



HAVE
YOU A
CAM-
ERA?

If Not, Now is the time to buy one while
Our Annual Camera Sale Is On

No. 5 Cyclone 4 x 5 Regular	\$ 8 00, now	\$ 6 00
No. 21 " 3 1/4 x 4 1/4, regular	\$ 7 00, now	3 50
Premo B, 4 x 5, regular	\$18.00, now	9 00
Poco No. 1, 4 x 5, regular	\$22.00, now	15 00
Poco No. 3, 4 x 5 " 13.50, "		9 00
Cycle Wizard B, 4 x 5, regular	\$14.00, now	10 00

We carry the largest and most complete stock of Photographers' Goods kept in Eastern Oregon, and our prices are right.

See Our Window for Display

Brock & McComas Co.
DRUGGISTS



THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1902.

SET A GREAT EXAMPLE.

It is undoubtedly true that the late J. Sterling Morton, secretary of agriculture in President Cleveland's cabinet, "planted, and caused to be planted, more trees than any other man." This is the record he left his fellow man, and it is a record to be proud of, for the man who makes trees grow where none grew before does much for his country.

J. Sterling Morton was the author of "Arbor Day." He came honestly by his devotion to tree culture. He was an early settler in Nebraska, a land of almost unbroken prairie, and generally treeless. The obvious need of trees on the great plains at once gave him the inspiration for the work of his life. It is said that his first efforts to enlist men in tree culture were laughed at. But, falling to interest adults, he turned his attention to the children. By persistent agitation he at last reached the crowning point of establishing an annual arbor day, thus starting a movement that has been taken up in many other states. He lived to see substantial fruition of his efforts in his own state, and likewise encouraging results therefrom in nearly all sections of the United States.

There is a splendid field for men of the J. Sterling Morton stripe in Eastern Oregon. Tree culture is something we should all promote. There is need of more trees. With more trees, there will come more moisture, a better country to live in, more people, more progress, more comfort.

Tree culture is, at least, of much importance, of greater benefit than politics, but where are those who will give as much attention to it. It does appear that running after office is a mania.

MAKING VIGOROUS CAMPAIGN.

Colonel W. F. Butcher of Baker City is a candidate for congress in the second congressional district. He is making a good record on the stump. Colonel Butcher is making a good impression; he is making votes.

It is possible that he would be elected, if the odds against him were not so heavy. As it is, he may be elected. Stranger things have happened and may happen again in my event, Colonel Butcher is proving himself a good, live, up-to-date democrat. His voice is pitched in no uncertain key. Everybody knows where he stands. Everybody hears him gladly. He talks as a democrat should, straight from the shoulder. Butcher talks like he is his own man not tied to the wheels of anybody's chariot.

If elected he would be free to serve the people, and he would serve them

to the full limit of his ability. With Colonel Butcher in congress the star of the state would rise. He would be a breezy and picturesque figure in the national legislative halls.

MARY McLANE ON BUTTE.

Mary McLane, in her book just issued, devotes one chapter to Butte that any Butte reader will say is a libel on that city. It appears as the extract from her diary of the date of February 3. She says:

"The town of Butte presents a wonderful field to the student of humanity and human nature. There are not a great many people—seventy thousand perhaps—but those seventy thousand are in their way unparalleled. For mixture, for miscellany, variedness, Bohemianism—where is Butte's rival?"

"The population is not only of all nationalities and stations, but the nationalities and stations mix and mingle promiscuously with each other, and are partly concealed and partly revealed in the mazes of a veneer that belongs neither to nation nor to station, but to Butte.

"The nationalities are many. It is true, but Irish and Cornish predominate. My acquaintance extends widely among the inhabitants of Butte. Sometimes when I feel in the mood for it, I spend an afternoon in visiting about among divers curious people.

