

Table with 2 columns: Description of subscription rates (Year, Six Months, Three Months, Single Copies) and Price.

The East Oregonian.

VOL. 6.

PENDLETON, UMATILLA COUNTY, OREGON, MAY 6, 1881.

NO. 30.

Rate of Advertising, in Cents:

Table with 2 columns: Description of advertising rates (1 inch, 2 inches, 3 inches, 4 inches, 5 inches, 6 inches, 7 inches, 8 inches, 9 inches, 10 inches) and Price.

Notice in Local Column, 50 cents per line for first insertion. 10 cents per line each subsequent insertion. Advertisements payable quarterly.

THE EAST OREGONIAN Job Printing OFFICE. Pendleton, Oregon.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING. Of every description neatly and promptly executed at reasonable rates.

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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. Would respectfully call the attention of the public to their largely increased stock of GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

AT THE VERY LOWEST RATES. Their Stock will consist as heretofore of DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, CHINA, AND Glassware, Boots and Shoes, HATS and CAPS, Notions, Etc.

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

GRAIN AND HIDES. 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.

MAKING 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.

JACOB FRAZIER, J. L. SPERRY, Feb. 9 1881.—Feb. 12 3m.

WALLA WALLA STEAM BAKERY! MANUFACTURER OF BREAD, CAKES, PIES AND CRACKERS.

Of every sort and description, at Bedrock figures. Having secured the services of an experienced workman from San Francisco, I have to offer at the Walla Walla Bakery every sort of goods in my line of business. Give me your orders and be convinced. O. BRECHTEL, Walla Walla.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY. A land that man has newly trod, A land that only God has known, Through all the soundless cycles flow, Yet perfect blossoms bless the sod, And perfect birds illumine the trees, And perfect unbird harmonies, Four out eternally to God.

MY OWN SUICIDE. I had resolved to kill myself; there was no longer any doubt that Amelia was faithless to me.

Let me be sure of it—was it Amelia her name was? To think that she once held my life, as it were, in her little hand, and I can't recollect to save my soul what her name was.

Anyhow, whoever she was, she had proved false to me, and as I was very young at the time, I had promptly come to the conclusion to destroy myself.

My first intention was to go and blow out my brains all over the stair-carpet, but then I reflected that every one would know that Henrietta—come to think of it her name was Henrietta—had infatuated me and turned my head.

"No," said I to myself, "no scandal, no publicity! Let me imitate the wounded stag, which, to hide its fatal hurt, betakes itself to the most secret thickets, there to perish from all human eyes."

In this elegiac disposition I took the 5:30 train for Melan, which set me down just at dusk within a few steps of the Golden Lion, a very well kept inn with clean beds and a capital table.

"What will Monsieur have for supper?" said a charming little mistress. "Nothing—supper would be a mockery. Show me to my tomb—my room, I mean."

I retired to my couch but not to sleep. In my fevered dream I beheld Victoria—I am confident it was Victoria after all—passing, leaning upon the arm of my hated rival. I clutched madly at his breast and seized the iron railing of the bedstead, or the marble slab of the little table by the bedstead. I rose unrefreshed, but what of that—I was about to die—ha! ha! to die.

Having dressed myself I went in search of a rope. You may think that when a man wants to hang himself nothing is easier than to find a rope, but I had to hunt the hotel high and low before I found one.

"What on earth do you want of a rope Monsieur?" said the pretty mistress when she had found me one.

With the precious bit of hempen in my pocket I took my way towards a thick et not far from the hotel in a little wood whose paths were familiar to me. There was one lonely and gloomy copse there where I well knew my lifeless body would hang for weeks ere it was discovered.

Upon the road I thought of Bertha—I was wrong before; come to think of it it was Bertha—and cursed her with all the bitterness with which my soul was capable. I then tested my cord. It was not such an agent of self-destruction as I would have chosen had I an assortment from which to make a selection. It seemed to me short and not up to my weight. I was annoyed. You cannot tell how such a trifle like that will affect a person's temper at such a moment.

A further disappointment was in store for me. On arriving at the spot I had selected in advance I was disconcertingly surprised to find some one else there. An individual, whose back only I could see, was occupied in fastening a rope to the most eligible branch of my tree.

