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LAND AGENCY! DWIGHT & BAILEY. General Land Agents, Notaries Public and REAL ESTATE BROKERS.

ROBBINS & HOUSER, NEW MEAT MARKET, COURT STREET.

HAVING JUST OPENED IN OUR NEW SHOP, we offer for sale the choicest Beef, Pork, Veal & Mutton.

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.

GRAIN AND HIDES. CASH PAID FOR WOOL.

LOOK! NEW MEN IN CAMP! FRAZIER & SPERRY!

Wool Commission House. No. 107 North First St., PORTLAND.

ENGAGED IN WOOL GROWING! Parties desiring advances on their wool can apply at the Store of Messrs. Rothchild & Bean.

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

THE ORIGIN OF MAN.

Before the beginning of years, There came to the making of man Grief, with a glass that ran; Pleasure, with pain for heaven; Summer, with flowers that fell; Remembrance fallen from Heaven, And maddest death from hell; Strength without hands to seize; Love that endures to a breath; Night, the shadow of light, And life, the shadow of death.

And the high Gods took in hand Fire, and the falling of tears, And a measure of shining sand From under the feet of the years; And took and dust of the sea, And dust of the laboring earth, And lodges of things to be In the house of death and of birth; And wrought with weeping and longing, And fashioned with longing and love, With life before and after, And death and sleep in the above, For a day and a night and a sorrow, That his strength might endure for a span, With travail and heavy sorrow, The holy spirit of man.

A THRIVING COUNTRY.

It is a pleasant little town in Oregon, where I am writing, containing nearly 1,000 inhabitants. It is cozily situated near the foot hills of the mountains surrounding it, which protects it from the coldest blasts of Winter and from the fiercest winds of Summer.

I have just arrived and intended my stay to be of short duration. Came here to see a young lady who had lately captivated a favorite cousin of our family. I have seen her, found her to be much more than she had been represented. A true daughter, and was now a noble wife.

My cousin was glad to see me and in his old way grasped my hand, I could see the influence that my presence had, he like I, was glad to see a familiar face again in his expression the thoughts of other days—when we wandered together—our school life—our prayers which were nightly said—his religious attitude, his thoughts of the dear old mother seemed plainly visible—while I was wondering of my father—her brother.

I have been here a week now and I find the free life of the Western country is drawing around me—its influence I cannot resist—while the faces of its fair daughters seem more perfect than all, except—I will not say I have ever before seen.

The ways of the people are filled with happiness and all seem on the road of prosperity. I have not as yet seen the brave red man with his tomahawk. I have seen the common Indian with his hideous features and heard his dialect from his own lips. I am ignorant of his expressions, he points at his mouth and exclaims, "muck a muck." I expect he is trying to make me believe he is going to swallow me—he no doubt has the capacity as I have heard they are splendid eaters.

Here comes a wife or rather I saw of one of these "not to be spoken of" and she wedded at night with somebody's blanket by face against a most serious expression, for they point at me and seem interested in my welfare—a dime novel of younger days looms up in my mind—"A noble Indian stands before me etc," "I don't see it," and forthwith, I leave the scene. I go then to my cousin's home, he has been here a year. Of course he knows part of their language and with the assistance of his wife I am somewhat the wiser. I begin to think now this is a much better country than I expected to find. I had been told I would find a wild, unbounded wilderness, inhabited by a rough, coarse, ignorant set of people. I have found a God's country, natural, full of curiosities of nature, scenes of grandeur, and the best of all, plenty of pure air, and abundance of room, a kind generous people; happy, contented and very expectant. I am surprised at their very long rides, such bands of sheep, herds of cattle and enormous numbers of horses, (not many mules or hogs).

