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TO AID POINDEXTER.

Miles Poindexter, insurgent congressman from Washington, is going to run for senator to succeed Piles and his fight for the republican nomination promises to be an interesting one. It is announced that five of the big progressive leaders in the senate will come out to Washington to help Poindexter. Those who are to come are La Follette, Dooliver, Cummings, Bristow and Clapp. Beveridge will not come because he will be busy trying to keep the democrats from wresting Indiana from republican control.

In running for senator Poindexter of course will stand upon his record as an insurgent. He has been one of the most active foes of Cannonism and though a new man in the house has become very prominent already. Whether or not he will find his insurgency an asset in the coming election remains to be seen. Certainly his cause will be well presented if the bevy of senators named above come west to fight for him.

SLANDERED AGAIN.

Centralia is in the throes of a liquor fight and as usual some "dope" is being used regarding Pendleton. One story that is published says Tib Mills, who visited this city, found ninety vacant business locations on the main streets of the city, most of the empty places being in "three story stone and brick structures." Such stories are so glaringly false that they would be amusing were it not for the fact that they tend to hurt the city. Some people will believe them. But people who have been in Pendleton of late will not. None of the 750 teachers who were here last week will agree with Tib Mills, whoever he may be. They did not find ninety vacant business locations. They did not see even nine vacant locations and the teachers were unanimous in praising Pendleton as a thriving, enterprising city.

An advance in rates seldom meets with favor so it is natural that there is considerable complaint regarding the advance made by the telephone company in their rate on four party phones. Yet the phone people assert that even with the advance Pendleton is given a very satisfactory rate as compared with neighboring towns. If this is true then we won't notice the increased charge so much, especially if the phone company offsets the advance by an improved service.

Two Frenchmen fought a duel in New York and one of them was actually hurt. In fact he was killed. Comic paragraphs should take note of this. The "field of honor" has been vindicated.

Tomorrow the Umatilla county Sunday school association will convene in this city. Pendleton is the "Convention City."

T. R. is evidently feeling strong. Wonder what he will do, to Kaiser Wilhelm and King Edward?

The weather would like to be nice and fair but seems to find it hard to be good.

Work for Pendleton and for the advancement of Umatilla county.

A BUSINESS ASSET.

Joseph W. Gibson, publisher of "The Haberdasher," was approached by an old-time friend recently who said to him:

"Joe, do you know of anybody to whom I can sell my business? I want to retire. The business is prosperous and I am well known."

Mr. Gibson told his friend he did not know of anybody who would want to buy the business, and then suddenly turned toward him and fired this question at him point blank?

"What have you got to sell?"

The question so surprised his friend that he stammered out this reply:

"Why, Joe, everybody knows me. You know my business is very profitable. You know that I have all the money I need. You know that I stand well in the trade. Do you mean to say that my business is worth nothing—that I have nothing to sell?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Gibson, "you can dispose of your stock of merchandise at a reduced price, and that's all you have got to sell. Come, now, what else have you got to sell?"

"You have a good name among a few people who know you—you have sold good merchandise in a good location—but the consumer knows neither your name nor any brand of merchandise you sell."

"A name that's an asset in business is an advertised name, and it must be a good name."

"Merchandise that commands steady prices is advertised merchandise—and it must have a good name also."

"No, my friend, there is no good-will to sell in your business because you have never advertised."

The friend of Mr. Gibson who told me the above story vouches for its accuracy.

Mr. Gibson's friend has not yet retired, and is no doubt thinking of some plan to advertise his name and his merchandise so that the public will remember both.

In this great community the business that is advertised is not as well known as the farmer who lives ten miles from a country village.—W. C. Freeman.

Do you take the East Oregonian?

THE CALENDAR.

"I count my time by times that I meet thee;  
These are my yesterdays, my morrows, noons,  
And nights; these my old moons and my new moons,  
Slow fly the hours, or fast the hours do flee,  
If thou art far the old bird tunes are no tunes;  
If thou art near, the wintry days are June—  
Darkness is light, and sorrow cannot be.  
Thou art my dream come true, and thou my dream;  
The air I breathe the world wherein I dwell;  
My journey's end thou art, and thou the way;  
Thou art my heaven and thou art my hell;  
Thou art my ever-living judgment day."

—Richard Watson Gilder.

SCOTT'S MASTERPIECE.

She was a charming debutante, and he was a somewhat serious chap. Conversation was rather fitful, so he decided to guide it into literary channels.

"Are you fond of literature?" he asked.

"Passionately," she replied. "I love books dearly."

"Then you must admire Sir Walter Scott," he exclaimed, with sudden animation. "Is not his 'Lady of the Lake' exquisite in its flowing grace and poetic imagery? Is it not—"

"It is perfectly lovely," she assented, clasping her hands in ecstasy. "I suppose I have read it a dozen times."

"And Scott's 'Marmion,'" he continued, "with its rugged simplicity and marvelous description."

"It is perfectly grand," she murmured.

"And Scott's 'Peveril of the Peak' and his noble 'Bride of Lammermoor'—where in the English language will you find anything more heroic? You like them, I am sure?"

"I just dote upon them," she replied.

"And Scott's 'Emulsion'?" he continued hastily, for a faint suspicion was beginning to dawn upon him.

"I think," she interrupted rashly, "that it's the best thing he ever wrote."

THE ART OF OVERLOOKING.

