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The East Oregonian.

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Glassware, Boots and Shoes, HATS AND CAPS, Notions, Etc.

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LOOK! NEW MEN IN CAMP!

FRAZIER & SPERRY! The undersigned having opened a WOOL COMMISSION HOUSE.

MADE ALVAN ES. Threats 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...

JACOB FRAZIER, J. I. SPERRY. Feb. 9 1881.—Feb. 12-20.

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

Of every sort and description, at reduced 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.

THE WILD, WHITE BOSS.

"Oh that I might have my request, and that God would grant me the thing I long for." Job vi. 8.

It was going through the beams that little, wild, white boss, where the hawthorn hedge was planted.

It was in vain I strove to reach it, the tangled mass of green; it only smiled and nodded behind its thorny screen.

Who was the traitress? A STORY OF THE MOONSHINERS IN THE MOUNTAINS OF TENNESSEE.

Captain James Peters, riding home from a raid into the moonshine country, stopped at Jared's store, and asked for a drink.

"No moonshine in this store, you see, captain," remarked Mr. Jared.

"Humph!" and the captain's keen eyes glanced toward the loungers in and about the store.

"I was just a speakin' of the Jareds," said the man in a half-whisper.

"You needn't lie to me," said she harshly, "I've found you out. You're up the Cumberland spinn' for wild-cat stills. I'll take you to one."

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"You could take these girls of yours to Nashville, an' people in the streets would follow them for their good looks. An' that's heaven's own truth. All yo' family!"

"No, 'bout these goods," said the peddler; "if you could put me up for a few days, we might make a trade. I'm as tired as a lame horse, and wouldn't want nuthin' better'n to rest right here."

"Well, I won't be a stranger longer'n I can help," said the agreeable peddler. "My name is Pond, Marcus Pond, Nashville boy; but a rollin, stone you know. I've peddled books and sewin'-machines, and no end of a trap generally. Fond of traveling you see; but just as steady as old Time. Never drink when I travel; promised my mother I wouldn't."

"It's a good thing," said mother Bleylock, with energy. "I do despise to see a fuddled man. Whisky ain't good fur nuthin' but ter fatten hogs on."

"The peddler grew practical again. 'Well it's nothin' more'n some way to make a livin'.' Now, say I married a sweet girl up the Cumberland, and made a little crop. It's too far to git it to market. I might turn it into whisky, but lately government's turned meddler, an' is a-speakin' stills right an' left through the country."

"They do hide 'em sometimes," said Eliza, in a half-whisper, "so't a blood-hound could hardly scent 'em. An' a very good business it is, and the hogs live on the mash."

"Do you know of any such still, my little darlin'?" But she drew back a little. "Ef I do know of any," she said, "I've promised not to tell of 'em."

"Not to the man as is goin' to be your husband?" And blushing, but resolute, Eliza filled her pail and started for the house.

Under the water Janey clinked her hands. "Dick was right," she thought; "and I see his game. He's a spy, and Eliza's a fool."

"She knew that she had heard enough to justify her lover in his suspicions, enough to put them all on their guard. A passionate exultation fired her blood as she thought of the service she should render Dick Oscar, his praise, the reward of his rude kisses."

But, alas for Janey! Something had ruffled her sweet-heart's temper when next the met. Before she could approach the subject of which she was so full, stinging words had passed between them.

"Dick," said Janey, hoarsely, "d'ye mean that you're going back from your word, that you ain't goin' to marry me?"

"I want to speak to you," said Janey that night to the peddler. "Can you git up in th' mornin' befo' th' folks is a stirrin'?"

"Of course I can, when it's to meet a gal like you."

Privately he wondered at her pallor and lurid eyes.

Morning came. As the stars were drowsily getting out of the sun's way Janey and the peddler met by the spring.

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black hair mightily," said the peddler. Eliza blushed. "We'er just country girls, you know. Mr. Pond, we don't have many pretty things. Seems 's if the boys don't have any money left after buyin' the sugar, and flour, and molasses and things."

"Meat, I s'pose," said the practical peddler. "No; we raise our own meat. Pa has a powerful lot of hogs."

"But I expect you don't take much interest in country life Mr. Pond?" "Why, my dear"—and Mr. Pond slipped his arm around Eliza—"I'd like the best in the world to settle down in a country just like this. A fellow gets tired trampin' around. But I'd want two things to make me happy."

Eliza looked at him with happy confidence. "First, a little wife 'at was gentle in her ways, and a good religious girl, an' one with black hair to set off the pink ribbons I'd buy for her, and a fleet foot and a red mouth."

Here Mr. Pond came to a full stop with a kiss. "And the other thing?" with a bright blush.

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lock boys, the father, and young Oscar. They were hard at work, and surprised, were handcuffed without the firing of a gun.

Who so crest-fallen as the toiling, moiling moonshiners! Who so jubilant as the long-whiskered captain! He would have said a psalm had he known how. As it was, he chewed a great deal of tobacco, and unbuttoned his flannel shirt for expansion.

The prisoners were halted at the Bleylock cabin for baggage and good-byes. They were to go to the penitentiary.

Mrs. Bleylock and Eliza wept and moaned their fate; but Janey was still, her brown lids veiling the dull fire of her eyes.

"Janey, my girl, said Oscar, drawing her apart, "I spoke up rough to you 'other day. But don't you mind it. 'Twarn't nuthin' but jealousy."

Her eyes softened. Mountain pinks, as well as some fine ladies consider jealousy as a tribute to their charms. "Perhaps I'll never come back," said he.

