

State Library

LEAVENWORTH ECHO

Vol. 1. No. 16.

Leavenworth, Wash., Friday, May 6, 1904.

\$1 00 Per Year

Hay
Oats
Bran
Shorts
Dairy Chops
Feed Wheat
Barley Chops
Cracked Corn

Plisch & Bliss,
GENERAL
MERCHANDISE

Do You Use ARIAL?
"A MINNEAPOLIS FLOUR!"
It's the Best.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

D. R. G. W. HOXSEY,
Physician and Surgeon
Office in Smith's Block
Leavenworth, Washington

J. J. KING
Attorney at Law.
General practice. Prompt attention to collections, legal papers carefully drawn. Contests, and all business before local and general land offices.
LEAVENWORTH, WASH

LEWIS J. NELSON
Attorney at Law
LEAVENWORTH, WASH.

JOHN B. ADAMS,
Attorney at Law.
Office in Residence. Telephone 46.
LEAVENWORTH, WASH.

S. D. GRIFFITH,
LAWYER,
Practices in all Courts.
Lock Box 23
Phone 55. WENATCHEE, WASH.

FRANK REEVES,
Attorney and Counsellor
(Prosecuting Attorney, Chelan County.)
WENATCHEE, WASH.
(Office in Court House)

FRED REEVES
Attorney and Counselor
Court Commissioner Chelan County.
WENATCHEE, WASH.

Money to Loan **Abstracts Made**
Notary Public **Conveyancer**

Local Manager for the Wenatchee Canal Company.
J. A. GELLATLY
Office: Corner Mission and Palouse Streets
Phone 318
Wenatchee Washington

Livery and Feed Stable
BUGGIES
with one or two horses
SADDLE HORSES and DRAYING
L. H. TURNER, Prop.

Mrs. H. A. Anderson's
LODGING HOUSE

Everything New
Clean Fresh Beds
Reasonable Rates
Near Congregational Church
Leavenworth, Washington

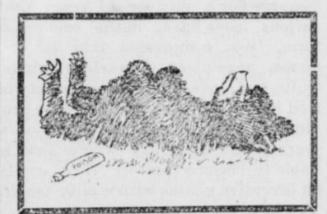
SECRET SOCIETIES

A. O. U. W.
Tumwater Lodge No. 71. A. O. U. W. meets the second and fourth Wednesday evenings in their hall over the postoffice. Visiting brethren are cordially invited to attend.
L. H. Liden, M.W., John W. Liden, Recorder.

Degree of Honor
A. O. U. W.
Leavenworth Lodge No. 23, Degree of Honor, meets every first and third Wednesday evenings in Fraternal Hall, over the post office. Visiting Brethren are cordially invited to attend.
Amanda Martin, C. of H., Lottie Doyle, Recorder, Louise McGuire, Financier.

I. O. F.
Companion Court Independent Order of Foresters meets every first and third Tuesday in Fraternal Hall, over the post office. Visiting Foresters are cordially invited to attend.
Mrs. G. English, C. R., Mrs. C. B. Turner, R. S.

Imp. O. R. M.
Tumwater Tribe No. 71, Improved Order of Red Men meets every Saturday night in Fraternal Hall. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.
A. E. Downing, Sachem, W. Walker, Chief of Records.



INSECTS
Are coming fast. Spray your fruit trees if you want luscious fruit. Every thing known in that line at the

City Drug Store
E. A. KING, Manager.

PICTURES FRAMED
P. H. TOMLINSON,
Leavenworth, Wash.

JOHN THOLIN JOHN SMITH
THOLIN & SMITH,
PROPRIETORS

The Gem
Bonded Whiskeys and Brandies.
Imported .. Wines .. and .. Cigars

Big Rock Saloon
GEO. L. HOPPE, Proprietor
Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars

Every Year
The spring has less of brightness
Every year,
And the snow a ghastlier whiteness,
Every year;
Nor do summer's flowers quicken
Nor autumn's fruitage thicken
As they once did, for we sicken
Every year.

It is growing darker, colder,
Every year,
As the heart and soul grow older,
Every year.
I care not now for dancing,
Or for eyes with passion glancing,
Love is less and less entrancing
Every year.

Of the loves and sorrows blended,
Every year;
Of the joys of friendship ended,
Every year;
Of the ties that still might bind me
Until the time of death resigned me,
My infirmities remind me,
Every year.

