

East Oregonian

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There is a word—'tis written
on the sky,
When some far meteor flashes
on the night
Its all-resplendent autograph
of light;
We hear it when the gale
goes rushing by,
A lonely bird, with all untiring
will
Rising and sinking on our vision's
line—
Translates it for us—or a
mighty pine,
Shaking its plumes upon a
distant hill!
There is a word, beloved of
bond and free,
Nature's first gift and latest—
Liberty.
—Ada Iddings in Pacific
Monthly.

Another day of agony over, and Japan still occupies her place on earth.

Wanted, 50 patrons who wish to make \$7 per month per cow, selling butter at to the Pendleton creamery that is coming.

The Japanese soldiers would rather be annihilated in fighting Russia alone, than to win with the assistance of China.

The year 1904 is starting off with a gloomy record of wrecks and accidents. It contracted the bad habit from its predecessor in office.

A great deal more of the Russo-Japanese war will be fought in the offices of the Associated Press than on the battlefield. The modern reporter can furnish gresome warfare in large hunks if lead pencils and space hold out.

Perry Heath has made himself scarce since it is known that he is wanted for crookedness. If all the politicians who have been enriched by corrupting public trusts during the past 20 years were brought to justice, the federal prisons would not accommodate them.

Something of the resources of Oregon may be seen in the results of hog-raising in Union county. J. W. McAllister, former populist member of the Oregon legislature, owns two Berkshire hogs weighing 870 and 780 pounds respectively. These hogs at 4 1/2 cents are worth more than an ordinary beef steer. The combined accomplishments of all the populist politicians of Oregon did not compare to the glory of raising these two porkers to this enormous size.

W. S. U'Ren, of Oregon City, father of the initiative and referendum movement in Oregon, is promoting the direct primary law, whereby the voters may select candidates for office, instead of entrusting that important task to packed cut-and-dried, political conventions. The old methods of the past seem crude and antiquated compared to the splendid plans proposed by such seers as U'Ren, by which the sovereign people may assert their sacred rights on all public questions.

Pendleton will present a different front to the travelling public, when the elegant Bowman building, with its 200 feet facing the O. R. & N. depot, is completed. Formerly the city presented a forbidding appearance from the trains, with that hole in the ground greeting the tourist. When this building is finished it will not be necessary for strangers at the depot to wonder where the town is. The Bowman building will be an index finger pointing the way.

President Palma, of Cuba, gave evidence of his civilized and intelligent statesmanship, when he vetoed the Cuban government lottery bill yesterday, which provided for a vast lottery scheme operated by the government. It is safe to say that some

renegade American adventurer was author of the scheme and was to be chief stakeholder. So many grafts emanate from the American that it always arouses this suspicion to hear of a new form of trickery.

It is brazenly announced that a Mr. So-and-So, "a prominent sporting man," has arrived in Pendleton from Alaska and will "run a square game." Do the citizens of Pendleton know what this disgusting clap-trap means? It means that another tinhorn has heard that Pendleton is an "open town" and that another gambling room will be opened. It means that the immoral and tough element that cannot ply its trade in the self-respecting state of Washington has established itself in Oregon towns, in defiance of the statutes. Nobody in Pendleton is being deceived on the open town proposition. There are no "prominent sporting men" and there are no "square games." All tinhorns are looking for easy money in Pendleton as elsewhere.

A unanimous vote from the fair committee in the United States senate, favoring the Lewis and Clark appropriation, means the passage of the bill, it is hoped. Oregonians have burned midnight oil in fighting for that measure before the committee, and are still prepared to do battle for it on the floor of the halls of congress. The efforts of the Oregon delegation in congress and of those of President H. W. Scott, of the Lewis and Clark Corporation, and of President Jefferson Myers, of the Lewis and Clark state commission, deserve especial mention and call for the highest appreciation from every lover of the state and well-wisher of the great memorial event. The team was well chosen and has pulled together. If their accomplishment equals their effort the state and the Northwest will be blessed beyond comparison.

One of the most remarkable instances of human organization and co-operation is seen in the observance of the "week of prayer," by the Protestant churches of the United States. Throughout the United States this week the 25,000,000 Protestant church members, scattered in every village and hamlet, are holding meetings and observing one universal program in all the land. With one harmonious voice this vast army of believers is preaching, praying and singing upon the same prescribed subjects in every church meeting, as far as possible. In all the history of the world the equal of this marvelous program of worship has not been seen before. No edict of any government was ever so far-reaching as this voluntary observance. Men, women and children in every walk of life are united this week in thought and spirit. It is a triumph of the freedom of speech and worship and of the splendid mastery of the spiritual instincts of a civilized land, over the base and mean, which makes a fitting crown to the efforts of the Pilgrim fathers. From Plymouth Rock across a teeming continent they dreamed not of, to San Francisco Bay, 25,000,000 devout Protestants worship in unison this week, the God they trusted and the cause they loved.

DRIFTWOOD.

This little story is from the pen of Ambrose Bierce, one of the most pungent, pointed and generally interesting writers whom the present generation of readers have had the pleasure of listening to. The themes

Often The Kidneys Are Weakened by Over-Work.

