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JOB WORK (inserted with assistance of printer and set in type gratis).

Patient. I was not patient in that olden time, When my unchastened heart began to long For bliss that lay beyond its reach; my prime Was wild, impulsive, passionate and strong; I could not wait for happiness and love, Heaven sent to come and nestle in my breast; I could not realize how time might prove That patient waiting would avail me best. "Let me be happy now," my heart cried out, "In mine own way and with my chosen lot; The future is too dark and full of doubt, For me to tarry, and I trust it not. Take all my blessing, all I am and have, But give that glimpse of Heaven before the grave!"

Home Life in Japan. The Japanese usually partake of three meals a day. The noon meal is more substantial than in the early morning, but that at evening, after the labors of the day are over, is the chief. Many spend hours over their evening cups and dishes. At this time probably a majority drink sake in greater or less quantity. The drink is brewed from rice, and contains from two to eight per cent. of alcohol. The afternoon is generally chosen as the time for visits to the houses of friends or relations, the temple, sick persons, or attendance at festivals, pic-nics, boating or drinking parties, or in shopping. Theatres, temples and shops are open every day from sunrise to sunset. There is no regular day of rest, though there are many holidays, business being, however, but slightly interrupted.

As breakfast is the least important meal, no care need be borrowed for the morning, so the evening is given up to relaxation by all. Even the kitchen maids, grocers, and poorest laborers and their boys and girls, can take the fresh air, romp and play, walk, flirt, make love, or indulge in the luxury of a little wine at the house by the river, go on a moonlight picnic to the mountain, or hire a boat and enjoy a cool ride on the river. These passionate children of Nature in winter make up walking parties for no other purpose than to see the snow fall. In summer the bridges are crowded with star and cloud gazers. O Tsutsu san, (papa), after the day's toil and bath, sits down for a romp or more quiet jolly time in hugging, tickling, or talking to his little ones, or hearing their prattle.

Thus the day is made up of toil and relaxation, the one helping to bear or enjoy the other. The Caucasian grandeur might hear with a disdainful smile the story of every-day life of the Japanese rice-stinner, were it to be told in full, but that he bears the burdens of life as manfully, and toils in a sunny mood as the average of his confederates, who in other lands usually boast a monopoly of religion and civilization, cannot be gainsaid. Prof. Griffin, in Home Journal.

WIRE MAXIMS.—Mr. John McDonough, the New Orleans millionaire, had engraved on his tombstone a series of maxims which he had prescribed as the rules for his guidance through life, and to which his success was mainly attributable. Remember always that labor is one of the conditions of existence. Time is gold; throw not one minute away, but place each one to account. Do unto all men as you would be done by. Never think any matter so trifling as not to deserve notice. Never give out that which does not first come in. Let the greatest order regulate the transaction of your life. Study in the course of your life to do the greatest amount of good. Deprive yourself of nothing necessary to your comfort, but live in an honorable simplicity and regularity. Labor, then, to the last moment of your existence.

A Turkish Appeal to Allah. La Ilah illa Allah, ve Mohammedum illa Rasoolu Allah.—There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his (Allah's) messenger extraordinary.—rings through the still autumn air, as from the numerous minarets of the mosques of Constantinople the call to prayer is sent down the banks and over the deep blue waters of the Bosphorus. It is Friday—the Mussulman's Sabbath—and the monotonous chant of the Muezzins calling "the faithful" to mid-day prayer breaks upon my ears as I am writing. I say monotonous, for residents in this part of Pera are habituated to hearing this appeal some four or five times daily, to say nothing of its disturbing them in the still hours of the night. This morning, however, the monotony is somewhat relieved, as in addition to the ordinary nocturnal appeal to Allah a special prayer has been drawn up by the Sheikh-ul-Islam—the "Head of the Church" in Turkey, if I may thus translate the title—which, if it be granted, will secure the utter extermination of all Christians from off the face of the earth, leaving it in the possession of the Moslems alone. I have been fortunate in obtaining a copy, in Turkish, of this prayer, a translation of which reads as follows:

"O, most merciful God, have mercy on us and protect us Thy faithful people. Almighty God, show no mercy to the infidels. Merciful God of all good things, strengthen the Ottoman arms; by Thy powerful arm discomfit the proud and perfidious hosts of the impious. Glory be to God, the Lord of the Universe. The grace and the blessing of God be upon our Lord, His Prophet, Mohammed, and upon all His pious followers. O, God, strengthen Thy servant our Sultan, the chief of Thy favorite people. Protect us and our country and sweep off the face of the earth all infidels opposed to us and to our holy and true religion. Destroy, Almighty God, every vestige of the impious Russians, of the equally impious Hellenes, who are groping in the darkness of impy like swine in the mire, and who have dared to raise their sacrilegious hands against Thy faithful people and against Thy Prophet Mohammed. Disperse, O God, their coalition; scatter their assemblies; break, O God, their weapons, diminish and annihilate their ranks; send them, O God, quickly to their designed place of punishment. Pour upon their heads, O God, all Thy wrath and indignation; place them, O God, in the central abode of the wicked; visit them with the indignation by which Thou hast hitherto punished Thine enemies. O God, confound their tongues; let their blood flow in torrents; let their heads be trampled upon by Thy faithful servants the Osmanlis; break down their altars, their rulers, their strongholds; exhaust their power. O God, make their children orphans, their wives widows, and their mothers mourners. Confound their mental faculties. O, God of mercy, let there be left no vestige on the earth of the impious Russians, the Hellenes, the Slavonians and other infidel Franks allied to or sympathizing with them. Encompass them, O God, on every side with grievous plagues. Overthrow them with Thy terrible wrath with fire, with massacres, and shipwrecks; by strangling, by pestilence, and by cholera; by famine, and by earthquakes. Make their cities empty of inhabitants. Shake them by the eight avenging spirits. As these mischievous and impious infidels endeavor to injure us, let them, O God, suffer in their own eyes, in their senses, in their wives, in their children, and lastly in their own lives. Let Thine anger and indignation, O God, be hurled upon them like hail-stones; make them and their goods a plunder to all those who believe in Thee and Thy holy Prophet Mohammed, with whom be the grace and the blessings of Almighty God."—Correspondence New York Times.

A GOOD STORY.—Perhaps the most curious of the stories told by Hutton to his own ancestors. A soldier in Cromwell's army, passing with his comrades over Derby's St. Mary's Bridge, observed a young girl leading water from the river. In the spirit of frolic and mischief, he threw a large stone, intending it should strike her by making a sudden splash. But it struck her on the head, and made a hideous wound. She fell into the river. The soldier did not wait to see that she was rescued. He galloped on, feeling that he had been guilty of a heinous crime. The unknown consequences of his folly preyed upon his mind. His conscience was always upbraiding him. Years after, when discharged from the army, he settled down in Derby. He took a public house in Bridge Gate, and after a short acquaintance with a woman of suitable age, got married. Very soon after their wedding he saw his wife combing her hair, and inquired how she got that great curl which disfigured one side of her head. She replied, "Some wretch of a soldier had once nearly killed her with a stone, but if ever she caught that man she would pay him off for it." It is not recorded how she punished her husband when he confessed being her assailant, or how great was his relief when the bantering thought of a wanton murder was removed from his mind. He was one of the five dropsters who rode under the oak where Charles was hidden at Boscombe; and I cordially recommend Hutton's quaint story to novel-writers in search of such a plot.

Persons who practice deceit and artifice always deceive themselves more than they deceive others. They may feel great complicity in view of the success of their doings; but they are in reality casting a mist before their own eyes. Such persons not only make a false estimate of their own character, but they estimate falsely the opinions and conduct of others. No person is obliged to tell all he thinks; but both duty and self-interest forbid him ever to make false pretences.