Nobody can live long in the world and not admit that the words "Nothing for nothing" contain a sad amount of truth. He is of course a fool who does not count the cost so far as the future is concerned; but scarcely less a fool is he who does not overlook past costs. If we have any good or delightful thing in this life, at all hazards let us not taint our enjoyment by considering what we gave for it. Was it more than we could afford? Never mind; we have afforded it, we have made our purchase. Let us take off the ticket with the price and burn the receipt. There are items in life's ledger which must be overlooked unless we would spend all our days in balancing closed accounts.—London Spectator.

A few days ago a rather bashful young woman went into a Skookumchuck store carrying three chickens, and at the same time she put them on the counter. The clerk didn't know the chickens' feet were tied, and asked if they would lay there. The girl bit her handkerchief and said, "No, sir, they're roasters." Ah, there Lem.—Skookumchuck Banner.

Seersucker fads are not as popular as they were before the cold snap. Here is one of George Cohan's latest wisecracks: "There may be a whole lot of crazy people in this world, but you won't find any baldheaded ones in a lunatic asylum." Fine dope for the members of the Toupee club.

And another thing—you never saw a baldheaded man in jail. They supply them with wigs.

The Bitters is a remedy of proven ability in cases of Poor Appetite, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Grippe and Spring Fever. Therefore, try it first of all. Its results are certain.

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W. R. GRAHAM, Manager.

S.S.S. RIDES THE SYSTEM OF CATARRH

Catarrh comes as a result of impurities and morbid matter in the circulation, and is a disease that only attacks mucous membrane. The entire inner portion of the body is lined with a delicate skin or covering of soft, sensitive flesh. Thousands of tiny blood vessels are interlaced throughout this mucous surface, and it is through these that the inner membrane receives its nourishment and is kept in healthful condition. When, however, the blood becomes infected with catarrhal impurities the tissues become diseased and Catarrh gets a foothold in the system. The early stages of Catarrh are characterized by such symptoms as a tight, stuffy feeling in the head, watery eyes, buzzing noises in the ears, with partial deafness and often difficult breathing and chronic hoarseness. These are merely symptoms, and while sprays, inhalations and other local treatment may temporarily relieve them, Catarrh cannot be cured until the blood is purified of the exciting cause. S. S. S. cures Catarrh by cleansing the blood of all impure catarrhal matter. It goes down into the circulation and attacks the disease at its head, and removes every particle of the catarrhal impurity. Then the mucous linings are all supplied with fresh, pure blood, and allowed to heal, instead of being kept in a constant state of irritation by the catarrhal matter. Special book on Catarrh and any medical advice free.

**THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.**

IRELAND'S POPULATION.

Ireland boasted a population of nearly 9,000,000 in 1874. Today it is little more than 4,250,000, and nearly 50,000 of the finest, strongest and ablest young men of the country, the flower of the land, are annually emigrating, nearly 95 per cent of them going to the United States, where went at least 90 per cent of the total emigration from Ireland in the last century; and where today people with a large percentage of Irish blood number not less than 20,000,000. At the natural rate of increase, Ireland should have today, instead of 4,250,000 inhabitants, at least three times that number.

With 32,000 square miles of land, the greater portion of it exceptionally favorable for the raising of grains, roots, fruits and cattle; with magnificent water power—a water power equalled by few countries—and with its well known, if undeveloped, great mineral resources Ireland is capable of supporting in comfort and plenty 20,000,000 people.

Emigration has been a blessing as well as a curse to Ireland. While for 60 or 70 years it has gone on depriving Ireland of all that was healthiest and brainiest and best in the country, thus enervating the race at home, the Irish nation is not at the same time unimpaired of the fact that the millions of American money poured home to Ireland in steady stream has helped, through the trying decades that have gone by, to keep alive an Ireland-at-home. In at least 20 of the counties of Ireland it is rare to find a family that has not a representative in America. Some of them have four or five. In all the poorer mountainous countries that border on the rugged western coast there is hardly a comfortable new house erected that has not been erected by American money.—Travel Magazine.

**My Luv Affair.**  
U ast Me why I suik & Frown,  
& why I seem 2 B cast down,  
o Lixun 2 me & find why  
tharze blud and thunder in my I.  
I Am in luv & I doant Care  
a Darn who nose it enny whare,  
the girl she goze 2 my same skool  
whare I sin made A servul Tool.  
she sits acrost the lle From me  
& she is bootful 2 see.  
I gaze at her & o my hart  
gits Hitt at onct by Kewpuds dart.  
I desent Brace up 2 her yet,  
but I will do it sune U Bet,  
the say 2 her o I luv U,  
kow nife kin Cut ower luv in 2.  
& if She spurns me I will flea  
fur fur away o I will bee.  
a Pirut farse & I will slay  
awl them whut dast git in my Way.  
2day I met her with the Kida  
whut lives next door 2 Her, she did  
Knot blush so 2 myself I sed  
o curses on his doggone hed.  
If he dontt leave my Best girl bee  
he bust His hed right in by G.  
I am not jellus as a ruly  
but this is whare I fite a dufe.  
"Now, Tommy," said the teacher,  
"you may give me an example of a  
coincidence."  
"Why—er," said Tommy with some  
hesitation, "why—er—why, me fader  
and me mudder was both married  
on de same day."—Harper's Weekly.

When you crack your crazybone you rub'er, and when you crane your neck you rubber; so what's the use?



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