Wallowa Chieftain.

County Pioneer Paper

Established in 1884. Published every Thursday by The Enterprise Press, Office East side Main Street, Enterprise.

Entered at the postoffice at Enterprise, Oregon, as second-class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year $1.50. These terms are invariable in advance.

COUNTY ADVERTISING RATE

County advertisers in the Chieftain may have additional lines at the rate of 50 cents per line per week insertion—but not less than $1.00 per week.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1909.

Russian Education.

The "intelligentsia" of Russia, writes the Mme. Blanche Bating in "A Year in Russia," is probably speaking, composed of what we call the top crust of society. But the rest is probably hard to distinguish these members of the middle class who belong to the professional classes—doctors, engineers, teachers and literary men. The average rate of wages of the Russian middle class is better adjusted than the average English rate of wages in the same class.

They are satisfied with the foreign classics. They often speak two languages besides Russian, and they are conversant with modern thought in the various European countries so far as it is allowed to reach them. They are hungry at school things which will be useful to them.

Every one receives a general foundation of knowledge. The average Russian boy knows more about English history than the average Englishman knows about Russian history. A cultured Russian of the middle class is acquainted with John Stuart Mill, Ruskin, Macler and Carlyle, and Shakespeare. Milton and Shelley are read in Russian classics.

Head Cheese.

Take a pig's head (upper part only), using the lower halves in nothing), thoroughly clean, and let lie in cold water over night. Put it to boil in plenty of water, and let until the meat drops from the bones. Strain the liquor it was boiled in and set away to cool. When cold, remove the fat, when the liquor will be ready to add to the meat, which must be looked over carefully to remove any small bits of bone, and chopped very fine. Season to taste with salt, pepper and sage. Put a saucer to boil for about five minutes. Then pour into dishes and set away to cool. If skin is not liked, add any flavoring desired.—Farmer's Wife's Home Companion.

Real Estate Transfers

Week Ending December 31, 1908—Compiled by Wallowa Law, Land & Abstract Co.

J. C. Hall to Chauncy Thaler (Co. 4 half and se of sw, and sw of se 24-2-42. $1 etc.

E. C. Hanes to Chauncy Thaler (Co. 4 half sw of se and sw of se 24-2-42. $1 etc.

Harry E. Barton to Geo. C. Gow—S. undiv. tracts in Joseph. Gov. to 22-2-45.

J. B. Wheeler to Joseph T. Wade, n half sw and lots 3 and 4 of 3-1-45.

J. B. Ott I and I and a half ac in 26-46 except a 3-ac. tract to be set T. 2-44E.

J. E. Parker to L. W. Williams, lot of 22-1-42.

Albert Agee to John McDonald, n half of sw and se of sw 17-40-44 1-98.

Jacob Beiser to Luther Lloyd, se 20-3-46. $1000.

W. H. Powell to C. F. Gallon and R. Moffat, lots 10, 11 and 12, all 18, The McDonald add to Wallowa $250.

E. G. Allen to Fred A. Hadley, sw sw, nw se and lots No. 1 and 2, 4-1-42. $6000.

John H. Butler to D. W. Chapman, ne ne and se ne 2-1-45. $750.

John McDonald to M. A. Frazier lots 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12, Blk 7, McDonald add to Wallowa. $750.

W. B. Humphrey to Amanda Eaton, all of lot 2, blk 1, Jennings add to Joseph. $750.

U. S. Patent to Jacob Beiser, se of ne 20-3-45.

U. S. Patent to Wm. W. Mellott, e half ne and lot ne ne 30, lot 4 ne 19-2-44.

U. S. Patent to Lucy D. Hunter, ne se and se ne sec. 17, and a half 19-2-44.

U. S. Patent to Geo. C. Gowing, se se 13-3-45.

Information Concerning Eighth Grade Final Examinations.

1. Dates.

Three examinations annually. Each county superintendent is assigned dates for his county.

(a) January 25-29, 1909.
(b) May 10-14, 1909.
(c) June 28-11, 1909.

(d) November 22, 1909.

2. Program:

(a) Thursday—Arithmetic, written, History, and Civil Government.

(b) Friday — Grammar, Physiology, Geography, and Spelling.

3. Scores of Questions:

(a) Civil Government—Table Score Questions.

(b) Geography — Rule Count of Study, Memory 1-4, Local Natural School Geography.

(c) History—List of topics from History Outline in State Course of Study and Current Events.

(d) Language—Stickney's Model English Grammar, to Superior Grade.

