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JOB WORK

Naming the Baby.

What shall we name her, my flower-faced girl, My sweet little lassie, with violet eyes; My lily-browed maiden, as pure and as sweet...

Don't Leave the Farm.

Come, boys, I have something to tell you; Come near, I would whisper it low— You are thinking of leaving the homestead...

A Christmas Box.

"Doctor Barret, indeed! About as much a doctor as my nose is—humph!" and the old gentleman tucked his hands under his coat-tails and warned himself...

my doors and my purse against her and her driveling—humph!—husband, I swear."

"More shame for you if you did; but you didn't swear; you only turned them out like thieves, and came back to your loneliness a miserable wretch as you are still, and always will be, unless—"

"Hang it!" cried out the old gentleman. "Where is she? Where is the bright little figure that used to flit about this very room, and make sunshine in it?"

"The first blazed up merrily, and still the merchant stood with his hands under his coat-tails; but he did not feel the warmth comfortable, neither was his mind easy."

"It's Christmas Eve," repeated the voice under his waistcoat, solemnly.

"Well, don't I know it! Of course it is! Yes, but you don't know what kind of a Christmas that little sunbeam of yours may be keeping, though. Perhaps with three or four children round her, crying for the bread which she hasn't got to give. Think of it, you old miser!"

Once again the old gentleman walked up and down the room, and grunted out his customary "Humph!" and then the fire shone out, and the chandelier looked down benignantly on the silver service, as much as to say, "I told you so, I knew how it would be all along."

CHAPTER II. We will leave that little room also for the street; not that it was at all inviting, however, for the frost pinched the children's noses, and sent the hands of the big boys down deep into their trousers' pockets.

CHAPTER III. There was a round table in the parlor, and a tall candle on it; at present, too, Dr. Barret's elbows were on it, supporting his head. And there was a work-basket also on the table, and a slender little figure sat near it, stitching with nimble fingers, while one foot was on the rocker of a cradle.

Dr. Barret's meditations were bitter, as well they might be; and the handful of fire in the wide grate sent forth no glow to brighten him, or thaw the fingers that had grown red and stiff over that piece of sewing.

Dr. Barret took a shawl from the chair back and put it over his wife's shoulders, and she lifted up her face to press it to his, gratefully. But then he sank back in his place with a groan.

What was he to do! Hitherto he had fought hard—a long, dreary battle for life; but now his health threatened to give way, and he felt how powerless he was after all. And his thoughts went back to that slender figure as he had first seen it; and miserable self-accusations tormented him. He had taken her from wealth and luxury, and could not even give her the bare necessities of life.

"You never had occasion for it till I stepped in with my selfish love and brought you to poverty. And yet I do love you, Mary—more I think than ever; but don't doubt that, do you?"

"Why should I doubt it? Frank, if you will talk of these things, I must talk too, and then my fingers will be slow. What is the use of pondering so gloomily over the past? I know we were wrong, both of us, but we have done what we could to retrieve it, and I will not have you take more than your share of the blame. I know before what luxury and self-indulgence were; now I know more; I have seen trouble, and know what the lives of others are, and how thoughtless and selfish I was once. I hope I could never be so bad again; so you see it has been good for me to have tried. And have we not blessings as well? O, Frank, if we had lived in ease and riches, we might have lived as some married people do; you know that—not caring for each other, and only anxious for some perpetual excitement to relieve their ennui. But now we have had a battle to fight together."

"Ah! but, my darling, the battle grows harder than ever."

"You are ill and desponding. Make haste and get well, Frank, and you will see things through brighter spectacles."

"The doctor was silent, and only the sound of the needle broke the stillness. There was only one comfort for him in his poverty—he was not in debt; and the reflection gave him a thrill of satisfaction."

"The handful of fire dwindled, and the coals dropped down lower in the grate; still the click of the needle went on. Suddenly there was a knock at the door, a hard, strong, double knock, and the doctor started nervously. "A patient, perhaps," said his wife. "When things are at the worst they always mend, you know, Frank."

"Yes, because men always take means to effect a radical cure instead of patching up—but hush! how long that boy is!"

I send that which I have long unjustly kept back from her and hers. Let her and her husband take pity on a lonely old man and come to him. The old house is dull and miserable; it wants the music of children's voices, and there is room in it for all. Let them come to me, and I will show them how thankful I am. —JOHN FAVOURSHAM.

