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- We praise of Love and work in Hate; We talk of Faith and trust to Fate; O might we do the things we preach, O might we live the life we teach! When Plato lit the torch of yore, The beacon blazed from shore to shore, And we upon Time's farthest height, Still see it flash across the night! Uplift the brand, nor fear the burn; Dare, in a world of doubt, to learn That God attains himself through you— Christ lives today in them that do! —Charles Keeler in the Cosmopolitan.

TEMPTING THE BOYS.

Did you ever stop to think how many thousand open gateways to temptation and vice are staring the boy in the face every day? We are responsible for it—we, who are grown up and can withstand the temptations which to the boy are irresistible. We deliberately drive him into evil ways; we encourage him in becoming a rough, calloused man, before the tender graces of boyhood are even at the meridian. And the great law which balances the accounts of men will hold this civilization responsible for the compulsory vicious education which it forces upon the tender years of youth.

Junk dealers encourage theft by offering a paltry reward for articles which are taken thoughtlessly by the boys. Cigarette dealers and saloon keepers sell them goods clandestinely, knowing that it is a violation of both the written and the unwritten laws. Messenger and telegraph companies send them to nameless places on errands thus destroying all the sacred innocence of boyhood and placing them on a level with the coarsest men. Brutal men tell their immoral stories to pollute their minds and awaken the basest ideals. Low class amusement parlors offer them all the vices known to mature men, under the cloak of amusements, screened from the public view and protected through officials.

And then, after all these baneful influences are maintained and countenanced by society, juvenile courts are set up for the especial punishment of boys and for the correction of their ways. Really, isn't it a disgusting program? Permit institutions to live in society for the purpose of polluting children and then tax yourselves to maintain courts and officers to correct the evil ways of the children. It is like the eccentric Russian who fitted up an elegant parlor into which he turned a jackass to despoil the priceless furniture and paintings.

MARK TWAIN'S TOAST.

At a White House luncheon yesterday, Mark Twain, who will be 70 years old on November 30, and who has observed the ways of men pretty closely for the past half century, said that while men make long lists of the things for which they are thankful, yet the Almighty has very few causes to be thankful for the actions of men. This is a view that has not been expressed in the Thanksgiving sermons before. It is God's side of the question.

Man takes the earth and its bounties with a perfunctory Thanksgiving sermon in return, but his actions at times are far from the true spirit of thanksgiving. He slays, oppresses, embitters, crushes, kills and plunges with little show of remorse. The war expenses are vastly in excess of the educational expenses. His vanities are enlarged upon and embellished and gilded while his charities are so small that they are half hidden in the glamor of the show.

cess of the educational expenses. His vanities are enlarged upon and embellished and gilded while his charities are so small that they are half hidden in the glamor of the show. Mark Twain proaches well. He pleads God's cause as it is seldom pleaded in this money-getting age. "Worship's deeper meaning lies Not in the blood of sacrifice— Not in the posturing of sense, Not in the bended penitence; But Love's unforced obedience."

AN AWAKENING LITERATURE.

The Pacific Monthly for December is the best copy of a magazine ever issued in Portland, and contains unmistakable signs of an awakening literature in the northwest. It is slowly struggling, as a player seeking the keys of his instrument in the dark, to touch, somewhere, the sleeping chords of western spirit and thought and is succeeding admirably. Hidden in the breasts of western authors and in the annals of western settlement are more enchanting chapters of adventure, romance, poetry legend and fascinating historical truths than can be found in any other country on earth today.

The settlement of the west, the invasion of this virgin land by the hardy pioneers, the succeeding tragedies, the slowly growing ideals of government and civic beauty—all form part of an epic which must startle the world of literature some day.

The Pacific Monthly is bringing out sublime touches of grace here and there. Author after author adds to the extending chain of romance, and soon the sudden sunburst of an exalted and fascinating western literature will dazzle the reading world with its radiance.

Just why the Tribune wishes to make false statements in order to attempt to cast discredit upon Pendleton is difficult to understand. In the past month it has printed several stories about business depression and empty houses in this city, all of which are absolutely false. There are no more vacant houses in Pendleton now than at this time last year. Rent is just as high and tenants are just as plentiful. During the year ending June 30, 1905, 100 new dwellings were built in this city, a list of which was published in the East Oregonian and the Tribune during the past summer. At least 50 families moved to the city this fall for school purposes and merchants all declare that trade is better than it was a year ago. These are facts which count in the condition of the city. The Tribune draws its sustenance from this city and yet in order to make it appear that a demand for better morals has injured the city, it is willing to cast discredit upon business. Its motives are wholly vicious.

THE APPIAN WAY.

