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- To wake, to weep, to entertain; A thousand fruitless fears; To suffer worlds and worlds of pain; While smiling through our tears; To pass through scenes of storm and strife; To dread the coming dawn; This cannot be the sum of life— Somewhere the soul lives on! —Selected.

A VITAL NEED.

In the prospect of a gravity water system for Pendleton there is more hope for the city than from any other single blessing the future may have in store. It means far more to the place than is realized by the average man.

A city's water supply is its life-blood. What a healthy circulation is to an individual a proper supply of water is to a municipality. No town can grow and prosper continuously that lacks this, nature's first requisite for life.

This being true, would the cost of a gravity system, no matter how high, be too great?

But in the case of Pendleton a mountain water supply would be more of an economy than an expense. At present the city is paying \$5000 annually—five per cent interest on \$100,000—to maintain its present inefficient pumping plant. In view of this fact would an investment in a gravity system be extravagant?

LIFE'S DARKEST TRAGEDIES.

Not upon fields of war are wrought the darkest of life's tragedies, according to an editorial in the Spokesman-Review. There is a far more poignant anguish than that suffered by parents who lose a son in battle, for their grief is soothed and softened by the reflection that they have given a sacrifice to their country and that their boy gave up his young life in splendid courage and devotion.

But what can assuage their grief and melancholy when respectable parents lose a son or daughter to vice or crime? This is the darkest of all life's tragedies, and the monstrous pity is that it is repeated over and over again in each generation and in each community.

These tragedies are all around us, even in this fine young city of Spokane with all its noble environments of good homes, schools and churches. Two boys, two girls, enter life with seeming equal opportunities. One comes to manhood's or womanhood's estate equipped with good habits and honorable attainments; but the other falls into evil ways and "goes the pace that kills."

What to do and how to do it to reduce these ever-increasing tragedies should be the chief problem of the thoughtful elements of this community.

TOWN SPIRIT.

Town patriotism in Pendleton is much like national patriotism. It is always strong in times of danger, but too often weak when the skies are blue.

Pendleton people are as loyal-hearted as any in the world. They are never "cold-footed" when called upon to meet great responsibilities, and are always ready to uphold the town against a rival.

But there are too many who are content with an occasional display of local spirit and who feel that in ordinary times there is nothing for them to do. Valiant on certain occasions, they allow personal selfishness, prejudice or indifference to keep them from their duty the rest of the time.

A good citizen is as ready and as unselfish in working to build up his town from within as he is to defend it from outside attack. He does not

let his selfish interests deter him too much from his duty to the town and he is ever ready to fight for the common good whether he be in the lead or not.

Honest dairymen have nothing to fear from the Cole-McClure ordinance. It merely provides that they shall quit milking their tubercular cows, if they have any, and that they must run clean dairies and provide their patrons with real milk.

Why should the woolen mill be moved to western Oregon? The wool is here, not there. Would they bring the salmon canneries to eastern Oregon? Surely there is some mistake.

FROM A PHILOSOPHER'S NOTE-BOOK.

(From Success Magazine.) "Go in for all you are worth" is bad advice to give a young man who is playing with the stock market.

Millions are the green trading stamps which attract bankrupt noblemen into investments in the American matrimonial market.

Fore sight is a very valuable trait to possess, but when winter comes it is not to be compared with anthracite.

Virtue may be its own reward, but it is not regarded as good collateral under the prevailing banking system.

The man who meets trouble half way has a pretty good companion for the rest of the journey.

It is a singular fact that the chap who is all the time blowing his own horn very seldom hears an echo from it.

Road Rules for Automobiles.

For the benefit of the many automobile drivers in this county and vicinity, we feel it our duty to publish the following rules, says the Waltsburg Times:

1st. On discovering an approaching team, the driver must stop and cover his machine with a tarpaulin painted to correspond with the surrounding scenery.

2d. The speed limit will be secret and the penalty for violation will be \$10 for every mile an offender is caught going in excess of it.

3d. In case a motor car makes a team run away the penalty for violation shall be \$100 for the first mile; \$200 for the second mile; \$300 for the third, and so on.

4th. On approaching a corner where he cannot command a view of the road the automobile driver must stop not less than 100 yards from the turn, toot his horn, ring a bell, fire a revolver, hallo and send up three rockets at intervals of five minutes.

5th. Automobiles must be seasonably painted so they will merge with the landscape. They must be green in the spring and white in the winter.

6th. Automobiles running on county roads at night must send up a red rocket every mile then proceed carefully, blowing their horns and shooting Roman candles.

7th. In case a horse refuses to pass an automobile in spite of all precautions that have been taken, the driver will take his machine apart as rapidly as possible and conceal the parts in the grass.

Told of Kitchener.