Unhealthy Kidneys Make Impure Blood. It used to be considered that only urinary and bladder troubles were to be traced to the kidneys, but now modern science proves that nearly all diseases have their beginning in the disorder of these most important organs.

The kidneys filter and purify the blood—that is their work. Therefore, when your kidneys are weak or out of order, you can understand how quickly your entire body is affected and how every organ seems to fail to do its duty.

If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking the great kidney remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, because as soon as your kidneys are well they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince anyone.

If you are sick you can make no mistake by first doctoring your kidneys. The mild and extraordinary effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases, and is sold on its merits by all druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles. You may have a sample bottle

Home of Swamp-Root, by mail free, also a pamphlet telling you how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. Mention this paper when writing to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

which inspire Mr. Bierce's pen are frequently sarcastic and cynical, but not always so, as the following pathetic little story goes to show.

Little Jo was born in the town of Blackburg, in the state of Massachusetts, and there his mother, whose name was Hetty Parlow, died one day, leaving little Jo to set up as an orphan at the age of 1 year.

Unfortunately for Joseph, the disease which made him an orphan did not stop at that; it went on and extirpated nearly all his connections, leaving Joey to be adopted by a distant relative on the opposite side of the continent near Winnemucca, in the state of Nevada, where he was tenderly cared for until he was 5 years old, when one evening he strayed from home and was lost in the desert.

His after history is involved in the greatest obscurity, and has gaps which conjecture alone can fill. It is known that he was found by a family of Piute Indians, who kept the little wretch with them for a time and then sold him, actually sold him for money to a woman on one of the eastbound trains, at a station a long way from Winnemucca.

The woman professed to have made all manner of inquiries, but all in vain, so, being childless and a widow, she adopted him herself. Jo, at this point of his career, seemed to be getting a long way from the condition of orphanage; the interposition of a multitude of parents between himself and that woeful state promised him a long immunity from its disadvantages.

Mrs. Darnell, his newest mother, lived in Cleveland, Ohio. But her adopted son did not long remain with her. He was seen one afternoon by a policeman, new to that beat, deliberately toddling away from her house and, being questioned, answered that he was "doin' home." He must have traveled by rail somehow, for three days later he was in the town of Whiteville, which, as you know, is a long way from Cleveland. His clothing was in pretty fair condition, but he was sinfully dirty.

Being unable to give any account of himself, he was arrested as a vagrant and sentenced to imprisonment in the infants' sheltering home, where he was washed.

Jo ran away from the infants' sheltering home at Whiteville. Just took to the woods and the home knew him no more forever.

We find him next, or rather get back to him, standing forlorn in the cold autumn rain at a suburban street corner in Blackburg, where, if you had seen him, you would hardly have admired him.

It was apparently an ordinary autumn rainstorm, but the water which fell upon Jo (who was hardly old enough to be either just or unjust, and so, perhaps, did not come under the law of impartial distribution) appeared to have some property peculiar to itself; one would have said

that it was dark and adhesive—sticky; it seems right to explain, however, that it really was not so; it only failed to make his face and hands less so.

Jo was, indeed, fearfully and wonderfully besmirched, as by the hand of an artist. And the forlorn little tramp had no shoes—his feet were bare, red and swollen, and when he walked he limped with both legs. As to clothing—ah, you would hardly have the skill to name any single garment that he wore, or say by what magic he kept it upon him. That he was cold all over and all through did not admit of a doubt—he knew it himself. Anyone would have been cold there that evening; but, for that reason, no one else was there.

How Jo came to be there himself he could not for the flickering little life of him have told, even if gifted with a vocabulary exceeding a dozen words.

From the way he stared about him one could have seen that he had no notion of where nor why he was. Yet he was not altogether a fool in his day and generation. Being cold and hungry and still able to walk a little by bending his knees very much indeed and putting his feet down toes first, he decided to enter one of the houses which flanked the street at long intervals and looked so bright and warm. But when he attempted to act on that very sensible decision a burly dog came bounding out and disputed his right.

Inexpressibly frightened and believing, no doubt, with some reason, too, that brutes without meant brutality within, he hobbled away from all the houses, and with gray, wet fields to right of him and gray, wet fields to left of him, with the rain half blinding him and the night coming in mist and darkness, he held his way along the road that leads to Green-ton.

That is to say, the road leads thence to Green-ton who succeeded in passing the Oak Hill cemetery. Quite a number every year do not. Jo did not.

They found him there the next morning, very wet, very cold, but no longer hungry.

He had apparently entered the cemetery gate, hoping, perhaps, that it led to a house where there was a dog, and gone blundering about in the darkness, falling over many a grave, no doubt, until he had tired of it all and given up. The little body lay upon one side, with one soiled cheek upon one soiled hand, the other hand tucked away among the rags to make it warm, the other cheek washed clean and white at last, as for a kiss from one of God's great angels.

It was observed, though nothing was thought of it at the time, the body being as yet unidentified, that the little fellow was lying upon the grave of Hetty Parlow. The grave, however, had not opened to receive him. That is a circumstance which,

without actual irreverence, one may wish had seen ordered otherwise. Tutuilla, Jan. 5.

Dr. F. H. Stable, a prominent San Francisco physician, suicided January 6 with illuminating gas and carefully wrote all his symptoms till insensibility came. He was found dead with pencil in hand.

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