

TIMELY ANNIVERSARIES.

- April 17. 1492—Ferdinand and Isabella signed the agreement with Columbus. 1790—Dr. Benjamin Franklin died; born 1706. 1804—William Gilmore Simms, author of southern historical romance, born in Charleston; died there 1870. Simms was one of the most voluminous writers of the American romance period. His stories treated of the stirring times of colonial, Revolutionary and pioneer days. 1803—The city of Zante and many villages on the island destroyed by an earthquake. 1804—The famous Brazilian insurgent warship Aquidaban sunk by a government torpedo boat. 1808—General Joaquín Crespo, ex-president of Venezuela, killed in battle. 1901—The Imperial palace at Peking occupied as headquarters by Count von Waldersee, commander of the allied forces in China, destroyed by fire.

THE OREGONIAN DOUBTFUL.

The insistence of the Oregonian that there is not republican disaffection in Oregon in the present campaign is proof of itself that it does exist. If there were none the Oregonian would not have cause to repeat over and over again its assertion. In short, the Portland paper is whistling to keep its own courage up and to encourage republicans in all parts of the state to smile again, with the puckering out of their lips.

The fact of the matter is, there is republican disaffection, and if all the dissatisfied republicans and a goodly portion of the stay-at-home vote in 1900, should vote the democratic state ticket in June, the republican state ticket would be defeated and badly so. However, there is plenty of time for the republicans to get over their "disappointment" and come back into the fold, where, of course, they will be made welcome. There are some too dissatisfied to return, so outspoken that they openly declare they will vote the democratic ticket, which happens to be an excellent one this year, on a platform that is as good or better than that of the republicans.

If the democrats are successful, the people can be assured of faithful service in state affairs. From George E. Chamberlain, candidate for governor, to the tall of the ticket, the democratic nominees are fit men, able and successful in their private affairs and business callings and representative of the best that is in the democratic party in Oregon, possessed of a better spirit than has been usual in former campaigns, more enthusiastic and more hopeful of accomplishing something of real value to the state and to the people.

The spirit of itself is encouraging to those who believe in democratic teachings and government of the people, for the people, and by the people, which, to some extent, at least, is not any longer desired by a large number of those who are closely identified with and are prominent in the republican party.

"SO LITTLE DONE; SO MUCH TO DO."

A keener rebuke to do-nothing aristocrats than these dying words of Cecil Rhodes, was never uttered. With all his power to do, his willingness to do, his field to work in, after one of the busiest, rigidest, most versatile careers of the 19th century, this empire builder, whose grasp compassed not only colonies, but continents, mourned that he had done so little.

And yet how immeasurably much less have thousands of able men done in the world—men whose power to do was as great as his. If these burning words could enter into the cramped and selfish souls of the immensely rich, whose only task and only activity is to hoard and guard a little store of gold—if they could reach them and touch them in such a thrilling sense, that it would burn the memory of these words upon their life and purpose, there would be such an awakening of thought and energy that every corner of the world would feel its influence. So little done by him—yet his colossal work, though it be tinged at times with deeds and intents that hint of wrong, from one point of view, his achievement is solitary and alone in the annals of individual effort, in the century just closed. He had his shortcomings. Who, that is human, has not? He was wedded to English thought and ways.

The English policies, threshed out through centuries of diplomacy, were the crowning characteristics of his life. He was accustomed by nature and environment to great undertakings. Yet, after surpassing that race of masters, he laments that his life has been so empty. It is a sermon worthy of thought. The history of the man and his work makes it more poignant. The material progress he has added to the current of his age, render his dying lament more worthy of study.

What would this man call a great achievement? What limit would be set upon human capabilities? What borders, what unseen frontiers of thought and deed and action would satisfy this mental and material adventurer? If his work was small, how shall we define the smaller activities of thousands of his millionaire contemporaries? If Cecil Rhodes did little, what word will describe the diminutive achievements of scores of other able, wealthy aristocrats who are dilly-dallying through life? His life is the history of England in South Africa. It is not all good; it is not all pleasant, but being great, is worthy of study. His words should be the shibboleth of the 20th century.

