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CHAMP CLARK STORIES

Amusing Anecdotes of a Pike County Statesman.

How Colonel Broadhead Was Cajoled Into Making a Disastrous Leap. Pride Destroyed in a Horse Pond. A Jumper Comes to Grief—The Celebrated Fat Mule Case—How a Pig Was Instrumental in Making History—Value of a Vote in a Close Contest.

[Copyright, 1901, by Champ Clark.] One of the most distinguished of all the Missourians was Colonel James O. Broadhead, who was a member of congress, a colonel in the Union army and minister to Switzerland. He was accounted one of the very greatest of American lawyers.

Just after coming out of Albemarle county, Va., and while he was on his first legs in Pike, becoming acclimated to western manners, so to speak, one of his bosom cronies was a rollicksome young "buck," as Mr. Thackeray would say, named Rufe Sanders, who, if opportunity had afforded, would not have hesitated to play a practical joke on the president of the republic, the grand Turk, the czar of all the Russias or any other high and mighty functionary. All was fish that came to his net. He and Broadhead in their affection for each other much resembled Damon and Pythias. Nevertheless Rufus played it on the colonel, on one occasion at least, in a most artistic manner. He boasted of his influence over Broadhead and said he could induce him to do anything he chose. He knew the colonel's vanity as to his high jumping powers, and he made up his mind to have some fun, and he had it. In the outskirts of the village was a pond of water of considerable length and about 25 feet wide. Rufe was bragging to some jolly blades one evening that such were his powers over Broadhead that he could make him jump into the pond. Of course they hooted at such an idea. While they were chaffing Rufe, Broadhead hove in sight, rigged out in his best bib and tucker, on his way to see one of Rufe's beautiful female cousins.

Thought He Could Make It. As soon as he came within earshot Rufe sang out, "Broadhead, can you jump across that pond?" The future constitutional expounder scanned it critically with those lustrous orbs which have since overawed juries, courts, senates, and said, "I don't believe I can quite make it."

Rufe jeeringly remarked: "You have always sworn that you could beat the world jumping, and now you flunk. I have just jumped it clean and clear. Haven't I, boys?" appealing to his own companions. Of course the "boys" laid their hands solemnly on their hearts and asseverated by the great horn spoon that Rufus had actually made the unprecedented leap.

This was too much for Broadhead. His proud Virginia blood was up. Shedding his broadcloth swallowtail, he said: "Rufe, nothing wearing the human form divine can beat me jumping. I learned that caper beneath the shadows of the Blue Ridge mountains and in sight of Monticello. You have insulted my state pride. I'll give you a lesson you will never forget."

With this he backed off about 100 yards on the prairie to get a good start, came on like a cyclone in mad career, leaped into the air and, falling several feet short of the mark, came down ker-wallop in the pond. He scrambled out a sadder, madder, wiser and wetter man.

All he could hear was the melancholy swish of the waves settling themselves after his accidental immersion and the mocking laughter of Rufe and his particeps criminis receding to the gloaming and fleeing from the wrath to come.

Helped by His Name. While admitting his colossal ability gladly, I am sure that Colonel Broadhead's sonorous name helped him considerably as an original proposition. Broadhead is a stately cognomen, well calculated to fill the trump of fame. It's a fine introduction among strangers and brings up images of Solomon's wisdom. The beauty of it is that the man lived up to the name.

Lately some fellow's ingenuity has demonstrated that the war of 1812 was produced by a pig getting its head fast in a fence in Connecticut or Rhode Island. It happened in this wise: In some particular precinct a Federalist voter put off leaving home for the polls till the last minute possible for his reaching the voting place in time. He was hurrying as fast as his legs could carry him to exercise the highest prerogative of an American sovereign, when he heard one of his pigs squealing as in great distress.

Now, it is a conceded fact among us farmers that there is no more ear piercing or pleasure banishing sound in this noisy world than that made by a pig squealing because his adventurous head has been caught in the crack of a fence, unless it be a Thomas cat developing his musical apparatus at midnight's holy hour. So the Federalist, burning with wrath against Thomas Jefferson and all the Democrats, stopped to rescue his pig. This delayed him so that he lost his vote. The Democratic candidate for the legislature was elected by one majority. The legislature elected a Democratic United States senator by one majority. The United States senate declared war by one majority, all the Democrats voting for it. That pesky pig made several pages of glorious history.

Colonel Broadhead's Fat Mule Case. When Colonel Broadhead was climbing laboriously up that tall hill where fame's proud temple shines afar, two Pike county farmers and next door neighbors, both well to do, had a falling out about a scrub mule. We will call them Jones and Brown. Each one believed that he held an indefeasible right to that long eared animal. Jones employed Broadhead, who promptly instituted suit. When the papers were served on Brown, he did not notice that Broadhead was Jones' attorney, so as Broadhead was a favorite with him he straightway applied to the colonel also. Of course Broadhead, with profound thanks for his complimentary friendship, informed him that he had been retained by the other side.