The Appian Way was named by an ancient writer "regina viarum," the queen of roads. It was formed in part, at least, by Appius Claudius Caecus, while he was censor, B. C. 313. It was the oldest and most celebrated of all the Roman roads. It led from the Porta Capena at Rome in a southerly direction to Caput, passing through three taverns, Appt. Forum, Terracina, etc. Subsequently it was carried on to Beneventum, Tarentum, and thence to Brundisium. It had an admirable substructure or foundation, from which all the loose soil had been carefully removed. Above this were various strata cemented with lime; and lastly came the pavement, consisting of large hexagonal blocks of stone, composed principally of basaltic lava, and joined together with great nicety, so as to appear one smooth mass. The remains of it are still visible, especially at Terracina. At this time it is not used as a road, as it was in the olden times.—San Francisco Call.

RAILWAY FACTS.

Few people realize the rapid growth of railway extensions in this country and it is only when some reliable authority such as Poor's Railway Guide, presents the figures, that people can get a firm and intelligent grasp on the situation. According to this authority on December 31, 1904, there were 212,349 miles of railway in the United States, but the total of track was 293,937 miles.

There were 48,658 locomotives, 31,034 passenger cars and 1,728,993 freight cars. The total liabilities were \$14,892,000,000, on nearly fifteen billions. Of this sum, \$4,447,000,000 was stock and \$7,845,000,000 bonds and unfunded debt. During the year 716,000,000 passengers and 1,277,000,000 tons of freight were moved. Total earnings were \$1,577,528,000; net earnings, \$639,240,000. The growth of mileage during the year was 5,014 miles. The value of the railroads at the present time is about equal to that of the entire United States in 1860.—Memphis News-Scimitar.

Twenty-five years ago the island of Lanai, Hawaii, had a permanent population of 400, and supported large herds of sheep, cattle and goats. Now there are two persons left on the island, both natives. High winds have gradually blown the soil into the sea from the lava rock foundation, and the little vegetation left is disappearing before the ravages of famished goats, which are the only animals remaining.

THIS OREGON GRANDMOTHER IS 119 YEARS OF AGE.

To be older than the United States government, to have been a toddling infant when Washington was inaugurated president in the 18th century and to walk erect in the full possession of her faculties under Roosevelt's administration in the 20th century, to have witnessed all the stirring events of a wonder-working century, to have survived out of the old time into ours, has been the good fortune of Mrs. Mary Ramsey Woods, of Hillsboro, Ore., who is probably the oldest woman in the world.

In her 119th year, Mrs. Woods is still quite active. Daily she walks about the garden of her daughter's home, with whom she lives, and sits upon the porch in sunny weather to converse with visitors. She keeps well posted on the events of the day and maintains a lively interest in politics. Mrs. Woods was born on May 29, 1787, at Knoxville, Tenn., the year that the Northwest Territory was organized, and two years before the United States constitution went into effect. Her maiden name was Ramsey and her father burned the brick of the first house built in Knoxville. She was 7 years old when Tennessee was admitted as a state, and 18 years old when Lewis and Clark made their famous journey to the coast.

At an early age Mary Ramsey married Jacob Lemons and was left a widow 73 years ago, at the time Andrew Jackson was nearing the end of his first term as president. As a young matron she remembers distinctly the war of 1812, when her father strapped his blankets across his shoulders, took down his old rifle and fought the British until the close of the struggle.

After the death of her husband she accompanied her daughter, Mrs. G. B. Southworth, and her husband across the plains to Oregon, arriving in Hillsboro in 1853. She was then 66 years old, but rode a bay mare the entire distance from Tennessee, her daughter and her husband driving an ox team.

Soon after arriving in Hillsboro Mrs. Lemons married John Woods, with whom she lived happily for many years. At Hillsboro she built the first hotel, which occupied the site of the opera house now being constructed. The couple ran the hotel until 40 years ago, when her daughter, Mrs. C. B. Reynolds, formerly Mrs. Southworth, and her only surviving child, succeeded her in its management.

Mrs. Woods was the mother of four children by her first husband—Mary J. Lemons, who died in Tennessee two years ago at the age of 93; Isaac Lemons, who died in Kansas City, Mo., 49 years ago; Nancy E. Bullock, who died at Hillsboro 35 years ago, and Mrs. C. B. Ramsey, who is now living at Hillsboro, and while 75 years of age is devoting her life to the care of her aged parent.

Mrs. Woods weighs 130 pounds, dresses and cares for herself and walks about the yard and the house. She is hard of hearing and blind in one eye, but otherwise hale and hearty. She is able to thread a needle and does much sewing. About six months ago she cut a tooth.

THE SEA MADNESS.

I have come far from the sound of the thresh, the sight of the living sea, To a place of cribbed and narrow ways, where, only the wind is free; But the leap of the sea is in my blood, and always, night and day, I hear the lap and wash of the waves, the hiss of the flying spray.

