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Broome
Grass,
Blue
Grass
and
White
Clover.

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THE HARDWARE MAN.

Who Sells Field Fence in all heights,
as well as every variety of HARD-
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WOOD! COAL!
WOOD! COAL!

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Cavalry Horses for Sale.

BEST OF CARE TAKEN OF
TEAMS OVER NIGHT

GIVE US A CALL.
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\$3.50 to \$5 Delivered

Order of us and save money.
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**BEST FOR THE
BOWELS**

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the
bowels every day, you're ill or will be. Keep your
bowels open, and in good form, in the shape of the
gentle, cathartic, most purified way of keeping the bowels
clear and clean is to take



EAT 'EM LIKE CANDY
Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, No Food
Never Sickens, Weakens, or Grips, 10, 25, and 50 cents
per box. Write for free sample, and booklet on
Health. Address
STELLING HERSHEY COMPANY, CHICAGO or NEW YORK.
KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN

By a Hair's Breadth

By D. H. TALMADGE

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It once happened that a boy wander-
ed away from his home, thus produc-
ing distraction therein. He was a lit-
tle boy, and his years were few. He
was gone for hours, many hours, of
daylight and darkness, and during the
interval between his going and his
coming, for he returned safe and sound
at last, his mother was prostrated with
nervous apprehension and his father's
face aged plainly. The alarm bells
were rung; the community postponed
its business affairs and joined in the
search; the schools were dismissed,
and children vied with men and women
to find the missing, but they were un-
successful.

They found upon the river bank tracks
made by the boy's small shoes; they
found his straw hat floating upon the
surface of the stream in a heap of
driftwood; they found, trampled in the
sand of the shore, a paper bag bearing
the name of a local confectioner, who
testified that the boy had purchased a
penny's worth of caramels that day.
And suspicion became conviction—the
boy had been drowned!

The river was dragged until the
night came down, and one boatload
of determined spirits worked grimly with
the chains and hooks by the flickering
light of lanterns until the clocks struck
12. Then, discomfited, they retired to
await the sunrise.

That was a night long to be remem-
bered in the town. It was a night of
speechless agony in the boy's home and
of sorrow broken slumber in the homes
of other boys. There is something pecu-
liar in the thought of a child's form
alone in black waters under a
starless sky or—and this was the faint-
est of hopes—in the thought of a child
wandering alone in the darkness, cry-
ing out his terrified little heart, stum-
bling here and there, not knowing
which way to turn.

Tears were many in the town that
night, but none flowed in the boy's
home. Eyes were dry there and hot.
Lips there were dry and burning.
Hour after hour the father paced the
floor, looking neither to the right nor
to the left, his sweat cold hands
clenched, his breath bursting from him
as from one who strives to the limit of
endurance at some manual undertaking.

The clocks struck 3. The front door
opened and closed with a bang. A cry
indecipherable was sounded. The boy
was in his father's arms.

At daybreak the good news went
forth, and the story was told and told.



HE RAN TO THE FORM AND KNELT BESIDE IT
again how the boy had gone to the
river to fish and had crawled out upon
a log the better to get his ridiculous
bent pin of a hook within reach of the
big, big fish. Thus he told the tale
himself. The log had not been fasten-
ed securely, and it had sailed away
with him, far, far away, miles and
miles, almost to Europe, he thought.
He was not frightened much. It was
fun until the river ran between high
bluffs over great stones and the log
dipped and pitched and rolled. He fell
off at last, and a man who had been
watching him from a cave up in the
bluff came rushing down and waded
and splashed and swam after him and
pulled him out, and turned him upside
down and spanked him to get the
water out, and carried him to a cave,
and built a fire and dried his clothes,
and fed him some luscious dried beef
and crackers, and finally, long, long
after dark, put him upon his back and
gave him a dandy ride home.

"He was a real nice man," said the
boy in concluding the account. "He
told me stories of kings who had heaps
of money and of queens who had so
many jewels they didn't know what to
do. I told him I'd bet they didn't have
any more money than my papa or any
more jewels than my mamma, and he
seemed greatly interested. He didn't
come clear to the house with me. He

put me down at the corner and told me
to scoot, and I scooted."

"Heaven bless him!" said the boy's
parents fervently. "We should like to
see him and thank him for the great
service he has rendered us."

"I wish you could," returned the boy
earnestly. "He was such a nice man."

One night about two weeks later the
boy's father was awakened by the
sound of a rising window sash, and he
crept from his bed and took a revolver
from a bureau drawer. Softly he
passed down the stairs, but not so soft-
ly that he was not heard by a man
standing by the sideboard in the dining
room. The man fired a pistol, and the
boy's father fired in return. The first
shot had no effect. The second had.
When the boy's father turned on the
electric light, the man was lying upon
the floor bleeding.

"You've fixed me, I guess," he said,
grinning in a ghastly sort of way.
"You've hit me in a nerve center or
something. I'm paralyzed. I can't
wiggle."