Oh! how sad to look before us,
Every year,
While the cloud grows darker o'er us
Every year;
When we see the blossoms faded,
That to bloom we might have aided
And immortal garlands braided,
Every year.

To the past go more dead faces,
Every year,
Come no new ones in their places,
Every year.
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
In the evening's dusk they greet us,
And to come to them treat us,
Every year.

"You are growing old," they tell us,
Every year;
"You are more alone," they tell us,
Every year.
You can win no new affection,
You have only recollection,
Deeper sorrow and dejection,
Every year."

Thank God! no clouds are shifting,
Every year,
O'er the land to which we're drifting,
Every year.
No losses there will grieve us,
Nor loving faces leave us,
Nor death of friends bereave us,
Every year.

The True Gentleman
He is above a low act. He cannot stoop to commit a fraud. He invades no secret in the keeping of another. He takes selfish advantage of no man's mistakes. He is ashamed of innuendoes. He uses no ignoble weapons in controversy. He never stabs in the dark. He is not one thing to a man's face and another to his back. If by accident he comes into possession of his neighbor's counsels, he passes them into instant oblivion. He bears sealed packages without tampering with the wax. Papers not meant for his eye, whether they flutter in at his window, or lie open before him in unguarded exposure are secret to him. He profanes no privacy of another however the sentry sleeps. Bolts and bars, locks and keys, bonds and securities, notices to trespassers, are not for him. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will eat honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another he is straightforward, open and manly. He cannot descend to scurrility. Billingsgate does not lie on his track. Of woman, and to her, he speaks with decency and respect. In short, whatever he judges honorable he practices toward everyone. He is not always dressed in broadcloth. "Some people," says a distinguished bishop, "think a gentleman means a man of independent fortune—a man who fares sumptuously every day; a man who need not labor for his bread. None of these makes a gentleman—not one of them—not all of them together. I have known men of the roughest exterior who had been used all their lives to follow the plow and to look after horses, as thorough gentlemen in heart as any nobleman who ever wore a ducal coronet. I mean, I have known them as unselfish, I have known them as truthful, I have known them as sympathizing; and all these qualities go to make what I understand by the term 'a gentleman.'"

For Tired Feet
Standing is a tiresome exercise, even when one stands properly upon the balls of the feet, and no one stands more than does the housewife. She should sit when it is possible. There are dishes that she can wash while sitting. Money spent for a high stool for this purpose is wisely invested. But where she must stand the weariness is relieved if she stands upon a mat, which is more yielding than the floor. A mat for the sink, a mat for the ironing table, and a mat before the kitchen range will make life brighter for the woman who must be on her feet a great part of the day. These mats can be made at home the thicker the better. Take corn husks—if they are dry moisten them enough to make pliable—and braid them into long strands. When they are braided make them into mats, beginning at the center to wind them, holding the strands together by sewing them with twine carried by a long, heavy needle. If one mat is found too thin to give relief, two or more can easily be sewed together. It is easy to take care of oneself if one does work in the kitchen.

One does not like to give up beaten, and American newspapers are particularly averse to an acknowledgment of defeat. But can any of them boast of a larger circulation than is claimed by a new Buddhist paper in Tokyo? Listen: "This paper has come from eternity. It starts its circulation with millions and millions of numbers. The rays of the sun, the beams of stars, the leaves of the trees, the blades of grass, the grains of sand, the hearts of tigers, elephants, lions, ants, men and women are its subscribers. This journal will henceforth flow in the universe as the rivers flow and the oceans surge."

Quick Arrest
J. A. Gullidge of Verbena, Ala., was twice in the hospital from a severe case of piles causing 24 tumors. After doctors and all remedies failed. Bucklen's Arnica Salve quickly arrested further inflammation and cured him. It conquers aches and kills pain. 25c at the City Drug Store.

The Penalty of a Lie
Lessons of a practical nature may be learned from people in every walk of life.

"I have not told a lie in more than thirty years," says an old barber in the National capital. "I have not told a lie nor even prevaricated during all these years, and I shall never utter another falsehood. I told a lie once, and I learned the error of it soon."

"I was a candidate for the life position of foreman of the Senate barber shop, in the Capitol. The place pays \$1,400 per annum, and a good man in the position can pick up another \$500 or more every year in 'tips' from rich Senators. Vice-President Henry Wilson was stopping at this hotel. He always came to me to have his hair cut and dressed, and occasionally to shave him. But he usually shaved himself, and I honed his razors."