And Mary's arm was around her husband's neck, and she was trying hard to keep back the tears that would come.

"You will be good, Frank, and forgive him for my sake. I know you will. It is a Christmas box that is worth having, isn't it, Frank?"

O, boy in buttons, down with the lamp that requires 'as much feeding as a baby.' No matter about it now. Away with that! It doesn't matter much about darning. There will be new buttons when those are gone, and plenty of lamps in the future. And by-and-by there will be a big 'To Let' in the windows of the genteel old house, and the tatty old merchant will be no more alone in his luxurious rooms, but a bright figure will sit before the silver service and give his coffee, and childish eyes will look at him with awe, as in some mysterious fashion the author of all this grandeur. And the doctor will grow great among great surroundings, and visit his patients in his carriage; and the voice under the old gentleman's waistcoat will torment him no more.

The Meteorites at the Centennial. Stones which have fallen from the sky are among the most interesting and curious objects in the whole field of natural science. Perhaps it is principally on account of their rarity at the present stage of our earth's existence that they are looked upon with wonder; but there was a time in the early days of our earth's history, when rains of stones were common occurrences; in fact our earth and moon, and all the planets are made up of such masses fallen together, and changed afterward by the action of heat, of water, and of air, etc.

One of the largest found is in Siberia, and is altogether too huge for transportation; another of six and one quarter tons weight was found in Greenland, and with several smaller ones, was carried away by a Swedish Arctic explorer, and was on exhibition at the Centennial. Another large meteorite was in the Mexican desert, weighing two tons, and is only one of a large number which fell at Chihuahua. It is of a similar composition (iron and nickel) as the other remarkable ones belonging to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, the celebrated Irwin-Alexis meteorite, which was on exhibition at the United States building. It is ring-shaped, and weighs three quarters of a ton.

The natives in Arizona, some 200 years ago, during a regular shower of other stones, and came near being carried off in 1735 by a Spanish officer, who wanted to take it to Madrid; he soon abandoned it, however, as a hard job, and it laid for more than 100 years in the town of Tucson, from whence at last it was removed to Washington. The stone in the case of the Blake meteorite, weighing 300 pounds, and was found last year in Tennessee, by a farmer on his land.

These were the most remarkable specimens on exhibition. It may be asked if these stones, by falling from the sky have never injured any one. We can answer this affirmatively. Humboldt in his "Cosmos," mentions that in the fields, were killed by stones falling from celestial regions, and smashing their skulls.

Anecdote of Fillmore. The late president Fillmore was a man of great strength and influence in Erie county during the period when he was actively engaged as a legal practitioner, not so much on account of his brilliancy or superior abilities, but because of his really sterling qualities, and his natural tact and skill in causing it to be believed among the masses of the people that he was a man of the highest character for truthfulness and candor, and that under no circumstances would he be condescend to any concealment, trick, or subterfuge to carry a point. Judge James Mallett, on the other hand, before he was elevated to the bench, was greatly Mr. Fillmore's superior in talent, but quite indifferent to those conventionalities which generally prevail at the bar, and was constantly saying or doing something to shock the moral sentiment of the community, and make himself appear worse than he really was. These circumstances gave Mr. Fillmore a great advantage over Judge Mallett before juries when on opposite sides, of which Mr. Fillmore always availed himself when his evidence was weak. Of course this angered Mallett. On one occasion, when much irritated, he assailed Mr. Fillmore in bitter terms for this conduct, and called upon the court to see to it that the counsel should no longer be permitted to play himself off as the right lawyer in the case. Whereupon Mr. Fillmore, with that bland and innocent look which came to him so naturally, leaned over to John L. Talcott (now on the supreme bench), and in an under tone asked, "What is the right lawyer?"

To the Unmarried. Boldly determine to begin married life with small means. If you are only content with a brown stone front, four stories, on a fashionable street, with everything to correspond, then you have the disease already, and need severe treatment immediately to save you. The heart that has an ability of its own, and does not have to beg of some one else, will find an upper room in a side street the very paradise of domestic life, and if acquaintance falls off because of the humble home, will be glad that it has been delivered from so many worthless temptations. It will find delight in the practice of a whole-some economy and in the cultivation of those virtues which have the fairest growth in sheltered places.

