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QUALITY DECIDES.

Important Waist News

Our shirt waist department is always doing something remarkable, and this week it excels itself in the wonderful values it offers in the smartest and best waists of the season **Reduced to the Bargain Level.** Our

75c Waist

is a hummer. Not a waist but is distinct in style, with that touch of originality that women of refined tastes are always so glad to secure

WELCOME WOODMEN!

SEE OUR CENTER WINDOW

Alexander Dept. Store

Makers of Happy Homes

Low prices, coupled with Carpets and Matting of known high quality, prove attractions irresistible.

The question of Carpets and Matting, where best obtained, is settled with promptness in our stock, where good style and real worth make low prices so emphatic.

BAKER & FOLSON
Makers of Happy Homes

Killed In the Saddle

Arizona's Champion Broncho Buster Died As He Lived

Daredevil "One Eyed" Riley is dead. He died, as he had lived most of his life, in the saddle. He was the champion rider and broncho buster of the southwest. For several years he made his home near Phenix, Ariz., and there a few days ago he was buried. His funeral cortege was eminently fitting. An escort of nearly fifty mounted cowboys, a number of cattle kings, ranchers and citizens, with no sound save the clatter of hoofs on the dry stony road, accompanied the champion to his grave.

It is a remarkable coincidence that this champion rider should have been killed by a horse. Fearless to the point of recklessness, it was often said that he would some day be injured. Riley himself had a premonition that he would meet his death in a struggle with a horse and had been heard to say that he could choose no better ending, and yet this conviction did not serve to make him cautious. He would perform feats which would pale the cheek of onlookers, and when remonstrated with he would laughingly say, "I'll not be killed until my time comes." The strongest admission ever gleaned from him was after some daring feat, when some one would emphasize the danger he had incurred and reiterate to him the probable result of such recklessness. "Yes, but it didn't happen." He was as much at home on a horse as most men are on their feet, and for this very reason he could never realize what risks he ran.

Every western man knows the danger of hard riding on "gopher" ground, and most of them avoid it. The ranges and desert land and even some of the ranch lands are perforated by the deep holes burrowed by these little animals, which are to Arizona what the mole pest has been to Kansas. These cavities are easily discerned, even by moonlight, and a careful rider can avoid them, but on a hard run it is impossible to detect them, and once a horse's foot has slipped into one the chances

are ninety-nine to a hundred that both steed and rider will be killed.

While aiding some cattlemen in herding last week, Riley undertook to rope in some of the wildest of the herd which had strayed across to the rough ground. The cattlemen turned in their saddles to watch the chase. Riley, with the cowboy yell, dug his spurs into the flanks of his horse, and with one bound he was several lengths from his companions and at a terrific speed he was being carried toward the gopher ground. The only sounds were the clatter of hoofs as they fell on the hard soil and now and then the yell of the cowboy. Fearing the gopher holes, the cattlemen called out to caution Riley. Either he did not hear or his old fearlessness dominated, for he did not slacken his speed, but as the cattle moved farther away urged his horse



DEATH OF THE CHAMPION RIDER. Onward. A cloud of dust followed in his path, and then in a moment it rolled aside, and the cowboy and his horse lay prone upon the ground, with the fore feet of the steed buried deep in a gopher hole—the horse with a broken neck, the rider under him.

All the surgical skill procurable was given to Riley, but in vain. The crowds of cowboys and friends who had filled the hospital corridors during the night bade farewell to their comrade before sunrise. "One Eyed" Riley had taken his last ride, and Arizona had lost its champion rider. There were hundreds of men in the territory and in California, New Mexico and Texas as well who, while not having the sterling friendship of this cowboy, felt a keen loss in his death. Crowned heads of Europe bend condescendingly to the victorious jockey, but in the far southwest the champion rider is a monarch in himself. He may own nothing but his horse, saddle, bridle and spurs, but the best in every town is his to command. He can always make more than a living on a cattle ranch. He is as necessary on the range as water in arid lands.

When he enters a town, it is soon noised abroad that he will ride, and a steer tying or broncho busting invariably follows. If he wins the contest, he owns the town. When a man has become champion at Phenix or Tucson, the whole territory knows him and swears by him. Then he goes to some roundup in Texas or New Mexico, and if he returns it is because he has won.

Riley was an expert hunter and as sure a shot as ever brought down a coyote, and this despite the fact that he had but one eye. Because of this he was called "One Eyed" Riley. Years ago his name had been William, but did you speak to a western man of William or even Bill Riley he would fail to connect the name with the champion rider. What accident had caused Riley to lose his eye was quite as much a mystery as the rest of his life. He would laughingly tell twenty different tales of it, but never allowed the subject to become too serious for a joke. His favorite explanation and one which never failed to provoke great laughter from a westerner was, "I lost it looking for work in California." It took a brave man to ask further, for Riley had a way of using his one good eye to look a man through and through until he was ashamed of himself.

Motherhood. Motherhood is the noblest ideal of woman. The little girl whose doll is her delight is a mother at heart before she can walk or talk. The attribute remains and strengthens. In her womanhood she is a mother not only to her children, but to her entire family. To all essential ends she is a mother to her husband himself. Very likely to the man she refused to marry she promised to be a sister, but to the man she did marry she became a mother without promising. Something, indeed, of this maternal tendency enters into all her affections, into all her relations of life.—Cardinal Gibbons.

