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Empty Hands.

BY MRS. METTA S. BENSON. Fear not, O hands grown weary, That see no good attained— With only bleeding fingers— And palms so torn and strained— You've sought the deeps for treasures That vanished into air; You have gathered only ashes From fruit that seemed so fair.

Suddenly the crisis came as the horse gave an unusual spring to clear a small stream. On went the terrified animal as a swifter gait than before, but poor Leslie fell like a dead man into the dashing current of the brook. Fortune's favor was it that he dropped where he did, for the cold bath revived him at once, and as he crept down the stream in search of a hiding-place the waters covered his trail from the pursuing Shawanese.

If not alive she might find his dead body. Or, if she failed to discover him alive or dead, she could ride to the mill settlement for safety and assistance. With such reflections she decided to make an early start along the wild valley route.

The Rock of Gibraltar. The whole height of the north front of the rock (about 1,450 feet) is seen; and it looks so grand and so strong that we do not wonder that the Spaniards do not like its being out of their hands.

The Last Horse. Brother Gardner had planned to celebrate the glorious Fourth by hunting snipe on the shores of St. Clair, but when he reached the race-course the excitement drew him in among the spectators.

The Sun in Flames. Concerning the oft-mooted question whether the sun may not some day come in collision with a comet, Prof. Proctor says: "Supposing there really is, I will not say danger, but a possibility, that our sun may one day, through the arrival of some very large comet traveling directly toward him, share the fate of other stars whose outbursts have been described by astronomers, we might be destroyed unawares, or we might be made aware for several weeks of the approach of the destroying comet.

Floating Gossip. Wilkie Collins has the gout. Jeff Davis is said to be penniless. Charles Ross was stolen three years ago July 1st. Charles O'Connor was born in New York, and began life as a new-boy.

A Story of the Border.

Leslie Cochrane was only twenty years old when he became a pioneer among the wild woods and wilder dangers of Western Pennsylvania. But he had been caught in that net which takes all young men—love—had married his girl, a lass of eighteen, as brave and hearty as himself; and together they had decided to seek their fortunes on the very edge of the border.

But the interval was brief. Again the sharp crack of guns rang out, and the furious creature sprang into the air and fell heavily on the ground out of Leslie's sight. The poor fellow's suspense was agonizing as the panther turned around and began to howl at the presence of the new foe. Having traced a victim to the hole among the roots, the great cat was engaged at the appearance of a rival to its feast of blood.

Whoever has heard the aged Leslie recite this adventure must have been impressed by the emphasis which he placed on "the three strange providences by which he was delivered." First, had he fallen anywhere but in the stream the Indians would probably have found him where he fell, faint or dead, and tearing off his scalp, would have crushed him in his skull with a tomahawk and departed.

A Man Who Never Told a Lie. Yesterday afternoon an old oil man, with crude petroleum dripping from his clothes, and legs incased in high boots, entered the "Derrick" office and said: "What is it?" "What is it?" "I've got the dumbest item you ever heard tell of. I struck an oil well on my lease Monday, and she flowed a stream of one hundred feet high straight up for half an hour. Then she kinder died down. One of my drillers was standing over the hole, when she suddenly spurted again, and 'blast my eyes! if it didn't take that driller right up with it. The stream was a powerful one, you see, and he went up a hundred feet. You've seen those little balls as dance about on top of those little spouting fountains, such as they have in the cities? Yes; well, that's the way this thing acted, and there's that air driller right up on top of that hundred foot column of crude oil, and he's dancing about like chaff in a fanning mill. What do you think of that?"

How TORTOISES KEEP WARM.—According to M. Bouchard, the precaution taken by tortoises against coming cold (in days or seasons) may give some information to farmers and others. For some years he has been guided by such indications in the management of his conservatory. At the end of autumn, when the winter is going to be severe, the tortoises bury themselves deep, so as to be wholly concealed. Before a mild winter, on the other hand, they bury themselves only a few centimetres, just protecting the apertures of their carapaces. In January they venture out to walk out, but on the approach of the late cold in February they ensconced themselves anew.

ASSORTED KISSES.—A humorous friend of ours used to be particularly enthusiastic on the classic subject of osculation. He declared there were few "sciences" so difficult of acquisition. "People," said he, "will kiss; yet not one in a hundred knows how to extract bliss from lovely lips any more than he knows how to make diamonds from charcoal." He used to relate his experiences of a good-night's kiss imprinted on the lips of his innamorata after having escorted her to and from a New England forfeit party, where the poor girl, being the belle of the evening, had been kissed, and, as he expressed himself, "slobbered over by all and sundry." He declared that in that one chaste salute he could discriminate "sine distine and separate flavors," namely, "onions, tobacco, peppermint, gin, lager beer, brandy, checkerberry, musk, and camphor."—F. H. Brown, in Appleton's.

TALENTED IN AMERICA.—Talleyrand spent a part of his time in New York. Being on a visit to that city, he was invited to breakfast with him. He was then about to set out on a visit to the Western country, and such was the wild state of that country in those days that he thought it necessary to equip himself like a hunter; and he had arrangements made for sending the child to England. Maggie was equipped for the journey, and traveled a thousand miles to New York under the care of a railway conductor. At New York she was received by strangers, who entertained her for some days, and then placed her on board the English steamer, under the care of captain and stewardess. She was landed safely on the arrival of the steamer at Liverpool, and given over to her aunt, having experienced nothing but kindness during the entire journey.