"At some fourth of July demonstration, or on Miners' union day, the heterogeneous herd turns out—and I turn out, with the herd and of it, and meditate and look on. There are Irishmen—Kelleys, Caseys, Calahans, staggering under the weight of much whiskey, shouting out their green-isle maxims; there is the festive Cornishman, ogling and leering greeting his fellow countrymen with alcoholic heartiness, and gazing after every feminine creature with lustful eyes; there are Irish women swearing genially at each other in shrill pleasantry, and five or six loudly vociferous Cornish women likewise, each with her train of children; there are suave, sleek, sporting men just out of the bathtub; insignificant lawyers, dentists, messenger boys; 'plungers' without numbers; greasy Italians from Meaderville; greasier French people from the Boulevard addition; ancient miners—each of whom was the first to strike a claim in Butte; starved-looking Chinamen here and there; a contingent of Swedes and Finns and Germans; musty, stuffy old Jew pawnbrokers who have crawled out of their holes for a brief recreation; dirt-incrusted Indians and squaws in dirty gray blankets, from their flea-haunted camp below the town; 'box-rustlers'—who are as common in Butte as bar-maids in Ireland; swell, flashy-looking Africans; respectable women with white aprons tied about their waists and sailor hats on their heads, who have left the children at home and stepped out to see what was going on; innumerable stray youngsters, from the dark haunts of Dublin gulch; heavy restaurant-keepers; a vast army of dry goods clerks—the 'paper-collared' gentry; miners from Dog Town, Chicken Flats, Busterville, Butchertown and Seldom Seen—suburbs of Butte; pale, thin individuals who sing and dance in beer halls; smart society people in high traps and tally-hos; impossible women—so-called (though in Butte no one is more possible), in vast hats and extremely plaid stockings; per-

sons who take things seriously and play the races for a living; 'beer-jerkers,' 'biscuit-shooters,' soft-voiced Mexicans and Arabians—the dregs, the elite, the humbly respectable, the off-scouring—all thrown together, and shaken up, and mixed well.

"One may notice odd bits of irony as one walks among these. One may notice that the Irishmen are singularly care-free and strong and comfortable—and so jolly; while the Irish women are frumpish and care-worn and borne earthward with children. The Cornishman who has consumed the greatest amount of whiskey, is the most agreeable, and less inclined to leer and ogle. The Cornish woman whose profanity is the shrillest and most genial and voluble, as she whose life seems most weighted and down-trodden. The young women whose bodies are incased in the tightest and stiffest corsets are in the most wildly hilarious spirits of all. The filthy little Irish youngsters from Dublin gulch are much brighter and more clever in every way than the ordinary American children who are less filthy. A delicate aroma of cock-tails and whiskey-and-soda hangs over even the four-in-hands and automobiles of the upper crust. Gamblers, newsboys and Chinamen are the most chivalrously courteous among them. And the modest-looking 'plunger' who has drunk the greatest number of high-balls is the most gravely, quietly polite of all. The rolling, rollicking, musical profanity of the 'ould sod'—Bantry Bay, Donegal, Tyrone, Tipperary—falls much less limply from the cigarette lips of the 10-year-old lad than from those of his mother, who taught it to him. One may notice that the husband and wife who smile the sweetest at each other in the sight of the multitude are they whose countenances bear various scars and scratches commemorating late evening orgies at home that the peculiar, solid, lock-shaped appearance of some of the miners' wives is due quite as much to the quantity of beer they drink as much as to their annual maternity; that the one grand ruling passion of some men's lives is curiosity; that the entire herd is warped, distorted, barren, having lived its life in smoke-cursed Butte.

"A single street in Butte contains people in nearly every walk of life—living side by side resignedly, if not in peace.