To Remove Foreign Bodies From the Eye.—A medical correspondent of the LINDSAY makes a suggestion which may prove useful on emergency to some of our readers. He says that in consequence of the difficulty I experienced in removing from a patient a portion of steel imbedded in the cornea, which did not yield to spud or needle, some other means of removal became necessary. Dry, soft white silk was suggested itself to me, and was wound round this piece of wood, so as to completely envelop the end. The soft application was brushed back and forward horizontally over the part of the cornea where the foreign substance fixed. To my astonishment, it was at once extricated by the delicate but strong meshes of the silk, and was withdrawn with the greatest ease, caught by the same. A gentleman in turning street was applying a white stick to a patient's eye. He went at once to a surgeon, with the most skilled manipulation, failed to extract the same, saying it would soon work out of itself. The next morning the patient saw me, having suffered severely since the accident, and on the first application the portion of steel was extracted.

The Key of the Gate of India.

There is a cardinal physical fact which may control the intercourse between Great Britain and India, and which seems to have been left out of sight by most writers in this country. It is a fact of which Russian statesmen are fully aware, and it is one deserving of the quiet attention of Englishmen. We are accustomed to regard Constantinople as a position the master of which holds the key of the Mediterranean, and thus, in case of need, can give passage to the fleets of the Black Sea, and arrest, or at least very greatly impede, our maritime intercourse with India. This, however, is not exactly the truth. That the master of the Bosphorus holds the key of the southern entrance of the Black Sea, of course, a matter beyond dispute. The powers directly interested in that fact are those which are dependent on the navigation of the Black Sea. In the present state of Europe it is those states and districts which find an outlet for their produce by the Danube, to whom it is of the first moment that the Bosphorus should be practically neutralized, or held by a non-aggressive power. The occupation of Constantinople by a first-class power, of possibly progressive disposition, would be a checkmate to the Empire of Austria. It is thus a matter which chiefly concerns Austria, and not to be tolerated by that State, unless as the result of a disastrous war. But while the master of the Bosphorus can prevent a single vessel from escaping through the southern entrance of the Black Sea, he cannot send a single vessel of his own into the Mediterranean without the permission of the master of the Dardanelles. To show that this is not a mere rhetorical assertion, it is worth while to devote a few moments of attention to the physical condition of the two interoceanic communications in question.

The Bosphorus is a strait, the length of which the irregularity of the shores makes something over forty marine miles. Narrow throughout, it is chiefly constricted at two points. At the northern entrance, opposite the Pillars, the width narrows to about one thousand four hundred yards. The channel is of regular form, though shelving more precipitously (under water) on the Asiatic than on the European coast. The depth, mid-channel, is forty-eight fathoms. At the southern entrance of the Bosphorus the total width is 1,800 yards. From Scraggis Point to Leander's Tower it is only 1,600 yards. For the greatest part of this width the depth does not exceed twenty fathoms; but a depth of thirty-four fathoms is found to run through about four hundred yards east of Scraggis Point. It is evident, therefore, that the southern entrance of the Bosphorus can be readily defended by torpedoes, and the northern entrance by artillery, by any power commanding the shore. At a distance of 150 marine miles southwest of Scraggis Point, a vessel navigating the Sea of Marmara arrives at the first constriction of Gallipoli Strait, opposite Tcherak. The width from Europe to Asia at this point is 3,800 yards. The greatest depth of the channel, about the middle, is forty-six fathoms. About five and one-third miles southwest of Tcherak we arrive at a point called the Narrows, between Kilia Bahr, on the European, and Casnak Kalesah, on the Asiatic coast. The extreme width at this point is 1,400 yards. The bottom of the channel declines, at first rapidly and then more gradually, on each side, till it reaches a depth of fifty-three fathoms. This piece is the key of the Mediterranean, as far as navigation to or from the Black Sea is concerned. The great constriction of the passage is the more serious (as far as any attempt to force it is concerned) from the plan of the channel, the axis of which in this locality, for about a mile and a half, lies directly north and south, thus exposing any vessel to both a sweeping and a concentrated fire from properly arranged batteries. Three miles to the southwest of the Narrows occurs the constriction usually known as the Dardanelles. Here the width from Suddal Bahr in Europe to Koum Kalesh in Asia is 4,000 yards, and the extreme depth of the channel is fifty fathoms. The line of narrowest width at Koum Kalesh is nearly at right angles to that at Casnak Kalesah, so that clear of the white three points exist in the channel leading from the Sea of Marmara to the Mediterranean, the passage of either of which by a fleet without permission from the master of the shore would be a matter of the greatest danger, the central strait, that of the Narrows, is one that might be rendered absolutely impassable. It is the real key of the Mediterranean, as far as the navigation of the Black Sea and of Marmara is concerned. While the master of Constantinople can bear aggression from the Danubian Provinces as well as from the Black Sea, the master of the Narrows can bar not only these lines of maritime communication, but that of Constantinople also. English interests in the Mediterranean and in the highway through the Mediterranean would be comparatively unaffected by any territorial changes to the southwest of the Archipelago, provided that the peninsula of Gallipoli, or an adequately designed military post on either shore, or, better still, one on each shore commanding the Narrows, be in our possession. If these matters were secrets, it might be well to keep our own counsel, but they are physical facts, ascertained by those who take the proper steps, and well known to Russian surveyors. From one point of view they are of a very reassuring nature. At all events they ought to be well known to those who have anything to say as to the English policy in the East, and as to the key of the road to India.—BRIDGES, in Paul Mail Gazette.