THE UMATILLA COUNTRY.

Alfred Holman, a staff writer on the Portland Oregonian, recently visited Pendleton, and writes as follows:

Some weeks ago, while in Medford, I was assured by a citizen of the highest intelligence that Jackson was "beyond question the best county in Oregon." Two days later, at Grant's Pass, I was told by a man of equal character and intelligence, that "Josephine was by all odds the finest county in the state." In Douglas, in Lane, in Linn, in Marion, in Yamhill (were I know it to be true, for I am a native there), in Washington, I have heard something to the same effect. And here in the land of bunchgrass I find truth risen again, for at least 100 times and from 100 veracious sources have heard in the past four days that Umatilla county is "ahead of any other county in the state of Oregon." And, in truth, as one rides over the Umatilla uplands, at this season tinged with the colors of spring; as one looks upon the vastness and richness of a land whose boundaries everywhere lie beyond the horizon; as there unrolls before the eye unnumbered images of beauty—the cultivated field, hillside ranged by countless herds, the gleaming river, the distant mountains blue as the deep sea and crowned with snow—one is more than half convinced that the voice last in his ear was the true voice. At least one finds it easy to sympathize with the local vanity and enthusiasm. It is, perhaps, useless to inquire if Umatilla be the best county in Oregon or not; certainly it is good enough; and there can be no harm if its own people think it is the finest land the sun shines on.

By a curious affect of ignorance and conceit—the two things commonly go together—Western Oregon regards Eastern Oregon as a pioneer country; and it is commonly with a sense of surprise that a man from our side of the mountains finds conditions on this side "settled," and in many respects far more advanced than in the Willamette valley. Somehow the mind is not prepared for the schoolhouse at every crossroads, for the chime of the church-going bell, for the general look of established and permanent civilization every where in evidence. Neither, I add with some hesitation, is a man from the Willamette country prepared for the thousand manifestations of thrift of the Eastern Oregon towns. There is, for example, a "go" about Pendleton which no town of double its size in Western Oregon can match. A combination of fire bells and a brass band could not, for example, give to Commercial street, in Salem, one-half the look of vivacity and business energy which mark the dulllest day of the week at Pendleton.

When this difference between east of the mountains and west of the mountains is mentioned, the explanation is commonly referred to that overworked bearer of many burdens—the climate. Climate, I have no doubt has something to do with it, but conditions of climate alone can hardly account for the tremendous contrast exhibited by comparison of the two parts of our Oregon country. Climate, indeed, has its influence, both as it affects the working spirit of the human animal and as it serves to shorten the productive season of the Western Oregon lands, but this alone does not explain it. Eastern Oregon, while long past the pioneer stage, is still relatively new country. Its population has come to it largely within the past 25 years; and it has come out of what may be called the modern and disciplined conditions of American life. Eastern Oregon is largely filled up with people who originally came from those parts of the country where systematic industry on productive lines has been long established and largely de-

veloped. The people came from the active and thrifty parts of the country. They brought with them, generally speaking, some capital, and, better still, the training and habit of systematic and organized industry. This country, too, is an open one. Lands which are today as nature made them may be plowed next week; and every square yard, even of a new place excepting the little space occupied by the farm buildings may be turned to instant productive account. Again, eastern Oregon is relatively new country, and as yet few of those who came as settlers—and this includes pretty much the whole effective population—have reached old age. The property of the country generally is in energetic and capable hands. Eastern Oregon has from the beginning been a poor man's country. Its conditions have not been such as to make anyone very rich or leave anyone very poor. The wealth of the country—and it is very considerable—is widely distributed; everybody has some of it, and this fact makes an active local life.

