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East Oregonian

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

Published every afternoon (except Sunday) at Pendleton, Oregon, by the EAST OREGONIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Telephone, Main 11.

Entered at Pendleton postoffice as second-class matter.



The fact that when we sow an act, we reap a habit, and when we sow a habit, we reap a character, and when we sow a character, we reap a destiny, reveals at once the important place that is occupied by habit, in life. It must be obvious to anyone who cares to observe, that man is a bundle of habits. The artisan uses his tools as the result of habit. The accountant brings light out of a chaos of figures as the result of habit. The act of the liar, drunkard, swearer, sensualist, is the result of habit, and the impressive fact is, that wherever we go, whatever we do, we are followed, actuated, mastered by habit, and man is a creature of habit. It is of the utmost consequence that we exercise care in the make-up of our bundle. —Charles E. Vert, in Pacific Monthly.

A STUDY IN OPPRESSION.

The story of Poland ought to be taught in every American public school, so that the children would learn to value democracy and to hate oppression.

The people of Poland had freedom once—not real freedom, of course, but what was called freedom in those days. Whenever they were robbed or oppressed, the robbery was done by Poles and in a Polish way, so they did not mind it so much as they do now when they are robbed by foreigners and in a foreign way.

But the Poles lost their freedom. Their country was conquered by Russia, while all the other big countries of Europe looked on and refused to help them.

Today Poland is a country of wretchedness, poverty, fear and despair. It is completely under the control of the Russian government. Although it has almost twice the population of New York state, it has had the spirit of its people so crushed that it is today nothing but a rabble of miserable human beings.

Suppose the coal trust were ten times as rich and 20 times as strong as it is; suppose there were no laws to hamper it and no politicians who had to be bought; suppose its actions were never attacked or even exposed by yellow journalism, and that it had absolute power to do whatever it liked; picture to yourself such a trust as this and you will have some idea of what the Russian government has been like in Poland.

Here are a few of the actual facts, if you wish to know them:

1. It has been made a crime for a Pole to talk his own language. All over Poland are signs which read: "To speak in Polish is severely prohibited." The Polish language has been banished from the schools, and there is not a single printing office that prints papers or books in the Polish language. (There are secret printing offices in cellars and in garrets, but they are as illegal as the moonshine stills in Kentucky.)
2. There is no freedom of religion. The Poles are generally Roman Catholics, and on this account they are prohibited from holding any government positions. Their churches are confiscated and their religious customs are insulted in a hundred ways.
3. All Polish emblems are unlawful. If a man says: "I am a Pole, and not a Russian," and if he is overheard by one of Russia's horde of spies, the Pole may be called to

Siberia and driven from his wife and family forever.

A few days ago the great Polish musician, Paderewski, dared to say to the czar: "I am a Pole," and he was banished from St. Petersburg as if he had been a criminal.

4. It has been made a crime for a Pole to love the history of his country. If he is found reading a book about one of the George Washingtons or Abraham Lincolns of Poland he can be arrested and punished. A copy of our Declaration of Independence or of the East Oregonian would send any Pole to prison, if it were found in his pocket.

5. The people are treated as if they were 3-year-old children in all business and educational matters. A Pole cannot organize a club, or make a speech, or paint a picture, or chisel a statue, or read a magazine without getting a permit from the government.

The land of Poland is passing to the hands of Russian nobles and officials. The young men are forced into the Russian army—about 40 out of every 100 now on the firing line are Poles.

Poor Poland is a country of rabbits and hounds. She is an illustration of what government becomes when it passes out of the hands of the people. Every American voter who thinks that the destiny of this country can be safely left to the trusts and their hirelings should hunt up a Pole.

There ought to be no trouble in finding a Pole, for there are about 2,000,000 in this country, and every man of them is earning his living by useful work.

It is said that when Admiral Dewey recently visited Santo Domingo, he had the first genuine scare of his life. On his arrival there he made the discovery that United States Minister Powell, about whom so much has been heard recently, is a gentleman of color. To have called upon him would have necessitated a return call by the minister, with the usual refreshments on the admiral's ship. Another Booker Washington incident loomed up and the distinguished officer who had no fear of the torpedoes in Manila Bay, lost no time in putting many miles of the blue sea between himself and that same dusky diplomat.

DRIFTWOOD.

Counsel.

If thou shouldst bid thy friend farewell,
But for one night though, that farewell should be,
Press thou his hand in thine; how canst thou tell
How far from thee?

Fate or caprice, may lead his feet
Eere that tomorrow come; men have been known
Lightly to turn the corner of a street
And days have grown

To months, and months to lagging years,
Before they looked in loving eyes again.
Parting, at best, is underlaid with tears—
With tears and pain.

