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ATWOOD'S CASCARA

Is the surest and safest remedy
for all complaints caused by a
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DRUGGISTS



SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1903.

Love never fails to master what
he finds.
But works a different way in
different minds:
The fool enlightens, and the wise
he blinds.
—Dryden.

THE PIONEERS ARE PASSING.

"A Pioneer of 1851." This little legend contains a volume of history, when added to the death notice in the columns of Oregon newspapers. People who speed across the continent today and complain at two hours delay on account of a broken down engine or a blizzard, know so little of Western pioneer hardship that it is not worth listening to.

Those who started West from Omaha on a May morning in 1850, or even 1865, and pointed their lead yoke of oxen toward a dim trail marking the desert, have taken the supreme degree in the freemasonry of civilization.

What it meant to those hardy argonauts, to close the door of the past behind them, to leave the travelled roads in their childhood land and take a course toward the western mountain peaks, none but themselves can say. Imagination can not picture the mingled emotions that must have moistened that path with tears.

From Omaha to The Dalles there was but one or two lone houses in 1851. Nothing but mountain peak and tantalizing plain greeted the emigrant.

What heroism it required, what self-sacrifice, what purpose, to rescue and beautify the commonwealth of Oregon!

One by one these old pioneers of the state are passing to another frontier. The heritage they leave is Oregon. How great a gift it is, those who love her institutions and her surroundings are best prepared to say.

Every day the short legend, "A pioneer" is found wreathed about the obituary in the columns of the press. It is the grand seal of citizenship. It is a fitting history to write upon the headstone. No other words are needed. This epitaph is brief, but yet how splendid it becomes, when the scroll of that magic half century just past, is unrolled for the world's admiration.

INCREASING FRATERNITY.

The district convention of the Knights of Pythias which meets in La Grande today, is one of the many strong evidences of growing fraternity in the midst of growing competition.

Not alone in any one order or in any one class of men, but everywhere, in all the innumerable trades, callings and professions—unity, fraternity, and organization is the shibboleth of the day.

No matter how far a man wanders from home and kindred, in the civilized countries today, when trouble, sickness or death overtakes him, the ready hand of fraternity reaches out to him, shields him in misfortune, nurses him in illness or tenderly closes the "low, green door" upon his clay.

More of it is needed. More of it can find room in the busy throngs that made up the strange surroundings of a commercial age.

The Oregon legislature failed to pass one highly important measure, one which the people will sorely need before the full fruition of irrigation can come to the state. This was the bill amending the present irrigation law of Oregon, regulating the irrigation of land, by contract, under the provisions of the Carey act. At present the contractor prevents settlement, by holding the entire tract set aside, for irrigation purposes. He holds the land and uses it until the entire cost of irrigating it shall have been paid to him and in many ways has arbitrary control of the tract and can use it to his own profit, indefinitely, to the exclusion of bona fide settlers.

There are repulsive evidences of depravity in all classes of society. An organized band of grave robbers, including college students and professors, has been exposed in Indiana. Yesterday the supreme court of New York granted a decree to a tottering old reprobate of 75, giving him permission to abandon a woman who testified that she had been his wife for thirty-six years. There is need of missionary work in many places, where the poor, blind heathen of Africa and India form fruitful themes of discussion.

"The Orderly," the official journal of Hill's Military Academy, of Portland, contains as a leading article for the February number, just issued, a paper by Robert Alexander, of Pendleton. It is an ably written article, full of genuine literary merit and reflects credit upon the young man. His subject is "An Indian Celebration on the Fourth of July," and the scene is laid in Umatilla county.

State Senator George C. Brownell is now receiving a just reward that should always swiftly follow political treachery. He has aroused the opposition of the Oregonian and the labor unions and between the two he is very busy making explanations. Crookedness always convicts itself in time.

Pilot Rock could do no more worthy thing than to invite Dr. Cole to lecture on health and cleanliness in that city, as proposed by the Record. This is an age of science, and health, first of all, underlies municipal beauty and prosperity. Name the date.