"Well," said Brown, "I'm awfully sorry. Perhaps you can recommend another lawyer for me?" "Yes; I can do that. Do you know John B. Henderson?" "No." "Well, he is the second best lawyer in the county, and I will write you a letter of introduction to him," which he did, and, carefully sealing it up and impressing his coat of arms upon the wax, handed it to Brown with one of those lordly and diplomatic bows for which he is famous.

Could Not Stand the Suspense. Brown left Broadhead's office and went home in a frame of mind toward that letter much resembling Eve's touching the forbidden fruit. He was aching to know its contents. The more he thought of it the more he wanted to read it. At last he could stand the suspense no longer, and he "steamed" the envelope over the simmering teakettle and drew out the precious document, and with bulging eyes and fluttering heart here is what he read:

Dear John—Jones versus Brown. I represent the plaintiff, and this will introduce the defendant. Mule case. Both fat. Yours, BROADHEAD.

It was all Greek to Brown. His last condition was worse than the first. He read it right side up, bottom side up, cat-cornered, diagonally and every other way. To save his life he couldn't understand it or get heads or tails of the mysterious and enigmatical epistle. As he tossed in sleepless anxiety on his virtuous couch snatches of that laconic and incomprehensible message chased each other through his feverish brain with lightning rapidity, and in weird and jumbled grotesqueness something in this wise: "Mule case—both fat; both fat—mule case; mule fat—both case; fat case—both mule; case—mule-fat both," etc., like Mark Twain's "punch, brother; punch with care; punch in the presence of the passenger."

Settled the Matter. Finally and desperately Brown thus commended with his own spirit: "Now, what on earth can Broadhead mean? It beats the deuce. He says both are fat. There's only one mule, and he ain't so dang fat either." He kept on going over that lucid formula of reasoning until he actually got it through his noggin as to what objects the word "both" referred to in the letter; then he shook his sides with laughter, interrupted by such objurgations as: "Broadhead! Henderson! Both fat! Mule! Hades!" Next morning, bright and early, he bled him over to Neighbor Jones, call-

ed him out, shook hands cordially, showed him the letter, told his experience and thus delivered an opinion, full of wisdom as any of Jack Bunsby's: "Jones, you have one good farm; I have another. This measly mule ain't worth over \$20. If we go to law about it, in 12 months Jim Broadhead will be living on your farm, John Henderson on mine, and we'll be out in the cold. We'd be a pair of prize donkeys to do that. Let's settle the blamed case here and now between ourselves." And settle they did by halving the mule. That letter was too good a joke to keep. It got out somehow or somehow else and was nuts for the lovers of fun everywhere.

Andrew Jackson. We are given to too much self congratulation on our second war with Great Britain. But we would not have come out of the bloody struggle with much eclat if one Andrew Jackson had not walloped the bloody Britisher in a most consummate and astounding manner at New Orleans on St. Jackson's day in the morning. And it is a curious fact that that glorious event would never have happened except that, after a tremendous tussle, Old Hickory was elected major general of the Tennessee militia—by one majority. Consequently, had not his pigship got his head into too small a crack in that old Virginia worm fence in New England, there would have been no war for sailors' rights.

Two Votes Not to Be Sneezed At. Colonel Broadhead's political career came near being nipped in the bud and dying "a-bornin'." He was elected from Pike to the legislature by two majority. With this small margin as a starter he climbed high and with reasonable rapidity. He afterward became a member of the state senate, of a constitutional convention and of congress, the nominee of his party for the United States senate, president of the American Bar association and was voted for by his state delegation in a national convention for the presidency itself, which is the ultima Thule of human ambition. On Bosworth field Hunchback Richard in agony of soul exclaimed: "A horse! My kingdom for a horse!" And in the feverish dance of death called politics many an aspiring and perspiring candidate would give a year of peaceful life for that deciding vote which often cometh not. Colonel Broadhead could have honestly sworn that in a close contest two votes are not to be sneezed at.

CHAMP CLARK.

Self Reliance in Children. Tired mothers, with the care of a large household on their shoulders, often allow themselves to become slaves to the whims of their children, with never a moment's rest from early dawn until late at night, after the babies want to go to bed. All day long it is a constant cry, "Mamma, I want this," "Mamma, give me that," and instead of casting the child upon its own resources the weary mother leaves her work, her rest or her guests to perform some absolutely needless service for the child. It is wearing on the mother, but that is not its worst feature; it is positive ruin to the disposition of the child. The children of such a mother grow up selfish, unsatisfied, restless. They come to look upon their mother as a mere convenience, a machine for contributing to their personal comfort, and thus the mother is robbed of the child's love and respect, and the child is robbed of that most blessed of human virtues, true love and veneration for its mother.

