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**A SATURDAY SERMON.**

Young John D. Rockefeller, son of the richest man in the world, teaches a Sunday school class in New York, which is quite commendable of him. He recently spoke to the members from the text:

"Why should we join the church?" This being Saturday his remarks will serve as a sermon to ponder on during Easter Sunday, the end of the Lenten season, and the day upon which we celebrate the rise of Christ. If one read it with the thought accompanying that young Rockefeller inevitably suggests the great oil and rail and land trust his father represents, it will be really a sermon on church economics, with a fine argument interjected in favor of the trust:

"In union there is strength and success. We see this illustrated every day in the business world. The business man with a small capital finds it to his benefit to unite his money and interests with those of his neighbor. The benefits that derive from their combined capital and labor are proportionately larger than those that would accrue if both worked singly. And these partners in turn find it beneficial to join their partnership with other partnerships, and so on until a great corporation is formed, each union extending the benefits and possibilities of all concerned without the loss so common in single effort.

"To fight the battle alone," said Mr. Rockefeller, "is to be lost. Association with others is an absolute necessity if we would be successful. It would be like seeing a soldier fighting singly for his country to see the Christian fighting for God without the church."

It was at this point that Mr. Rockefeller gave to his attentive audience his expert views on the advantages of trusts as set forth in the beginning of the article.

There was a long discussion of the subject by the members of Mr. Rockefeller's class, after which he summed up the subject by saying, "Every man who believes in Christ should ally himself with the church. What branch of the church he attends makes but little difference. The particular creed chosen makes but little difference, for we are all working toward one common end. To join the church is a duty we owe to Christ, for to him it manifests our stand that we are not ashamed of His name.

"Man also owes to himself to become a member of the church, for in the church he finds himself associated with men and women of the highest aims and ideals. A church life gives a man many advantages. It is true that some men take advantage of these advantages, but this should not dissuade any man from becoming a member of the church of God."

This is to say that the Church of Christ and the trust are of a kind. Imagine one of the church's founders—Paul, for instance—defying the law of the land in the attempt to deprive Caesar of that which was Caesar's. Imagine any of those old heroes breaking the law industriously and intentionally, by building up and maintaining a combination in direct violation of the express wishes of the people. Young Mr. Rockefeller

could find passages of Scripture that would furnish him with interesting sermons not quite so plainly suggestive of the incongruity between the church of God with the trust of selfish and unscrupulous men.

**OREGON'S MOUNTAINS.**

An interesting descriptive article showing the beauties of the Oregon mountain scenery, appears in the Springfield (Mass.) Republican of March 9th, written by a correspondent of that paper from Portland. The article will be of some interest to the readers in Oregon as well as those in the New England states, and the Statesman for that reason reproduces it here. The article is as follows:

Portland, Ore., Feb. 22.—To those who have passed their lives in New England, Washington's birthday is almost indissolubly associated with snow and ice, with cold winter winds, bare and naked trees, and a general air of desolation. But even in New England the nature lover, though the weather may prohibit woodland rambles, understands and realizes with every heart throb that life is still there, and that beneath the snow or ice or sodden grass, the pulsing current still tides unseen, but felt and realized. To see the day ushered in by a glorious pink sunrise, with the air warm and balmy, and the meadow larks singing from the depth of his cheery little heart, was an inspiration to a "tenderfoot," and I determined to climb Portland Heights, enjoy the mild sunshine, drink in the balmy spring air, view the wonderful mountain scenery and gather some specimens of the beautiful "Oregon Grape" and send them 3500 miles to Springfield.

The electric cars landed me at the foot of the street where the long flight of 400 steps led to the top of the heights crowned with the evergreens, whose dark verdure affords so much delight in this soft and mild climate. Step by step by easy grades, with plenty of resting places on the way, the summit is reached. Even with the exertion of climbing, every step is a delight. With the exception of building a long flight of stairs, man has been content to let nature alone and the overreaching monarchs of the forest are there in all their primeval stateliness and beauty. An occasional moss-grown stump, large enough for a dining table, reveals the fact that sometime in the remote past the trail was blazed by some hardy pioneer, who has long since laid down his ax and reaped the reward of well doing. On either side of the steps, protected by dense foliage, the wood myrtle grows profusely, and the rock ferns proudly reared their spikes, undaunted and unimpaired by the fact of mid-winter. Here the Oregon grape, the pride of western Oregon, grows in its glossy beauty, and on many specimens the buds are beginning to show. In the deep shade the plant is light green and has a waxen look, but out in the open, where it is kissed by the warm sun, it assumes a deep coppery-green hue, and is particularly rich in shade effects. The pussy willows have shed their earlier furry jackets, and are now a mass of yellow pollen, light and feathery as snow flakes. The slender tassels of the elders nod and sway in the soft breeze, and lean to touch the cheek of the climber. The few delicious trees of this climate, the Oregon oak, the white maple and the Oregon ash, are interspersed with their more prolific brothers, the evergreens, and on these the buds are swelling and the reddening glows of the maple trees are particularly dainty and beautiful.

