

Bright's Disease and Diabetes News.

San Francisco, Oct. 30, 1903.
 To F. W. Schmidt's Pharmacy; Dear Sirs—As agents for the Fulton Compounds in Pendleton, there are some facts in the Call office in this city that should interest you and the editors of Oregon, as well as newspaper men generally. We copy now from a letter from Clifford House of the Call.

"However improbable may seem the statement that Bright's Disease and Diabetes are now curable in a great majority of cases, it is well within the province of some of us in the business department of the Call to know that it is true. Mr. Edward Short of this department was given up by his physicians as a victim of Diabetes, and is now perfectly well. The mother of one of the editorial staff has also recovered from Diabetes. This was so conclusive that I told a friend, a well-to-do citizen of Duluth, Minn., who had Bright's Disease, and he too recovered.

We will also add that an ex-supreme judge, with offices in the Call building, is a late recovery. You are authorized to proclaim to the world that the most deadly diseases known, viz.: Bright's Disease and Diabetes, yield to the new diuretics evolved during experiments made upon himself by John J. Fulton of this city in his memorable struggle against the ravages of Bright's Disease.

Yours very truly,
THE JOHN J. FULTON CO.

KALIKAI of HILO

By MARY WOOD

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The applause had not yet died away. Across the footlights the slender figure of the Hawaiian leader still bowed in acknowledgment. Animated, eager, he furnished a curious contrast to the apathy of his fellow singers. His dark eyes rapidly scanned the circling tiers. Slowly, slowly, the light of expectancy died from his face. He shrank back, and the contrast was gone. He had sunk to their level, a paid singer in a foreign land.

The strangled instruments twanged. The picturesque figures in snowy white and red sashes swayed slightly to the plaintive melody as they sang, always softly, always as an echo from a far-away land.

Kalikai sang listlessly. The glare of the footlights hurt his eyes. He coughed occasionally, and a dull pain woke in his chest. But worse than physical discomfort was the ache in his heart. This audience of cold, unfeeling people



A WOMAN'S CITY OF TERROR RANG OUT ABOVE THE APPLAUSE.

—how he hated them! This cold and bleak country—how he hated it! Oh, for the sunshine and the flowers, the dancing and the light laughter of his island home!

His face softened as he thought of it—the blue sea foaming against jagged rocks, the blue sky cut by peaks as jagged, the rustling palm trees above the gleam of yellow sand, the scents of the warm night and the dancers wreathed in flowers. One of them, a dark-eyed girl had sung a waltz round his neck. She loved him. He had thought he loved her, but that was before the other came.

He was singing alone now, and an unconscious feeling crept into his voice. The song was the same he had sung over a year ago to the fair American girl. He had taught her the song, and she had taught him what love was. Again he was bending nearer and nearer, while his eyes told the story his lips dared not speak. Then the bitter year of seeking! Ah, he would remember only the golden days that came before!

He was silent as the others ceased the refrain softly, and his ear caught a rustle in one of the boxes. Mechanically his eyes followed the sound. A party of three had just entered—a gray haired, distinguished looking man, a plump, comfortable matron and a third. Kalikai trembled. He knew them all. And the third, the golden haired girl, was the lady of his dreams. Even as he looked her eyes, as if attracted, met his, and a quick wave of color rose to the masses of curls. She recognized him, was glad to see him!

Again he must sing. As he began the Hawaiians turned in surprise. Listlessness and hesitancy were forgotten with the audience. He sang for her, and his eyes never left her face. His voice was vibrant with tenderness as he sang of the weary search, glad and triumphant as he sang of the joy of meeting.

The last notes swelled into silence. But a woman's cry of terror rang out above the applause. Kalikai had fallen forward on his face, and there was a splash of scarlet on the white of his blouse. As they rang the curtain down the golden haired girl heard a voice say: "That's the way all the poor fellows go when they come over here. Consumption gets them sooner or later."

She had risen and was speaking softly, impetuously: "Father, don't you recognize him? It is Kalikai, the young Hawaiian who was so good to us at Hilo. And years ago he taught me that very song. He was so kind to us there when we were strangers in his land, and here he knows no one, and he is ill." Her voice choked, but she went on eagerly: "We must go to him. We may be able to do something for him. No, no! We won't wait. We must go at once, or we may be too late."