When the loosened winds of the tempest wake far thunder on the deep I can hear the siren music calling through the veil of sleep; Through the thronging city highways comes the hollow ocean roar, And I slicken for the long green surge, the lonely foam-wet shore.

I know a storm-lashed headland, where the broken hillside dips in a sombre flame of heather to the ocean's stinging lips. I must go; the sea has called me, as a mistress to her swain; From the immemorial tumult I shall drink of peace again. —F. O'Neill Gallagher, in the London Daily News.

Jan Kubelik, the violinist, carries \$10,000 insurance upon each finger and thumb. He carries accident policies which insure him \$71.50 per day in the event of an injury of any character whatever preventing his playing the violin. Yet he has been singularly exempt from accident, never having drawn a cent of insurance.

According to official report there were 1157 labor strikes in the United States during the year ended October 1, 1905, involving 107,263 men. These resulted to the advantage of 63,350 men, the balance being worsted in the struggle.

GOOD NEWS

To those who are stekly and run down, or whose stomachs have gone "back on them," we bring the good news that they can be cured, but they must give up old methods and commence taking

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters

This is the modern and most successful way of curing such ailments as Headache, Bloating, Heartburn, Poor Appetite, Cramps, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, or General Debility. We urge every sick person to start today.

RHEUMATISM BODY RACKED WITH PAIN

No other bodily suffering is equal to that produced by the pain of Rheumatism. When the poisons and acids, which cause this disease, become entrenched in the blood there is hardly any part of the body that is not affected. The muscles become sore and drawn, the nerves twitch and sting, the joints inflame and swell, the bones ache, every movement is one of agony, and the entire body is racked with pain. Rheumatism is brought on by indigestion, stomach troubles, torpid Liver, weak Kidneys and a general inactive state of the system. The refuse matter instead of passing off through nature's avenues is left to sour and form uric acid, and other acid poisons which are absorbed into the blood. Rheumatism does not affect all alike. In some cases it takes a wandering form; it may be in the arms or legs one day and in the shoulders, feet, hands, back or other parts of the body the next. Others suffer more seriously, and are never free from pain. The uric acid and other irritating substances find lodgement in the muscles and joints and as these deposits increase the muscles become stiff and the joints locked and immovable. It matters not in what form the disease may be the cause is always the same—a sour, acid condition of the blood. This vital stream has lost its purity and freshness, and instead of nourishing and feeding the different parts with health-giving properties, it fills them with the acids and salts of this painful and far-reaching disease. The cold and dampness of Winter always intensify the pains of Rheumatism, and the sufferer to get relief from the agony, rubs the affected parts with liniments, oils, lotions, etc., or uses plasters and other home remedies. These are desirable because they give temporary ease and comfort but have no effect on the real trouble which is in the blood and beyond the reach of such treatment. S. S. S. is the best remedy for Rheumatism. It goes into the blood and attacks the disease at its head, and by neutralizing and driving out the acids and building up the thin, sour blood it cures the disease permanently. While cleansing the blood S. S. S. tones up the stomach, digestion and every other part of the system, soothes the excited nerves, reduces the inflammation, dissolves the deposits in the joints, relieves all pain and completely cures this distressing disease. S. S. S. is a certain cure for Rheumatism in any form; Muscular, Inflammatory, Articular or Sciatic. Special book on the disease and any medical advice, without charge, to all who write. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

About fifteen years ago I had a severe attack of Rheumatism and could not work with any satisfaction. My legs were badly swollen and drawn so I could scarcely walk. I tried many remedies but could get no relief. I was finally recommended to try S. S. S. and it soon cured me sound and well. I am now 74 years old and have never had any return of the trouble.

SOMETIME ago I had Rheumatism and had to quit work. The pains in my back and between my shoulders was so intense I could not rest or sleep. I tried everything but nothing did me any good till I heard of and took S. S. S. This medicine cured me sound and well. It purified my blood and made me feel like a new man.

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S.S.S. PURELY VEGETABLE.

excited nerves, reduces the inflammation, dissolves the deposits in the joints, relieves all pain and completely cures this distressing disease. S. S. S. is a certain cure for Rheumatism in any form; Muscular, Inflammatory, Articular or Sciatic. Special book on the disease and any medical advice, without charge, to all who write. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

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Mr. R. F. Payne, (Payne's pharmacy) Idaho Falls, Idaho, writes: "We have just sold the last cure (TRIB), send one-half dozen at once. Trib has cured five of the hardest kind of cases. One man here used it last September, and cannot smell wine, liquor or beer now without making him sick. He had been a hard drinker for 15 years." Father Desmarais, pastor of the Roman Catholic church, The Dalles, Ore., writes: "I know of good results obtained by the use of your Trib in curing liquor and tobacco users."



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