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VOL. 6.

PENDLETON, UMATILLA COUNTY, OREGON, APRIL 29, 1881.

NO. 29.

**THE EAST OREGONIAN**  
**Job Printing**  
OFFICE.  
Pendleton, Oregon.  
BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.  
Of every description neatly and promptly executed at reasonable rates.

**ATTORNEYS.**  
**TURNER & COX,**  
**ATTORNEYS AT LAW,**  
PENDLETON, OREGON.  
Office—On Main street, opposite the Court House.

**JOHN A. GUYER,**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW,**  
PENDLETON, OREGON.  
Office—On Main street, opposite the Court House.

**EVERTS & WALKER,**  
**ATTORNEYS AT LAW,**  
PENDLETON, OREGON.  
Office—In the Court House.

**TUSIN & BAILEY,**  
**ATTORNEYS AT LAW,**  
PENDLETON, OREGON.  
Office—Over the Postoffice.

**J. H. REED,**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW,**  
PENDLETON, OREGON.  
Will practice in all the Courts of the Fifth Judicial District and in the Supreme Court.  
RESIDENCE—Pendleton, Umatilla County.  
Office in Milwacker's Brick Building.

**O. F. BELL,**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW,**  
PENDLETON, OREGON.  
Office—Over East Oregonian Office, Main Street.

**B. B. BISHOP,**  
**JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,**  
Office over EAST OREGONIAN.

**PHYSICIANS.**  
**W. C. MCKAY, M. D.**  
**PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON**  
PENDLETON, OREGON.

**W. W. WHITCOMB, M. D.**  
**PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON**  
PENDLETON, OREGON.  
All calls promptly attended to, day or night.

**W. F. KREMER, M. D.**  
**PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON**  
PENDLETON, OREGON.  
Office his professional services to the people of the district and surrounding country.  
Office—At residence.

**E. P. EAGAN, M. D.**  
**PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON**  
WESTON, OREGON.  
Office—On Main Street.

**DR. J. W. HALL,**  
**PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON**  
PENDLETON, OREGON.  
Office—At the Villard House. All calls promptly attended to, day or night.

**LUMBER!**  
AT THE  
**Eagle Mills.**

**SHULL & BEAN**  
Have their Sawmill now in running order, and are prepared to fill all orders on short notice.

**One Hundred Thousand Feet ON HAND.**

**Our Mill is the nearest one to Pendleton.**

**WHEELER BROS.,**  
Are our AGENTS at PENDLETON, and all orders left with them will receive prompt attention.

**Our Prices Defy Competition**  
**SHULL & BEAN.**

**ROTHCHILD & BEAN.**  
(Successors to S. Rothchild)  
Would respectfully call the attention of the public to their largely increased stock of

**GENERAL MERCHANDISE**  
Which the lowest and best quality offered by their competition enables them to offer  
**AT THE VERY LOWEST RATES**  
Their Stock will consist as heretofore of

**DRY GOODS,**  
**GROCERIES,**  
**HARDWARE,**  
**CHINA**  
AND

**Glasware, Boots and Shoes,**  
**HATS and CAPS,**  
**Notions, Etc.**

They will always take pleasure in filling any order with which they may be entrusted to the limit of their ability.

**GRAIN AND LUMBER**  
And other Produce taken in exchange at the Highest Market rates.

**CASH PAID FOR WOOL.**

**LOOK!**  
**NEW MEN IN CAMP!**

**FRAZIER & SPERRY!**  
The undersigned having opened a

**WOOL COMMISSION HOUSE IN PORTLAND,**  
DESIRE TO CALL THE ATTENTION OF wool-growers to the fact that they are now prepared to receive consignments and

**MAKE ADVANCES**  
Thereon at reasonable rates. Having had long experience in wool-growing, and our interests being common with those of the State at large, and particularly Eastern Oregon, we feel that we can give satisfaction to all parties

**ENGAGED IN WOOL GROWING!**  
It shall be our aim, by honesty, fair dealing and strict attention to business, to merit the confidence of all who may favor us with their patronage. Our Commission is