A SPLENDID item about a man being kicked all to pieces by a horse yesterday was utterly spoiled by the carelessness of the man himself, who climbed into the hay-mow and stayed there until the horse quit kicking. And yet a cold world may blame the reporter for this.

THE BAD ECONOMY OF ATTEMPTING TOO MUCH. Farmers, as well as politicians and newspaper men, often "bite off more than they can chew," although in a somewhat different line. While they do not, as a rule, perhaps, tell stories about their neighbors (which, when traced back to them they are unable to prove), they often do attempt more farm work than they are able to perform. This is one of the points, and a very important one, which go to make up the mismanagement which never shows itself more palpably than on a farm. There is seldom anything gained by laying out so much work that one is in a chronic rush to get this done or that done. There are those who deliberately try to do more work than they can do, and will be the case. They say, "Well, it will keep me busy, but I can get it done if I work a little lively." And so they go on at it, and work very lively indeed. Thus it goes all through crop-raising, harvesting and corn-cutting. They fuss and fume and work themselves to death simply because they have attempted to do a little more than they are able, excepting when they are in a hurry to perform, or as is more frequently the case, the work attempted is not more than half done.

There is another class who, while attempting too much, are not aware of it until they have it proven to them by the appearance of their farm, &c. A case of this sort is that of a neighbor, Doctor—He is a doctor, a practicing physician. That is where the trouble begins. When he became a farmer he didn't drop medicine entirely. The bad economy of having two callings was exemplified in his case the other day. The threshers came with their many horses and multitudes of men to thresh his grain. But just as they were about to set up and begin work the doctor was wanted. Just when the "head doctor" should have been present he was absent. And so it happened that the threshing wasn't accomplished in twice the time necessary. But aside from his profession the doctor attempts too much. In the spring he determined to build a new board fence, replacing an old worn-out one. To this end he got out some posts and hauled them to the desired spot. But either he had begun a little too late, or it was too big a job some way or other—anyhow he couldn't get any further, and there these posts lay in all summer. His garden bears an evident sign of neglect as everything else. A row of cabbages, and another of tomatoes, and a little bed of beets have long ago been buried out of sight by the weeds. If they are ever resurrected I am afraid they won't be very plump at any rate. Then his corn-patch, too. And this will be the most powerful argument, because corn is usually the best growing crop. His garden bears an evident sign of neglect as everything else. A row of cabbages, and another of tomatoes, and a little bed of beets have long ago been buried out of sight by the weeds. If they are ever resurrected I am afraid they won't be very plump at any rate. Then his corn-patch, too. And this will be the most powerful argument, because corn is usually the best growing crop.

THE NEW YORK CANALS. The New York Legislature, at its last session, passed a law that three of the canals owned by the State should be abandoned, and that another should be sold. The extent of canal which will thus be disposed of is about two hundred miles, and the State will then own about six hundred and fifty miles. Of this amount, three hundred and fifty miles constitute the Erie Canal, and the other three hundred are branches. The reason for getting rid of these "lateral" canals, as they are called, is that they are costly, and a burden on the State treasury. The business done on them is very small, and the tolls do not pay the cost of managing them and keeping them in repair. Last year, the Erie Canal was the only line owned by the State that paid its expenses. The canal system of New York was planned before the invention of railroads. The Erie Canal was begun in 1819, and the present system was completed, leaving out of account a small amount afterwards added, about the year 1833. Altogether, the Erie Canal has cost nearly twenty-five million dollars. It has been so successful that it has almost paid for the entire system, but very few of the others have afforded any profit at all. In the early years of canal traffic in New York, the advantages it gave to the country through which the canals passed were very great. Water carriage is cheaper than any other mode of transportation. When the Erie Canal was built it was considered the quickest line of transportation from the grain-fields of the west to the seaboard. In 1820, the country west of Ohio was hardly developed at all. The States of Indiana, Illinois and Michigan, had not then combined, so large a population as Rhode Island has to-day.