I must not forget to mention the kind of birds that made a raid this year—they were very numerous and like the Indians good "feeders." They have disappeared again, after doing considerable damage, but at the same time the farmers were not discouraged, they did their grubbing, but went to work like men expecting to make up for their loss in the next year. Since writing the above I have taken a ride up in the mountains; I have seen the Indians in their homes; the fountain head of the rushing downward little river; the deep ravine so well filled with dead, for when you look down in them you shiver at the fate of a person falling over the brink.

I have also seen the mountain forest, the big trees, the snow capped mountains which in their formation there is so much grandeur and magnificence; I have been in the hunter's and frontiersman's rude huts, I have talked with his happy and pleasant wife, and their healthy and well behaved children, so innocent in their wild retreat so far from tainted society. More than all I have seen the daughter, 16 or more summers she has lived and in her beauty she is not at all concealed. I look at her and wonder what the Eastern girls would do if they saw her. Such complexion, such a glow of health, and a walk as graceful as any woman's; as true footed as the average hunter, and not afraid of a bear, let alone a mouse. No wonder the mountain boys are jealous of their queen, and look upon us fellows as their enemies and invaders of their country. We cannot be so cruel as to rob you of one of your joys. Although the thought at first sight entered our head, we are journeying toward home now and still we are thinking of our mountain acquaintance, we have already proposed another journey in a week, our excuse is on business. All thoughts of returning East have left our minds, and we are thinking this is the only country. Our lives have become much smoother since living here, as we now do what we please and in a way to suit ourselves without meeting with the disapproval of more knowing individuals. Every day there are new arrivals and they seem tickled also with their surroundings. Four months have elapsed since my arrival, still I am pleased and hope that I have pleased. I have had much pleasure since living here. I have been written for, but when I had half a mind to do so, but when settling down to thought, I find too many advantages here to exchange for the lesser number there. For days of exquisite summer weather have succeeded those which were so pleasant and this has added another charm of living here. From this country nature supplies a sumptuous feast, for far away in the distance the hills are wooded and the air is fragrant with the sweet smell of flowers and again by the nearer hills and woods that vie with the emeralds in their varied shades. Today is one of summer, the heat has passed and a sweet evening follows, not a cloud is in the sky to mar the brightness of a single star. The air is ever soft and refreshing, I also hear the sweet singing of some fair neighbor.

surprised that it would be so pleasant. It is a lovely morning; quite one year ago I came; my stay has been of much benefit. I have learned something. The last drops of a radiant shower have just fallen, and "nature is smiling through her tears" as a poet says, one of our happy maidens in the sparkling face of her lover, who suddenly and unexpectedly has brought her joyful tidings, or asked her the much wanted question—"will you have me?" etc.

The birds are flying hither and thither carrying their prettiest songs, and singing rays of sunlight on their wings to illuminate their summer's home, in preparation. The "citizens of the woods" are busy and proud of their doings; they twitter and chirp, and exchange glad greetings, as they fly hither and thither, and when they rest from their "labor of love" on the trees they seem to be sitting in bell shaped thrones of emerald, while the dew upon the flowers of the birch glitters like drops of molten gold in the eye of the sun.

The whole country is happy now, I have lived an entire year here, I have seen the round of the season. I am satisfied. More so than I ever expected. Nature has done her share, her lovely and beautiful climate has repaid the expense and trouble of a year's sojourn. Reader—those who are strangers remember that if you wish to better your home, come where the people are happy, where the country is new and where the inhabitants are glad to greet you, such a country is Eastern Oregon.

