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CHAMP CLARK STORIES

Gathered Among the Wits and Humorists of Congress.

Reminiscences of the Old Dominion. A Gentleman of the Old School—Anecdotes of Judge Daniel, Father of the Virginia Senator—Never on the Wrong Side—His Honor and the Negro Hostler—Sad Predicament of a Church Deacon—Played the Fly.

(Copyright, 1903, by Champ Clark.) Perhaps there is no one in either house of congress who comes so near being an object of worship among his own constituents as does Senator John W. Daniel of Virginia. He is a gentleman of the old school, whom Virginians everywhere delight to honor. I saw this exemplified in a remarkable manner on the Fourth of July, 1897. He was the orator of the day at a Fourth of July celebration held in one of the large theaters in Washington under the auspices of the Democratic Clubs of the District of Columbia.

The senator's appearance on the stage was a signal for a tremendous outburst of enthusiasm, and when the band struck up "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia" there was such a storm of cheers that I thought the roof would be taken off. The senator's speech was all that my own or anybody's fancy could have painted—patriotic, fervid, eloquent. After dwelling upon the glories of Americans in general he touched upon the glories of the Democratic party. "I hear a great deal," said he, "about the Democratic party being dead. And that reminds me of a tale my old black mammy used to tell me when I was a child that ran something like this:

"Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the baker's To get her dog some bread, And when she came back And when she came back the dog was a-laughin'." "Now," said the senator, "they have brought in the coffin for the Democratic party several times, but they have found every time they bring the coffin he is up and a-laughin'."

This story doesn't seem very funny in cold type, but when told in the senator's inimitable manner it was very taking and most appropriate. The transition from the lugubrious tones of Mother Hubbard upon the discovery of her dog's death to the sudden joy and triumph of finding him "up and a-laughin'" was one of the funniest things I ever heard.

Stories of Senator Daniel's Father.

At Howling Green, Mo., where I live, one of my most valued friends and constituents is an old Virginia gentleman, John E. Sanderson, "Uncle John," as his friends call him, who has passed the psalmist's allotment of threescore and ten and who something like a half century ago was high sheriff of Bedford county, Va. He loves to relate anecdotes and reminiscences of men and things in the Old Dominion. Speaking of Senator Daniel one day, Uncle John said: "He comes honestly by his courage and his eloquence. His father and his grandfather before him were that kind of men. Both of them were great lawyers. His father and grandfather were both judges of the court. His father, Judge William Daniel, Jr., was judge of the circuit court, and Bedford was in his jurisdiction. I tell you he was a judge that was a judge. Whenever Judge Daniel spoke, it was the law and the gospel and accepted as such. The lawyers never jawed him back when he was on the bench, however much some of them may have felt like it. He always went in for justice and equity.

Always on the Right Side.

"One time," continued Uncle John, "during the trial of a case in court a lawyer in cross examination managed to get the witness so confused that he didn't know what he was saying. Judge Daniel, who took in the situation at a glance, himself put several questions to the witness which cleared up affairs and gave the witness confidence to tell what he had to say in such a manner as to impress the jury with the fact that he was telling the truth and won the case. A few days after that the lawyer who had bullied the witness met the judge and said, 'Judge, do you know that I have heard you are accused of taking sides in court?' 'That may be true, sir,' said the judge, drawing himself up to his full height. 'But I warrant you never heard of me taking the wrong side.'

Judge Daniel and Hostler George.

"Judge Daniel," Uncle John went on, "was tall and gaunt, with a hawk bill nose and an eagle eye. When he held court at Liberty, the county seat of Bedford, he always put up at the Terry tavern. George, the negro hostler at the tavern, was a favorite with all the guests who patronized the house and was always sure of a fee when he led out the judge's horse after the adjournment of court. One morning the judge came out and mounted his horse, George dutifully holding the stirrup. The judge looked at George, put his

hand in his pocket, and then, looking down at his horse, said: 'George, you rascal you, I oughtn't to give you this dollar. This horse doesn't look as though it had been half fed.'

"Now, Marise Judge," said George, "don't you go and talk dat way. I done been a stuf dat horse all he could hole, but he is sackly like you is, marster—he des can't hole enough to keep him from lookin' hungry." George got the dollar.

Nothing so fully demonstrates Senator Daniel's popularity as the fact that in his first race for the senate he had for an opponent General Fitz-Hugh Lee, and, having won the contest over one of the royal family of Virginia, it was plain to be seen that nobody could beat him, so he has been twice unanimously re-elected, nobody thinking it worth the while to run against him. To show what a hold the Lee family has on the affections of the people of the Old Dominion, John Wise tells this story:

Said he: "When Fitz-Hugh Lee was governor of Virginia, I called on him one morning, and while we were engaged in a social chat a servant came into the room to tell him that a Chinaman named Wun Lung craved for an audience with him.

