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THE MODERN DRUGGISTS . . . PENDLETON



FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1902.

Putnam Bradley Strong and May Yobe are gradually coming to the end of their rope. Truly, the wages of sin is death.

The St. Louis council scandal is developing even into deeper corruption than first rumors put it. A wholesome example should, and doubtless will, be made of those boodlers.

A bull in Kentucky tackled a railroad train. The train was derailed, the engineer and firemen were killed and the engine and ten cars were demolished. It is not stated what became of the bull.

Poor old Spain met Uncle Sam by land and sea, her boy king went crazy, a cyclone devastated a part of the country and now she has a strike. The sins of Spain cling to her, even unto many generations.

Panama has become slack about observing certain treaties, but Uncle Sam has sent the battleship Wisconsin over to see if he can persuade her to not forget these little agreements. Panama is not now rubbing up against a small band of revolutionists.

A number of preachers have committed suicide within the past few weeks and several have gone insane. Drink and dissipation can not be charged as the cause of this. The ways of nature are wonderful, and none are spared when her laws are violated, whether it be saint or sinner.

It is now announced that the beef trust is thoroughly organized and will begin operations as soon as the fall elections are over. Something has already been operating sufficiently to place beef beyond the reach of the most of the poor people in the cities. What will it do when the trust gets in real operation?

Stories of the degradation of the nobility continue to crop out. The title, nobility, is a mockery and a farce. What is known as the nobility is a decayed race. True nobility only may be found now among nature's noblemen, who earn an honest living and realize that they are no better than other men who are honest and industrious.

The Seattle Times sends out a marked editorial warning people not to go to Valdes until spring. Whatever axe the Seattle Times has to grind, and it is charged that the Times always has one ready, that paper may rest assured that the people of this section are not worrying over Valdes, hades or any other foreign country. They are perfectly satisfied right here, thank you.

Great is Marconi. He thinks he has now solved the wireless telegraph system and made it possible to communicate by his system between Europe and America with success. The advancement of science is one of the greatest wonders of modern times. One would not be surprised now at the accomplishment of anything. The flying machine and the discovery of the north pole are looked upon as certainties at no distant day.

There is a certain class of fanatics that believe in certain fanatic theories who imagine they see them so clearly that if any one differs from them they think he is a fool. Socialists, free-lovers, prohibitionists and Christian Scientists may be placed as prominent among this class.

They can tell their story backwards, forward, begin in the middle or at either end and see it clearly and wonder why the blinded world cannot see it. A few of the worst affected even agitate these questions in the west; prosperous times, but they are more popular when the people are stirred up over panics or other unfortunate conditions when their minds are open to anything without the pale of common sense.

Will Governor Stone do it or not, is now the question? The miners will wait on him through a committee and ask him to call a special session of the legislature for the purpose of having laws passed compelling the settlement of differences between laborers and employers by arbitration. It will also be urged at the same special session, if called, to repeal the present law giving railroads a right to carry on a mining business. There is no question but that laws may be passed beneficial to the settlement of labor troubles, but no law can be passed that will stand, that will give one class an advantage over another, or to compel any American citizen to sacrifice his personal rights, or labor when he does not desire to do so, or employ men or pay them more wages than he can afford. Laws are often used for oppression, but they should not be passed with that view.

THE NYMPHS OF THE CASCADES.

By Sam L. Simpson.
(Dedicated to the memory of George E. Strong, a brilliant young journalist, formerly of the Oregonian staff, who, imagining that he heard beautiful strains of music and sweet voices calling him, wandered away from a camp in the Cascade mountains while his companions were sleeping, and was utterly lost, no trace of him dead or alive having ever been found.)

The camp fire, like a red night rose,
Blossomed beneath a gloomy fir;
When weary men in deep repose,
Heard not the gentle night wind stir.

The priestly robes high over head—
Heard not the wild brook's walling song,
Nor any nameless sounds of dread,
Which to the midnight woods belong.

The moon sailed on a golden bark,
Astray in lilled purple seas;
And forest shadows weirdly dark,
Were peopled with all mysteries;

And all was wild and drear and strange
Around that lonely bivouac,
Where mountains, rising range on range
Shouldered the march of progress back.

The red fire's fluttering tongues of flame,
Whispered to brooding darkness there,
And spectral shapes without a name
Were hovering in the haunted air;

And from the fir tree's inner shade,
A drear owl, sobbing forth his rune
Kept watch and mournful homage paid
At intervals unto the moon.

The travelers dreamed on serene,
Save one, whose brow, curl-swept,
Was damp from agony within;
Who tossed and murmured as he slept.

The fretful fire-light on his face,
Wavered and danced in fitful play,
Until the old enchanting grace
Of young ambition on it lay.

The glamor of the rosy light
The heavy lines concealed,
And trembling shadows of the night
Beyond him, like sad spirits, knelt;

For his had been the lustress gift—
Of genius lent by God to few,
The splendid jewel wrought by swift
Angelic art of fire and dew.

But like the pearl of Egypt's queen,
'Twas drowned in pleasure's crimson cup,
And lo, its amethystine sheen,
In baleful vapors curling up,

Soon wreathed his brain in that dark spell,
That has no kindred seal of woe;
And phantoms that with Orcus dwell,
In mystic dance swept to and fro.

Swept to and fro and maddened him
With gestures wild and taunts and jeers,
And waved the withered chaplets dim
That he had worn in flowery years;

His spirit furled its shining wings,
Never again to sting and soar,
And wove all wild imaginings
In shapes of horror evermore.

The sleeper started, partly raised
Upon his elbow, leaned awhile,
And deep into the darkness gazed,
With wistful eyes and brightened smile.

"I hear sweet music over there,
The mountain nymphs are calling me."
He murmured, "How divine an air,
"Oh, soul of mine, is wooing thee."

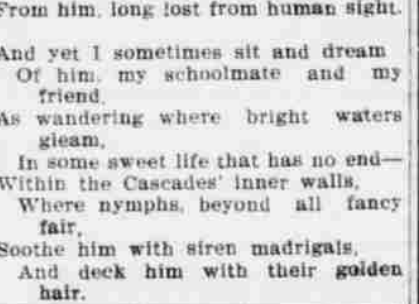
"Coming!" He whispered, and arose,
And in the air first reached a hand,
To clasp a spirit? No one knows,
Or where he stood can ever stand—
And lo, into the heavy night,
As led by hands unseen, he fled,
A startling figure, clad in white
Into the canyons dark and dread.

'Twas years ago, but trace or track
Of him has never yet been found,
For echo only answered back
The hunter's call and baying hound;
Forever lost, untracked, unseen,
In the upheaved and wild Cascades,
Forever lost, untracked, unseen
A shadow now among the shades.

From some snow-wreathed and shining peak
His soul swam starward long ago,
And now no more we vainly seek
The secret of his fate to know,
While fires of sunset and of dawn
Flame red and fade on many a height,
The mystery will not be withdrawn
From him, long lost from human sight.

And yet I sometimes sit and dream
Of him, my schoolmate and my friend,
As wandering where bright waters gleam,
In some sweet life that has no end—
Within the Cascades' inner walls,
Where nymphs, beyond all fancy fair,
Soothe him with siren madrigals,
And deck him with their golden hair.

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