"Hello! What are you doing there?" I cried.

He turned. "What business is it of yours, anyway?"

"Bah; don't you think I know what you intended doing?"

"Well, and supposing I wanted to hang myself—it's my own funeral—suicide I mean."

I regarded him narrowly. He was a handsome and manly young fellow of about my own age, with a frank and winning countenance. He was deadly pale.

"This young man," said I, lifting my hands to Heaven, "was going to take his life—his own precious life—all for the sake of a worthless jilt."

"Sir!" he cried.

"Poor, silly fool," I went on, commencing with myself aloud, "he would undertake to defend her. All lovers are the same. Will you," I continued, "take my advice—the advice of a well-wisher? Just leave that cord there (it was a stouter rope than mine, I had observed) and go quietly home like a good fellow. When you are yourself you will thank me for having given you such good advice."

see the fellow had pre-empted the only eligible bough in the wood! "When you are dead it will be too late to change your mind."

"You speak to me without knowing what misfortune has happened to me. I can guess it."

"No, you cannot guess it. Sir, a woman that I loved; a woman whom—"

And he went on to tell me his story, which, singularly enough, was precisely like mine. The coincidence made me pause a moment to collect my thoughts.

"I see," said Charles (he told me in the course of his painful story that his name was Charles), "that your silence justifies me."

"By no means," I cried. (You will observe that it would not have been dignified for me to abandon at once my former position on the subject of suicide.) "There is nothing whatever in all that you have told me to justify you in taking your life. Come, my friend," said I, becoming really interested in this case, "come let us reason the matter out. Why should you complain because you have been unfortunate in love? Don't you know what the poet says?"

Since Winter first was snowy, Women have been false to their lovers from all time; women will be false to their lovers to all time.

"But no woman has ever been so false to her lover as this woman was to me."

"Let's of 'em have." "No; none could be."

"But I tell you thousands of 'em have. I know one whose conduct towards—towards an intimate friend of mine was—"

Why should you kill yourself because one pretty woman has played you false? Seek another one—a prettier one."

"In vain, in vain," he groaned, she was the only woman in the world that I cared for; the handsomest woman in all Paris, sir."

"O, bosh. I know of a hundred handsomer and more tender than she ever could be. You may think in the first moments of soreness that there are no other women in the world, but a month from now you'll be prepared to admit how silly it was to entertain such a thought."

My eloquence seemed so convincing and my position so sound that it was a pleasure to me to listen to myself. I went on:

"What good will it do you to hang yourself? Tell me, if you can, what useful purpose will be subserved. Either the woman has a heart, or she has not."

"If she has none—none." "Of course she has none. Therefore your death will only be agreeable to her—only flatter her. It is a big advertisement for a woman to have a man kill himself on her account. What will the public say—the boys! They'll say, 'Charles was an ass—a silly ass.' Yes, Charles, everybody will say you are a silly ass, and everybody will be right in saying so."

I waxed eloquent in point of fact, for some moments it had occurred to me that I was arguing my own case, pleading for my own life. I heaped fact upon fact, aided argument to argument, with such earnestness and closeness of reasoning that my friend Charles at last fell into my arms and cried, "You are right, you are right; bid me do whatever you would and I will obey you."

"All right," said I, "let us go and get some breakfast."

I brought him back to the Golden Lion. I was terribly hungry.

The table at which we seated ourselves was neatly set, and aided one's appetite by its snowy linen, its glittering glassware, its golden-brown levers, its yellow butter.

When a thick and juicy steak with potatoes had been served up to us, lapping our prisoned nostrils in the elysium of its appetizing odors and staining our knives with its vermeil essence, and we had tasted the first glass of some remarkably particular Bordeaux, we were rapturously silent, but our speaking eyes said—nay, shouted, "Well, life isn't such a bad thing after all."

"If I hadn't met you," said Charles, reaching across the table to squeeze my hand.

"If I hadn't met him," I thought, as I returned his cordial grasp.

"It was the most remarkable piece of luck I ever heard of," he continued; "I don't suppose that a human being is so good through that copse twice in a month."

I remained discreetly silent.

FEMINE POLITICS. What Mrs. Spoopendyke Learned Concerning the Dead-LOCK.