**25 PER CENT!**  
Parties desiring advances on their Wool can apply at the Store of Messrs. Rothchild & Bean or R. Alexander & Co. in Pendleton, or to us at our office, in Portland, Or.  
**JACOB FRAZIER,**  
**J. L. SPERRY,**  
Feb. 9 1881.—Feb. 12-3m

**WALLA WALLA**  
**STEAM BAKERY!**  
MANUFACTURER OF  
**BREAD, CAKES PIES AND**  
all kinds of Cracker. Fire proof Building. I am now prepared to sell

**CRACKERS**  
Of every sort and description, at Bakers figures, having secured the services of an experienced workman from San Francisco. I have a full set of goods in my line of business. Give me your Orders and be Convinced.  
WALLA WALLA.

**STOLEN KISSES.**  
In silence and bath of a dream,  
With never a sound to be heard,  
But a touch of lips in the gleam  
Of the fire, and never a word  
The echo will ever repeat;  
Breaking the silence in twain  
"Stolen kisses are always sweet,  
And love is never in vain!"

For a kiss would a maiden weep  
From the charm of a dreamland sleep,  
And a touch of true love would break  
The power that the blue eyes keep,  
Forever the echo shall greet,  
Like a song of rippling rain,  
"Stolen kisses are always sweet,  
And love is never in vain!"

When hearts and lips have grown cold,  
And love lives but for an hour,  
When life's romance has been told,  
And kisses have lost their power,  
Then shall soft memory fleet,  
No more a dream to enchain;  
Yet "stolen kisses are always sweet,  
And love is never in vain!"

**HOW HE FOUND HER.**  
To begin with, my story will open in the year 1878. Place, on sailing vessel, at sea, part of conversation between Captain and first mate. The Captain expressed his desire of a second marriage to some lady of interesting and intelligent qualities.

The mate, a Virginian by birth and rearing, knew of such a one, and was sure the lady would suit the "skipper." The Captain in a seaman's blunt but honorable way requested him to write her, and say if she was willing he would pay her a visit and see for himself the beauty of a woman's features that had already been impressed on his mind by the description given him.

Only one short month passed before their arrival in port, a letter was found awaiting them containing a message, written in a lady's dainty hand, "I am willing, and would be glad to see him."

This frank acceptance was read with much pleasure, and a smile of future promise settled on this old sea warrior's face, admiration was at once in his soul, love light in his eyes, and devotion in his heart.

Although this fair intended, lady love he had never yet seen but a powerful devotion, one that was as strong and as staunch as his own ship's timbers swelled in his bosom for her.

When resting for the night in his stateroom his thoughts would revert to old Virginia where this strange sweet heart lived, and this aged sailor with many years of the world's rough experience, thought of her and wished the time for the visit would speedily arrive.

With Southern breezes the fleet sailing schooner, of many tons burden journeyed toward his then unthought of future home. Next morning in elegant but neat attire he started off with an acquaintance of both parties to pay this lady a visit. Arrived at her residence he was introduced and invited to walk in the parlor—thinking her he stepped in and nothing hot and refreshing—she seeming to trace her handiwork, all over it.

She came, followed by an interested conversation. He talked in his bold way, which interested his lately made acquaintance considerably.

She, with all the hospitality peculiar to her people, treated him as an old friend, requesting him to remain to dinner, and gaining from him his consent, soon afterwards introduced him to her parents. After dinner which was enjoyed by him, they spent most of the afternoon in conversing and fast did the moments fleet away. While talking he could not notice that the tangled skeins of love were faster and tighter drawing around him and fully realizing his condition, it pleased him.

He brought papers from prominent men of his own state, New York, and without comment handed them to her, she with the keen insight which only women understand, knew their import at once. She had all this time considered this, nothing but a farce and she one of the principal characters, and now, fully realizing the matter, proportion already assumed, and knowing full well by this, that the old seaman meant only business, she became somewhat excited and was not as calm and talkative as before. Soon after this feeling wore off and one of resolution settled in its place. The time had arrived for his departure. Satisfied that he had found one that would comfort him in his old age—which had already begun to cast its shadows over his path—a strong deep resolution was then registered in his heart that he would work to win her.