"Serves you right," grimly comment-
ed the father of the boy, and he tele-
phoned for the police.

But before the police came there was
a sound of swishing garments upon the
stairway, and the boy entered the
room. His eyes were wide with won-
der as he looked from his father to the
form upon the floor. Then with a lit-
tle cry he ran to the form and knelt
beside it.

"Hello!" he said.

"Hello!" was the groaning response.

"How are you, kid?"

"Real well," replied the boy. Then
he turned toward his father. "This is
him," he announced simply.

The boy's father was much affected.
"What!" he ejaculated. "Him! Oh!"

He also knelt by the wounded man's
side, saying nothing, only trying to
stanch the flow of blood, and while he
worked the police arrived.

He arose, confronting the officers. "I
have made a terrible mistake," he said
to them. "I thought this man was an
enemy to my household, and he was
not. You are not needed. I'm sorry I
put you to so much trouble. If one of
you will step to the telephone and tell
Dr. Bigley to come here at once, I
shall be obliged. After that you may
go."

The burglar was nursed back to
health in that home. He was there
three weeks. He should, for the sake
of the story, have gone into the world
a better man, but he did not. Six
weeks afterward he was arrested in
another city on a charge of burglary,
convicted and sentenced to seven
years' penal servitude. A short time
prior to his arrest the boy's father re-
ceived a letter from him, inclosing \$15
in currency. It said:

Dear Sir—Here's for my bord durin my pleasant
stay at yure house. I'd like to square the doc's
bill to but I'm flyin to lite. Regards to kid.
Yures truly,
JAMES BROCKLES.

The father of the boy read the letter
several times and pondered much.
"The man's bad tendencies," he told
himself, "outweigh the good by only
the fraction of a hair. Poor fellow!"

Gordon's Way.

Lord Wolseley used to tell of three
subalterns who were in the trenches
before the Redan—Wolseley, Gerald
Graham and Charles Gordon. When
they were relieved at night, the gigan-
tic Graham, the perfect type of the
sword, used to pick himself out of the
trench and walk straight to his
tent, careless of the fact that he was
making himself a cock shot for the
Russian marksmen. Evening after
evening the Russian soldiers used to
gather more and more thickly, but
Graham would take no advice. He
wasn't going "to bother about those
fellows."

Garnet Wolseley, with ambition even
then to be one day the commander in
chief, used to crawl through the very
slush of the trench on his hands and
knees for a hundred yards or so before
he got up and made a bee line for his
tent. He did not mean to be shot if he
could help it.

"And Gordon?" the listener asked.
"Oh, Gordon," said Wolseley; "Gordon
was funny. Sometimes he would crawl
with me and the very next evening get
up, hook arms with Graham and go off
talking eagerly."—Candid Friend.

Two Expressions of Peel.

Was there ever a more mordant and
sardonic stroke of description than that
O'Connell gave of Peel's blood-
lessness? "His smile was like the sil-
ver plate on a coffin."

Less scathing, but less witty also,
was his description of a lady of a sim-
ilar repellent temperament. "She had
all the characteristics of a poker, ex-
cept its occasional warmth."

His Latin.

"Why do you put so many Latin quo-
tations into your speeches?" asked the
friend. "I'm sure most of us don't un-
derstand them."

"That's just the point. Misery loves
company. I want to be sure there is
some one besides myself who doesn't
know precisely what I am talking
about."—Washington Star.

Robert Toombs' Advice.

A lawyer sent to Robert Toombs
once and asked what he should charge
a client in a case to which Mr. Toombs
had just listened in the courthouse.
"Well," said Toombs, "I should charge
\$1,000, but you ought to have \$5,000,
for you did a great many things that I
would not have done."

JUDGING FROM APPEARANCES.



Customer (looking in at door): "Oh, I'll call again later."
Barber: "Come in, sir. Won't keep you a minute, sir. This won't
take me long, sir."

COMPULSORY.



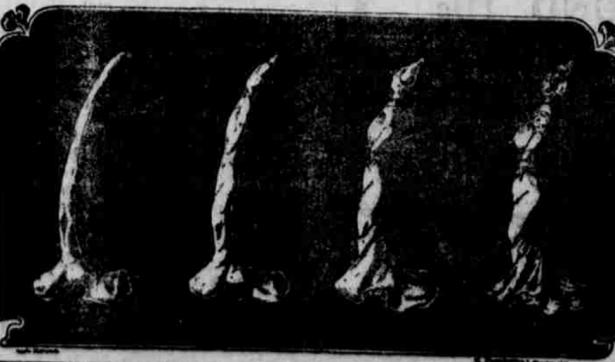
"Willie Jones' mother makes him go to Sunday school every Sunday."
"Why do you say she makes him go?"
"Cause he goes."

NO MIXED DRINKS.



Judge: "Did the prisoner indulge in oburgations?"
Prosecutor: "No, sir; I never knew him to take anything but whisky."

WOMAN'S EVOLUTION FROM THE BIR.



HOTELS.

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