(e) Reading — The teacher will select in the County Superintendent to be assigned a class student to read, which shall be taken by each superintendent as the 8 pupils standing at the subject.

(f) Spelling — Every pupil who from Sept. 1st until January 1st, has been in attendance at school in Language.

Respectfully submitted,

J. H. ACKERMAN,
Supt. Public Instruction.

The 8th Grade examination for the year 1909 will be held January 25th.

Teachers preparing classes for this examination will please report to this office by number of applicants a few days before above date.

Respectfully,

J. H. ACKERMAN,
Supt. of Schools.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Wallowa County.

In the Matter of the Estate of Martin J. Brown, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, the administrator of the estate of Martin J. Brown, deceased, has filed his final account of his administration of the said estate with the Clerk of the County Court of Wallowa, and that the County Court of said Wallowa County, by order duly made and entered, has fixed Thursday, February 4th, 1909, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day at the time, and the County Court room in the County Court House, in the City of Enterprise, in said county, as the place to hear objections to said final account and settle the same. All persons interested in said estate are hereby notified to appear at the time and place aforesaid, if any there be, and be heard in the premises, in writing, at said time and place.

Dated this 4th day of January, 1909.

J. A. BUTLEDGE,
Administrator of the Estate of Martin J. Brown, Deceased.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior.

U. S. Land Office at La Grande, Oregon, December 9th, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that, in compliance with the requirements of the General Land Office, under provisions of act of Congress approved June 11, 1906 (34 Stats., 233), we will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, at 10 o'clock a. m. on the 20th day of January, at this office, the following-described land: [illegible] Sec. 29, W½ NE¼, Sec. 32, T. 1 N., R. 45 E. W. M., Serial No. 0881.

Any persons claiming adversely the above-described land are advised to file their claims, or objections, on or before the time designated for sale.

F. C. SHAUPSELL, Register.
A. A. ROBERTS, Receiver.

GAME LAWS.

Any person shooting at any wild fowl, or the game or fish laws of the state, or of persons not properly keeping screens over irrigation ditches, are requested to notify

JOHN CLEMENCE,
Deputy State Game and Forestry Warden, Enterprise, Oregon.

Their Cause For Thanks.

By Charlotte Carruthers.

(Copyrighted, 1908, by the American Press Association.)

When Dick Warring suddenly married pretty Linda Mills, to whom he had for months supposed Uncle Henry Warring disposed wholeheartedly on the bachelor, the old uncle should predicament.

"I don't blame you for wanting to marry Linda," he said angrily, "but you should have waited another year before taking a wife and setting up housekeeping. To my certain knowledge, Dick, you haven't got ahead enough of your salary yet"—

"I have my own health," interrupted Dick, with a dismissing gesture, "and I assure you, Uncle Henry, my wife shall not suffer."

"Pshaw!" scoffed Uncle Henry. "Your wife has no health also, and I'll warrant she looks a use for them in a thousand ways you never thought of. Why, if you were to meet with an accident or have a long illness what would you do?"

"I would go to work then, Mr. Warring," said Linda, with spirit.

"We will manage very nicely, Uncle Henry," said Dick hurriedly. "I am sorry you feel angry about it, but, as I have explained to you, after Linda's aunt died she was practically homeless, and I persuaded her to marry me at once. It's my fault."

"That doesn't better the matter, you ninnie dick!" retorted the choleric old gentleman. "Linda could support herself for her board for a year or two till you could earn enough to support a wife, as it is, you will suffer poverty and deprivation and be sick of each other before a year rolls round!"

Having delivered himself of this sentiment, Mr. Warring glared sagely at his adopted son, and Dick, inherited the same family characteristic to a degree, glared back at him.

Then, raising his little wife's hand to his arm, he left the crowdedness

"SO KISS THE GIRL" SAID UNCLE HENRY.

and comfortable abode of his boyhood and sought a home of his own.

Uncle Henry left alone, polished his eyeglasses vigorously and looked up at the picture of Dick's father which hung above the mantelpiece.

"I've done the best I could for him, Henry," he murmured meekly. "He'll have to paddle his own canoe now."

The next day he wrote to Dick and offered the two young people a home with him. Linda could assume charge of the household, and Dick might take his old place as the favored son.

Dick made no reply for a week, and then he merely scribbled a few lines to say that they had furnished a little house at 3 Clement street, where they hoped Uncle Henry would come and see them.

But Uncle Henry did not go.