She seized him by the arm. "Dick, what can they do to you?" "Dunno. Most likely I'll kill some-body tryin' to git away, and be strung!" Janey burst into tears.

"Shouldn't wonder 'f you married one of the Jareds," he said, piling on the gloom.

"Dick Oscar, I promised to marry you, an' I don't go back from my word."

"No, an' I don't," cried Dick. "There ain't as pretty a shaped girl as you on the Cumberland, an' ef I ever I do git back—"

He whispered the rest in Janey's ear, and she clung to him, blushing a deep deep rose.

"'S jest one thing I want to know," said old Bleylock, as they tramped to Nashville; "how'd you find us?"

The captain laughed. "Been entertainin' a peddler, havn't you? Which one o' your gals'd he make up to?"

Fathers and brothers swore. Dick Oscar nodded to his discernment, with human triumph.

A few days later a young girl walked into Nashville, who had never been in a city before. She asked but one question—the way to the Governor's house. That accessible mansion was readily found; doors were swinging open; and, announced by a sleepy dandy, Janey Bleylock stood in the governor's presence.

With a fine and courteous manner that gentlemen listened, struck by her figure, her full voice, and passionate eyes, he promised to use his influence with the President to procure a pardon for Dick Oscar and the Bleylocks, and Janey was allowed to go to the prison with the cheering news.

The mountain girl was heard of in high circles. Hearts beat warmly in lovely Southern bosoms, and they made a heroine of Janey.

the singing-birds, she died. Her mother and Janey dressed her cleanly, and tied around her neck a pink ribbon that they found in her Bible. And she was buried, with very little said about it, in the valley.—Sherwood Bonner in Harper's Weekly.

WEATHER.

(From the New York Times of May 26, 1881.) "The semi-annual change of weather probably occurred on Sunday, April 24th, and the six month's summer has commenced throughout the northern hemisphere. This event has thus happened ten days ahead of its average time, perhaps in some relation to the fact that last fall the opposite change occurred three weeks before its average time (on October 17th). The present is, therefore, a suitable occasion for noticing the success thus far of Mr. Vennon's predictions published in his Almanac for 1881. The majority of these announcements are phrased in a dictum so loose that entire non-fulfillment would be impossible. Of such it is idle to treat. In this category we include the following extract from the 'probabilities' for January last: The second quarter will open with heavy snow-falls and terminate in a cold snap. Now, since snow or cold snaps occur every three or four days in our winters, and the word quarter is a designedly safe method of predicting, it would be almost impossible to refute such forecast for any quarter whatever. But definite announcements possess a test value, for in these a guesser would be correct exactly half the time. Now, in this class of forecast Mr. Vennon has not had the luck of an average guesser, as will appear from what follows: 'I expect blockades of snow in the United States about the 7th and 8th of January.' Both of these days were fair. The announcement for February contains the most signal failure which ill-chance could concoct. 'Thaw (which will be interrupted by a brief cold spell) will extend from about the 15th of January to the 12th of February, with balmy, spring-like weather, prevailing in many parts, and snow rapidly disappearing.' In many winters the cunning ambiguity of 'thaw' and 'about' would have saved him; but the past winter had no mercy on prophets who prated of thaws and spring-like weather, located their warm spots definitely or indefinitely. We doubt whether anybody whose avocation called him out of doors during the above twenty-five days will have any hesitation in asserting that a grosser error could by no possibility have been committed. Recurring to the actual figures of the thermometer, as recorded daily at sunrise, we find that from January 15th till February 7th the mercury was not above freezing on a single day; and on no morning during January, February or March did it reach 40°. So much for the long thaw and the balmy, spring-like weather. 'This term will be followed by the 16th by storms, previous to the setting in of a colder term.' The coldest day in February was the second."

"For March most of the announcements are vague, and in ordinary times would, therefore, be accepted as correct by persons disposed to be lenient. But not even Mr. Vennon's cautions 'the month will probably end lamb-like' contained a particle of truth. There was not one mild day in the month; and on the last two days snow fell. 'On the 9th and 10th gales are probable.' Almost any breeze or weather, except a drizzle, might somewhere be thought a gale, 'probably'; but on the 9th and 10th of March it drizzled. The only day on which a gale actually occurred was the 27th, of which day Mr. Vennon said nothing. 'There will be a sharp frost in the beginning of April.' (There was nothing else from the 1st to the 13th but frost.) 'But the spring will open favorably, and everything will be pretty well advanced by April 15th.' Farmers say different. 'Floods may be expected in Chicago about the first week in April.' The only question is, which week, and the freshest in Chicago dates only from April 20th. 'There will be warm weather just following the 20th.' The weather became warm on the 24th; so this might have been claimed as an approximate hit had it not been spoiled by the mistaken prediction of snow on the 25th and 26th. The season changed for good, we believe, on the 24th, rendering snow at arms out of the question for six months."

The Bangor (Me.) Commercial gives this curious application to a sad item of news: 'The first Greenbacker on record who was ever eaten by cannibals was Rev. M. Norris, of this state. Two years ago the unfortunate gentleman had trouble with his church in Guilford, on account of voting the Greenback ticket, and the Baptist conference sent him to Burmah as a missionary, there lately the natives killed and ate him.'

Colonel Mosby, the Confederate guerrilla chief, will visit Oregon on his trip from China to Georgia, he having been appointed United States Marshal of that State.

Glances in a young woman are charming interpreters, which express what the lips would not dare to speak.