

## A Good Garden Grows From Good Seeds

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**Frederick Noll & Company**  
Seedsman



AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

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Love took up the glass of Time and turned it in his glowing hands; Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.  
Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all its chords with might; Smote the chord of Self, that trembling, pass'd in music out of sight.  
—Tennyson.

LICENSED BY SOCIETY.

A thrilling picture of hell was flashed upon the canvas in Portland yesterday.

It was one to make men remember.

It was one that burned into men's brains and hearts indelibly.

A little, stooped woman came in to police court, with three ill-clad babes following her.

There were traces of refinement

under the lines of misery in her face. There was something elevating in her voice and a startling intelligence in her speech, compared to the begrimed garb she wore.

She was a washerwoman with a worthless husband. She had saved up her earnings until there was enough to buy a small home. The little store of money was her own, wrung from the steam of the tub and the pangs of exhaustion, little by little and day by day.

Her husband worked some and gambled more. He neglected his family and debased himself and as fast as he drew a small pittance of a salary he hurried away to drop it into the fingers of a "good fellow" wearing diamonds.

Finally this brute of a husband "reformed" one day.

He got down on his knees and blubbered and promised his wife he would quit all his bad habits.

She believed him, trusted him, would have died for him if called upon to do so, and life took on a brighter hue.

He hurried out next day and hunted up a house to buy and closed the deal for a small place. His wife was happier for a few hours than ever before in her life.

The prospects of a home of her own, a sober husband, some of the comforts of life and the refinements of civilized society filled her heart with joy.

All the little hoarded store was scraped together, arrangements were made to move out of a hovel into a home, the proud little woman sang as she thought of the happiness that

had come to her and kissed her husband lovingly as he started out that morning to pay for their new home and take possession.

But it was only a rift in the clouds. He didn't come back that day, nor that night.

Words can't picture her misgivings in that time.

Next morning she went to find him and she had guessed aright. With a pocketful of money he had surprised his friends with being a richer prize than usual. When she reached the den where he sat, her savings belonged to the proprietor of the game.

All around her in that hall of shame were the records of other sorrows as deep as her own.

Tinsel and gold gleamed from the mirrored room, orchestras played, drunken men sang maudlin songs, brazen women peered through the curtains of the boxes, white-livered men, ten in a rank, stood behind the polished oaken bar and smiled as she led her wretched spouse away.

She hunted up the proprietor and told him her story. He was arrayed in white vest and silk hat and his diamond studs mocked her. He brushed her aside with a remark that would have cost a man his life in Oregon 40 years ago, and joined in some half-drunken crowd at the bar.

Her money now belonged to him. No matter how she got it, it was now part of his property.

The chapter closed when the count told her she had no recourse.

There is every indication that the season of 1904 will witness as much or more building in Pendleton as that of 1903. The prospects for a wheat crop were never so good as at this time. The merchants are in need of more room for their increasing trade. The great probability of more ample electric power and light in the near future, and the increasing demand for good residences all indicate unequalled activity. One of the vacant blocks that should be built up at once is that owned by the O. R. & N. company opposite the Bowman building on Main street.

Good tenants could be secured for a good building in that location before the foundations could be completed. It is an ideal business location and should not be left idle another year. New dwellings are being built in every part of town and the winter

season has not checked this class of building, as usual. One of the greatest needs of Pendleton is more ample electric power and it is hoped the new proprietors of the electric light plant, enlarge their facilities enough to be an inducement to manufacturing enterprises. A creamery is sure to come this spring and will use electric power if all day service can be obtained. Other enterprises would discard old engines for electric power if it were possible. One of the marked tendencies and one which is a sure sign of permanency is the large increase in home owners and the decrease of renters. Fully 20 per cent of the renters of two years ago now own homes. Poor men can build and pay for homes here. Employment is constant and wages are good. There are matchless inducements here for energetic, industrious men who have but small means, as well as openings that are most inviting to capital. Push, push, push!

One of the most disgusting proceedings ever reported in America has just been carried out in Baltimore. On the arrival of Maxine Elliott's theatrical company at their hotel in Baltimore, the manager of the hotel informed Miss Elliott that the dog which accompanied her, would not be allowed to follow her into the great parlor or into her room, but would be cared for by the employees of the hotel, in a warm room in the basement. At this intelligence the "great" actress threw up her hands in horror and insisted that the dog should accompany her. After a parley it was agreed that "Sport" should be registered as "Sport" Elliott on the hotel register, his maintenance paid for as if he were one of the company, and that he be allowed one room in the suite, adjoining Miss Elliott's. All this in the United States of America, in the year of common sense, 1904.

Another year is passing and the banner wheat and livestock county of Eastern Oregon looks forward to a street carnival, instead of an elevating county fair.

It has been the policy of the government to deny federal buildings to cities not able to furnish two or more government institutions. Pendleton can't dig up anything but the postoffice just now. She hasn't even

got a weather bureau man with his elaborate equipment of rain gauge and barometer.

All that is lacking at the county poor farm is a rock crusher for the county roads.

### PATIENCE.

The dearest road that ever wound between  
Steep mountains, with their gorges dark and deep,  
At last will reach the plain, and lo! a scene  
Of peaceful rest will lull each fear to sleep.  
Then wait; and let your heart still sing,  
Though every hour new dangers bring:  
The longest day must end at last,  
And joy shall smile o'er sorrows past.  
The darkest hour of night, when not a star  
Is seen to give one ray of promise bright,  
Will end at last in joyous morn, and far  
O'er hill and dale the sun will send his light.  
Then wait; nor lose all hope of dawn  
Because the hours drag slowly on;  
The darkest hour still brings the glow  
Of golden morn o'er every woe.

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Cotton Domestic  
Ginghams  
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Hosiery  
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Comforters and Blankets  
Gloves  
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