DEEL WITH RATTLENAKE JIM

A young man who had imbibed strange ideas of the customs of the West made the acquaintance of a company of young residents. A scheme was concocted to perpetrate a joke on the stranger. He was introduced to three notorious characters—Rattlesnake Jim, Kokoma John and Poison Jack—outlaws and desperadoes, the terror of the mountains. A dispute was provoked with the stranger, and in a twinkling, a challenge was given and he was in readiness according to the code of honor. At the signal both pistols were discharged, the young man from the East exhibiting undimmed nerve. Neither shot was effective and the principals again took their position. At the word the pistols were discharged the second time. Both men stood their ground; no blood had been spilled. Neither being satisfied a third shot was demanded and the white handkerchief was again held up and dropped. This time Rattlesnake Jim reeled, and with the words "I'm struck," and fell to the ground. His friends rushed to his side. The surgeon declared that an ugly wound had been received in the right arm. When the young adversary of the terror of the wilderness came up the wound had been dressed, and red bandages covered the wound. At first the stranger regarded his cruel work unmoved, but gradually his stolid demeanor changed, his stern features relaxed and he exhibited evidences of remorse. He urged that all join him in a wine supper. The invitation was accepted and the company returned to the city. The supper was had that evening, even the wounded man being present. The principal factors in the duel were blank cartridges and red ink.—Denver Tribune.

HOW TO CURE A COLD.

A medical journal tells how one man was cured of a cold: "He boiled a little wormwood and horehound together and drank freely of the tea before he went to bed. The next day he took five pills, put one kind of plaster on his breast, another under his arm, and still another on his back. Under attack from an experienced old lady he took all these off with an oyster knife in the afternoon, and slapped on a mustard plaster instead. Then he put some hot bricks to his feet and went to bed. Next morning another old lady came in with a bottle of goose oil, and gave him a dose of it on a quill, and an aunt arrived at the same time with a bundle of sweet fern, which she made into tea and gave him every half hour until noon, when he took a big dose of salts. After dinner his wife, who had seen a fine old lady of great experience in two pillars in Hyde street, gave him two pills of her own make, about the size of a walnut and of similar shape, and two tea spoonfuls of home-made balsam to keep them down. Then he took a pint of hot rum, at the suggestion of an old sea captain visiting in the next house, and steam his legs in an alcohol bath. At this crisis two of his neighbors arrived, who saw at once that his blood was out of order, and gave him a half a gallon of spiced mint tea and a big dose of castor oil. Before going to bed he took eight of a new kind of pills, wrapped about his neck, a dannel soaked in vinegar and salt, and had feathers burned in a towel in his room. He is now cured and full of gratitude.

OLD GRIZZLY'S NOTION OF WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

To the ladies I make my best bow—and present the following for their consideration: All women ought to be true Christians. None but a true Christian woman can raise a family of children successfully. Remember those children are to be future American people. The guardianship of the honor and integrity of the greatest nation on earth will be theirs. No matter how humble the citizen, may be, they all have an interest in the Government. Suppose for argument's sake Christianity is all a myth? Can you cite to me any religion since the world commenced rolling that tends to make people healthy, wealthy or wise, and something to cling to in death. All your ethics leave just at the time they ought to cling to you, that alone ought to convince the sceptic of a God and Savior. What has Christianity done for woman? View the nations of heathendom. As good an example as you will, look at the squaws, but they are a hundred per cent better than the so-called heathen nations. The squaws try to imitate the Christian women here but in heathendom they have not that chance. True, the missionaries are doing their work. Christ takes woman by the hand and elevates her up to be a help meet for man, not the drudge and slave, but proud man's equal, to share his joys and pleasures here below and better still the untold glories of that great hereafter. But to the question of so called women's rights, (all a humbug) gotten up by so called strong minded women to fence the weak out of their valuable time and money. Better stay at home and tend to the children who love you much, than run after any such delusive stuff. We have seen and read a great deal about the heroism and deeds of women, but don't you forget it these are the exceptions.

As an Outlandish Cast.

As the Anti-lift-your-hat Association has not succeeded in putting an end to the alleged politeness of hat raising, it might be well to start a How-to-raise-your-hat-to-a-lady Society. If the hat must be raised, it should be lifted gracefully. The present style of saluting a feminine acquaintance seems to be to grab the hat by the rim, give it a terrific yank downward, and then replace it with a jerky, undignified motion. Sometimes a man jerks down his hat and seems almost to crack it as he would a whip, scarcely looking at the piece of feminine glucose he is passing. Some men, who are observers of trifles, think the hat itself takes on some elegance when its wearer knows how to properly elevate it.