She always had been a spoiled child, and so at last they yielded to her wish. And that is why when Kalikai woke as from a troubled sleep and murmured "Alice!" her face bent over him. She pressed a glass to his lips as she said, with a tremulous smile, "Drink." He did not question her presence. He lay back and looked at her, and again swift color flashed into her cheeks. Yet even as he looked a shadow fell across his face, for she had changed woefully. It was no longer the girl

who had teased and played with him but a woman whose beauty had somehow hardened in the ripening. There were shadows under the eyes and bitter curves around the mouth that had been absent in his dream pictures. Unconsciously he sighed and closed his eyes. The meeting so long prayed for brought more sadness than joy. Lying there, he did not see her face soften or her eyes shine with tender feeling. With an impetuous movement she bent over and pressed her lips against a lock of the dark hair that lay against the pillow. As she raised her head her face was dyed scarlet with blushes, which faded as her glance fell on a ring on her finger.

She was silent, her hands pressed tightly together. When at last he opened his eyes and looked at her, she smiled bravely, while her finger motioned him not to speak. Her voice was low, but steady, as she said:

"This is a strange meeting, my friend, after many days, and we have both changed. I have learned many things since we parted. I am married." He started, but she went on hurriedly: "My husband is not here tonight. He seldom is. He is too much absorbed in business. American husbands often are that way. But I am happy, quite happy. My father and mother live with us, and you know how dear they are to me. I am a very fortunate woman. But you—you have changed too. Oh, why did you ever leave your lovely island?"

His eyes told her the reason, but she gave no sign that she could read them. "You were always happy there. I was happy. Every one was happy. But it is not too late for you. You can go back. Promise me that you will go back, and the warm sunshine will make you strong again, and you will forget this country of cold and mist."

He could not see the storm raging beneath her forced composure. He did not guess why she spoke almost curtly. He only thought that she had grown cold and hard. His dream was shattered. So he went back to Hawaii and the dark-eyed girl who was waiting for him. With her he learned to forget even the pang of lost illusion, and the golden haired American became but a pretty memory.

An Old Rosebush.

As long ago as the year 822 Hildehelm is mentioned in history. In that year we are told Louis the Pious, Charlemagne's son and successor, made it the seat of the bishopric intended by his father to be established at the neighboring town of Elze. Less than a century before Charlemagne had brought the heathen Saxons into subjection and Christianity was yet new in the land. Gunther, the first bishop, had been canon at the cathedral at Reims. Three years after his elevation to the new episcopal see he consecrated the first chapel, naming it in honor of the Virgin Mary. The chapel is supposed to have occupied the site under the present cathedral, where the crypt of the new church is built.

A pretty rosebush that now clings to the outer wall of the cathedral choir is said by tradition to have grown there since the days of Louis the Pious himself. In the twelfth century, when the choir and crypt were being enlarged, a protecting hollow wall was built around the rosebush in order that the vine might continue to grow about the building when the new wall had been completed. A bit of the old arching may be seen behind the altar in the crypt. This is the present voucher for the great age of the rosebush, and it must be admitted that many traditions repose upon a less solid foundation.

Thackeray's Ideas of Corsets.

Thackeray, who detested "wasp waisted women," once told a young relative who was much in love to take his betrothed to a physician before purchasing the engagement ring.

"What for?" his companion inquired in considerable astonishment.

"To see whether that wasp waist is an inheritance or a consequence," he replied.

"Consequence!" exclaimed the young man. "What do you mean?"

"Corsets," said Thackeray laconically.

"Miss— has the most beautiful figure in England," said the infatuated lover.

"She is deformed," Thackeray responded. "If it is a natural deformity, she may be a moderately healthy woman. Even humpbacks are not always delicate, you know. Mind, I say moderately healthy. But if that girl's figure is the result of corsets you might better go and hang yourself rather than risk the evils that will inevitably follow."

Divided Interest.

A prominent San Francisco business man, knowing that his French barber had a pretty taste in music which he occasionally indulged, asked him one morning while being shaved if he had attended the opera of "Romeo and Juliet" the night before. The barber replied that he had, says the San Francisco Wave.

"How did you enjoy it?" asked the business man.

"Not at all, sir," was the barber's unexpected reply. "From my place in the gallery I could see the back of your head below me, and it mortified me to notice that I had not parted your hair straight."

Her Counselors.

James I. disliked to hear epigrams lavished on his predecessor, "Le Roi Elizabeth," as the French called her, and always depreciated her when possible.

On one occasion some one speaking of the late queen as a "most wise princess" James said sharply, "She had wise counselors."

"And, please your majesty," said the speaker, "did ever a fool choose wise counselors?"

