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THE MODERN DRUGGISTS - PENDLETON



TUESDAY, JUNE 24, 1902.

DEMOCRATS IN CALIFORNIA.

The democrats of California are looking around for a candidate for governor in this fall's election. There is some chance of the democrats winning in California this year, much depending upon the man whom they select for the gubernatorial office. A number of names are being proposed, among them Franklin K. Lane, at present city and county attorney of San Francisco, about twelve years ago editor and publisher of the Tacoma News.

Lane is a man of democratic tastes and habits. At heart, he is also a democrat. He is a man of fine personality, is a good, strong talker, a student of economics and, "they do say," has become an able lawyer.

Lane is a popular man in San Francisco, where he rapidly rose in political favor, going there from Tacoma. The writer knows Franklin K. Lane quite intimately and knows nothing but good of him.

If the democrats should choose him for their candidate for governor and he was elected, the state would have the benefit of his full capacity, honestly administered, and the people would be more than satisfied with his work.

With such democrats as Franklin K. Lane in office the democratic cause is bound to gain in strength and the party become the real implement of government by the people. The California democrats will make no mistake in selecting Lane as their standard bearer.

THE JANUS FACED SENATE.

There is no doubt that a successful scheme has been worked in congress to delay the work of digging the isthmian canal. The people are expected to accept what has been done in good faith and probably will do so, but the signs are ominous that they are not to have either a Nicaragua or a Panama canal, if the anti-canal influences are as powerful and potent as they seem to be.

The fact of the matter is a great many senators are under obligations to these interests for their election by their state legislatures, and when the canal proposition came up in such form that their action would be such form that their action would be accepted by the people as satisfactory, while to their masters or rather clients it would be understood as in their interests.

In short, the United States senate is carrying water on both shoulders, while fooling the people and serving the railroads, determined not to spill it in either isthmian ditch.

CHARMING MEN AND WOMEN.

When Prince Henry was in this country he gallantly said: "The American women are lovely, simply beautiful, charming!" The men who run newspapers as gallantly printed these encomiums of the prince and all over the world the news went that a German prince had added his testimony to the charms of American women. This was all very well, perfectly meet and proper.

Now comes the Countess Rochambeau, on a visit to America for the first time, and declares: "I admire American men, oh, so much! They are handsomer and stronger than ours." Could anything be more delightful than this, coming from a

charming French woman! Will the journals run by women give as broad circulation to this statement in favor of the American men as did the journals run by men gave to the statement of Prince Henry in favor of the American women? One good turn deserves another.

But can a woman be as charitable, as liberal, as broad-minded as a man? We only ask the question. We have not a bit of doubt concerning it ourselves, for we believe the woman is the equal in these things to the man.

PENDLETON TO HUNTINGTON.

A special traveling correspondent of the Portland Oregonian writes as follows concerning his observations of the "Bunchgrass lands" between the Willamette and the Snake.

The route from Pendleton has a never ending medley of scenes, as varied as the picturesque scenes of the traveler. It was these Blue mountains that made such tribulation for the early Oregon settlers. It was these mountains which the overland Astor party, in the winter of 1811-12, barely escaped the maw of starvation. In their spring garb they look innocent enough, but they have many a tale of suffering beneath their surface.

So formidable an obstacle could not but be disastrous to the followers of the Oregon trail, who had spent their strength before they reached these Blue mountains.

Blue, indeed, were those mountains in early days. But they did not thus get their name. It comes from the soft velvet of their distant folds. These folds double upon each other and rise above their neighbors nobody can tell at what point, so absorbing is the sky blue haze in which they are suffused. Where winter meets spring—there is the snow line. This line retreats further and further up the mountain side every day; the dark behind it takes on a lighter hue and wild flowers blossom, and shed their beauty in hardly a longer time than it takes to tell their story. All this is far, far away. Distance is longer than the eye. The atmosphere is so pure that it plays pranks with the car window observer, reducing his longest estimates to naught. The Oregon pioneers learned not to trust the deception of the distances. Beyond the blue garbed sentinels they knew was the promised land, the land which the Lord had given them to inherit.