"The Vice-President came to me one morning with two razors that he wanted honed by two o'clock that afternoon, as he expected to leave the city on a three o'clock train. I took the razors and laid them on my stand, promising to have them ready promptly on time."

"It happened that all of my time was taken up that morning by an unusual rush of business, so that noon came and the razors had not been touched. I called another barber, named Campbell, and told him to hone the razors very lightly and hand them back as soon as he could. Campbell took the razors, but disregarded my instructions and honed them his own way. He brought them to me just a few minutes before the Vice-President called for them. He handed me a dollar bill and thanked me for my promptness."

"About two weeks later the Vice-President came to me with his razors and said that he wanted me to hone them myself and not give them to any other barber as I had done on the previous occasion. Then I told a lie. I told him that I honed those razors myself."

"He said: 'Henry, don't lie to me. I knew as soon as I used those razors that you had not honed them. It is useless to lie to me about it. It never pays to lie, Henry. It never pays to lie.'"

"I suppose that the Vice-President must have seen some change in my countenance which confirmed his opinion, for he never came to me afterward nor permitted me to serve him in any way. I am satisfied that if I had told him the truth he would have appreciated the situation and continued to be my friend. If I had told him the truth I would have had that life position, worth almost if not quite \$2,000 a year. I lost it by lying. The opportunity of my life was thrown away by telling a deliberate lie."

Turning the Joke
The late Senator John J. Ingalls is described by the Brooklyn Eagle as having had a quaintly poetic method of thought and a wonderful flow of language which gave a charm to all his conversation. He also had a ready wit which enabled him to avoid many unpleasant visitors. In spite of all his resourcefulness, however, a clever young reporter proved himself a match for the versatile Senator.

One day David Lowsley, a bright young Irishman employed as reporter for a Washington newspaper, was sent to interview Senator Ingalls on a matter of grave national importance. Before calling at the Senator's home Lowsley visited a barber and was shaved and had his hair combed.

The Senator, who divined the purpose of the reporter's call and did not wish to talk on that subject, came into the reception-room with his watch in his hand.

"I can give you just fifteen minutes," he said. "What can I do for you?" Lowsley put his question squarely, but the Senator answered after the traditional Yankee fashion by putting another.

"Young man," said he, noticing Lowsley's sleek appearance, "do you shave yourself?"

"No sir."

"You ought to," Senator Ingalls asserted. "Every man ought to shave himself." Then, in that delightful way of his, he set forth the many advantages enjoyed by the man who is his own barber. He enlarged upon the economic benefits in time and money to be derived from shaving one's self. He delivered a dissertation on the esthetic phase of the case, after which he descended to the practical details, told Lowsley what razors he considered the best, and highly recommended a certain kind of soap. Then, still holding his watch in his hand, he said:

"I see I have exhausted my time. You will have to excuse me now." And with a twinkle in his eye the Senator bowed his caller out.

The next morning the leading article in Lowsley's paper was an attractively displayed report of this interview. Lowsley's wonderful memory made it possible for him to reproduce the Senator's entertaining discourse almost verbatim, at least so nearly so that Ingalls himself marveled at it, and told many persons that, although the reporter had not taken a single note, he had reported him more accurately than most stenographers did.

This clinched the matter so that the Senator could never deny the interview afterward. Then Lowsley sent a copy of the paper to the manufacturer of the soap which Senator Ingalls had so enthusiastically praised, and for months and months the Senator had to grin and bear the sight of his own face accompanied by his own words in broadcast advertisements of that shaving soap.

Washington Fir Boards at St. Louis
The Grays Harbor Commercial Co., says a Cosmopolis dispatch, has at last secured the monster log that, like a huge whale, has been sporting around the harbor. This log is spruce, twenty-two feet long by eleven feet at the butt. It was cut by Blaine & Davenport, on the Humptulps river. The steamer Montezano took it in tow and had difficulty in getting it across the flats.

A storm drove it seaward, and after some difficulty it was found and towed to Cosmopolis. It took two men two days to cut off seven feet and prepare it for the saw.

It will go to St. Louis in six large boards, eleven feet wide and four inches thick. It is believed to be the largest log in Western Washington and will be brought to the Lewis and Clark Fair at Portland next year.

A woman attorney recently told a New York professional that in every law case woman is either the motive, the instrument or the victim. The author of this interesting theory declares that "the field for the woman lawyer is the finding of the woman in the case." But mere men sometimes succeed in doing that. The thing that really bothers them—and here, perhaps, woman lawyers could help—is to know what to do with her after they have found her.