CHAMP CLARK STORIES

Humorous Tales Gathered Here and There.

Reminiscences of the Ready Wit of Senator Green—How He Caught the Know Nothings—The Trouble With General Clark's Head—Governor Stone's First Victory at Law. Wouldn't Buck the General Government—A Juror Excused.

(Copyright, 1902, by Champ Clark.)

Honore Greeley, editor, philosopher, statesman and orator, once said, "Fame is a vapor." Of all sorts of fame political fame is the most evanescent. James G. Blaine says in his book, the greatest book ever written in America, in speaking of James Stephen Green of Missouri:

"No man among his contemporaries [in the senate] had made so profound an impression in so short a time. He was a very strong debater. He had peers but no master in the senate. Mr. Green on the one side and Mr. Fessenden on the other were the senators whom Douglas most disliked to meet and who were the best fitted in readiness, in accuracy, in logic, to meet him. Douglas rarely had a debate with either in which he did not lose his temper, and to lose one's temper in debate is generally to lose one's cause. Green had done more than any other man in Missouri to break down the power of Thomas H. Benton as a leader of the Democracy. His arraignment of Benton before the people of Missouri in 1849, when he was but thirty-two years of age, was one of the most aggressive and successful warfare in our political annals. His premature death was a loss to the country."

Caught the Know Nothings.

Notwithstanding Green's splendid genius and the brilliant promise of his youth, he is almost completely forgotten. It is doubtful if the country ever contained a greater stunner than he. The Rev. W. W. McMurray once accompanied me on a speechmaking trip to Shelbyville, Mo. Returning, he said: "The immense audience you had tonight reminded me of the crowds that used to turn out to hear Jim Green. In the Know Nothing days Green began a speech in the courthouse in Shelbyville before an audience made up of about half Democrats and half Know Nothings, a fact of which he was fully aware. On rising to speak he stretched his tall form to its extreme height and, looking solemn as an owl, said, 'I take it for granted that there are no Know Nothings here,' whereupon every Know Nothing in the house yelled out: 'You're mistaken! We're all here!' Green replied, 'I am glad to hear it, for, like my Lord and Master, I came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance.'"

Made a Failure.

Brother McMurray continued as follows: "Once Green and Judge J. J. Lindley, an exceedingly brilliant lawyer, were trying a small case on opposite sides in the court of a justice of the peace. When Green came to make his argument he didn't state the facts of the case to suit Lindley, whereupon the latter said, 'Mr. Green, you should not set up a man of straw.' Thereupon Green shook his long finger at Lindley and said, 'God Almighty tried that in nanking you thirty-five years ago and made a flat failure of it.'"

Nothing in It.

Brother McMurray gave this sample of his readiness in using wit: "Once when the political situation was at fever heat in Missouri Green was making a speech at Fayette. Old General John B. Clark, then in his prime, was standing up in the audience. He towered like another King Saul, head and shoulders above all the people, and was therefore a very conspicuous object. He had too much sense and knew Green too well to interrupt him, but finally Green laid down some propositions, and the general shook his head in sign of dissent. Green pointed to him and said: 'General, you needn't shake your head. There's nothing in it.'"

Governor Stone's First Lawsuit.

Lawyers are great hands to indulge in reminiscences. Nearly all of them like to tell about their first lawsuit, for usually even the greatest of them began in a very small way. Governor William J. Stone gives the following account of his first lawsuit:

"As I recall it now, my first lawsuit involved the munificent sum of 50 cents. The plaintiff had done certain work for the defendant, for which he rendered a bill of \$2.50. The defendant, considering the charge exorbitant, refused to pay. He was willing to pay \$1.50, and during the negotiations, by way of compromise, he proposed to pay the plaintiff \$2. When this proposition was carried to the plaintiff, he rejected it with scorn and instituted a suit before a justice of the peace. At first neither party had an attorney. Each attended to his own case. They had fifty witnesses subpoenaed between them. The greater number of the witnesses were used to prove the value of the services. The plaintiff won on the jury trial, and the defendant appealed. After the trial I was employed by the plaintiff. By this time the accumulated costs made the case of much greater importance to the parties. The original difference of 50 cents was lost sight of in view of the large bill of costs accrued, now amounting to \$70 or \$80. On the trial we made it appear that no actual tender of any sum had been made to the plaintiff, and so I felt pre-

ty sure of the costs, no matter what amount the jury gave us. However, the jury returned a verdict for the full amount claimed. The costs in the case exceeded \$100. The controversy of course was absurd to the point of idiosyncy, but it gave me a case, \$15 in money and a world of glory. Thenceforth, like Alexander, I was looking for other worlds to conquer."