Therefore, lest sudden death should come between,
Or time, or distance, clasp with pressure true,
The palm of him who goeth forth.
Unseen,
Fate goeth, too!
Yea, find thou always time to say
Some earnest words betwixt the idle talk,
Lest with thee henceforth, night and day,
Regret should walk.
—Mollie E. M. Davis.

"Three centuries backward," says the Kansas City Star, "and before the inquisitive DeSoto had lighted his campfires on the banks of the Mississippi, the Spaniards had achieved two settlements in this land of the Occident—Santa Fe and St. Augustine.

"They had no knowledge of the country which lay between these two points or its inhabitants. As to what might be the dangers or deadfalls of a journey from one place to another they were as blindly ignorant as of the history of the moon.

"But this ignorance affected not, and full of uneasy spirit of the hour, a military party in Santa Fe resolved on an overland expedition to St. Augustine.

"The expedition, numbering some

hundreds of men, left Santa Fe in the summer, and crossing the mountains at the Katon Pass, the present route of the Santa Fe railroad, they camped that winter on the present site of Trinidad.

"The grass was long in the valley, the game was plenty on the hills, their own stores were ample, and sending back to Santa Fe for minstrel and glee maidens, these gentlemen of the sword, with wine, women and song, got in as gay a season as they ever have since.

Those old dons were lads of spirit, and possessed high hearts as well as a taste for travel. Before them, to the eastward, as far as the eye could sweep, spread the desert unconfined. What was to be met there they knew not, but their lack of knowledge was coincident with an equal lack of care.

"With the melting of the snows in the spring sunshine, their women and camp followers returned to Santa Fe. The last hand was waved good bye; the last adios was uttered, and the explorers turned their resolute faces to the work in hand.

"They marched down the valley of the little river, which flows as you read through the town of Trinidad. The ones who were to return to Santa Fe watched them for miles, assisted by the gift of the sun on steel cap and harness. At last they were hidden in the willows far down the valley, and this was the last that was ever known of them. With the last flap of the banner it was as if they had marched out of existence, or perished in drifting snows or were done to death by Indians was never told.

"No sign or trace of the expedition or its people were even found. With that effort at commemoration, which was the spirit at that time, the little muddy torrent in whose valley the lost explorers were last seen, was called El Rio de Los Animas Perdidos—"The River of Lost Souls."

"There was something so eerie and mysterious in the complete disappearance of this band, something so dark in the silence of their fate, that the superstitious Spaniard made the sign of the holy cross when he recalled it."

Tutuilla, April 14.

HE YELLED.

"This attack on Gen. Bristow for the disclosures in the special postal report reminds me of a justice of the peace in Mississippi who was hearing a case tried by a lawyer named George Smith and another named Brown," said Representative John Sharp Williams. "The justice had been looking on the corn liquor when it was white and was in a sad state. Smith had the witness.

"What is your name?" demanded Smith.

"I object," said Brown. "It does not make any difference what his name is."

"Objection shushstained," solemnly muttered the court.

"Where do you live?" asked Smith.

"I object," shouted Brown. "It is immaterial where he lives."

"Shushstained," said the justice, whereat Smith blazed up, calling the justice a drunken old fool, and adding several other compliments. By degrees the justice comprehended the force and drift of the remarks, and then it was his time to get mad.

"Where's Frye?" he demanded.

Frye, the constable, emerged from the crowd with a broad grin which enraged the squire still more.

"Stand up there," he yelled to the constable. "I fine you \$5 for letting George Smith insult me on the bench. Court's adjourned." —New York World.

The largest of the burial mounds built by the aborigines in America is the Cahokie, situated eight miles west of the Mississippi river, between the mouth of the Missouri and St. Louis, which is 190 feet high, 1,080 feet long and 710 feet wide.

Miles on Miles

Are walked by the billiard player, as he moves around the table. That is the only exercise many a city man gets. It is this lack of exercise in the shut-in-life of the city, combined with irregular eating and indigestible dishes which tend to make the city man the victim of "stomach trouble."

When there is undue fullness after eating with belching, sour risings and other distressing symptoms, a prompt use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will effect a speedy cure. In the most extreme cases of disease of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, the persistent use of the "Discovery" will result in a complete cure in ninety-eight cases out of every hundred.