"My dear," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, holding a piece of lace to her overkirt and wondering whether she had better plait it on or full it in; "my dear, who is this Congressman Lock who has just died?"

"What Congressman Lock?" asked Mr. Spoopendyke.

"Why, I read in the paper this morning that they couldn't do any business because of the dead Mr. Lock. Did you know him?"

"That ain't a congressman," said Mr. Spoopendyke. "You read that there was a dead-lock in the senate. Wasn't that it?"

"Yes, and I read it all through, and when I found that Mr. Conkling felt so bad about it, I thought Mr. Lock must be congressman."

"No, he isn't either. The dead-lock means that the democrats and the republicans can't agree."

"Good gracious! Have they had another falling out? I shouldn't think the republicans would fight the poor democrats any more. What have they been doing now?"

"They haven't been doing anything. Senator Mahone, of Virginia went over to the republicans, and—"

"I see," interrupted Mrs. Spoopendyke, "and Mr. Conkling won't have him confirmed. Though I can't understand why they should interfere with Mr. Mahone's religion. If the poor man wants to join the church—"

"Who wants to join the church? Who's a church? Think Mr. Conkling's a bishop? Got an idea he's an altar? Spose he's a dod gasted chapel with ivy all over him, a spike fence and a chime of bells! It's Stanley Matthews he don't want confirmed."

"I read about him, too," rejoined Mrs. Spoopendyke. "He's Mr. Garfield's collector, isn't he?"

"No, he ain't. That's Judge Robertson, Mr. Garfield want's Judge Robertson for collector, and Mr. Conkling is opposed to him."

"I don't see why he should be. Though of course I should suppose Mr. Garfield would rather have a man like Mr. Mahone who is going into the church."

"Where's your sense?" snorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "Why d'ye get things mixed up! Trying to make a grab bag of prominent Americans! Stanley Matthews is a senator and Robertson is appointed collector, but, like Matthews, hasn't been confirmed. Can you see through that?"

"Of course, I understand that, but I don't see any excuse for fighting the democrats unless they think that Mr. Robertson would collect money from Mr. Mahone, and Mr. Matthews would send him to jail. In that case it—"

"In that case it would take you to straighten 'em out!" squealed Mr. Spoopendyke. "What are you trying to get up now, an idiot asylum! Are you planning for a murder and trying to get an insanity plea! What d'ye think Robertson's going to collect, hens! Got a notion that Matthews is a Penitentiary and setting around to be leashed out! Imagine Mahone to be the national debt! Well, they ain't, they're men I tell ye. Men with legs, and Mr. Spoopendyke kicked out both his own foot handles by way of illustration. He says he shan't be confirmed, but he is a friend of Mahone's."

"That's what I didn't see," said Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I am glad Mr. Mahone will be confirmed, though I don't care for Mr. Matthews and Mr. Robertson. It will teach them to repent their sins and fly into the face of Providence. I'm glad Mr. Conkling is a good Episcopalian."

"Oh! he's a prayer book!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke. "You've found him out. You've got him! All he wants is a red cushion and a rack nailed up in front of him to be a dod gasted mourner's bench! Didn't I say he was a senator? Do you know what a senator is! It's something shaped like a pie! Understand it now!"

"And is Mr. Mahone a senator, too?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, a new light dawning upon her.

"No, he ain't a senator!" grunted Mr. Spoopendyke; "he's a lightning rod to keep howling idiots from falling overboard. Begin to see into it! And they want him confirmed, so if he finds any dod gasted old female named Spoopendyke slopping into a canal, he'll slam a church on top of her! Got the idea?"

"Upon my word, my dear," remonstrated Mrs. Spoopendyke, "you talk extravagantly. Mr. Mahone may fight democrats, but he would never go around throwing churches at women. I don't know Mr. Mahone, but I don't believe he would do a thing of that kind. As for Mr. Matthews and Mr. Robertson they know their business best; but if they have abused Mr. Conkling, I would never read one of Mr. Matthews' decisions, and Mr. Robertson might call here every day for a month, and he could never even collect the paper bill. I don't think it's right to trust such men with the contribution box, and I know the missionary ladies would never permit him to collect the subscriptions."

