it?"

"They'll be here pretty soon."

"Jean, look at me. Don't laugh."

After awhile, when they could hear  
the slow, faint whistle of the boat and  
walked down to the pier together  
swinging hands, he asked suddenly:

"Did I do it right?"

"Lovely!"

"You dear! Better than Kerwin?"

"Ask Eleanor!" she said.

### A Barber and Poet.

Jasmin, the Gascon poet, who was  
also a barber, had many a strange ad-  
venture arising from the incongruity  
of his two professions.

At one time when he was visiting  
the mayor of a French town and had  
promised to give an informal recitation  
to the townspeople the hour arrived,  
and his host did not appear. Several  
important personages assembled to ac-  
company them to the hall, but the  
mayor remained invisible, busied with  
his toilet.

Finally, fearing the impatience of his  
guests, he opened the door of his  
chamber to apologize and showed his  
face covered with lather.

"Just a moment," said he; "I am fin-  
ishing my shaving."

"Oh," said Jasmin, "let me help  
you."

He at once doffed his coat, gave a  
finishing touch to the razor and shaved  
the mayor in a twinkling with what  
he called his "hand of velvet." In a  
few minutes he was in the hall receiv-  
ing tumultuous applause for his splen-  
did recitations.

President Earle of the League of  
American Wheelmen says that the con-  
vict labor of the country could build  
15,000 miles of road a year and should  
be used for that purpose.

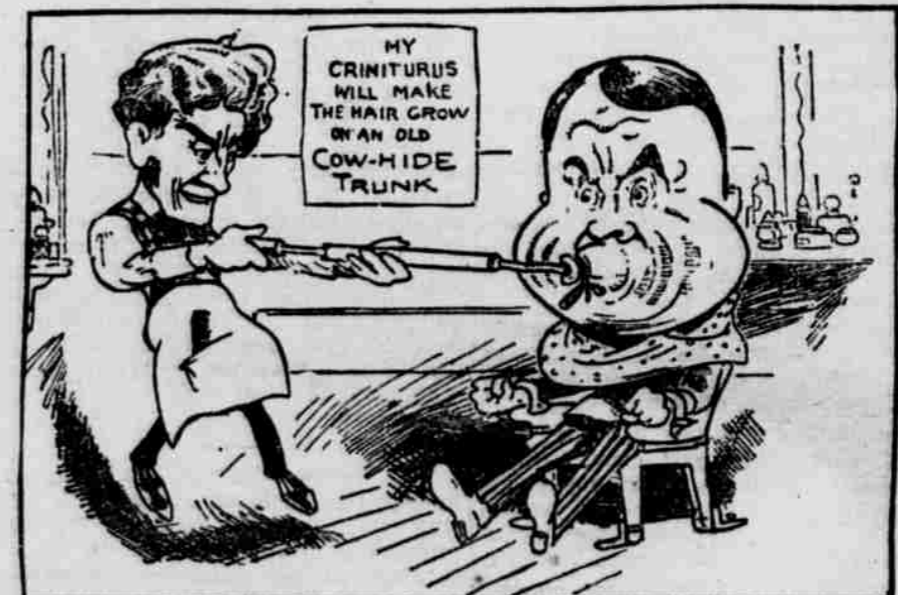
### THE BARBER SCORED.



1. The India Rubber Faced Man From the Circus: "I reckon this is a dead snap for me. There was never a barber born yet who could get his razor into the crevices of my countenance."



2. And he sorter smiled a cunning smile as he sauntered in and requested a shave.



3. But when the barber placed him in his patent chair, which pinioned his arms, and tied his lips tightly on to the business end of a bicycle in-  
nator—



4. —and inflated him up to such a point that there were no wrinkles visible on his otherwise corrugated face—well, he began to see there were methods in "artistic barbering" he had not hitherto dreamed of.



Slender Individual: "Did I understand you to say, sir, that you get out at the next station?"  
Stout Party: "Yes, you did, sir. And what of it?"  
Slender Individual (with great relief): "Ah-h-h! The train'll be getting on faster after that."

### HOTELS.

## HOTEL PENDLETON

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