When the hill's summit is gained, if the climber has not stopped to steal a look in the ascent, the view that bursts on the gaze is almost awful in its glittering beauty. Between the east and the west sections of the city yflows the broad Willamette. On the breast of the sparkling river, noble ships are sailing or lie at anchor at the long piers. The blue smoke from the steamers and tugs rises high in the rarified air, and mingles with the vapors from the distant hills. As far as the eye can see looking eastward the Cascade range stretches from north to south, and is lost behind the horizon. It is one continuous range, with the peaks varying from 8,000 to 10,000 feet in height. Supreme and majestic, towering above all others in Oregon is Mt. Hood, covered with everlasting snow and ice. The warm afternoon sun seemed to bathe with an almost unearthly light each silent peak, and so near did the haughty monarch appear in the clear still air, that it seemed as if a stone might be thrown from Portland Heights to the base of the mountain. (The distance is about 60 miles.) Following the line of vision are Mt. Jefferson, 10,000 feet high; Diamond peak, 9000 feet; Mt. Scott, 8500 feet, and others nearly as high. All these rise into the region of perpetual snow and all of them are perhaps extinct volcanoes. The Indians used to have traditions of a time when Mt. Hood was an active volcano, but their traditions were many and lacked verification. The forests on this mountain range extend to the snow line, and the demarkation is plainly visible. Below the high range of mountains lie the foothills and in the valleys that lie at their feet are thousands of cattle, and millions of sheep

graze on the tender bunch grass, and drink the water that is abundant and pure, the year round. Truly beneficent nature has done everything for western Oregon. Very little shelter is provided for the herds that range at will on the western side of the Cascade mountains, as the weather is never cold, and no snow falls of any account.

Away to the north of the mountains named, some 150 miles distant, in the state of Washington, Mt. St. Helens rises in lonely grandeur, a massive cone-shaped peak, clothed, like Mt. Hood in perpetual snow. Still further north, faint and shadowy in the blue mist were outlined Mts. Ranier, Baker and Adams and others stretching across the state of Washington from Oregon to British Columbia. Mt. Ranier is nearly 15,000 feet high and the other peaks range from 10,000 to 12,000. From the isolated position of Mt. St. Helens, the peak appears about 25 miles away. It is easy to imagine the silent sentinel outlined against the sky, a massive volcano, and the vapor rising from it, caused by the warm rays of the sun readily help the imagination in the belief that volcanic smoke is being from the pointed peak, but we know that whatever may have occurred before the earth was cold, now the mountain is dead, and covered with the snows that never melt. To the north and east the noble Columbia gleams, like a broad silver lake, and on the sloughs and flats thousands of webfooted creatures make their dwelling places and make amusement for the man with the gun.

Little did the silent sleeper at Mt. Vernon reck of the vast heritage of mountain, river and plain, of mineral wealth, that should be the productions of the generations to come after him, when he camped at Valley Forge, and saw the misery of bare and wounded feet, of sickness, of cold and hunger, and almost starvation, did any premonition come to him of the vast future of his well-beloved country? Was there a voice in his ear that made him have sublime faith in the trying ordeal of censure through which he passed in that winter of '77-78? Who can say? His works live after him, and although the great acquisition of territory came after his death, the cause of liberty and progress had been steadily marching on for a quarter of a century.

As the setting sun bathed with an almost unearthly light peak, mountain, foothill, plain, valley and river, my thought went out to the mighty makers of this country, and in the purpling shadows and blue mists of the silent mountains I could almost see the faces of Washington and Jefferson and Lincoln looking down, and a myriad of others also crowded about by a cloud of witnesses, not alone the great emancipators, but the shadowy ranks of those who wrestled here, Gray and Lewis and Clark and a host of others who blazed the way for the hardy pioneers who came after them. Their labors are long since ended and done, but the seed sown in the early days now bears rich fruitage. Forms change and pass, bodies disappear; but spirits still linger to consecrate ground for the vision place of souls, and the shadow of a mighty presence falls like a benediction on this natal day of the great.

As the shadows open on the mighty mountains and enwrap the valleys in their folds the great pale moon

**Pistol Practise**

Is becoming more popular among women. The reason given is that a woman should know how to use the pistol for self protection. The theory should be carried farther. Where a woman is in danger from assault once she is in danger from disease every day of her life. Women have not only to run the risk of diseases which threaten husband, brother, and son, but they have also to guard against diseases which are peculiar to womanhood.