Requesting her to grant that he might write to her and that she would promise to answer his letters in her own original way. This she gave and he was fully convinced and confident it would be performed. He left happy, even delighted, thanking Him that rules all things with so generous a hand that He had given him the opportunity to come in contact with a man who had furnished the keynote of an introduction to an almost angel.

Arriving on board his vessel, the sails were hoisted, men happy after their rest, the bow of this noble vessel was turned to another port. And soon arrived within the harbor of the monumental City. Not long afterwards he was busily engaged in writing to Ida a letter full of pathos, promise and devotion from an aged manly heart.

This was quickly followed by another as full of new things as the world is full of—these proved extremely interesting to her and at this time there arose a feeling in her heart of hearts for this old veteran who seemed so devoted to her. His letter remained unanswered as directed by him, for he soon would again be with her. A few days only came and went when the vessel which had been the birth of an event that was to be of so much pleasure to two at least, appeared in a prominent harbor on the Chesapeake, then the home of an Ida. A few short hours only intervened after the dropping of the anchor, a boat was launched and came pulling for the shore. She met him and was pleased at the meeting, some had the "cheek" to say, she kissed him.

From her own talk you could easily discern that he was fast becoming a friend and lover to her. Every action of hers was so performed as to please him, while he was all devotion and kindness.

It has ever since been a pleasure to the writer, to think of the contrast between these two, that rumor said was to be joined by the holy bond of matrimony. This visit was of at least two days duration and well do I remember how well they looked as they strolled through the lanes and fields surrounding the old English, built Virginia house. One a perfect representation of young womanhood, the other the true type of a hale, hearty, generous old man.

At last another farewell for a short time was exchanged and all bade him good bye, she with reluctance. You could perceive that he hated to leave but was too much of a sailor to show it. A few days more found him at sea, he was lonely, so he wrote her, and when arrived in port far away, he penned her a letter so full of good intentions, noble resolutions and description of hours of loneliness, that it was really one of those letters that seems so dear as coming from one that has proven so extensively dear to us.

Its contents, was interesting and among them directions where to write. It was promptly answered. Soon he wrote to her again to watch for his arrival, and that his younger daughter Laura would accompany him, she being already a little older than his proposed wife. He came, his daughter also, introductions followed, and Laura expressed all the plans made by them, so heartily, that all were pleased with her grand qualities so magnificently displayed.

This visit was more pleasant and so it proved to him, more so than any of his former ones.

Three or four days of increasing pleasure, the entire household joining in, and then followed another parting for a while, both pledged anew their love and promises, and again he and his daughter took their leave. The daughter was to stop with a schoolmate in Washington. He remained there only a short time and started out to sea, promising to return for Laura and friend on his next trip. New York was reached, remaining there for a while and then leaving for more interesting quarters, arriving soon afterwards at Ida's home. A visit of a few days and business called him away. Laura changed her mind and with her friend left the city of "magnificent distances," and met her father in Baltimore.

Sailing from there taking more time than usual on account of adverse winds, he reached a harbor near the home of Ida. This time more pleased than ever before was he to see her, and all were tickled at the old sailor's choice.

Soon afterwards the marriage day was set and it was proposed that on his return the great event would come off. True to promise all the interested parties were present, and eight months from the date of the conversation at sea a girl of 21 became the wife and companion of an old sailor of 63.

A way remarked to find his age find hers, multiply it by three, and you have it.

This ends the poor description of a courtship that only a few years since transpired, and the parties concerned are still living as happy as the happiest, and prosperous as if the match had sprung from associations of childhood's happy days. Yours &c., MAR DA.

