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WASHINGTON ELM, CAMBRIDGE, UNDER WHICH WASHING-
TON TOOK COMMAND OF THE AMERICAN ARMY.

By
E. Von
Kamann

GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS AND GIRLS

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ROLLIN and Luise Morey had read so many interesting tales of the Green mountains that when the family party set out for a long talk of visit to the native heath of the Moreys, in Vermont, the children even forgot good manners in their enthusiasm. They left their prairie city home one balmy spring morning, and after a couple of hours' run the Chicago and Boston express stopped at another city, where Roxy and Ethelbert Morey, young cousins of Rollin and Luise, joined the group. This was the first trip the children had made to a distance. What it would be like they had but misty ideas, but when Rollin clapped his hands and declared, "It's going to be fun all right," his sister and cousins agreed that there couldn't be any mistake about that. They talked it over all day and at night went to their berths in the sleeper without even a goodby glance at the vanishing prairies.

The second morning the young tourists climbed out of the cars somewhat dazed over their strange night's journey. They were still more dazed at seeing before them, like a barrier to the further progress of the train, a green mountain wall that seemed to tower into heaven and almost lean over into the plain where they were waiting for breakfast and the coming of the mountain stage. Their eyes knew the prairie and the few shade trees of the streets and occasional groves, but forests were only things of imagination, forests and mountains like those before them.

They did not have long to wait, for soon a stagecoach came rattling down the street. The two old horses drew up before the station, and Bill Dexter hailed the party cordially from the box seat of the coach:

"This way to the lake, sir. Drive yer right up to the camp, sir. No extra charge fer the two young ladies," he said gallantly, pointing out Luise and Roxy.

Mr. Morey smiled indulgently at the hoary headed whip, whose Green Mountain twang and expressions had some what abashed the children. The two men held a whispered conversation. The old stage driver looked wise and placed his finger to the side of his nose while he collected his thoughts.

The children climbed in beside Mrs. Morey, while Mr. Morey took a seat with the driver on the box. A few minutes later they went rumbling over the village streets at a brisk pace. The old fashioned rockaway swayed from side to side, and the children clung to each other in silence. Suddenly the bus swung around the corner, and the village scenery was left behind. Rollin roused his sister, who had buried her head in her mother's lap. "Look, Luise," he shouted, "the mountains! They're right on us!"

An occasional "Oh!" from one of the children announced some new discovery. They were all entranced with the beauties of this strange scenery, so different from the flat, level country which they had always known.

Though the high mountains seemed very wonderful at first to the children, they soon became accustomed to them, for, as Luise expressed it, "They're just like our own hills in the west, only heaps bigger." But the forest growth contained marvelous, particularly to Rollin and Luise. They were so enthu-

lastic that Mr. Morey suggested they all alight at the foot of the mountain which loomed before them. This would ease the horses and give the juvenile sightseers a better view of the trees abounding in rugged grandeur on all sides.

"It was just what I wanted to do," said Rollin, jumping down quickly and followed by his sister and cousins.

The children scampered on ahead, eagerly plucking leaves from bushes and trees. They had only gone a short distance when they espied a small barefooted girl as brown as a butter-nut seated on a rock directly in their path. Through her thin short frock the outlines of her slender little body were plainly visible. Rollin was in the lead. He walked on and would have passed her by were it not for the brilliant eyes and quizzical smile which met his gaze.

"Be you the Moreys what's come from the west?" questioned the strange mountain child timidly.

Luise pressed close to Rollin. "It's an Indian," she whispered, grasping him by the arm.

"No, 'tain't either," he responded bravely, placing his protecting arm about her. "What do you want to know for, little girl?" he said, gathering his courage against some unexpected attack.

"'Cause if you be pa sent me to say somethin', and if you ben't I won't have to say it." She laughed nervously, catching her breath and rubbing one mosquito bitten leg against the other.

"Papa will be right along. That's him coming. I guess we are the people your pa was talking about. Let's sit down and wait for them to catch up," Rollin said, nodding toward the approaching coach. He was waving a long green vine in response to his father's gesticulations.

"Say," drawled the mountain child, "ben't you afeared of that poison ivy?"

"Why, it can't harm me any, can it?" Rollin asked, dropping it quickly.

"Rather guess it can," she replied. "Don't agree with some folks 'tall."

"Why not?" queried Rollin, somewhat frightened.

"Waal, it's poison, to begin with, and it makes you swell up like the mischief. That's another reason. And when it swells it hurts. Gee, don't it hurt and burn?"

Rollin's great eyes grew steadily larger at the threatening disaster. What if he should become poisoned "and swell and burn?"

"Say, you be tenderfoots, ain't you?"



THE COUNCIL TREE AT CHARLESTON.

she said derisively. "'Cause if you be I'm goin' to show you some things as'll scare you!"