* * * * * * *

A year later Linda Warring was putting the final touches to her dinner table. It was Thanksgiving day, and Dick was home for the holiday. She could see his dark head bent over a book in the next room.

Presently Linda "[illegible]" in and sat down on the floor beside his chair. "What is the matter, Dicky?" she asked softly. "Something is bothering you."

"It's Uncle Henry," confessed Dick frankly. "I have felt heavily down for the last twelve months since we have been estranged. He has been like a father to me, and I'm ashamed of myself." He nestled under her loving gaze.

"Why didn't you say something before, dear?" asked Linda after a little pause. "You know I spoke to you about asking Uncle Henry to spend her Christmas with us, but you said he would not come, so I gave it up."

"I was a fool, Linda," said Dick thoughtfully. "Time and again I've felt that I must be friends with him once more, and after the bank closed I would take a walk, intending to stop in and see him, but the minute I got within sight of the house all this crowed Warring obstinacy would rise up and send me past the house like a shot."

"If that is the case," said Linda, rubbing and heating over him, "I shall put on my things and run around and bring Uncle Henry here by main force. I have told a place for him and"—

"It is our place to go to him, Linda," said Dick sidearly. "Let us go together."

"But my lovely dinner" protested Linda, with a wistful glance toward the kitchen.

"Let us take it with us. I want Uncle Henry to share your pumpkin pie," pleaded her husband, jumping to his feet.

In half an hour the turkeys dinner was snugly packed in two baskets, and the Warrings turned their backs on 3 Clement street and boarded a trolley car.

When they reached the Warring mansion Dick ran up the stairs like a boy and pressed the bell button.

After a long wait the door opened, and the disapproval countenance of Mary Kirkham, the maid, was turned forth.

"Good evening, Mrs. Kirkham," said Dick pleasantly. "Is my Uncle Henry at home?"

"He is not," replied Mrs. Kirkham sourly. "Queer things I call it when a lady has invited me for a Thanksgiving dinner as ever I saw for him to set before it a minute and then jump up and order it all to be packed in baskets and him and William has went away with it and me a prisoning my clever she should have a taste of their company and all!"

Dick hesitated. "Perhaps he has gone to see us." he said to a few moments later. "In that case he will be back before long. Let us wait for him."

Turning as best Mr. Henry Warring entered the house, very dejected and slightly intoxicated. "Take the baskets away, William. Tut and Mary Kirkham are divide the contents between you. Take your shoving off, both of you. I want to be alone."

Thereupon Uncle Henry flung open the library door and stumbled over his nephew and Linda sitting before the cozy fire.

"So here you are!" said Uncle Henry, drawing his nose thoughtfully. "Just been around to your place—nobody home."

Somehow—no one could explain afterward—Uncle Henry found himself sitting on the couch with an arm around each one.

"This were right short some things, Uncle Henry," said Dick humbly. "I see now that if I had waited a year Linda would not have had to work so hard. Most of the burden of housekeeping has fallen to her share. Shove over your hands, Linda."

"What?" said Linda sturdily. "Not to command to get some sweetness, Uncle Henry. It took lots of one, but we have well provided with that commodity. And now we have brought our dinner. Shall we eat it together?"

"By all means," said Uncle Henry briskly. "The servants are all away, and we can have the place to ourselves."

"If you like, Uncle Henry, Linda and I will break up and come and live with you," said Dick slowly. "You are sure you won't mind having a woman in your bachelor paradise?"

Uncle Henry looked from Linda's sweet face to Dick's—younger and more manly and with a deep content in his eyes.

"Children!" said Uncle Henry, with emotion.

Makes Brave Men Cowards.

It has been proved that the nerve-shattering bombarding so far as wounds are concerned, of a besieged town is hardly discernible to the human ear. When a shell comes near a group of twenty men it may kill one and wound two, while the remaining seventeen escape without a scratch. It will be found, however, that many of them are never the same men again. No matter how iron nerved they were before they are now irritable and timid, and all their faculties are weakened. Very often they are jerked at by their comrades because of the change, but this is utterly unfair. In fact, their lives and, often enough, honor, depend on being constantly shaken against the walls of their body cavities. The thing occurs in railway collisions. People who were robust become quite feeble and nervous, though they may not have received a scratch. This remote state is the case of soldiers is well recognized by Society under the name of the mental injuries of explosives. The injuries are really quite as physical as a shattered leg, for they consist of a kind of bruising of the very delicate tissue of the spinal cord and brain.

A Roman Fortune Teller.