Some grim stories are told of Lord Kitchener, says the United States Gazette, and we have just read one, which, although we can not vouch for the truth of it, has a decided Kitchener flavor to it. A young subaltern who was in charge of some works that were in course of construction in the Punjab had the misfortune to lose some native workmen through an accident with dynamite. Fearful of a reprimand from headquarters, he telegraphed to the commander-in-chief:

"Regret to report killing of twelve laborers by dynamite accident."

Back is said to have come the laconic message: "Do you want any more dynamite?"

English Women Influence Elections

The English suffragists, who had already defeated thirteen of the government candidates at successive by-elections, have just defeated a fourth. This latest achievement took place at Pudsey, in Yorkshire, which up to this time had been looked upon as a stronghold of the liberal party. The report says: "The most remarkable feature of the contest was the uprising of the women themselves, especially the married women. On election day thousands stood outside the polling booths to urge the voters to 'vote against the government,' and they did."

Jewish Pulpit Occupied by a Woman

Mrs. Anna G. Abelson, wife of Rabbi J. I. Abelson of Akron, Ohio, surprised her husband's congregation recently by appearing in the pulpit to take the place of the rabbi, who had been called away on business. The Jewish Tribune says: "It was the first time that a woman had taken the place of her husband in leading a Jewish service. The reports indicate that Mrs. Abelson created a favorable impression."

Shall the Methodists Ordain Women as Ministers?

Mrs. Phoebe Stone Beeman, wife of a minister of the Methodist Episcopal church, is urging the right of women to serve as pastors in churches of this denomination, as well as men. She will inaugurate a movement toward permitting women to be regularly ordained as Methodist ministers, as they are in some other denominations. Mrs. Beeman is a niece of Lucy Stone, a pioneer in the cause of woman suffrage and founder of the Woman's Journal.

While employed in the Hanley sawmill at Northport, Wash., Friday, James Smith was accidentally killed by a log rolling over him.

The Wind-Fall Tree: A Legend of the Mountains

It is a part of the religion of every mountaineer never to use a "wind-fall" tree for the erection of a dwelling house.

Such a tree is never made into clap boards, lumber, shingles or house logs by a mountaineer who knows his business. It may be used for fuel. It may be split into rails, or in an emergency it may be rolled into the foundation of a stable—but no part of it is ever used in any form in a dwelling house.

And there are abundant reasons for this. These reasons have been indelibly impressed upon every sacrilegious mountain dweller who has dared to violate this custom of the old woodsmen.

Once in a deep forest in a wild part of Oregon a haughty and disbelieving mountaineer dared to ridicule this old custom, and he paid for his disbelief a thousand fold.

A gigantic "wind-fall" pine lay full length across a stretch of rich mountain meadow which he wished to cultivate, and he decided to use the fine body of this giant for a dwelling house.

He sawed it into convenient lengths and hauled it to a sawmill, a day's travel away, and had it cut into lumber. When the lumber was dry he built a neat cottage on his new homestead at the edge of a dense forest, where an open dale offered a delightful site for a home.

The cottage was built near the root of the great pine which had been blown over in some fierce storm of the mountains. So the lumber made from the fallen giant came back to the spot where it grew from infancy and where it fell an unwilling victim to the tornado which struck the forest.

When the cottage was completed the family of the woodsman came to live in it. They were proud of their beautiful new home. The wife and children loved it, and the old toiler of the mountains looked with satisfied pride upon his handiwork.

The summer passed and autumn came. The season of cloudy weather and early storms settled down upon the mountains. The mountaineer prided himself upon having prepared such a comfortable and attractive home for his loved ones. It was the only lumber house on the entire mountain.

One evening when the evening was threatening the family was seated about the broad fireplace, where crackled the seasoned wood. It was the first cool night of the fall, and the fire in the new fireplace seemed especially cheery.

Outside the forest was gently swaying, and the great trees were whispering to each other of the approaching clouds.

As night advanced strange moaning noises broke the silence of the mountains and drowned the low whispering of the trees. At times the moan would burst into a shriek, and the noise of a tornado sweeping down a forest could be heard.

The mountaineer rushed out to see if really such a fierce storm was approaching.

Outside all was quiet. The forest trees whispered listlessly. A gentle wind blew against the face of the mountaineer and the fleecy clouds overhead were low and heavy, but not threatening.

Wonderingly he returned to his place before the fire. But he was scarcely seated when the very house seemed to cry and groan pitifully. All the noises of a forest in agony broke the silence of the night. The sound of great trees crashing and falling against each other with shrieks and supplications for mercy filled the house. The startled family thought the entire forest was falling about the house and feared that the entire cottage would be crushed to the earth.

Again the mountaineer opened the door to witness the havoc of the storm, and the wife and children dared to peer into the gathering night

Of Interest To Women

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Bear in mind, please that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is not a secret or patent medicine, against which the most intelligent people are quite naturally averse, because of the uncertainty as to their composition and harmless character, but is a MEDICINE OF KNOWN COMPOSITION, a full list of all its ingredients being printed, in plain English, on every bottle wrapper. An examination of this list of ingredients will disclose the fact that it is non-alcoholic in its composition, chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine taking the place of the commonly used alcohol, in its make-up. In this connection it may not be out of place to state that the "Favorite Prescription" of Dr. Pierce is the only medicine put up for the cure of woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, and sold through druggists, all over the world, of which have the unanimous endorsement of all the leading medical writers and teachers of all the several schools of practice, and that too, some of the most eminent of the world.

