

LEAVENWORTH ECHO

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A. O. U. W. Leavenworth Lodge No. 32, Degree of Honor, meets the first and third Wednesday evenings in A. O. U. W. hall. Visiting sisters and brothers cordially invited to attend. AMANDA MARTIN, C. of H. LOTTIE DOYLE, LOUISE MCGUIRE, Financier.

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Companion Court Independent Order of Foresters meets every first and third Tuesday in Fraternal Hall, over the postoffice. Visiting Foresters are cordially invited to attend. R. O. Johnston, Sachem. A. P. Sheridan, Chief of Records.

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When His Chance Came

Give but faith, O Lord," he prayed, "And I will crave no more: I'll face all dangers unafraid, As martyrs did of yore. No earthly glories, Lord, for me, But grace to strive away Serenely rendering to Thee Some service day by day.

"O foolish man to strive and scheme For fleeting riches here; What is there in gold's yellow gleam That fools should hold it dear? The earthly honors gained by men Last but a fleeting day— Ah, let me waste no moments, then, In seeking them, I pray."

He woke one morning to behold A chance for worldly gain; The way to splendor and to gold Lay straight and smooth and plain. The glories heaven hides from view To others he resigned, And men could hardly see him through The dust he left behind.

Live in the Present

A "live" man respects the twentieth century. He does not think that wisdom died out when its nineteen predecessors departed. His eyes are not in the back of his head. He reads books, but he studies men. Great poets have, for the most part, passed their lives in cities. "Never write a page," said the late Lord Lytton to a young London author, "till you have walked from your room to Temple Bar, mingling with men and reading the human face."

The men who make their mark on the age are those who know it, and sympathize with its life. A professor in a theological seminary confessed that for half a century he had read more Latin than English. He failed to impress his students, for he was obsolete, even while facing them. Guizot says that Shakespeare's success is due to his mastery of knowledge of his own age and country, and to the fact that he wrote in a spirit of loyalty to them both.

Raphael went about Rome and Florence seeking faces and attitudes worth reproducing upon canvas. Curran studied law during the day. At night he studied men in the coffee houses of London, selecting those which "were most fertile in game for a character hunter."

Napoleon's boast was, "I know men." He disguised himself that he might talk with sailors and fishermen. When he wished to study some great subject, he would gather about him those who were authorities on it, and set them arguing with each other. When he said, "Good night, gentlemen!" he knew all about all the matter that was worth knowing.

Walter Scott would talk with anyone who would talk to him. He visited the fish market at Billingsgate, in order to learn the dialect of the fishwomen. His novels are read to-day because they are true to life, though they are called romances.

Students who confine themselves to the past are as dead, so far as serving their generation is concerned, as the eras they love. They are almost sure to mourn over the present and to distrust the future. The former days are to them better than these, and the future is likely to be worse than either.

Professor Phelps, in his instructive and interesting "Men and Books," tells a suggestive anecdote about two clergymen, which illustrates the difference in character between the student of books and the student of men. The two ministers, who had been classmates in the seminary, met after a separation of twenty years. Each had had a fair measure of success.

"I have had a hard life of it, but I enjoy a hard life," said, in a cheery tone, he who had lived among his brethren. "It pays to have a hard life. I have such a glorious trust in the future!"

"I have had a hard life too," said said the other, who had lived in the dead past, speaking in a mournful tone. "I try to endure it patiently, but I shall be glad when it is over. The future looks dark, very dark to me. My chief satisfaction is in the past."

This man was foot sore from walking backward. A few years later he was gathered to his fathers, with whom his mental life had been buried twenty years." His friend still lives, enjoying his hard life, not growing old, but keeping his heart young that he may do good work for the men with whom he loves to associate.

The past has its uses, but is no place for a man to live in. The apostle of Burma, Adouiram Judson, was an old man when he died, full of good works. But his wife, "Fanny Forrester," thirty years his junior, said, "He was the youngest man I ever knew." He kept himself young by his faith in God and his hope for man.—Ex.

THEY SAY

That Wenatchee is overflowing with homeseekers from the east.

That actual work on the Panama Canal will begin about the fifteenth of April.

That a company is being formed at Bellingham to engage in the silk weaving industry.

Winter wheat looks well and promises an abundant crop say some of the Big Bend papers.

That the Alaska business since January first has been the largest yet and is constantly increasing.

That the political pot do boil down at Wenatchee, and that the Man-Afraid-to-Speak-Out is cased by everybody.

That there are in the United States over 800 negro physicians, 300 lawyers and 30,000 teachers following those professions.

That a new railroad will be built this summer from Spokane to some point on the Canadian Pacific. The line will be 130 miles long.

The Columbia & Okanogan Steamship company has offered free transportation for all the hay that the stockmen of that section need.

That a rural free delivery mail route has been established out of Wenatchee for the benefit of those who live in the Squilchuck and Wheeler hill neighborhood.

That Wenatchee is to build a band stand in the park for the band boys and that the town is to be treated to band concerts two evenings each week this summer.

That twenty-four car loads of the Washington exhibit has already gone to St. Louis and five or six more are to go and that the exhibit will be in place by April.

That Nathan Perry Reeves, who for sixty-six years taught in the public schools of New York city, has retired and that during all that time he never whipped a pupil.