And the climate, while not responsible for all that is charged to its account, is still an important factor in the case. It is high, dry and bracing; it has unquestionably a stimulating effect upon animal spirits. A bunchgrass horse may be driven in the forenoon a distance that would kill a Willamette-bred horse, be driven back over the same road in the afternoon and come up fresh on the bit the next morning. Something gives the bunchgrass better wind and better endurance—and it is something which effects men as well as horses. Go into a political convention or any kind of meeting that brings together citizens from all parts of the state, and one glance is sufficient to identify the delegates from east of the mountains. They have a certain out of door look—a rudeness of complexion, an aspect of superior vitality—which marks them at once. Invite one of them to the bar and he will take the straight goods; when he orders eggs he expects the waiter to bring him three. All of which indicates that there is an abundance of oxygen in the air he habitually breathes.

Another explanation of the business activity of Pendleton lies in the large purchasing capacity of the people of Umatilla county. The gross cash income of the county last year from products sold the outside world was about \$3,500,000, or something like \$150 for every man, woman and child within the county limits. The list of commodities thus given to the world of commerce includes 5,000,000 bushels of wheat, 750,000 bushels of barely, 30,000 sheep, 2,500,000 pounds of wool, \$25,000 worth of cattle, fruit to the value of \$200,000, with horses, hay, oats and miscellaneous products to the value in the aggregate of not less than \$1,000,000. There is one curious fact connected with this large production, which contributes to the activity of trade, and therefore to the volume of business done in the towns and the general business animation of the country. It is that nearly every producer deals with a single product. There is very little of that diversified all-round farming which makes every farmstead an independent center of life. In Eastern Oregon and in Umatilla, as elsewhere, the whole energy of each man is given to one line of work and production. Domestic supply comes not out of the soil, but from the nearest store. Every producer sells the whole of his wheat, wool, livestock or what-not for cash, and looks for the storekeeper



A CONTRAST

Of the face of a healthful woman with the face of one who is sick proves that quite often a sad face is a sick face. Many a woman has credit for a sunny disposition who would soon be sad of face and irritable of temper if she had to endure the womanly ills which many of her sex have borne for years.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures the diseases which are the source of so much pain and suffering to women. It establishes regularity, dries debilitating drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. Mrs. Cornelia Henson, of Coalton, Boyd Co., Ky., writes: "In October 1889 I gave birth to a baby and the treatment I received at the hands of the midwife left me with falling of the uterus. I had no health to speak of for three years. I had another baby which was the third child. My health began to fail and I found myself completely worn out. I had so many pains and aches my life was a burden to me and also to all the family, for I was nervous and cross and I could not sleep. Had four doctors come to see me but at last found I was slowly dying. The doctors said I had liver, lung and uterine trouble. I was in bed for months and when I did get up I was a sight to behold. I looked like a corpse walking about. I commenced to take Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, Golden Medical Discovery and Pellets, and ever since then I have been a well woman. I have suffered all a woman could suffer at my monthly period until since I began the use of Dr. Pierce's medicines, but now I can say I have no pain. The dark circles around my eyes are going away and I feel better in every way. My cheeks are red and my skin is white, but before it was as yellow as saffron." Accept no substitute for "Favorite Prescription" there is nothing just as good for weak and sick women. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are easy and pleasant to take. A most effective laxative.

er to find by importation the things required for his household. This, perhaps, is not an ideal organization of domestic industry, but it does make an active business and contributes to the animation of the towns.