**A MARYLAND ROMANCE.**  
A history almost as sad and romantic as that of Romeo and Juliet is attached to Green Mount the well-known cemetery Baltimore, Md. The property was once owned by John Oliver, a wealthy English merchant. His only child, a beautiful girl of twenty, was loved by a young man whose only unfitness to become her husband lay in the fact that a personal feud existed between him and the girl's father. They met clandestinely, and planned an elopement. The father found it out, and gave orders to his servants to patrol the grounds by night and shoot all trespassers. Disguised in man's clothing, the girl attempted to escape, and was shot dead at the gate. Grief-stricken, her father erected a mausoleum upon the spot and deeded the entire property to the city for a cemetery.

The Seaside hotels at Clatsop and Unity are getting ready for the influx of Summer boarders.

**FROM THE CAPITAL.**  
[FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.]  
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 9, 1881.

Everything indicates a great many changes in the Interior department, Post Office, and the Attorney General's Office, at an early day. In the Treasury also the removals will probably be numerous, but it is thought Secretary Windom will postpone action for some time. In the War and Navy Departments the positions of importance are all filled by officers of the two branches of the service and the coming of a new administration makes no difference. A man once anchored in the State Department, and found efficient, is hardly ever disturbed except by death.

As an indication of what Secretary Kirkwood means to do or to recommend the President to do, action taken yesterday was significant. Congress having provided for eight \$2000 clerks, and many others at high pay, in the Pension Office, it was generally believed the Secretary would promote some of the old clerks to those fat places, but he did not. Every one named is a new man, and the eight at \$2000 rank any before in the office. This means reorganization, and, doubtless, the retirement of the present Commissioner, Bentley.

The newspaper joke of the week is the proposition to make Senator David Davis Collector of New York as a means of breaking the dead-lock in the Senate. As it is now said that neither the President nor Secretary Blaine will use any influence upon Republican Senators in the matter of going to the consideration of executive business, I do not see how the dead-lock is to be broken. Except Mr. Frye and Mr. Conger the ablest Senators of that party have now declared that the Republicans must "stick" until George Gorham and Riddleberger are elected Secretary and Sergeant-at-arms of the Senate. The Democrats are equally united in saying that these men shall not be elected, at least until the necessary business of the session is over. It is not a "party quarrel," but a petty one, but these dignified Senators can hardly retreat after taking so determined a stand.

The President has again found it necessary to limit the time during which he will receive visitors, and to renew the notice that all applications for office must be filed in the proper departments. Personal applications will receive no attention. Many of those office-seekers who weeks ago attacked the White House in person are now carrying on the war from a distance by means of the United States mails. All letters received by the President of this kind, are at once sent to the Cabinet officer of those departments they relate. This is the only way a President can act with propriety. He cannot examine into the merits, or "claims" of one in a thousand of the applicants. Mr. Hayes had a happy way of promising anybody anything, and then, perhaps, having his clerk hunting up a citizen's name in the directory, but there are objections to that system.

**TRAINING CIRCUS ELEPHANTS.**  
"How do you train elephants to do their funny business, standing on their head and all that sort of a thing?" a New Haven reporter queried. "Use the mechanic," exclaimed Mr. Hutchinson. "We put a band about the hind legs of an elephant when we want to teach him to stand on his head. Then we put a pillow under his head. At the other end of the tusk is another elephant, and when the word of command is given, off goes the elephant on the outside of the ring, and the fellow on the inside is obliged to stand on his head, whether he will or no. This is repeated until finally the beast knows what's wanted, and then at the word of command up he goes on his head. And it's so with all other tricks. It's persistence that does it." He explained further that when once they had recovered their instructions and were chained back in their places they would work at their tricks, apparently trying to perfect themselves in them. It is, Mr. Hutchinson says, much more amusing to see them than that at any other time.

**CONSUMMATE TACT OF A WOMAN.**  
A lady of London went into a restaurant the other day with her husband and a colley dog, the latter of which, in obedience to orders, got under the table while they lunched. The place was crowded and a young man was placed at their table. Scarcely had he begun his luncheon before he turned suddenly scarlet, and, after a hurried glance at her husband, gave the lady a look in which delight, impudence, and bashfulness were strangely mingled.

The lady was a lady of fact. "You need not be afraid," she remarked, "the dog does not bite." Lie still, Don.