The Union Republican, which has been conducted for the past twelve years by L. J. and M. F. Davis, has been sold to George A. Scibird and John C. Glover, of Del Norte, Col., and will be enlarged and improved in many ways.

DRIFTWOOD.

A somewhat close observer gives the following account in the Brooklyn Eagle, of a happening at the Brooklyn bridge: "I saw a woman in a street car open a satchel and take out a purse, close the satchel and open the purse, take out a dime and close the purse; open the satchel and put in the purse; close the satchel and lock both ends. Then she gave the dime to the conductor and took a nickel in exchange. Then she opened the satchel and took out the purse; closed the satchel and opened the purse; put in the nickel and closed the purse; opened the satchel and put in the purse; closed the satchel and locked both ends. Then she felt to see if her back hair was all right, and it was all right, and she was all right, and just as sweet! That was a woman." That is one picture; here is another by an equally close observer along a different line:

"They were married in the autumn, when the leaves were turning gold, and the mornings bore a menace of the winter's coming cold; Side by side they stood and promised hand in hand to walk through life, and the parson said: "God bless you" as he named them man and wife. They had little wealth to aid them; little of the world they knew; But he whispered "Oh, my darling, I have riches—I have you." Then they vowed that walking ever side by side and hand in hand,

They would gain the distant summits of their far-off, happy land. Side by side they walked together, lingering sometimes for a kiss, Dreaming of those far-off summits, of the future's perfect bliss; But the battle-stress was on them, and the foe man bade them yield And their onward steps were hidden by the smoke upon the field; And his heart grew faint within him as he murmured "I must fall." For the foe man presses ever, and his cohorts conquer all." But the woman, loyal ever, only whispered "You shall win; You shall snatch the victor's laurel from the battle strife and die." Then again he struggled onward, though his wounds were gaping wide. Listening ever for a whisper "I am battling by your side." Struggling onward, struggling ever, though the mists were thick about; Beaten downward by the foe man, lost in mists of gloom and doubt. Still he heard that gentle whisper that his spirit must obey 'Till he reached the golden summits o'er the borderland of gray. Then the world, as wide as ever, said "Behold a conquering knight." For it never heard the whisper that had urged him to the height. Call it fable, fable only; lo, the world is full of these. Men who struggle onward, upward, till the splendid prize they seize; Men who stumble, stumble often, dazed or stricken in the din. But to rise and falter onward at the whisper "You shall win." And we name them knights and heroes of the battle and the fray, Knowing not that there behind each is the one who showed the way: Just some little, loyal woman, forcing back the tears that blue— You may honor your brave hero, I will sing a song to her, Tutulla, March 6.

STAND FAST!

Sometime the meaning of this bitter strife Will perfect be, when all the strife is past; In all the storms and lightnings that make life. Stand fast! Stand fast!

What are thy tears, when tears have fallen so long? What all the shadows o'er thy pathway cast? Make of thy grief a great, immortal song— Stand fast! Stand fast!

Though the world would thee— though its joys forsake, Love thou the world with all the soul thou hast; Give it thy heart; and, though thy heart may break. Stand fast! Stand fast! —Frank L. Stanton.

Fewer married men than bachelors commit suicide.

Sleeplessness

Is akin to insanity. Many a woman realizes this as she lies awake hour by hour, peeping the darkness with phantoms, starting at the creaking of the bed,



or the rustle of the bedclothes. Such symptoms in general point to disease of the delicate womanly organs, and a constant drain of the vital and nervous forces. This condition cannot be overcome by sleeping powders. The diseased condition must be cured before the consequences of disease are removed.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures the womanly diseases which cause nervousness and sleeplessness. It is the best of tonics and invigorants, nourishing the nerves, encouraging the appetite and inducing refreshing sleep. Irregularity, weakening drains, inflammation, ulceration and female weakness are perfectly cured by "Favorite Prescription."

"My wife was sick for over eight years," writes Albert H. Paine, Esq., of Alhambra, Grady Co., Tenn. "She had uterine disease and was treated by two physicians and got no relief. At last I read about Dr. Pierce's medicine and we decided to try his 'Favorite Prescription.' I sent to the drug store and got one bottle and the first dose gave ease and sleep. She had not slept any for three nights. Being sure that it would cure her I sent for five more bottles and when she had taken the sixth bottle she was sound and well."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be used with "Favorite Prescription" whenever a laxative is required.

