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CHINA

first, then urgently-"Hugh!"

"Husband, kiss me!"

to being petted and waited on.

lighted.

for him.

hate nurses."

same train as she did."

"Have a gossip there you mean."

"John, solemnly, you don't like

"My dear, I am a married man, and,

"Nonsense, John! Well, Mrs. Tre-

"It will be all right now that he has

preover, an M. D. A well-balanced

"Yes, dear."

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laws of the United States, continue to the believe the Local Land Office, and on appeal to the Department at Washington.

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Of every sort and description, at Bedrock figures.
Having secured the corvices of an experienced workman from San Francisco, I have to offer at the Walla Walla Bakery every sort of goods to my live of business.

veil, yes, she was young, pretty, a lady, bosom.

your Orders and be Convinced.

o. BRECHTEL, Walla Walla.

veil, yes, she was young, pretty, a lady, bosom.

mand, but year

mand, but year

mand, but year

mand, but year

voice and eyes.

will must get her to bed," said Mary, voice and eyes.

"Will you wa Give me your Orders and be Convinced.

a prominent our property and the comment of

"When I am big I will marry Kitty;". But Kitty slapped me and ran away. And while I wept for myself, in pity, I made up my mind I would marry May. For May was gentle and May was tender, Yet lightly she put my offer by; "I am engaged to Georgie Bender; Perhaps I'll take you if he should die.

A BOY'S LOVES.

(Successors to S. Rothebild) By and by I met Jennie Blatchell; Jenuie was thirteen and I was ten: Would respectfully call the attention of the And made up my mind to marry Jen public to their largely increased stock of

And Kale, my cousin, became my fate; I said, "I'll propose, like a brave, true lover, As soon as ever I graduate." GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Alas! when I took out my clean diploms, The darling girl was about to start AT THE VERY LOWEST RATES

On her wedding trip with young Will de hand by the agonized grasp of her own, its burning contact sending through me selves once more alone; and I glanced look." I was right; she soon returned Roma, And no one knew of my broken heart.

At one and twenty again love found me, But the angel face and meck blue eyes And the threads of golden hair that loved me Went fading back into Paradise. Their Stock will consist as herotofore of

Hark! into the house Lu, Kute and Harry, With shouts and scamper from school have come, And a girl I never meant to marry

Is wite and mother within my home.

— Mary Ainge de Vere. UNDER THE MIDNIGHT LAMP.

and many a night have I passed in the train, counting the hours thus gained as a miner does his gold. Upon this point, unfortunately, my little wife and I do not agree; and it is, I think, fore her, her figure thrown slightly the only point upon which we do not. Eight hours in a comfortless railway pretty picture; the none young mich and moved up toward her, where it and the baby buried."

Then the woman threw up her veil, child! It's very strange, very, and sad; but the mistery must be cleared and the baby buried."

Then the woman threw up her veil, child! It's very strange, very, and sad; but the mistery must be cleared and the baby buried."

Mary still pronounced me cruel ing that either for fear of waking her. It was not until the first gray streak.

Eight hours in a comfortless railway pretty picture; the none young mich back, and looked down upon it.

It was not until the first gray streak. HARDWARE. Glassware, Boots and Shoes, in your comfortable sheets, stretched so white in its death and baby rob she cannot be made to see the propriety it lay—a pretty picture certainly for a of the exchange, nor will she believe railway carriage, and lighted by its Notions, Etc. that I sleep quite as well, if not disdum midnight lamp. "Dead!" was my

The train was just off as I sprang in, mation.

She stretched her clasped hands from the shock; and we were fairly off, utterance. her veil being down, I saw that her my baby, my baby," GRAIN AND HIDES oves, unnaturally large and intense in their expression, were fixed upon me, it now, and raised it from the floor to And other Produce taken in exchange at self, and if a companion I must have, closing arms and the down-bent fact the Highest Market rates. distinctly as if my own were open, as ever I see it. I did so now. looks met hers, full, burning, intense, with far more of meaning in it than I could at all fathom. It was getting decidedly unpleasant, and I was grow
She turned to me as before, clinging to the hall, and grasped my hand. might I could not keep my eyes closed; old heart-broken cry: WOOL COMMISSION HOUSE

She seemed to be holding something and she is dead; and he had close pressed to her beneath the long I have no home—no home!

the spell might be broken.