"Governor Lee jumped up and with an air of mock consternation exclaimed: 'Why, now, I can't allow Wun Lung to walk up here with that laundry. I'll go down and get it.' 'Ah, governor,' said I, 'Wun Lung has no right to your patronage anyway. Wan Lee has done more for you than any one else. He made you governor of Virginia.'

D—d if He Did and D—d if He Didn't.

Hon. William H. Wallace of Kansas City tells the following:

"At a church in a rural community one time, while the deacons were taking up the morning collection, one of them, becoming suddenly demented, walked out of the door with the money he had collected in his hat, leaving the audience too thunderstruck to move or utter a sound. Finally the preacher broke the silence by saying, with great solemnity, as he gazed at the absconding deacon: 'If he walks off with that money, he will be d—d, whereupon an old deacon exclaimed, 'Well, if he hasn't already walked off with it, I'll be d—d.'

Played According to Note.

Hon. Jasper Talbert of South Carolina told the following to illustrate how Republicans stick to their party:

"Down in South Carolina," he said, "there was a rich man died, and they gave him a great funeral. On the way to the cemetery the band marched behind the hearse playing the 'Dead March' in 'Saul.' Suddenly the bass horn croaked out a tremendous ear-splitting discord that drowned all the other music and frightened the hearse horses so that they ran off and threw the corpse out, and that scared the other horses so that they ran off, and there was the very Old Harry to pay everywhere. The bandmaster hastened back to the bass horn and exclaimed: 'Have you gone crazy? What in the world made you play such a discord?' 'Well, sir,' said the bass horn, 'I didn't mean no harm, wouldn't have done any harm for the world if I could have helped it, but the way of it is this: You see, sir, a horse fly lit on my notebook, and I thought it was a note, and I played her.'

Campaigning in Indiana.

Judge J. M. Robinson, who is one of the youngest and most brilliant of the Indiana delegation, frequently contributes to the hilarity of the cloakroom by stories of pioneer life. Just before congress adjourned he told this anecdote of early day campaigning in Indiana: "In the early times of Indiana politics it was not unusual for congressional candidates to travel together, speak together, ride together and sleep together. On one occasion in a district adjoining mine where the policy was pursued the Democratic candidate for congress was a man of elegant manners, good clothes and well cultured, and was generally regarded by the less fastidious as a big bug, and so it was generally reported over the district in his campaign. One night they had finished speaking and retired to their rooms and went to bed sleeping together, and both fell soundly to sleep. The next morning the Republican on awakening found his companion gone, and he made a search for him and found him out in the woods, lying across an old fashioned saw-buck with his head hanging down on one side and his legs down on the other. He woke up the sleeping man and inquired what in the name of heaven he was doing there. The sleeping fellow, one-half awake, rubbing his eyes, said, 'They call me a big bug over the district, but, by thunder, the bugs in that bed were too big for me!'

The Patient and the Doctor.

Ex-Governor and ex-Congressman Bob Taylor of Tennessee is not only one of the most popular lecturers on the boards, but is also one of the best story tellers in all creation. Nature intended him for a comedian. Here is one of his shortest anecdotes: "The doctor's patient was hopelessly ill. The doctor had done all that medicine and professional skill could do to save his life or prolong his days. Finally the end approached. The patient rested on his bed as the doctor told him of his serious condition.

"Have you anything to say," inquired the doctor—"any statement, before you pass away?"

"Yes," said the patient, turning wearily, "tell my folks I wish I had got another doozer."

General Booth Says Grace.

Dr. Solly places General Booth, the chief of the Salvation Army, among the most remarkable men whom he has met. He told this story of him:

"When General Booth had finished an address one night at Colorado Springs, several of us accompanied him to the house where he was stopping. The general always eats a light lunch after speaking and before retiring. He did so on the occasion to which I refer. To keep him company all of us sat down to the table with him, though he was the only one who ate anything. All the rest of us declined. The general said grace in this unique fashion: 'Lord, bless those who eat and those who do not eat!'

More Potatoes.

Renan had a great contempt for mere words, however eloquent. One evening he met at a sort of literary dinner M. Caro, the philosopher beloved of fine ladies, who set himself to prove a certain theory. His eloquent assertions did not seem to interest the sage. In the middle of one of his most sonorous periods M. Renan attempted to make himself heard.

But all the ladies were intensely interested. They would not have their pleasure spoiled. "In a moment, M. Renan, we will listen to you in your turn," he bowed submissively.

Toward the end of dinner M. Caro, out of breath, stopped with a rhetorical emphasis. At once every one turned toward the illustrious scholar, hoping that he would enter the lists, and the hostess, with an encouraging smile, said: "Now, M. Renan—"

"I am afraid, dear lady, that I am now a little behindhand." "No, no!" "I wanted to ask for a little more potato."—Fortnightly Review.

A Kind Hearted Waiter.

A surprising experience was that of a lady who received a bit of advice on table etiquette. She is sufficiently free from vanity to tell the story herself. She says:

"I know that I am not a person of impressive appearance. I am inclined to be short and stout and to dress plainly; still I had hoped that I had an air of acquaintance with polite society. But now I shall be more modest than ever in my idea of the impression I make upon strangers.