From these diseases Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will effectively defend women. The use of this medicine preserves as well as restores the womanly health. It corrects irregularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness.

"I cannot say enough for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery,'" writes Mrs. Ida M. Tutt, of 66 Franklin Street, Crawfordsville, Ind. "I could hardly make alone or do my housework when I heard of your wonderful medicine. I used five bottles of each and several vials of 'Pleasant Pellets,' and can say I am a well woman. I thank Dr. Pierce for his advice for he helped me to live. May many thousand women take my advice and when in poor health or suffering from any female trouble take Dr. Pierce's wonderful medicines."

Sick women, especially those suffering from diseases of long standing, are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free. All correspondence is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, a book containing 1008 pages, is given away. Send 21 one-cent stamps (expense of mailing only), for the book in paper covers, or 31 stamps for the volume bound in cloth. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.



**MANY RELIABLE WITNESSES**  
Prove That Old Cases of Chronic Catarrh can be Cured.

**A Medicine That Will Cure Cases of Catarrh of Long Standing Deserves a Very High Place in the Annals of Medical Discovery.**

**Such a Medicine is Peruna.**

THOUSANDS of testimonials are pouring in every day of old cases of chronic catarrh that have resisted all treatment for years, being promptly and permanently cured by Peruna.

These reports do not all come from obscure places, signed by obscure people. A large proportion of these letters are written by men and women prominent in business and professional circles and many of them well known from ocean to ocean.

Colonel John Franklin Waters occupies a prominent position among the leading trial lawyers of Chicago. He has probably obtained more verdicts against corporations in suits for personal injuries than any man of his age in the United States, and during his practice of over fifteen years he has not lost a single case in the Supreme Courts of Illinois and Missouri. He is a hard worker and has the energy of four men.

For a number of years he had been afflicted with chronic catarrh and having recently been thoroughly cured of his old affection, an interview was obtained with him by one of our reporters in which he gave the following statement to the public:

CHICAGO, ILL., Aug. 6, 1900.  
The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.:  
Gentlemen—"It gives me great pleasure to testify to the merits of such a worthy remedy for catarrh as your Peruna. I had suffered for a number of years from this very disagreeable disease and had tried many so-called remedies, but until I used Peruna none had the desired effect. I feel that I am perfectly cured and can cheerfully recommend Peruna to any one suffering from catarrh."  
JOHN F. WATERS,  
120 E. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

Another case equally well-known in Chicago, is reported through a letter from a veteran Railroad man.



COLONEL JOHN FRANKLIN WATERS, OF CHICAGO.

Captain John H. Lyons, of Chicago, passenger agent for various railroad companies for the past twenty-four years, connected with the Postoffice Department for six years, the Police Department for six years, and at present connected with the Grand Trunk railroad, had a similar case. He is a veteran soldier and a prominent member of G. A. R. Camp No. 102. Captain John H. Lyons, 1612 Park Ave., Chicago, Ill., writes: "For twenty years I suffered with chronic catarrh but thanks to Peruna am now entirely cured. It affords me much pleasure to make a statement in behalf of your meritorious remedy, Peruna. I have used same for catarrh and have found it to be all I claim for it. I had suffered for twenty years. I cheerfully recommend Peruna to anyone suffering from catarrh, and believe that, as in my case, it will prove a sure cure."—Captain John H. Lyons.

Address The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio, for instructive literature on catarrh.

**You get Good Beer.**

When you drink  
**PILSNER BEER.**

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

Ask for it.

Schultz Brewing Co

**Why Not?**

pass a pleasant evening playing Pool or Billiards at

**Golden Rule Pool and Billiard Parlor**

WILLIAMS & WILLIAMS, Prop

213 Court Street.

**...WANTED...**

Energetic people to sell our up-to-date publications in each township. We furnish books to reliable agents on a credit system. Write for terms and descriptive circulars.

CONTINENTAL BOOK CO.  
Goodnough Bldg., Portland, Ore.

**Pendleton Planing Mill and Lumber Yard.**

Buy their stock by the seven carload lots and, therefore, get the benefit of the discounts, which enable them to sell at a very narrow margin.

**IF YOU NEED . . .**

Lumber, Building Paper, Lime, Cement, Brick, Sand, Terra Cotta, or anything in this line get our prices.

Pendleton Planing Mill and Lumber Yard.

R. FORSTER, Proprietor



**AN ABSENT MINDED MAN**  
May neglect to notice when his carriage or wagon needs repairing, who there is a bolt loose, a hub or spoke sprung, or when the front gear is in need of overhauling until he meets with some accident on the road or where it makes double expense to have it repaired. Charges are so reasonable that there is no excuse for delay.

NEAGLE BROTHERS  
Water St., near Main, Pendleton, Ore.  
Daily East Oregonian by mail only 15 cents a week.