Before Rollin could control his features enough to deny the charge Mr. Morey came up. When he learned what had caused the trouble, he soothed the children's fear and promised that the vine would not poison, for it wasn't ivy at all, but just harmless wood vine. The mountain girl chuckled. "That's the way we tell tenderfoots up here," she said, her eyes beaming with mischief. "They're always skeered to death. Be you Mr. Morey, what's come from the west?" she questioned, suddenly turning to Rollin's father.

"Why, yes," he replied hesitatingly. "Who are you?"

"Waal, I'm pa's gal. He sent me down to meet you. Old Dollie, that's our horse, broke a leg yesterday, and pa's a-settin' it. I'll take you up." Having delivered the message, she continued, "Who be them kids?"

"These are my son and daughter," he replied, pointing out Rollin and Luise, "and these are their cousins, Roxy and Ethelbert. I'm sorry to hear about the horse," continued Mr. Morey. "Suppose you go on ahead and show them the way, little girl. I think I can trust you not to lose them."

"Guess you can," she assented, shrugging her shoulders shyly and pressing

her closed fist into her eyes until she couldn't endure it longer. "Ouch!" she exclaimed. "Come on; I'll show you somethin' worth while."

By this time the others had recovered from their fright and were quite ready to enjoy their new acquaintance. When she led them off the path, they did not hesitate to follow. Suddenly she stopped in the thicket. "Want a swing? 'Cause if you do thar's one right to hand," she said.

"Isn't it a beauty!" said Rollin, carefully examining the slender grape-vines trailing down from the high branches above. "How did you find it?"

"Found it, all right," she replied knowingly. "Got to have one the boys don't know about or I'd never get a swing. Say, sis, get in, and I'll swing you way up, up to the clouds." She laughed quietly at the prospect.

Each in turn tried the novel swing. The stout vines withstood their weight and seemed only too willing to swerve to and fro at the slightest push, to the sweet music of rustling green leaves, beating against the air.

"We'd better go 'long home or my ma'll be after us," she said, looking up at the sun. "Calkerlate it's about dinner time for us now. Say, did you know my name's Genevieve?"

She had turned so suddenly that the others opened their mouths wide in astonishment.

They hurried through the thickets and soon came in sight of the house nestling among the trees. A few minutes later they tumbled, helter skelter, in through the open door.

"Ma, where be you?" Genevieve called loudly, the while cautiously keeping watch on her visitors.

"Here we be, over in the south lot," came the reply from without. They all ran to the door to see for themselves.

Grouped about some fallen headstones on the hillside beyond the garden and barn pasture were the westerner and Mrs. Morey with Genevieve's mother and her stalwart, rugged mountain spouse. Rollin's father beckoned the children to come near, but Genevieve hung back, for she held in awe the spot called the south lot. To her it signified the family burial ground. Tenderly the westerner coaxed her to him and took her in his arms.

"Now, kiss her, all of you, for you are her cousins, too, and this faded headstone stands over the tomb of your great-grandfather Morey. Here on the hillside was his home."

The announcement was so strange and sudden that the caressing was not very hearty, although meant to be sincere. Every face in the group kept on a sober look until the new found cousins were rods away from the telltale stones which had brought about the reunion. Then Rollin broke silence by shouting: "Three cheers for the Moreys, anyway! Now we're all Green Mountain boys and girls. Hip! hip! hurrah!"

"And you ben't tenderfoots neither," concluded their brown eyed little cousin Genevieve.

The Higher Uses of Trees.

Most people have formed the habit of talking about shade trees, fruit trees and lumber as if shade, fruit and building materials were all for which the trees were good. Of course the artistic eye looks at them for beauty, the entomologist as harbors for insects and the botanist for herbarium specimens, but the true lover of the tree thinks of it in its wide value to all living things in the universe.

Though trees lack the power of volition and have no nervous system in the ordinary sense of the word, they are highly organized forms of life. They accomplish a vast amount of actual work in a day and earn their living as surely as you or I do. Their work is the world's work of the unselfish kind. They struggle for self preservation and the perpetuation of their species; they return to the soil and to the atmosphere materials loaned them for food; they are altruistic in providing an abundance of fruit for the use of others; they furnish grateful shade to man and beast, are the refuge of birds and insects and add to the beauty of nature.

Hard to Classify.

A local wit was one day discussing the mental incapacity of editors with the late H. C. Bunner.

"Now," said he, "what do you think of this: I used to write serious and comic matter for a certain daily, which paid me \$20 a column for the humorous stuff and \$10 for the serious. One day the editor asked me to mark my comic things 'C' and my serious stories 'S' with a blue pencil, that he might tell them apart. Wasn't that pretty rough on him?"

"No," replied Bunner, with a smile and a twinkle in his eye, "but it was pretty rough on you."—New York Times.

Recognized.

"You had a piece in the paper this mornin'," said the excited woman, "about my husband keepin' a savage dog. It ain't so."

"Madam," replied the editor, "we didn't mention anybody by name in that item. We said 'a certain man in the west part of town.'"

"That fits him to a T. You might just as well have mentioned his name. Everybody knows he's the certainest man in that part of town, and he's the most contrary."—Chicago Tribune.

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