A Question of Jurisdiction.

For many years the judge of the Marion-Halls-Monroe-Shelby circuit was Hon. Thomas H. Bacon of Hannibal. As applied to him, with only a change of tense, there would be almost literal truth in Fitz-Greene Halleck's famous couplet:

None know him but to love him,
 None name him but to praise.

He is "learned in the law," polite as Chesterfield, brave as Richard Plantagenet and guileless as a child. Love of justice is his ruling passion. When barely of age, he set out from home, burning with martial fire, to enlist in the Confederate army. He joined "Pap" Price just in time to fight in the battle of Wilson's Creek, where General Lyon was killed and young Bacon dangerously wounded.

The judge has a quaint manner of speech, sometimes dashed with humor. Once in a case pending before him an application was filed for removal to the United States court. After the lawyers were through arguing and spouting Judge Bacon thus delivered his opinion: "There are some doubts in my mind touching the question of jurisdiction, but several years ago I ran up against the United States government and got my hide full of lead for so doing. I do not care to repeat the performance; consequently I resolve all doubts in favor of the general government and grant the removal of the cause."

A Withering Rebuke.

On one occasion Hon. Ben T. Hardin of Kansas City and myself were on opposite sides of a bitterly fought highway robbery case up at Shelbyville. With all due respect to Mr. Hardin, I am willing to give it as my opinion that he can be the most aggravating mortal I ever saw in a courthouse. He is capable, plucky, aggressive, provoking. Great patience has never been ranked among my virtues even by my most sanguine friends. The aforesaid case was long drawn out and wearisome beyond my power of description. Every body was in a wretched humor. It degenerated into a fierce slugging match among the lawyers. Hardin and I fell afoul of each other repeatedly. To make matters worse, we were trying the case in a church, within whose walls we all ought to have been on our good behavior, but we were not by a long shot. At last Judge Bacon, who was a great stickler for good order, grew weary with our senseless and unseemly altercation between Hardin and myself the judge straightened back in his chair and in the blandest manner said, "I do not undertake to prescribe rules of etiquette for attorneys from outside of this circuit, but I feel constrained to say that the attorneys of my circuit do not behave as Messrs. Hardin and Clark are now doing." It was a withering rebuke, more so perhaps by reason of the kind tone in which it was delivered. Hardin and I did not have another row that day.

The Juror Was Excused.

In the Shelby case already mentioned there appeared among the proposed jurors a son of the Confederate hero General Martin E. Green, deceased. Mr. Julius H. Green. On inquiry Mr. Green announced that he had already formed an opinion as to the alleged guilt or innocence of the prisoner. Further interrogation disclosed that said opinion was derived from an inspection of the defendant's countenance. Defendant's counsel responded with a volley of objections. The court asked the juror if he had read Lavater. The juror answered that he had. The fact is that Lavater's work has little or no value in physiognomical research, but a certain prestige attends the name of the author. The court ruled that if eleven more jurors of this type could be secured the evidence would be dispensed with, but in default of such a panel Mr. Green would be excused.

Brought Him to Terms.

In a divorce case between parties of advanced years it appeared that the couple had started in poverty. In conjunction with his farm the husband, a frugal German, had conducted a pottery which had an elevated site. In her earlier married life the wife, by up and down hill trips, had furnished the water supply. Side by side they fought the wolf away and amassed for the husband a handsome competence. Still the wife's only means of travel depended on casual trips of the farm wagon. Once when the team was hitched the old lady prepared for transportation of herself and some housekeeping products, the sale of which was her sole reliance for pin money. When the old man saw that his good wife intended passage, he ordered the team unhitched and the errand abandoned. The court ruled that this was the equivalent of the most refined piece of marital cruelty ever heard of. Although the old potter strenuously denied making any family jars, his wife was on allied grounds decreed a divorce and half the estate. The result was a compromise and reconciliation.

Judge Bacon is one of the most agreeable and sparkling conversationalists I ever met and indulges freely in bonhomie and humor when among his intimates. I think he was the author of the neatest pun I ever heard. A year or so ago at the Louisiana court of common pleas somebody told Judge Bacon that Judge Roy had eaten two dozen Hambo apples at one sitting. "Well," said Bacon, "that is what I would call an apple-apple judge."

A splendid Missourian is Hon. Thomas H. Bacon, well worth cultivating.

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