Maudie Adams Off the Stage. Maudie Adams always has been and continues to be a veritable wonder in the matter of living an ideally private life for an actress, content with giving to the public only the finest manifestations of her genius. Those who know her personally aver that she has well defined and interesting opinions on all subjects that interest adults. Yet by some strange mischance her personal opinions on public and ethical questions, unlike those of most other actors and actresses, never find their way into the public prints.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Ventilation Test. In order to determine if a room is properly ventilated the following test is said to be efficacious: Bring into the room a half pint bottle entirely full of water; pour out this water into another vessel in the room, when the empty bottle will immediately be filled with the air of the room. Now put into the bottle one tablespoonful of pure lime-water; cork and shake it. If it turns milky white in a few minutes, the ventilation is imperfect.

Wise at Last. Stockton Bonds—Poor Lambley! He never could get on the right side of the market. Cutten Kewpons—Oh, but he has been for the last three months or so. Stockton Bonds—Really? What—Cutten Kewpons—The outside. He's quit.—Philadelphia Press.

Aiding the Heathen. "Brother Higmore, are you contributing anything for the benefit of the heathen this year?" "Yes, sir. I am having my washing done at a Chinese laundry."—Chicago Tribune.

TWO MEN AND A MORAL.

An Incident That Supplies Considerable Food For Thought. These ought ye to do and not to leave the others undone.

A pale young man sat down on a bench in the park. He put a torn bag of tools under the bench.

A small, red faced man came behind him. He stooped to steal the bag.

The pale man turned and said in a slow, tired way: "Drop that. It ain't worth stealing."

The ruddy man said, "Not if you're lookin'."

The pale man set the bag at his feet and said:

"It's a poor business you're in."

"You don't look as if yours was any better." He sat down. "What's your callin'?"

"I'm an ironworker; bridge work."

"Don't look strong enough."

"That's so. I'm just out of the hospital; got hurt three months ago."

"I'm just out of hospital, too," he grinned.

"What hospital?"

"Sing Sing."

"What? Jail?"

"Yes; not bad in winter, either. There's a society helps a fellow after you quit that hospital. Gives you good clothes too."

"Clothes? Is that so?"

"Gets you work."

"Work—good God! I wish they'd get me some."

"You ain't bad enough. Go and grab somethin'. Get a short sentence; first crime. Come out and get looked after by nice ladies."

"My God!"

"Didn't they do nothin' for you when you got out of that hospital?"

"No! Why the devil should they? I'm only an honest mechanic. Are you goin'?"

"Yes. I've got to go after that job. It'll give me time to look about me. Gosh, but you look bad! Goodby."

The ruddy man rose, looked back, jingled the few coins in his pocket, hesitated and walked away whistling.

The pale man sat still on the bench, staring down at the ragged bag of tools at his feet.—Dr. Weir Mitchell in Century.

SOME WRITERS.

Buffon wrote in lace ruffles and Alexandre Dumas in shirt sleeves.

Milton composed his "Paradise Lost" on a large armchair, with his head thrown back.

Bret Hartie's first literary success was a little book called "Condensed Novels," in which he parodied some prominent novelists of the day.

Austin Dobson, the poet, wanted in early life to be an engineer and was preparing for that profession when his parents persuaded him to enter the civil service.

When Fox had eaten heartily, he would retire to his study, envelop his head in a napkin soaked in vinegar and water and work sometimes ten hours in succession.

Allison is said to have consumed twenty-four years in the preparation of his "History of Europe," but many important literary enterprises were also carried on by him during this time.

It is related of Hall Calne, the novelist, that he once worked in the Laxey lead mines, in the Manx mountains, in place of a young man who was ill to keep the young fellow's position for him.

Mrs. Bolton, the Indiana composer of the once popular song "Paddle Your Own Canoe," received the inspiration to write while sewing and fitting the first carpets for the old statehouse of Indiana.

A College Man and a Quotation. Some one once said, "A Harvard man knows all literature but the Bible," a startlingly sweeping generalization, but not without truth so far as the Bible is concerned. A case in point came to light the other day. Two Harvard men were reading together some famous modern orations, one of them a eulogy. The eulogy closed with the words: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

"What a beautiful close!" exclaimed one of the students enthusiastically. "The man who wrote such a sentence as that proves that the grand style in prose did not die with the eighteenth century."

It should be added in fairness that the other student was a churchman and said nothing.—New York Tribune.

Don'ts For Drawing Room. Don't make any one feel self conscious in your presence. It indicates that you are excessively self conscious yourself.

Don't expect too much from other people, but encourage them to expect a great deal from you and be sure that you fulfill their expectations.

Don't make too much of your bodily ailments. It makes you tiresome to yourself and unendurable to others, says Woman's Life.

Don't be on the lookout for slights. Such an attitude shows there is something in your family history that causes you to expect them.

Don't indulge in sarcasm. It indicates bad breeding, not cleverness. Any one can say spiteful things.

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