The most far-seeing statesmen of that time ever dreamed of a time when the country west of the Mississippi river would send its grain to the sea-coast for shipment to Europe. The great point then to be gained was to connect the lakes with the Hudson river. It was a noble enterprise, and but for the invention of railroads, it would have made New York, even more than it now is, the Empire State of the Union. For a great many years after a railroad had been laid down by the side of the canal, by the far larger amount of business was done in canal boats. It all went to New York City, and increased the tendency of commerce to center at that magnificent port. But as railroad science became more perfect and more exact, the locomotive began to encroach upon the business of the canal. The canal was closed nearly half the year; the freight train could run all the year round. The boat-load of grain, which it took weeks to tow from Buffalo to Albany by horse-power, could be carried by steam in as many days. By careful management, the cost of railroad freight was greatly lessened. To meet this competition, the tolls on the Erie Canal have been several times lowered, and every time this was done the railroads also reduced their rates. Now, when the tolls are very low, the traffic on the canal is falling off, while that over the railroads is increasing.

Thus, while the canal has been of wonderful service in New York, and has added millions upon millions to her wealth, the day when it can do more than compel the railroads to do business at fair rates has passed. Possibly it will not be long before even the Erie Canal can only be used as a loss; and when that time comes New York will begin to think of selling it. While the New York canals have done so much for the material prosperity of the State, they have been a source of great evil in politics. The history of their management is a long story of corrupt jobs and of open stealing. Reformers put out one set of managers, and put another set in, more eager for the spoils than those who had grown rich upon them. If it were all to be done over again, it would be a very grave question whether the injury the possession of such a vast property brought to the public morals, could be justified even by the large benefits conferred on the community.

JAPANESE THEATRE.—When a "blood-and-thunder" melodrama is produced at a Japanese theatre, the audience insists upon having real blood and a thundering racket. A play which was recently put on the boards at a theatre in Yokohama, was not wanting in elements of horror, such as the successful simulation of wounds, but it afforded an opportunity for a more amusing bit of realism. One of the most terrible scenes was supposed to take place during a storm. The stage manager declined to have recourse to the make-believe method of peas and shot to simulate the sound of the rain. He must give his audience real rain, and so, by means of concealed pipes, he had a regular pouring shower, continuing throughout the scene, deluging the stage and drenching the actors. The effect was really admirable, not only adding to the realism of the scene, but in giving a cool and refreshing moisture through the house.

SOME years ago, a Parisian bailiff, dying in extreme poverty, his friends organized a subscription to defray the expenses of his interment, and one of them, who knew Alexandre Dumas, personally, besought him to contribute to the money, instantly gave him a louis; on which the other, after thanking him, remarked that the sum was now sufficient to insure poor M.—a decent burial. "Ah!" said the novelist, "is that what you want it for, to bury a bailiff? Take another louis while you are about it, and bury too!"

WEALTH and want equally harden the human heart, as frost and fire are both alien to the human flesh. Famine and gluttony alike drive nature away from the heart of man.—Theodore Parker.

It is one thing to love truth, and to seek it for its own sake; and quite another to welcome so much of it as will with our impressions and prejudices.

A GENTLEMENLY CONDUCTOR IN A FIX. Some months ago, it is best not to particular as to the exact time, Conductor Russell, of the Erie, was in a fix, and one from which his cheek could not extricate him. On his train from the west was a handsome young lady, who, as to relate, had become deranged and was on her way to the Asylum at this place. From some cause, she seemed to take an aversion to him, and whenever he passed her, in his line of duty, she would salute him with exclamations more forcible than flattering. "Take this man away." "This conductor must be removed," and other similar remarks saluted him every time he passed her. Nothing would please her but his instant removal and official decapitation, and had not the conductor known of her insanity, he would have been greatly annoyed. Arriving at Middletown, as the lady came to step off the cars, Conductor Russell, with his usual gallantry, tendered her his hand to assist her to alight. She took the proffered hand, grasping it firmly, then reached out her other hand for his disengaged one. Thus holding both her hands, he assisted her to the ground, but, to his chagrin, she persisted in holding on to them. With a beaming face, as sudden as her displeasure, she looked at the writhing conductor, who was wishing the lady would let go his hands. All at once she remarked, in a voice the opposite of quiet: "I think I will kiss the gentlemen conductor."