"In a row of five or six houses there will be living miners and their families, the children of which prevent life from stagnating in the street, while their mothers talk to each other—with the inevitable profanity—over the back fences. On the corner above there will be a mysterious widow with one child, who has suddenly alighted upon the neighborhood, stealthily in the night, and is to be seen at rare intervals emerging from her door—the target for dozen of pairs of eager eyes and half as many eager tongues. And when the mysterious widow, with her one child, disappears some night as suddenly and stealthily as she appeared, an outburst of highly-colored rumors is tossed with astonishing glibness over the various back-fences—all relating to the mysterious widow's shady antecedents and past history, to those of her child, and to the cause of her sudden departure—no two of which rumors agree in any particular. Across on the opposite corner there will be a company of strange people who also descended

suddenly, and upon whom the eyes of the entire block are turned with absorbing interest. They consist of half a dozen men and women seemingly bound together only by ties of conviviality. The house is kept closely-blinded and quiet all day, only to burst forth in a blaze of revel in the evening, which revel lasts all night. This goes on until some momentous night, at the request of certain proper ones, a police officer glides quietly into the midst of a scene of unusual gaiety—and the festive company melts into oblivion, never to return. They are also then discussed with rapturous relish hand in tones properly lowered, over the back fences.

"Farther down the street there will live an interesting being of feminine persuasion who has had five divorces and is in course of obtaining another. These divorces, the causes thereof, the justice thereof, the future prospects of the multi-grass widow, are gone over in all their bearings, by the indefatigable tongues. Every incident in this history of the street is put through a course of sprouts by the same tireless members. The Jewish family that lives in the poorest house in the neighborhood, and that is said to count its money by the hundred thousands; the aristocratic family with the Irish-point curtains in the windows—that lives on the county; the family whose husband and father gains for it a comfortable livelihood—forging checks; the miner's family, whose wife and mother wastes its substance in diamonds and seal-skin coats and other riotous living; the family in extremely straightened circumstances, into which new babies arrive in great and distressing numbers; the strange lady with an apoplectic complexion and a wonderfully foul and violent flow of invective—all are discussed over and over again. No one is omitted.

"And so this is Butte, the promiscuous—the Bohemian. And all these are the devil's playthings. They amuse him, doubtless.

"Butte is a place of sand and barrenness.

"The souls of these people are dumb."

Sampson McConnell, one of Lane county's old pioneers, died at the Soldier's home at Roseburg, a few days ago. He crossed the plains to Oregon in 1852. He leaves a wife, two sons and many relatives.

"The souls of these people are dumb."

"The souls of these people are dumb."

"The souls of these people are dumb."

"The souls of these people are dumb."

"The souls of these people are dumb."

"The souls of these people are dumb."

"The souls of these people are dumb."

"The souls of these people are dumb."

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. SCRIBER, 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. MACOMBER, of Pendleton.
- Sheriff, M. J. CARNEY, of Pendleton.
- Clerk, F. O. ROGERS, of Athena.
- 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.

PENDLETON MESSENGER SERVICE

Trays, Packages, Parcels, Letters, Messages, promptly delivered to any part of the City. Calls answered at all hours of day or night

Prompt Quick Reliable

RATES—Under 10 Pounds:	
3 Blocks and under	10 Cents
3 to 7 Blocks	15 Cents
7 to 12 Blocks	20 Cents
12 to 20 Blocks	25 Cents

All Messages Strictly Confidential

J. C. Spoonmore, Manager
220 Court Street
Opposite Golden Rule Hotel
Telephone, Black 136

EMPLOYMENT BUREAU—IF YOU ARE seeking a position, or need help, call on or address J. C. Spoonmore, 220 Court St., Pendleton, Oregon.



WE ARE THE PEOPLE

and the only people in the saddlery business that carry a complete stock of Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Spurs, Sweat Pads, Pack Saddles and Bags, Tents, Wagon Covers and Canvas.

JOSEPH ELL,
Leading Harness and Saddlery.

Let Us Fight

ON YOUR OWN

If you are going to build a fence, barn or other structure, or intend to make improvements where you will require

Lumber, Building Lime, Cement, Sand, Terra Cotta or anything in the line

and you will be more successful. Our facilities for supplying with the above articles SASH, DOORS and is unsurpassed.