"The praise I would like to give your 'Golden Medical Discovery' I cannot utter in words or describe with pen," writes James H. Ambrose, Esq., of 120 1/2 Millin Street, Huntington, Pa. "I was taken down with what our physicians said was indigestion. I doctored with the best around here and found no relief. I wrote to you and you sent me a question blank to fill out and I did so and you then advised me to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I took three bottles and I felt so good that I stopped—being, as I think, cured. I have no symptoms of gastric trouble or indigestion now."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for paper covered book, or 31 stamps for cloth bound. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

FABLE OF ASSES.

The Monkeys, being as lazy as you and I, began to ride the Donkeys. A big Monkey would ride in front of the herd; this he called "being their leader;" although, since the Donkeys were strong, he had in the end to go the way the Donkeys wished.

Sometimes the Donkeys kicked. Then the Monkeys called them "Anarchists."

The Monkeys grew so fat and heavy that the Asses had no strength remaining to get their own food.

They began to complain, and to seek for causes and cures. A sweet girl Monkey said: "I will take them some flowers to allay their discontent—we will establish a Flower Mission." The Monkeys subscribed liberally.

A dear little Monkey added: "I will hold a Charity Fair, which will raise enough from the Benevolent Asses' Colts to send some of the young Asses' Colts to the field for a week." The Monkeys called that "Enlightened Charity." A long-eared Monkey cried: "No, preach temperance; those Beasts of Asses drink so much that they have no time to eat and nothing to eat in the time if they had it." The Monkeys restricted the sale of drink—to Asses.

A Big Ass said: "What we need is a high wall around so as to keep out pauper hay—then the Monkeys will give us employment cultivating hay fields, and pay us with some of the hay. The Monkeys made a wall so close that the Asses could not see through it. Said a small Monkey: "We need cheaper money so that we can buy some leisure time from the Monkeys who make the money." The Monkeys did not like this—they were only Monkeys.

"Now," said an Ecclesiastical Ass, "sin is at the bottom of all this. These Monkeys are on top because your hearts are corrupt." So he preached to the Monkeys about the depravity of Donkeys.

"I have discovered," said a Mule, "that it is because that lower class animals are lazy—too lazy to graze—that all this want and suffering exists." (The Monkeys made that Mule a Professor.)

Still the Asses kicked.

"Have we not done all we could for you?" said the Monkeys. "What you really need is a Strong Government, to provide formidable Arms, for us, and to insure stability of the Social Order." Then the asses voted additional appropriations for all these things, and many enlisted in the "National Guard."

The Monkeys had the spending of the Money—Bolton Hall, in San Francisco Star.

GROWING LENGTHWISE

You want the children to grow, but not all lengthwise. When they start that way Scott's Emulsion will help them to grow right—with due plumpness and outward vigor and good spirits.

The Emulsion increases digestive power and strengthens the vital organs to get the best and make the most out of all the other food. It gives a kind of help that every growing child ought to have.

We'll send you a sample free upon request.
SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl Street, New York.

PAINLESS DENTISTRY

Dr. Adams Dental Parlor in the Despain block in this city, are now being well patronized. The rush of work he is having is due to the fact that he makes a specialty of painless filling and extracting of teeth. Nervous and timid people who have long neglected their teeth are now having their teeth put in good repair and are delighted with the ease with which the work can be done under the new system.

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"POOR DIGESTION, LANGUID AND TIRED"

[An Interesting Letter Concerning Pe-ru-na.]



MISS DELLA JANVEAU

Miss Della Janveau, Globe Hotel, Ottawa, Ont., is from one of the oldest and best known French Canadian families in Canada. In a recent letter to The Pe-na Medicine Co., of Columbus, Ohio, she says:

"Last spring my blood seemed clogged up, my digestion poor, my head ached and I felt languid and tired all the time. My physician prescribed for me, but a friend advised me to try Peruna. I tried and am pleased to state that I found it a wonderful cleanser and purifier of the system. In three weeks I was like a new woman, my appetite had increased, I felt buoyant, light and happy and without ache or pain. Peruna is a reliable family medicine."

Adia Brittain, of Sekitan, O., writes: "After using your wonderful Peruna three months I have had great relief. I had continual heaviness in my stomach, was bilious, and had fainting spells, but they all have left me since using Peruna."

Address Dr. Hartman, President The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

HOLT BROS.

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The latest improved two-wheel, side-hill combined harvester has proven a boon to wheat raisers. It is the most successful, most economical and easiest machine to operate ever built.

These harvesters have been given abundant trials right here at home and all users are highly pleased. None have been dissatisfied and all are high in their praise.

The Holt side-hill harvester on a side hill is able to stick to the side of the hill, while the header will slip down the hill. The main wheels are vertical, which braces the machine to the side hills. It works equally adapted to level land.

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