Poor Russell was sweating away in unalloyed agony, but the lady held on with a grasp that he could not loose, unless he resorted to violence. In the meantime, the crowd was gathering about and enjoying intensely the situation. Russell made up his mind that the easiest way out of the scrape would be to accept the proffered kiss, and so with a groan that Chesterfield never rivaled, blushing like a penny, he tendered his cheek for the salute. The maiden screamed, "No, no, no, not that way," and was only appeased when he brought his lips into position for the salute. With a most satisfactory smack the operation was performed, his hands released, and as she turned away she remarked to the bystanders: "The gentlemen conductor shall not be removed."

The frantic manner in which Conductor Russell signalled his engineer to go ahead has never been equalled, and as the train moved out the lady stood kissing her hand to it until it was out of sight.—Orange County (N. Y.) Press.

A RUSSIAN DARE-DEVIL. Among the officers on the Grand Duke's staff is a tall, handsome man, with a little, slender, active figure, a clear blue eye, large, prominent, well-shaped nose, and a face young enough for a second lieutenant. It is Skobeieff, the youngest general in the army, the conqueror of Khokand. He has the reputation, even among the Russians, of being a madman, who would fling away his own life and those of his troops without the slightest regard for consequences. During the war which resulted in the conquest of Khokand, a Russian detachment of eight hundred men, with four hundred Cossacks, was compelled to retreat before a superior force of the enemy. General Trotsky decided upon a night attack, and confided his plan to Colonel Skobeieff, then his chief of staff. The latter entered into the idea with great enthusiasm, and proposed to lead the attacking column himself, and take only 150 Cossacks. Skobeieff, having reconnoitered the ground, perceived that the Khokandians had encamped within a mile and a half of the Russian position, an open plain, which gave every facility for the moving of cavalry. At midnight he took his 150 Cossacks, divided them into three parties, and cautiously surrounded the enemy's camp. The party, led by Skobeieff, managed to pass the enemy's outposts, who were sound asleep. Then he gave the signal for the attack by firing his pistol, and followed by his 150 Cossacks, he rode headlong into the enemy's camp, of 6,000 to 7,000 men, shouting and yelling like fiends, and cutting down everything in their passage. For a quarter of an hour the plain resounded with shrieks and yells, shots, and the trampling of horses, shouts and groans, and all the uproar of battle. Then all was silence. Skobeieff assembled his Cossacks, and when morning came he found that the whole army of 6,000 or 7,000 men had disappeared. Having on the field about 40 dead, 2,000 or 3,000 muskets and sabres, all their camp material and baggage. But what was his astonishment, on calling the roll, to discover that he had not lost a man, either killed or wounded.

Mr. Macghan, who first met him on the banks of the Oxus, relates this exploit to show how much method there is in this dare-devil's madness.

DURING the last twenty years England has paid to foreign countries for food—according to the report of Mr. Stephen Bourne of Her Majesty's Customs—\$10,000,000,000. The report states that each member of the community now consumes to the value of two and a-half times as much foreign food as he did twenty years ago. With this immense drain upon her resources, England would in a few years be reduced to penury, were it not for the immense sums of money paid her as interest.

A LABOR order has been received by a mica concern in New York for plates of mica to go to China. The Chinese use these plates, which are about seven inches square, for idolatrous purposes. They paint upon them the likenesses of their divinities, and reverently adore them. These particular ones are to be used for household decoration and devotion. They are considered quite stylish among the better class of Chinese.