Why He Didn't Go.

The superintendent asked me to take charge of a Sunday school class. "You'll find 'em rather a bad lot," said he. "They all went fishing last Sunday but Little Rand. He is really a good boy, and I hope his example may redeem the others. I wish you would talk to 'em a little." I told him I would.

They were rather a hard looking set. I don't think I ever witnessed a more elegant lot of black-legs in my life. Little Johnny Rand, the good boy, was in his place, and I smiled on him approvingly. As soon as the lessons were over, I said, "Boys, your superintendent tells me you went fishing last Sunday—all but little Johnny here. You didn't go, did you Johnny?" I said, "No, sir."

"That was right. Though this boy was the youngest among you," I continued, "you will learn from his own lips words of good counsel which I hope you will profit by."

I lifted him up on the seat beside me, and smoothed his auburn ringlets. "Now, Johnny Rand, I want you to tell these wicked boys why you didn't go fishing with them last Sunday. Speak up loud, now. It was because it was wicked, and you had rather go to the Sunday school—wasn't it?" "No, sir, it was 'cos I couldn't find no worms for bait."

A Young Hermit.

Adjoining this city to the west, bordering Lake Michigan, is a long range of very high sandhills, covered with scrub timber and entirely uninhabited, one hundred acres or more. Yesterday old man Forbes went into the heart of this uninhabited spot to hunt up hoop-poles, and was suddenly astonished by discovering a young man apparently, who, on seeing the old man, fled, plunged into a hole in the side of the hill. He was brought here to jail and on being interviewed related the following story, in substance: "Name, August Blankt; Swede by birth; age, 23; lived many years near Portor station; came here from Chicago in October last; I resolved to retire to the sandhills and lead the life of a hermit." His novel home was dug out in the side of the sandhill, with a small aperture for entrance, facing the bleak winds of the lake, the rooms inside being about seven feet square and sided up with slabs. A rude bench was the only furniture. He had constructed a rude stove of pebbles from the seashore, with chimney of some material, put together with some kind of plaster. These being no aperture for smoke to escape he was very much colored. A small batch of corn meal was his supply of provender, with no bedding save a blanket or two. For four months he had resided here in voluntary hermitage, and says he will return there when released.

Water and Silicate.

Some experiments have lately been made in London in extinguishing fires with water and sodium silicate. Two pipes of lumber, each nine feet long, seven feet high, and four feet deep, were filled in with straw, well saturated with petroleum and benzine, in equal quantities, and ignited. After burning for five minutes operations were commenced by throwing water on one and sodium silicate on the other. In the course of about one minute the fire treated with the silicate was extinguished, while that treated with water did not give in for about four minutes. And it was further found that about twelve gallons of the silicate and twenty-two gallons of water had been used.

Fine Little Girl, That.

The following is told of a well-known "beauty lady," who is happy in the possession of a little girl about five years old. No longer ago as pretty as her mother. Not long ago an elderly, eminently respectable gentleman made an afternoon call, and, as elderly gentlemen often do, he took up the child and kissed her. "You must not do that," said the child, struggling. "What do you mean, my dear?" asked the astonished visitor. "Oh, that's what mamma always says when gentlemen kiss her," replied the artless infant.

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STRANGE OCCURRENCE AT SEA.

Commander Allan D. Brown, of the Torpedo Station, Newport, R. I., says that on June 11, 1875, at 3.30 miles south of Panama, he saw a man-of-war hawk and a school of bonitos in pursuit of a school of flying fish. As one of the latter came out of the water, closely pursued by his enemy, the hawk swooped down not fifty yards from the ship, but missed his prey, the fish apparently turned from its course to avoid him. A second attempt was more successful, and the hawk flew off with the flying fish in its talons. The whole affair, the writer says, was plainly seen.