"That's it!" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke. "There's the science of government! All you want now is a saloon in the basement to be the national capital! What you need is a gas meter and a veto to be an improved White House! When Robertson comes here for the milk bill, you pay him, hear! And when Matthews is justice of the peace for Brooklyn, you have Conkling arrested for stealing coal, you hear! That'll fetch it! You've got the idea now! All you want to do is to live all Summer in the Soldiers' Home to be a complete administration! If I had your vision I'd get up on three sticks and hire out as a telescope."

"Of course I'll do what you say," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke submissively, "and if Mr. Conkling should take some of our coal, unless it was by mistake, I should certainly feel like complaining of him. If Mr. Robertson comes I will pay him, though the milk is not as good as the first we got. Perhaps Mr. Matthews will fix that when he gets to be justice. Do you think Mr. Mahone will come, too?"

"Come!" shrieked Mr. Spoopendyke, "of course he'll come. He's liable to be here any minute. He's a burglar, I tell you, and he may come over the back fence to-night! Look out for him—I think I hear him now!" and Mr. Spoopendyke fell clear over himself in bed and pulled the clothes over his head.

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"Now I understand why they have a dead-lock," mused Mrs. Spoopendyke, pushing the table against the door as a precaution against the marauding Mahone, and then examining a pimple on her elbow; "it's because these ambitious Senators and collectors and justices and burglars fight these poor Democrats all the time. I suspected there would be no trouble when Mr. Garfield beat Mr. Arthur for the presidency. For my part I would rather be Gen. Grant and get all the money, though I don't see what he wants of it, now he has sold out the World's Fair, and Mrs. Spoopendyke crawled into bed, wondering how she was to tell Mr. Mahone from Mr. Robertson, and whether Mr. Conkling would be content with what he could carry, or if he might not also demand her new chudda cloth dress, with cut steel buttons.

HE HAD NO MOTHER.

The other day, when a stern and dignified judge ordered a prisoner at the bar to stand up and offer objections, if he had any, to being sentenced to prison for a long term of years, the prisoner rose and said, "I never had a mother to shed tears over me."

His words entered every heart in the courtroom. He was a rough, bad man, in the middle age of life, and had been convicted of burglary, but every heart softened towards him as his lips uttered the words. He felt what he had said, and tears rolled down his cheeks as he continued: "If I had had a mother's love and a mother's tears, some one to plead with me and pray for me, I should not now be what I am. Ah! That's it! There is a power in a mother's love, in her tears, pleadings, and prayers, whose influence is hardly so to be realized. God pity the lad who has no home to go to—no mother to whom he can tell his griefs and troubles—no mother to put her arms around his neck and beseech Heaven to keep him pure. There is no heart like a mother's. Her child may wound it again and again—yes, pierce it; with a sword—and its last pulsations will still beat with love for the ingrate. It is the first to excuse his faults, the last to condemn. The man who looks back over his childhood and his youth, regrets nothing so much as that he has brought tears of sorrow and sadness to a fond mother's eyes. Every tear a mother sheds over a wayward child is recorded in the great book, and he shall answer for it."

SNAREBIOLOGY.

It only takes a small thing at times, says the Washington Capital, to turn the current and whole destiny of a man's life. "See that gentleman yonder?" observed a friend the other day; "he's a new member of Congress, and a man of very great ability. I want to tell you about him. Fifteen years ago we were living in the same county and practiced law before the same courts. He had all the business he could manage, but he took to drinking, and gradually went down. We all felt a deep sympathy with him, because he was too good to throw away, and we decided to try the old plan on him. So four of us got together, and moved off toward the nearest barroom, where we knew we should find him. 'Come on in, Tom, and have something,' we said. 'Don't care if I do. Give me some of the same.' While we were talking one of our party managed to drop a small fishing-worm into his glass. We all drank but Tom. He took up his glass, looked at it carefully, then put it down. We rallied him on his cowardice, and he made another desperate effort, but he couldn't lose sight of that worm. 'What's the matter, Tom? Why don't you drink?' After a vacant stare he said: 'Well, I ain't thirsty,' and walked toward the door. I have been told, and believe it, that it was his last. He broke off from that day, and his natural talents shot up again like a cork. Here he is now."