HEALTHFUL.—Germany excels any country with which I am familiar in the cleanliness of its beds. It seems as much a part of yearly house-cleaning with them to have the hair removed from the mattress, and the cover washed, as it is with us to have the carpets whipped and freed from their disease-breeding dirt. I grant that it would be a difficult and expensive undertaking for an American house-keeper, for skilled laborers are rare, and when found must be well paid, and they should be. Knowing the obstacles, then, in the way of thorough renovation of our beds, we should take all the more care to protect and air them. Every bed should have especially much ventilation, and a good white ticked comforter, not too thick so as to be unmanageable in washing; over this the sheet is spread. Every bed in daily use should be subjected to the purifying rays of the sun at least once a week, and should be left open for the reception of air and light some ten days before being made up. Beds not frequently used are often found very musty and disagreeable to guests, water, and wet beds, that swallow their own contents by a magic touch, are fair enough, but in time, for the lack of proper airing, they become foul within.

BEER CAKES.—Chop pieces of roast beef very fine, mix in grated bread crumbs in proportion of one-third crumbs to two-thirds beef; season with pepper, salt, and wet hands, that swallow their own contents by a magic touch, are fair enough, but in time, for the lack of proper airing, they become foul within.

How to Cook Codfish.—Put the fish to soak in cold water over night. In the morning remove it to green water, and set over the fire. Half an hour previous to its being dished up, change into fresh water, and simmer over the fire nearly to boiling heat, but no higher. This management does not draw out, but revives and enlivens the nutritious substance in them; and leaves the fish tender and delicious.

FRESH MEAT GRINDLES.—Chop bits of any cold roast meat, season with pepper and salt, make a stiff griddle batter, put a spoonful of the chopped meat and on this another spoonful of the batter. When cooked on one side turn—when done, cook to the table hot. They are very nice for breakfast or lunch.

JUMBLES.—Take six eggs; a cup and a half of sugar; one of butter; beat to a froth; add flour enough to roll; flavor to taste; cut out with a large tumbler, and let out the middle with the top of a can-ister, to leave a perforation. They should be rolled in powdered sugar, and baked in a quick oven.

COOKIES.—Two cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of baking powder, flour enough to roll, caraway seeds if liked. Mix the baking powder thoroughly through the flour.

ONE ounce of the essence of bitter almonds will emulsify an agreeable taste and smell to an ounce of the castor oil of commerce, and will not at all affect its medical action. Persons taking this medicine should order it to be thus flavored.

INDIANA has 8,900 miles of railway.

Account of the Death of General Washington.