The delight and impudence faded out of the young man's expression as he stammered:  
"Oh—I beg your pardon—I thought it was."

But at this moment the lady began an animated conversation with her husband, and the young man collapsed.

The fishing season has commenced around Astoria.

**A BRILLIANT SCENE.**  
Graphic Description of Hancock's Reception in the Senate.  
(Washington Correspondence Chicago Times.)  
At ten minutes of 11 occurred one of the most remarkable scenes of the morning. The pen of the historian will treasure up the incident as one of the most interesting attendant upon such an occasion. At the time stated the Senate was simply waiting. Lazy, languid people in the galleries were fluttering silken fans, or staring placidly through glasses, or without official aid, when, as suddenly as occurs any spectacular change in a theatre, without a word of warning, a side-door opened, and there entered, imposing, grand, stately, the perfect picture of manly dignity and real physical beauty, one of the real heroes of the day, Major-General Winfield S. Hancock. He was in his full uniform as Major-General. His stalwart figure filled out every fold of the heavy gold lace coat, until not a single wrinkle appeared. A broad yellow silk sash crossed his broad breast. He held in his left hand a richly-mounted sword. In his right hand he carried a cocked hat with a trailing black plume. By his side was the theatrical Blaine, who came as his adviser and friend to present him to the Senate. At the heels of the stalwart general followed the chief of his staff in full uniform. Mr. Blaine and Gen. Hancock advanced so swiftly that they were several steps along in the Senate Chamber before the spectators fully realized the arrival. Then there went up an hearty burst of applause as one could expect from kid-gloved hands and officials with a sense of duty to control them. There were no yells and tigerish cheers, but, nevertheless, the applause was so continued and honestly enthusiastic that it only needed some spark to have kindled a scene of wild excitement. Conkling was not to be outdone with his rival in theatrical honor. He was one of the first to seize General Hancock by the hand. He stopped him in the middle aisle of the Senate Chamber, and there for five minutes the Senators, without regard to party divisions, crowded about the glittering figure of the defeated Democratic champion. He towered head and shoulders over the tallest that crowded about him. He was so self-possessed and so modest in his reception of the honors paid him that his walk through the Senate Chamber was more like that given to a hero of victory rather than defeat. When he left the middle aisle to go to one of the seats of honor assigned him, Mrs. Pendleton, wife of General Hancock, was seated upon a huge Russian leather covered sofa just to the left of the place assigned to the Cabinet. There he sat, the observed of all observers, his countenance not betraying the least emotion of inattention during the entire proceedings in the Senate Chamber.

Some weeks ago the Gazette office received an acquisition in the shape of a blooded Scotch shepherd pup, aged about four weeks; but this item is not so much to record the somewhat unusual event of an editor receiving a present, as to mourn the total depravity which distinguishes a brute so young. A few days after being presented with the pup the editor had him out giving him an airing, and while doing so casually dropped into Mynleer Luke's brewery to discuss the weather, as even editors sometimes will. He had not then there very long when his attention was directed to his young canine protege, which was making such vigorous efforts to get his hide full of the stale beer that filled the dripping pan under the kegs, so as to make the oldest scabs blush. It was not long before a staggering and dead-drunk pup was swagging around the room, and the fraternity can alone appreciate the feelings of a bashful brother at being forced to lug through the streets this drunken specimen of canine femininity. However, his wounded feelings were somewhat soothed next day by the "awfully big head" that had come to the pup during the night. An old drunk couldn't have more persistently swilled water to cool his "coopers" than did that pup. The friskiness which usually distinguished him had flown, and instead an air of disgust, shame, vain regret and repentance prevailed. This state of affairs, however, only lasted until temptation again presented itself, when the old performance was again rehearsed, and since then it has become so frequent as to cause no comment. As we do not know of any temperance order within whose scope such cases of depravity come, we are at a loss as to what is the best course to pursue, and while trying to decide the pup continues its daily visits to the different dripping-cans, bumping beer, and getting more blue-eyed and unsteady on his pins every day.—Phoenix (A. T.) Gazette.