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to see the desolation and ruin which seemed to be falling about the home. But still the gentle wind blew against his face, the trees whispered ominously and the light clouds sailed down the sky. There was no storm outside.

Started by the strange phenomenon, the mountaineer hurriedly closed the door and gazed in consternation at his frightened wife. But their amazement was soon interrupted by a louder crashing and groaning which filled the house, and finally the climax of the awful agony came when with a roar and shriek it seemed that the greatest tree in the forest fell thundering to ground, the entire mountain side trembling with its fall, echoed its agonized cries.

Then the noises were hushed. A subdued silence, like that following a storm, ensued. Again the door was opened and the frightened family peered into the darkness. Still there was no commotion outside. The fresh wind swayed the branches of the pines and sighed softly about the cottage. But aside from its sighing not a sound stirred in the brooding silence of the night.

The door was closed and the family returned to its fitful rest. The noises ceased, the night settled down and peace came at last. The quiet that is characteristic of a great, sleeping forest reigned.

Next day the oldest and most renowned woodsman of the mountain passed and stopped to chat with the family. He knew everything about the mountain—its voices, legends, legends, love—all were his.

The strange experience of the preceding night was related to the mountaineer.

Pointing his finger at the father of the frightened little family which had passed the fearful night in the cottage, he said:

"You have disobeyed the law of the mountain. You have despised the legend of your fathers. You have defied a custom older than I, and you will pay the penalty. You have built your house from a 'wind-fall' tree."

And then the story of the building of the house was told to the old patriarch of the mountains. The mountaineer told of coming to the beautiful glade in the mountain, of finding the great giant uprooted, of hauling it away to the sawmill and of the building of the cottage from its lumber.

"It was the spirit of the 'wind-fall' tree crying out in its agony," said the old man. "As long as this house stands that fearful scene will be re-enacted before every storm on the mountains. The boards made from the 'wind-fall' tree have found voices and will repeat the tragedy of the fall of the great tree before the tornado, whenever the skies are overcast and a storm threatens."

Then the old man told of the legend which had been despised by the mountaineer.

The trees of the forest are proud of their strength. They boast of their great overhanging branches and of their roots clinging firmly to the clay of the mountain. They fear the tornado, and when assailed fiercely by it they cry for mercy and groan in futile rage.

As the tornado waxes fiercer and fiercer the trees cry more loudly and shriek out their curses and pleading. As they are bent and cracked by the angry wind they become furious in their appeals, and the mountain resounds with their awful agony.

And finally the death struggle and fall of the giant tree is terrible to hear and behold. With a roar that echoes for miles it crashes to the ground, and its fall is like a peal of thunder. Every limb and branch creaks and groans in agony and then silence follows; the struggle is over;

the monarch lies full length upon the ground, a wreck and a ruin. But the spirit of the fallen giant never dies. As long as there is a limb or branch of the fallen tree remaining, it repeats the tragedy of its fall at every approaching storm. And that is what the family of the mountaineer heard in the cottage made from the 'wind-fall' tree.

—Bert Huffman. Kamela, July 28, 1908.

The Market.

(Edmund Vance Cooke, in Success Magazine.) Ferguson watches the ticker and eagerly scans the slip.

The creature of bargain and dicker. Whose gods are "Cotton" and "Ship." And it troubles him so When "Lead" sinks low; And it grieves his eye When "Gas" goes high; For the ticker to him is a juggernaut wheel To crush him or carry, for woe or weal.

You and I look at the ticker As the innings come one by one, But with hardly an eyelid's flicker, Though the club be doing or done. We may feel our thanks For the visitor's blanks; We may smile the more If the home club score. But the ticker to us is a loom which spins, And we're glad of its yarn, no matter who wins.

Mrs. Booth on the Ballot.

The woman suffrage cause has a valuable advocate in Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth, who was the chief speaker at the annual meeting of the New England Woman Suffrage association. She said: "I believe emphatically that a woman's place is home; but where is her home? Mine is all the way from Boston to San Francisco and from Canada to the Gulf. The question is not what a woman should be allowed to do, but can she do it properly? In this reform home is the very watchword, for all the interests of the home and all the evils that affect the home are largely dependent upon politics. Women not only should have the power to deal with these, but they could wield it effectively."

"What would you do if you were a multi-millionaire?" asked the serious man.

"Oh," answered the flippant friend, "I suppose I would get to yearning for a few kind words, and endow colleges like the rest of them."—Washington Star.

What shall we do with our ex-presidents? Roosevelt is to get \$1 a word for his hunting articles. Let em write.—Baltimore American.

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