A fortune teller of a lower order who lives in a dirty and obscure house is constantly applied to by jealous lovers. A girl who has a hated rival sends the latter under the veil of friendship to consult the fortune teller, who is prepared beforehand to dissuade her from her project of the man she loves. While the lady enters the tents and the girl remains three knocks are heard at the door.

"That is a bad sign," says the witch. "It means that you are not beloved."

The fortune teller continues to lay the cards several times, but always with a bad result. The girl is told that the man she loves has the intention of marrying her and is advised to have recourse to all sorts of charms, for which she pays a considerable sum. The rival who has sent her also pays the witch, who then earns a double fee. The objects sold by the witch as charms are many and various. One is a bit of rag, another is a little crumbling salt, a bit of hair, some herbs and some nails. These charms are said to lose their power after a month or two, when they must be replaced.—Chambers' Journal.

The Scrap Book

A Doleful Future.

Two ladies, who had known each other in years gone by, met on the street. Both of them were married to merchants, one of them, who had been married for some years, was pushing a baby carriage in which were three fine triplets, all girls. The other lady had been in the bonds of matrimony a couple of weeks.

"What beautiful children!" exclaimed the newly married one with interest after the two friends had exchanged greetings.

"Yes," replied the proud mother, "and it was the funniest coincidence in our wedding supper the boys who played with my husband in the orchestra serenaded him, and they played 'Three Little Kittens' from 'The Mikado.' Isn't that queer?"

The newly married one gasped for breath and turned pale with horror.

"Horrible business!" she gasped. "At our wedding supper a couple of weeks ago Tom's friends serenaded him also, and they rendered the selection from 'Lucia.'"

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

They talk about a woman's sphere
As though it had a limit.
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whisper, yes or no,
There's not a life or death or birth
That has a feather's weight of worth
Without a woman in it.

Then He "Caught On."

A prominent politician at a dinner recently was joking about his repeated attempts to be elected to office.

"After a time," he said, "I shall be in the position of the man, somewhat the worse for wear, who came into a dance in Texas. The four manager saw him and led him out. He came back. Then the four manager pushed him out. He came back again. Finally the four manager kicked him out, and he rolled down a flight of stairs. At the bottom of the stairs he considered the matter. 'I know what it means,' he said. 'They don't like me. Those people in there do not want me to attend that dance.'"

Both Sold.

Southern hospitality is proverbially generous. In "The Old Dominion" Mr. Thomas Nelson Page recounts an incident showing that this hospitality was not always appreciated. A guest asked the host of a house to carry him to his near shooting place, a town which lay at a considerable distance. The host accordingly sent him his horse and sent along a negro boy—it was before the war—to bring the horse back.

After several days the boy was still missing, and when one was sent to hunt him up. The messenger found him at last and demanded why he had not returned with the horse.

"Dinse dat gentleman done sell de horse," was the reply.

"Well, why didn't you come back and say so?"

"Ef Ef dinse sell me, too," said the boy.

No Thoroughfare.

An Irish author, remarkable for the fairness of his nose, showed such civility to an American lady in London that she expressed effusive gratitude to him and effusive admiration of everything European.

"However," she added, "being a free spoken American woman, I always say what is uppermost, and therefore I must frankly tell you that I can't get over your nose."

"Behold, madam," rejoined the author, "that's not to be wondered at, for the bridge is broken."

Opera House Filled.

"Speaking of one night stands reminds me of how I tried to break a long jump in New England," said an actor. "There was a little village midway in the jump that Katon's Guide gave us having an opera house, with Joshua Perkins manager, rent $25 a night. It suited my purpose admirably to be over there one night, and, as I knew there was no other theatrical company in that section, I went confidently to Perkins to hire the theater. He kept a store and was in his shirt sleeves. I made my request.

"'Well, you can't have it,' he replied.

"'Nonsense,' said I, thinking some local entertainment or meeting was to be held. 'Postpone it. Say there will I will give you $10 bonus.'

"'Nope. It—I'll—je—je can't have it.'

"'But why not? Why can't I play in the opera house?'

"'Because the opry house is full of hay!'"

Duty.

Duty is a power which rises with us in the morning and goes to rest with us at night. It is coextensive with the action of our intelligence. It is the whisper which clamors to us, go where we will, and which only leaves us when we leave the light of life.—Gladstone.

By Combination.

An Englishman in want of a machine hand an Irishman apply for the situation, when the following conversation took place between them:

"You know, Pat, if I engage you I shall expect you to do things by combination. For instance, if I tell you to hitch the carriage around at a given time I shall expect the horses with it, and driving gloves, etc."