At my first meal at the hotel where I passed last summer I was pleased with the face of my waiter. It was radiant with kindness and good nature. I began my dinner with soup and fish. As the waiter set them in front of me he glanced at the persons of fashionable appearance who were my neighbors at table. His kind heart was suddenly struck with the fear that I might make an unfortunate impression on them.

He bent down and whispered in my ear: "Eat your soup first."

The First War Correspondents.

In a sense Julius Caesar was a war correspondent, only he did not send his "commentaries" piecemeal to the "theater of war," but indited them at his leisure in the subsequent peace time. The old Swedish intelligence of the Gustavus Adolphus period was genuine war correspondence, published indeed tardily compared with our news of today, but nevertheless fresh from the scene of action, full of distinctiveness, quaint and racy beyond compare.

The first modern war correspondent professionally commissioned and paid by a newspaper was the late Mr. G. I. Grunelsen, a well known literary man, who was sent to Spain by the London Post with the Spanish legion which Sir de Laig Evans commanded in 1837 in the service of the queen of Spain. But this new departure was not followed up, and no English paper was represented in the great battles of the first and second Punjab wars.

Willie's Case.

"I think," she said, "that Willie gave me more trouble when he was little than all of my other children together." "And what about him now?" "Oh, I never worry about him now. Sometimes I get to fretting for fear some of the others may be working themselves to death, but Willie's all right. He has a political job."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The first charter ever granted in this country or probably any other for the building of a railroad was granted in 1810 to Henry Drinker by the Pennsylvania legislature for a road of that kind from the Delaware valley to the headwaters of the Lehigh river over the route now occupied by the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad from the Water Gap to Scranton. That was before the days of steam and the "wagons" that were to be run on the road were to be moved by horse power. That old charter and the rights it conveyed were purchased by the original Delaware and Lackawanna company for \$1,000.

THE FLYING FROG.

A Queer Little Animal Which Sails From Tree to Tree.

Upon seeing the expansive membrane on the feet of this little frog shown in the picture you might easily imagine him using them in the hot climate of his home (Borneo) as fans to keep himself cool. To be sure, a frog fanning itself with its feet would be a funny sight, but I think this little fellow can do it, though naturalists do not report



A FLYING FROG.

ever having seen him so employed. They do, however, know positively if one use he has for them, and that is in sailing from tree to tree.

When he wishes to leave the tree on which he is resting, he leaps into the air, at the same time spreading out his great, webbed feet for sail, using them so as to maintain a horizontal position, and thus, with a long, slanting flight, reaches another tree twenty or more feet away.

When he has finished the flight, the toes are drawn together, inclosing the membrane between them, so that, except for the awkward length of his feet, you might take him for only a common tree frog.—W. H. Worrall in Exchange.

A Mind Reading Game.

A game that is mystifying and at the same time interesting to play is mind reading. Any number of people can join in the fun, but the more there are the better. A ring is formed, all joining hands, and there must be two sitting next to each other who know the secret of the game. Let us call these two Alice and May. Alice, who is introduced as a "professional mind reader," leaves the room, and those remaining choose any word, a short one preferably. The object of the game is for Alice, who is ignorant of the word, to return and guess it, and this may be done by a simple little trick so that it attracts no attention whatever. All are told to close their eyes and think hard of the word chosen. Then Alice is called back and sits down in the circle, taking hold of her accomplice's hand, as well as that of her neighbor on the other side. Then very quietly May taps Alice's palm with her fingers, the taps signifying the letters, the first tap meaning "a," the second for "b," and so on. For instance, supposing the word was "cat," May would tap Alice's hand three times, "c" being the third letter in the alphabet, and then pause for an instant, so that Alice might understand that that was the first letter. Then one tap and a pause would mean "a," and, since "t" is the twentieth letter in the alphabet, Alice would easily understand twenty taps for "t." Thus any word may be spelled out, and it is always a long time before the uninitiated "catch on."

The Feather Game.

A small feather with a very little stem must be produced to play the feather game; also a tablecloth or small sheet. The feather is placed upon this, and the company stands in a circle, holding the sheet.

Some one gives the feather a blow and the object of the game is to prevent it from touching any one.

Each one gives the feather a puff whenever it comes near him, and over it goes to the other side again. The excitement produced is very great, and it is always a most amusing spectacle, the onlookers enjoying it almost as much as the players themselves.

A Good Scholar.

A little boy was asked in the geography class to name some animals of the arctic regions.

"The eel and other fur bearing animals," he replied promptly.

Asked to name four animals of the torrid zone, he said:

"Two lions and two tigers."

Titles.

Give a Georgia ducky a "chaw" of tobacco and you're a cap'n. Give him a quarter and you become a colonel.

Paralyze him with a dollar and you are a general for life.

Throw in an old suit of clothes and two stiff drams of corn liquor and he raises all his children to call you governor.—Atlanta Constitution.

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