That the Supreme Court has decided against the railroad merger but the railroad companies have determined that the ends sought will be attained just the same in some other way.

That the republicans of the Tenth Congressional district of Georgia last week nominated, Sim Walton a negro barber, for congress against Hardwick the present democratic incumbent.

That seeding land to wheat has begun in some portions of the Big Bend country, and that the winter and spring has been very favorable to the wheat crop, and the wheat farmers are looking forward to a big crop this year.

That the long winter and the excessive snow fall the past winter has played sad havoc with the stockmen of Okanogan county. The ground has been completely covered now for over four months so that all the feed that stock got was what was fed to them by their owners.

That the Twenty-sixth Republican Congressional district convention which met in Cleveland last Saturday broke up in a row between the followers of Senator Foraker and the successor of Hanna, Senator Dick. The police finally interfered and restored order. When the convention split, each party nominated a ticket and selected delegates to the National Convention.

That Professor Gayley, instructor in English in the California University, created a furor last week among co-educators by saying to a class of a hundred girls to whom he was reading and explaining the beauties of some new poetry: "If God Almighty or the angel Gabriel wrote a poem it would not interest you, You are nothing but giggling girls. Half of you ought to be made pay tuition. The class is dismissed."

That white capping, a species of crime which has been supposed to be confined to the southern states, has broken out in Stevens county. A man by the name of Thomas was called to his door last week by some of his neighbors who did not like him and bound and gagged. After beating him and warning him to leave the country they left him. He managed to get home and went before an officer and made complaint against six or eight prominent law abiding citizens and now they are under arrest.

The Origin of Volcanoes

According to an exchange the following is a negro preacher's account of the origin of volcanoes:

"De earf, my frien's," he said, "revolves on axels, as we all know. Somfin' is needed to keep de axels greased; so de good Lawd, in His wisdom an' fo'sight, dut petrolyum in de bowels ub de earf for dat purpose. De Stan'ard Oil Comp.ny comes along an' strax dat petrolyum by borin' holes in de earf. De earfsticks on its axels and won't go round no more; dere is a hot box just as ef de earf wuz a big railroad train—an' den, my frien's, dere is trouble."

Mark Twain's Revenge

Mark Twain tells this story of how he got even with a canny lassie who was telegraph operator at Glasgow end of a London line

"I had run up to Glasgow on my way to the Highlands," said Mr. Clemens, "and stepped into a telegraph and postal station to send a dispatch to a friend in London. I asked several questions as to how long it would take, when the message would be delivered, etc. The girl at the desk was inclined to be snubish, and at the third or fourth question she cut me dead.

"But I got even with her. I just sent my friend this message: 'Arrived safely. Girls here ugly and bad-tempered.' And she had to send it, too!"

Jokes by Freight

Lieutenant Randolph of the United States navy was the center of attraction one evening at an entertainment given by the British officers at Gibraltar. His witty saying and anecdotes kept the guests in roars of laughter. One of the British officers met Randolph the following morning and said:

Lieutenant Randolph, I've been thinking over some of your jokes this morning and by jove! they are clever deucedly clever.

And Randolph replied, Thanks; I'm glad you've got them at last; by freight. And the Englishmen walked away tapping his forehead and repeating thoughtfully, by freight.

Col. Bartlett, of Georgia, tells of a colored preacher who hates tobacco. On one occasion, meeting an aged brother with a very strong o d pipe in his mouth, he said: Bruddah Thomas, nothin' unclean kin entah de kingdom. I knows dat well nuff. Well, you can't entah, case you bref smells worse nor a slaughter house. Mebbe so, pahson mebbe so. But w'en I goes to hebben Is'e gwine'er leab my breff behind. See?

The White House Stable

A bill is before Congress authorizing the expenditure of ninety thousand dollars in improving the stable attached to the President's mansion. Congressman Benton, of Missouri, thus attacked the bill in a speech a few days ago:

"There are plenty of rich men in this country who live in worse places than the President's stables as they now are. These old stables would be a palatial abode to the average American.

"First they wanted \$60,000 for the new barn, but they've grown brave, in spite of the prevailing economy and now ask \$90,000. This is a big sum to spend on the President's 'distoed' mounts—for which any stable is good enough. And it is said, too, that the President is the hardest man on a horse who ever bestrode one. He wears 'em out on the granitoid pavements of this town until the hoofs are ridden off. I would not hire one of my horses to him at any price.

"You can publish it all over Missouri that I am against those stables. I don't know what the majority of the committee is going to do about the matter, but I'm in favor of cutting out \$90,000 stable when not a Congressman here can get money for public buildings in any of the good towns of this country.

Sunday sickness, a disease peculiar to church members comes suddenly every Sunday; no symptoms are felt Saturday night; the patient sleeps well and wakes feeling well; eats a hearty breakfast but about church time the attack comes on and continues until the services are over for the morning. Then the patient feels easy and eats a hearty dinner. In the afternoon he feels much better, and is able to take walk, talk about politics and read the Sunday papers. He eats a hearty supper, but about church time he has another attack and stays at home. He retires early, sleeps well and wakes Monday morning refreshed and able to go to work, and does not have any symptoms of the disease until the following Sunday.