The meekest woman on record is the one who boiled codfish in a fire-proof safe to keep her neighbors from getting a smell.

MANORISM. For the benefit of some of our Republican friends who seem to think Mahone is the choice of the Democrats of Old Virginia we print the following from the Leesburg (Va.) Mirror, published in Mahone's county:

DESERTING MAHONE.—Mr. T. H. Murphy, a prominent Readjuster of Rockingham county, Va., has written a letter declining to act as a Readjuster committeeman for his precinct, to which he was recently appointed. Mr. Murphy, in his letter, states that he has been a Readjuster since 1872, and voted for the Mahone electoral ticket last Fall, "believing it, however, to be a simon-pure Democratic ticket," and concludes:

"But while I have been and am still a Readjuster, I have always been a Democrat, and when I find the recognized leader of the Readjustment party, Gen. Mahone, a man whom I have followed almost blindly, deserting the Democratic party and voting with the Radical party on party questions in the Senate of the United States; when I find the leaders of the July electoral ticket and its organs last Fall openly endorsing Mahone's course and coalescing with the Radical party, and one of these leaders and an elector at large on the July electoral ticket, accepting a nomination at a Radical caucus; when I find the Radical organs everywhere applauding Mahone's desertion; when I find that Readjustment has been prostrated into a scramble for office, and that it means now an alliance with Radicalism and an effort to radicalize the State, I am forced to declare, as a Democrat, I will have nothing to do with the Readjuster Radical party, and I have no idea any sincere Hancock man who voted the July electoral ticket in the late presidential election will follow Mahone into the Radical party. As to the State debt question, I must express the hope that the Democratic convention in August will adopt a platform upon which all Democrats who have the settlement of the question truly at heart can unite, and that all will come together in an effort similar to that of 1869 to save Virginia from Radical supremacy and negro domination, now threatened by the desertion and treachery of Mahone and his co-office-seekers."

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va., April 4.—The Readjusters met here on Saturday to nominate county officers. The meeting was small and without enthusiasm. The late action of Mahone has greatly weakened the party in this section. An attempted coalition between the colored Republicans and the Readjusters failed and the latter finally nominated a straight out ticket. To-day Messrs. Edans and Drury Burnley resigned and declined to represent the party as its nominees.

WHAT MADE THE MULE GO.

A gaunt and wicked-looking mule, belonging to a countryman, balked in River street yesterday afternoon, and the usual crowd gathered to offer advice and suggest plans for moving the animal. Various expedients were tried such as twisting his tail and putting dirt into his eyes, ears and mouth; but he retained his composure and refused to notice the treatment of the operator even with a kick. They were about to build a fire under him when a saloon keeper in the neighborhood offered to bet \$5 that he could make him "get," and there being no takers, concluded to do it just for the sake of showing his knowledge of mules. He took from his pocket a flask of River street "angle-foot" and poured a little into the passive mule's mouth. In a second afterward there was blank astonishment in every feature of that animal countenance, and the next instant he humped himself and shot down the street as with the intent of eclipsing St. Julian's record. The owner watched him for a moment, and then turning to the bottle holder, said: "Mister, if that stuff ain't to pizen strong I'll take a drop of it in my mouth, for I've got to catch that mule."

AN ECCENTRIC WOMAN.

Every day some fresh fact proves that no one can draw a line between eccentricity and insanity. A woman has just died in Berlin at the age of 82, who for nearly half a century had lived in almost utter seclusion, a solitary female servant being the only human being with whom she had held any personal communication. This strange being, who is supposed to have been crossed in love, was rich and never denied herself any luxury for which she cared, but she never allowed her house or furniture to be cleaned. She lay in bed all day, rising just at dusk, and spent the night in preparing sumptuous meals for herself and her companion. She was surrounded by dogs, cats and birds, and she caused every new work on zoology to be purchased for her as soon as it was published. After her death it was found that she had left a handsome legacy to her servant, and all the rest of her property to a grandniece in England, to revert after the latter's death to an asylum for dogs. For many years she wore a boot and on the other she wore a dress and on the other a shoe, and her hands were encased in gloves day and night.