The Daily Astorian has enlarged to a seven column paper. We extend our hand to you, D. C., and hope you will continue to prosper.

**STREET-CAR RIGHTS.**  
The driver came in the car and set down to mend his whip. He had ten minutes' time. Gilhooly was in the car with both legs on the seat, waiting for the car to move out, so they conversed:  
"Do you own this Galveston railroad?" asked Gilhooly.  
"No, it's not me."  
"I thought you didn't. You don't look much as if you had ever been that kind of a philanthropist."  
"No, I ain't that kind of a billy-goat," observed the driver, still busy with his whip; "but then, there is something what misfortune may happen to me yet. Garfield used to warm the rear elevation of a mule on a canal, and Jay Gould used to be so hungry he didn't know where he was going to sleep. Two years from now I may have street cars to sell."  
"Well," said Gilhooly, "as there is great danger of your suddenly being a street-railroad magnate, I'll hurry up and give you a few points."  
"Of bear!"  
"No."  
"O, pahaw!"  
"In the first place, let me tell you that you have no right to make a man put his nickel, or anybody else's nickel in the box. It is contrary to the Constitution of the city of Galveston. A sure enough railroad that extends across the continent does not make a passenger put his fare in the box, but here a little railroad, a mile or so long, whose motive power is only a mule, makes the passenger put his fare in the box. When the passenger has taken his seat in the car, the company has the right to demand the fare of him, and if he refuses to respond, then the company has a right to call on the United States for troops and artillery to put him out, but if the company wants the passenger to collect the fare it should pay them a percentage for collecting and putting it in the box. Of course, there is nothing in the Civil Rights bill to prevent you putting up boxes to receive contributions. You can have them all over the car, and you can hang one around the mule's neck, and have another dangling from his tail. There is no law to prevent your ringing your bell and lawfully out to the passenger to come up and put in his fare, but if he hasn't time or would rather spell out the signs, you are liable to be arrested by the United States authorities for bulldozing colored voters if you eject them from the car. That's what the Barons contended for at Bunnymede with King John, but you don't remember him!"  
"Didn't he drive a street-car in Houston along in the Fall of last year?" asked the driver.—Galveston News.

**A FRANK REBEL.**  
The New York Times says: This story is often told and about Richmond of an interview said to have occurred just after Lee's surrender between Secretary Stanton and Major Drewry, commander at Drewry's Bluff at the time of the attack upon it by the Union fleet in May, 1862. The Major, who had been a dry-goods merchant in Richmond before the war, and who is a common sense man of the world, knowing that all further resistance was vain, went at once to Washington to see the Secretary of War. Very doubtful whether Stanton, always stern and usually overbearing, would see him if he knew his name and mission, he went into the Secretary's private office unannounced. In his presence the ex-rebel, without any preamble, said: "Mr. Secretary, I am Major A. H. Drewry of Richmond. I have fought against the Federals as well as I could for four years. But now the war is over, and I want to go to work again. I have hundreds of acres of wheat land on the James. They have been sadly neglected all this time, and they need my immediate attention. We have been whipped, and I have got sense enough to know it. Now that peace has come I want my pardon."  
"On what grounds?" inquired Stanton, severely.  
"First, on the grounds of having helped enough; secondly, because I have helped to improve your navy by showing you how poorly wooden ships are in action. After I had driven off the Galena, Arcostook, and the other vessels, you began to build iron boats, and made your navy what it ought to have been from the start. You owe me a pardon for the valuable information I furnished to your cause."  
Stanton relaxed as the Major went on, and, finally, pleased with it in candor and boldness, invited him to call the next day at a certain hour. Drewry was prompt. The two had a long talk, the Secretary gaining much needed information about the South, its condition and prospects, and handed the Virginian his pardon.  
The Major kept his word. He went to work immediately, and has continued to work ever since without troubling himself about politics or political theories. If more of the Southerners had imitated his example the South would be in a far better condition than it is today. He was, we believe, much blamed in Richmond for what was called his precipitance in suing for Federal favor, but the results have shown his wisdom, if not his patriotism.