THE Golconda Gold Mine

A Plain Statement of Fact:

The GOLCONDA MINE, in the Sumpter district, with all its equipment, and ten other claims, was recently purchased by the Golconda Consolidated Gold Mines Company, principal office in Pendleton, which is now operating the mine. The full purchase price is paid, and all but the treasury stock disposed of to those who advanced the purchase price.

There was left in the treasury for an operating fund 500,000 shares of treasury stock. Some of this stock is offered for sale, but not exceeding 200,000 shares of it will be sold; as that will supply ample funds until the mine is more than self sustaining. This stock is offered at 10 CENTS A SHARE for the next thirty days.

As an investment of this character nothing equals it. To prove its worth those at work in the mine, who are in a position to know what is in the Golconda, have bought stock at ten cents a share to the extent of their financial ability. Those who have a little money which they can spare for the purpose should take 1,000 or more shares of this stock, as they will most likely find it the very best investment they ever made in their lives.

Address all orders for stock with checks in favor of

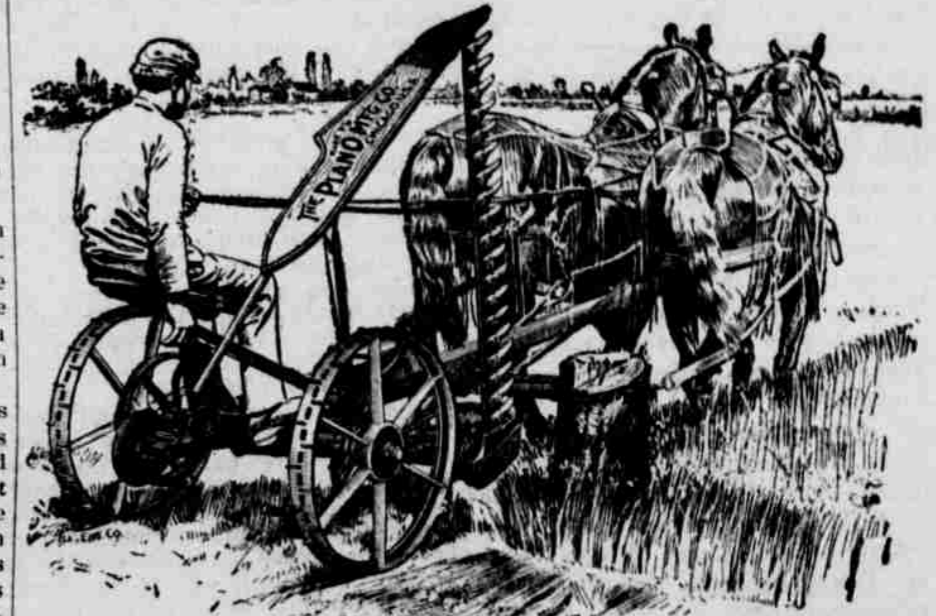
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The Jones Vertical Mower has by actual count nearly one-half fewer pieces in its make-up than the ordinary mower—over one hundred less than the best of them. Come and see sample.

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All the New Works which have met with the hearty approval of Book Lovers are at **FRAZIER'S.**

Read This List of the New Books:

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- "In the Fog," by Richard Harding Davis.
- "The Ruling Passion," by Henry Van Dyke.
- "If I Were King," by Justin McCarthy.
- "Tarry Thou Till I Come," by George Croly.
- "The Velvet Glove," by Henry Beton Merriman.
- "The Pines of Lory," by J. A. Mitchell.
- "Tempting of Father Anthony," by George Horton.
- "House With the Green Shutters," by George Douglas.
- "The Hole of the Unconquered," by Teot Dalton.
- "The Methods of Lady Walderhurst," by Frances Hodgson Burnett.
- "Andrey," by Mary Johnston.
- "All in Winfield," by George Ethelbert Walsh.
- "Cloistering of Ursula," by Clinton Scollard.
- "Kate Bonnet," by Frank K. Stockton.
- "Up From Slavery," by Booker T. Washington.
- "D'Arcy of the Guards," by Louis Evan Shipman.
- "In Spite of All," by Edna Lyall.
- "New Canterbury Tales," by Maurice Hewlett.
- "Hester Blair," by William Henry Carson.
- "Anticipations," by William Henry Carson.
- "A House Party," by Joseph Hallworth.
- "Arlene Valire," by Joseph Hallworth.
- "Life's Little Ironies," by Thomas Hardy.
- "Simon Dale," by Anthony Hope.
- "The Eagle's Heart," by Harold Garland.
- "Norman Holt," by General Charles King.
- "What Happened to Wigglesworth," by W. O. Fuller.

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A DISH

Club is now under headway, and a rare opportunity is offered to Pendleton people to get a set of dishes of 100 pieces of fine imported English made semi-porcelain ware at a bargain. The plan of conducting the

CLUB

is to enter your name on the list. You pay \$1.00 a week. Every week some one of the club members gets a set of these dishes, as a drawing takes place every week. As soon as a person gets a set of dishes he or she drops out and pays no more. *****

AT

This rate some one will get a set of dishes for \$1; the next one for \$2, the third for \$3, and so on until twenty-five weeks have passed, when all the remaining members of the club will get a set of these dishes. These sets of dishes are bargains at \$25, so that no one can lose, but you stand a chance of getting one for a very small sum.

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