Some time in the night of Friday, the 10th inst., having been exposed to a rain on the preceding day, Gen. Washington was attacked with an inflammatory affection of the upper part of the windpipe, called, in technical language, epistole trachealis. The disease commenced with a violent ague, accompanied with some pain in the upper and fore part of the throat, a sense of stricture in the same part, a cough, and a difficult, rather than a painful, deglutition, which were soon succeeded by fever and a quick and laborious respiration. The sensibility of blood-letting suggesting itself to the General, he procured a leecher in the neighborhood, who took from his arm, in the night, twelve or fourteen ounces of blood. He could not by any means be prevailed upon by the family to send for the attending physician till the following morning, who arrived at Mount Vernon about 11 o'clock on Saturday. Discovering the case to be highly dangerous, and estimating the fatal tendency of the disease, two consulting physicians were immediately sent for, who arrived, one at half after three and the other at four o'clock in the afternoon; in the meantime were employed two pretty copious bleedings; a blister was applied to the part affected, two moderate doses of calomel were given and an injection was administered to a disordered lower intestine, but all without any perceptible advantage, the respiration becoming still more difficult and distressing. Upon the arrival of the first of the consulting physicians it was agreed, as there were yet no signs of accumulation in the bronchial vessels of the lungs, to try the result of another bleeding, when about 25 ounces of blood were drawn without the smallest apparent alleviation of the disease. Vapor of vinegar and water were frequently inhaled, ten grains of calomel were given, succeeded by repeated doses of emetic tartar, amounting in all to five or six grains, with no other effect than a copious discharge from the bowels. The power of life seemed now manifestly yielding to the force of the disorder; ministers of grace applied to the extremities, together with a cataplasm of bran and vinegar to the throat. Speaking, which was painful from the beginning, now became almost impracticable; respiration grew more and more contracted and imperfect, till half past 10 on Saturday night, retaining the full possession of his intellect, when he expired without a struggle.

He was fully impressed at the beginning of his complaint, as well as through every succeeding stage of it, that its conclusion would be mortal, submitting to the several cautions made for his recovery rather as a duty than from any expectation of their efficacy. He considered the operations of death upon his system as coeval with his disease, and several hours before his death, after repeated efforts to be understood, succeeded in expressing a desire that he might be permitted to die without interruption. During the short period of his illness he economized his time in the arrangement of such few concerns as required his attention, with the utmost serenity, and anticipated his approaching dissolution, with every demonstration of that equanimity for which his whole life has been so uniformly and singularly conspicuous.

JAMES CRAIK, Attending Physician, ELIZABETH C. DICK, Consulting Physician. —ALEXANDRIA, D.C. December 21. —Kentucky Intelligencer, Jan. 11, 1800.

Made Fast.

We shall never forget that evening we spent at Magruder's year ago. We admired Miss Magruder, and went around to see her. It was summer time and moonlight, and she sat upon the piazza. The carpenter had been there that day giving up the rustic chairs on the porch, so we took a seat on the step in front of Miss Magruder, where we could gaze into her eyes and drink in her smiles. It seems probable that the carpenter must have upset his glue pot on the spot where we sat, after enjoying Miss Magruder's remarks for a couple of hours, and drinking several of her smiles, we tried to rise for the purpose of going home, but found that we were immovably fixed to the step. Then Miss Magruder said, "Don't be in a hurry, and we could have believed we wouldn't." The conversation had a sadder tone after that, and we sat there thinking whether it would be better to ask Miss Magruder to withdraw while we dispersed and went home in Highland costume, or whether we should urge her to warm up the poker, or whether we should give one terrific wrench and then ramble down the yard back-street for help. About midnight Miss Magruder yawned, and said she believed she would go to bed? Then we suddenly asked her if she thought her father would have any objection to lend us his front steps for a few days, because we wanted to take them home for a pattern. We think Miss Magruder must have entertained doubts of our sanity, for she rushed in, called her father and screamed. Magruder came down with a double-barreled gun. Then we explained the situation in a whisper, and he procured a saw and cut out the piece of step to which we were attached. Then we went home wearing the patch, and before two o'clock crashed out our young love for Miss Magruder. We never called again, and she threw herself away on a dry goods man. There is a melancholy satisfaction in recalling these memories of youth, and reflecting upon the influence of glue upon the emotions of the human heart.

NIGHT.—How absolute and omnipotent is the silence of night! And yet the stillness seems almost audible. From all the measureless depths of air around us comes a half-sound, a half-whisper, as if we could hear the crumbling of earth and all created things in the great miracles of nature, decay, and reproduction, ever beginning, never ending, the gradual lapse and running of the sand in the hourglass of time.—Longfellow.

FRANCE is now taking a new census. In 1875 Paris had a population of 1,851,793 persons.