"Yes, sort," said Pat.

He was duly engaged and gave satisfaction. One day his master came to him in a hurry, telling him to look sharp and go for a doctor, as his mistress was ill. Pat was gone for a long time, and on his master grumbling at him for his delay he said:

"Here, they're all here, sort."

"All here?" said the master. "What do you mean?"

"Didn't you tell me to do things by combination?"

"What's that got to do with it?" said the master.

"Well," said Pat, "I've got the doctor, the parson and the undertaker."

He Won His Case.

"Do you want a divorce on the grounds of cruelty?" asked the great lawyer.

"Yes, sir," replied the plaintiff.

"What sort of cruelty was it?"

"Well, sir, for three consecutive nights my wife took the doormat in."

"Took the doormat in? How can you consider that cruelty?"

"Well, you see, Monday night was lodge night, Tuesday night was a smoker at the club and Wednesday the annual blowout. I got home each morning at 4 o'clock to find the door locked and the mat taken in."

"But where does the cruelty come in?"

"Where does the cruelty come in? Why, didn't I have to sleep on the bare step without anything to rest my weary head on?"

Even Honors.

One of the New York delegates at a big political convention was approached by an old acquaintance who was badly down in his luck. Sidling up to the delegates, he said:

"Say, Billy, lend me a twenty, will you? I'm short."

The New Yorker went down into his pocket, fished out a big roll and handed a ten dollar bill to the needy one.

"Say, Billy," said he of the touch, "I said twenty."

"I know you did," said the politician, "but I think this way is fairer. You lose ten and I lose ten. See?"—Success Magazine.

The Modest Third.

Entry in the congressional career of Mr. Blaine, when Thaddeus Stevens died, who for ten years had dominated congress, Mr. Blaine, who entered the house the same year as the late Senator Allison, remarked to a friend in the rotunda of the capitol: "The death of Stevens is an emancipation for the Republican party. He kept it under his heel."

"Whom have you got for leaders?" queried the friend.

"There are three young men coming forward," was Mr. Blaine's reply. "There is a young man to be heard from," pointing to Allison, who was passing. "James A. Garfield is another."

There was a pause, and the friend asked, "Well, who is the third?"

Mr. Blaine gazed up in the dome and said quietly, "I don't see the third."

Beauties of Nature.

The pleasure that we take in beautiful nature is essentially capricious. It comes sometimes when we least look for it, and sometimes when we expect it most certainly it leaves us to gape joyously for days together in the very home land of the beautiful. We may have passed a place a thousand times and one, and on the thousand and second it will be transfigured and stand forth in a certain splendor of reality from the dull circle of surroundings, so that we see it "with a child's first pleasure," as Wordsworth said of the daffodils by the lakeside.—Stevenson.

A Reasonable Doubt.

An Irishman whose hand had been badly mangled in an accident entered the Boston City hospital relief station in a great hurry. He stepped up to the man in charge and inquired:

"Is this the relief station, sor?"

"Yes. What is your name?"

"Patrick O'Connor, sor."

"Are you married?" questioned the officer.

"Yis, sor, but is this the relief station?" He was nursing his hand in agony.

"Of course it is. How many children have you?"

"Eight, sor. But sure this is the relief station?"

"Yes, it is," replied the official, growing a little angry at the man's persistence.

"Well," said Patrick, "sure, an' I was beginning to think that it might be the pumping station."

Going Too Far.

When Mr. Valney Stevenson was visiting Mark Twain at his Redding home he remarked on the picturesque appearance of a windmill in the distant landscape. It was not a windmill, however, but the steeple of the Congregational church at Redding Center. When the clergyman of that church came to see Mr. Clemens the latter told him that one of his guests had called his church a windmill, adding, "I think that was going a little too far."—Putnam's Magazine.

A Lunatic's Sense.

There is a place near Glasgow, Scotland, where a railway track runs for some distance beside the fence of a lunatic asylum. Not long ago some workmen were busy repairing the bed of the railroad when an inmate of the asylum approached one of the laborers and from his position on the inner side of the inclosure began a somewhat personal conversation. Inmate—Eight work that? Laborer—Truth an' it is. Inmate—What pay does ye get? Laborer—Eleven bob a week. Inmate—Are ye married? Laborer—I am, worse luck, and have six children. Inmate—I'm thinking, ma man, ye're on the wrong side of the fence.