Lumber, Lumber, Lumber.
All kinds for all purposes.
Sash, Doors and Blinds.
Planing of all descriptions done to order.
Don't place your order for Building Material until you have consulted us.
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ROBERT FORSTER, Proprietor

HEALTHY WOMEN

Praise Pe-ru-na as a Cure for Colds and a Preventive of



MRS. M. J. BRINK
FIRST STAGE OF CATARRH.
A Serious Mistake Which Thousands Are Making.

The first stage of catarrh is what is commonly known as "catching cold." It may be in the head, nose, throat or lungs. Its beginning is sometimes so severe as to cause a chill and considerable fever, or it may be so slight as to not hinder a person from his usual business. In perhaps a majority of cases little or no attention is paid to the first stage of catarrh, and hence it is that nearly one-half of the people have chronic catarrh in some form.

To neglect a cold is to invite chronic catarrh. As soon as any one discovers the first symptoms of catching cold he should at once begin the use of Peruna

according to directions on the bottle, and the cold is sure to pass away without leaving any bad effects.

Unless this is done the cold is almost sure to end in the second stage of catarrh, which is making so many lives miserable. If Peruna was taken every time one has a cold or cough, chronic catarrh would be practically an unknown disease.

Miss Elizabeth Uber, No. 57 Bassett street, Albany, N. Y., writes: "I have always dreaded unsettled weather because of my extreme liability to catch cold, when a catarrhal trouble would quickly develop through my entire system, which it would take weeks to drive away. I am thankful to say that since I have taken PERUNA I do not have any reason to dread this anymore. If I have been at all exposed to the damp, wet or cold weather, I take a dose or two of PERUNA, and it throws out any hint of sickness from my system."—Miss Elizabeth Uber.

Mrs. M. J. Brink, No. 820 Michigan avenue, St. Joseph, Mich., writes: "This past winter during the wet and cold weather I caught a sudden and severe cold, which developed a catarrhal condition through my entire system, and so affected my general health that I was completely broken down, and became nervous and hysterical and unfit to supervise my home. My physician prescribed for me, but somehow his medicine did me no good. Reading of PERUNA I decided to try it. After I had taken but three bottles I found myself in fine health."—Mrs. M. J. Brink.

Sibyl A. Hadley, 20 Main street, Huntington, Ind., writes: "Last winter after getting my feet wet I began to cough, which gradually grew worse until my throat was sore and raw. Ordinary remedies did not



MISS SARA McCALL
help me and cough remedies. Reading an advertisement of PERUNA I decided to try it, and you can imagine how glad I began to relieve me in a very few days. In less than two weeks I was cured."—Sibyl A. Hadley.

Miss Sara McCallahan, No. 100 Main street, Albany, N. Y., writes: "A few months ago I suffered an attack of influenza, which was very severe. My hearing became impaired, and I was unable to hear. I tried many remedies, but nothing I did helped. I read of PERUNA and within two weeks I was perfectly well."—Sara McCallahan.

If you do not derive prompt factory results from the use of PERUNA, write at once to Dr. Hartman, full statement of your case, and he will be glad to give you his advice gratis. Address Dr. Hartman, The Hartman Sanitarium, Co.

Sweet Potatoes, the good kind.

Celery, fresh and crisp.

Cabbage, solid hearts.

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The kind that grow in this soil and climate. Fresh stock of 1903 Seeds.

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Alta Street, Opposite Savings Bank

THE ROYAL RESTAURANT

I have purchased the Royal Restaurant, on Main street, 3 doors north of W. & C. R. depot, where I will serve the

Best 25 Cent Meal
In the city. I will appreciate your patronage and ask you to call and see me.

MEAL TICKETS, \$3.50
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Newly Furnished. Bar in connection.

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Strawberries, Melons, Grapes and every forage plant. Vegetable, Fruit and Flower known can be successfully grown on the Irrigated Lands of the

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