And there are many mounds along this old trail. Vestiges of them have long been swept away, but the dear ones beneath continue to sleep peacefully since the day when the earth first closed over them. The paths of the Oregon trail occupies the same graves for want of embalming record. Over some spots the trees reign only and bear no sound only their own murmurings—but the dead are there. That juniper tree on the hill—twisted and bent but seemingly no older than 50 years ago—what a tale does it clasp at its roots? A tale of a little child that lost its mother on the Platte. The mother gave to it sufficient fund of life to bring it this much further, but at this tree all this fund was spent and the final act was ended.

Up in Umatilla and down the Grande Ronde and down the Powder river to Braker City; thence up again and down to the Burnt river and the Snake—all these three climbs and successive descents have their own shifting scenes. They were very toilsome to the ox-team and the travel worn savers of Oregon. The railroad has turned them into miniature mountains and valleys. All along were wilds, both tamed and untamed, sheep and fields of grain that soon will turn to gold. The Umatilla threads smaller and smaller, until on the summit it is gone. Down the other side speeds the train and dashes suddenly from a crevice of the mountain into the Grande Ronde valley, one of the most beautiful gems of Oregon. It was here that the early settlers restored their famished oxen. Here Hunt hastened through in 1811, to reach Astoria. Here Ramsey, Crooks and John Day spent that winter, fostered by indulgent Indians. Here Crooks and Stuart and McLellan passed on their return to St. Louis

In the summer of 1812. Here they found a hot lake and here the hot lake still bubbles within 50 yards of the railroad. And the Grande Ronde is more beautiful now than when Crooks, McLellan and Stuart saw it in its spring garb—just 90 years ago this same season of the year.

But these explorers did not find Powder or Burnt river as they are today. Men have enlisted these streams in the quest for gold. The hills are washing away into the sea, in a muddy, copper colored torrent. Great mounds of earth like mole hills after plowing appear on all the mountain sides. In each of them men are or have been delving for treasure. The remains of hundreds of prospects are thus left to view for the rain to wash away or the sagebrush to reassert dominion over. Over all this hidden wealth the pioneers of Oregon passed unknowing. Had they known perhaps Webfoot Oregon would not be just what it is today. And would anything different have been better? Well that is for you to rub your spectacles over and think about.

Powder and Burnt rivers cannot free themselves of their evil color through all the filtering of their sinuous courses. It is only by losing their individuality in the Snake that they can clear themselves of the odium of their color. In that stream they merge themselves and, thus lost, flow oceanward to bear Portland's commerce to the sea.

The Snake river is the most treacherous stream in America. For hundreds of miles it courses along in a succession of cataracts and easy flows. But it gives no warning when about to take a rampage. Many a pioneer, in attempting to follow it in boats has come to grief or death. The mountains had been so laborious, and the flow of the river on the eastern slope had been so easy that early explorers were tempted to embark in boats below Fort Hall. But the Cauldron soon made them repent. This is a raging cataract less than 75 miles west of Fort Hall. For miles and miles the river bows along the level with the plain. Then it plunges deep down into rockbound gorges. Above the gaping passes the plain is parched by the sun in summer. Great was the distress of early immigrants whose tongues were thick with thirst, but whom the tantalizing precipices kept from reaching water.

Malheur county is one of the anomalies of Oregon. The name Malheur is passed by, although it is anomaly enough, and the reference is meant to apply to the remoteness of the district from the center of Oregon life.

Malheur is French for "bad" or "unhappy hour." Now, there is no unhappy place in Oregon, and Malheur is least unhappy of any. The name is the only unhappy thing in Oregon. The dear people there should get the legislature to give a more cheerful name. The world's a wilderness of woe, anyhow; what's the use of woful names that can be made cheerful?

As to the particular anomaly above mentioned, Vale, the county seat, and Ontario, a rival for that honor, are 400 miles from the capital of Oregon. From Boise, the capital of Idaho, they are one-eighth of that distance. In order to reach Salem by rail, Malheur people have to go through Idaho. Naturally, Malheur is closely associated with the life of Idaho.

"FRUIT OF THE LOOM."

Men and women of taste and judgment go into ecstasies over the wonderful patterns, textures and colors which are "the fruit of the loom." But there is one



they rarely consider, and that is the frail and faded woman, old before her time, because necessity compels her to work under conditions, which send her more favored sister to bed and the doctor's care.

The diseases which weaken and torment women, may in almost all cases be cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness.

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