Pendleton Planing Lumber Yard

ROBERT FORSTER, Proprietor

State Democratic Ticket

- Governor, GEORGE E. CHAMBERLAIN, of Multnomah.
- Secretary of State, D. W. SEARS, of Washington.
- State Treasurer, HENRY BLACKMAN, of Clatsop.
- Attorney General, J. H. RALEY, of Union.
- State Printer, J. E. GODFREY, of Multnomah.
- Superintendent of Public Instruction, W. A. WANN, of Lane.
- Supreme Judge, B. F. BORHAM, of Multnomah.
- Member of Congress—2nd District, W. F. BUTCHER, of Morrow.
- Senatorial District, Morrow and Union Counties, W. M. PIERCE, of Morrow.
- Representative, Morrow and Union Counties, W. F. MATLOCK, of Morrow.

COUNTY.

- State Senator, C. J. SMITH.
- Representative, WM. BLAKLEY.
- Representative, EDWIN A. RESEK.
- County Sheriff, T. D. TAYLOR.
- Clerk, W. D. CHAMBERLAIN.
- Recorder, C. H. MARSH.
- Treasurer, W. D. HANSFORD.
- Commissioner, JAMES NELSON.
- Assessor, CHAS. P. STRAIN.
- Surveyor, JAMES A. HOWARD.
- Coroner, T. M. HENDERSON.

PROHIBITION TICKET.

- Governor, REV. A. J. HUNSAKER, of Clatsop.
- Secretary of State, N. A. DAVIS, of Umatilla.
- State Treasurer, T. S. McDANIEL, of Multnomah.
- Superintendent of Public Instruction, R. W. KELSEY, of Yamhill.
- State Printer, W. W. BROOKS, of Multnomah.
- Supreme Judge, C. J. BRIGHT, of Wasco.
- Attorney General, T. H. GOYNE, of Tillamook.
- Congressman, First District, HIRAM GOULD, Yamhill.
- Congressman, Second District, F. R. SPAULDING, of Wasco.

COUNTY TICKET.

- State Senator, G. W. RIGBY, of Pendleton.
- Representative, I. W. BERRY, of Freewater.
- Representative, S. S. PARIS, of Athena.
- Sheriff, M. E. SCOTT, of Pendleton.
- Clerk, G. W. INGLE, of Milton.
- Recorder, W. G. HOPSON, of Milton.
- Treasurer, THOMAS CHANDLER, of Pendleton.
- Commissioner, H. L. FRAZIER, of Milton.
- Surveyor, R. E. BECK, of Athena.
- Joint Senator, R. A. COPPLE, of Pendleton.
- Joint Representative, J. J. ADKINS, of Heppner.

The Prohibition party wants the vote of every man who is opposed to the legalized saloon. This is the way you can make your opposition effective. Remember this on election day and vote right. Lock well your own ballot.



Two Are One

In marriage only when there is equality of health as well as affection. Affection may be the basis of unity in marriage, but the superstructure depends largely on the woman's health. When the wife is tormented with headache, distressed by headache, and racked by nervousness, she has no ambition for exercise or pleasure.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong and sick women well. It cures headache, backache, and other womanly ills by curing the diseases of the womanly organism which cause them. It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

Weak and sick women 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.

It Pays to Trade at the Peoples Warehouse

...IT'S EASY... FOR US TO PLEASE YOU WITH A SUIT

Our large stock affords an excellent assortment to select from, and the quality of our goods is unquestionable. You don't feel always as if something was going to happen or go wrong with them, because the workmanship and style are the very best that skilled labor can produce. Our line of

Summer Clothing for 1902

From \$10 to \$25

in price never fails to please the most particular dresser.

All the most stylish well dressed men in and around Pendleton buy their suits and furnishing goods at

Agents for Butter-lick Patterns

The Peoples Warehouse

Mail Orders Filled Promptly—Send for Samples

MEN'S OUTFITTERS