Industry in Umatilla county, while long established upon a systematic and strenuous basis, is still concerned chiefly with original conditions; it is still a matter of exploiting the native bounty of the country. With one or two exceptions, to be noted in detail later on, local enterprises deal only with raw products; furthermore, its operations are limited to a few leading lines. Much that might be done is not done because the supply either of labor or capital is not equal to it, and because there is no local necessity to push the people with new projects. Similarly, and for similar reasons, nothing has been done to bring into productiveness great areas of country now estimated of little value. Land is so abundant and so cheap that it is not worth while to make available the more elevated, dry and so-called waste areas. There is a great work here to be done at some future time, and when it shall be done Umatilla county will be a vastly richer country than anyone now dreams of. The intrinsic potentiality of these so-called waste lands is a fact well understood; their present relative unproductiveness is due to the fact that they are poorly watered. But this is not always to be, as there is abundance of water, which will, in time, be applied to them.

"Get acquainted." A lot of people have suffered from non-acquaintance. Doubtless you have. Perhaps you recall the anecdote of the Englishman who was asked why he didn't save the drowning man. "Why, sir," said he, "I was never even introduced to him."

State Republican Ticket

- Governor, W. J. FURNISH, of Umatilla. Supreme Judge, R. S. BEAN, of Lane County. Secretary of State, F. I. DUNBAR, of Clatsop County. State Treasurer, C. S. MOORE, of Klamath County. Superintendent of Public Instruction, J. H. ACKERMAN, of Multnomah. Attorney General, A. M. CRAWFORD, of Douglas. State Printer, J. R. WHITNEY, of Linn County. SECOND CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT, For Congressman, J. N. WILLIAMSON, of Crook County. LEGISLATIVE DISTRICT TICKET, For Joint Senator, J. W. SCRIBNER, of Union County. For Joint Representative, G. W. PHELPS, of Morrow County. UMATILLA COUNTY REPUBLICAN TICKET, State Senator, F. W. VINCENT, of Pendleton. Representatives, HENRY ADAMS, of Weston. C. E. MACCOMBER, of Pendleton. Sheriff, M. J. CARNEY, of Pendleton. Clerk, F. O. ROGERS, of Athens. Recorder, W. H. FOLSOM, of Pilot Rock. Treasurer, E. J. SOMMERVILLE, of Pendleton. Assessor, GEORGE BUZAN, of Pendleton. Commissioner, T. P. GILLILAND, of Ukiah. Surveyor, J. W. KIMBRELL, of Pendleton. Coroner, W. G. COLE, of Pendleton. Justice of the Peace—Pendleton District, THOMAS FITZGERALD, of Pendleton. Constable, A. J. GIBSON, of Pendleton.

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

- IF YOU NEED... Lumber, Building Paper, Lime, Cement, Brick, Sand, Terra Cotta Pipe or anything in this line get our prices. Pendleton Planing Mill and Lumber Yard. R. FORSTER, Proprietor. Smoke Pendleton Boquet Cigars.

The Peoples Warehouse advertisement. Includes text: "It Pays to Trade at the Peoples Warehouse", "Parasols! Parasols!", "Boys' School Home", "Woodmen Log-Rolling in Pendleton, Ore., April 21-22.", "Tailor Made Suits", "Summer Corsets", "Agents for Butter-ick Patterns".



JUST THINK OF IT. Three-fourths of the people in Umatilla county are using our harness and saddles and the other fourth has just commenced to use them. All this goes to show that ours are all FIRST-CLASS and PRICES RIGHT. We carry a complete stock of Collars, Spurs, Brushes, Whips, Saddle pads, Pack Saddles, Bags, Saddle leathers, Tents, Wagon covers, Canvas, all kinds.



A Challenge to the World. We take great satisfaction in placing ourselves in competition with the world so far as it concerns our line—agricultural implements. The various makes we handle cannot be excelled (we doubt if they can be approached) in excellence, durability and price. Their fame is world wide, and their prices will be found extremely low for the quality; also for gasoline engines and for buggies.

WOOD! COAL! WOOD! COAL! WOOD! COAL! W. C. MINNIS SELLS BOTH. Kemerer Coal. First Class Wood. Orders Promptly Filled. Telephone, Red 401, or call on W. C. MINNIS, Office Main Street, just opposite Hansford & Thompson's hardware store.

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