"I am not cold." it shall be our aim, by honesty, fair deal-A commonplace remark enough; but the spell was broken, The mystery London?" that lay in her eyes lay also in her "I kno

BL-B PRECENT my watch-11:30; our train speeding mental exclamation. Parties desiring advances on their Wool on at a furious rate, no chance of a can apply at the Store of Meesrs. Rothchild & Bean or R. Alexander & Co. in Pendleton, or to us at our office, 107 North First Street, Portland, Or. less companion not for one moment supplication: fascination about her and her look, ing cape.

Which I preferred meeting to shirking.

I took her home. Mary received knowing that it was on me all the her with a broad look of amazement to her?

He walked to the window, and then turned and asked abruptly: May I go get quite well, and he will only have to

pearance and dress that was unmistakable. That she was pretty there
was little doubt either; those great
dan's, intensely dark, even the dorse that thick the door that thick there to year a go, and she would have no one near her but me; and lived there to year a go, and she would have no one near her but me; and lived there to year a go, and she would have more than the principle of the control of the door that hid from us our own little doubt either; those great the ones, safely cradled and asleep.

closely to her and yet so carefully kept she kissed and cried over, and consider- stern watch and guard over her. I baby and Johnny and Freddy, be a child; but, then, there was not the faintest motion, nor could she have held a sleeping infant even long in that position. I think that something of my look for her own darkened and deepened into a peefect agony of doubt I can sleep now a little and—forcet."

Sometime, much to the little mother's mess. "You have seen him! What is he like? Is he horrid?"

"Well!" with fretful impatient eagerness. "You have seen him! What is he like? Is he horrid?"

"Judge for your self; he is in the diningroom. He says he must see her how nice it is to lie down! I am so the room.

"Judge for your self; he is in the diningroom. He says he must see her how nice it is to lie down! I am so the room.

"That he shan't, the cruel wretch: agine." out of sight! From the size and uncer- ed as she might some living object of beckened her out of the room.

Ashamed, I withdrew my gaze at lids had dropped together, the small once, and taking out my note-book, was about to make a memorandum, the little downy head that lay against the little downy head that lay against the pleading of those her bosom.

She was half asleep aiready, the nearly "Well, go and tell him so."

"I will" And away, nothing daunt-the little downy head that lay against the pleading of those her bosom. ment, she fell at my feet, arresting my painful thrill. at an envelope I had taken from the and not alone. 'Don't betray me! Don't give me up stranger's pocket:

to him! O don't! I am so frightened?" It was but a whisper, breathed out Grantley. rather than spoken, yet it shuddered Mary stared at me aghast. through me like a cry. "I cannot always hide it! I cannot would have killed her baby! Oh, John,

always bear it around with me; it breaks you would not be so cruel! She my heart and-I am so tired." And letting the hand which still You may be sure he is some horrid, down to wait.

I am a doctor, a busy professional curiosity drop heavily to her side, Whatever will become of her?"
man, whose time is money; whenever, there lay at her feet and mine a little "But, my dear, if she had a h

Eight hours in a comfortless railway pretty picture; the poor young mother compartment, rolled up in your plaid with her pale child's face and deep like a snake in its blanket, instead of morning dress; the wee baby gleaming over a comfortable spring mattress-no against the heavy crape skirt on which

"Dead!" was my involuntary excla-

in my seat. Being of a slow, placid down toward it with a despairing gesnature, I was in no hurry to recover ture, speaking with low, wild, rapid

speeding away as only English express "It was not his look that killed it, can speed, before I looked round. I but my love. He hated it—my baby, had not the carriage to myself, as I had my first-born; for all the love I gave at first supposed; a lady occupied the him, he hated it; and that his look further end; and at the first glance, might not kill it, I held it in my arms, spite of the dim light and the fact of so close, so close, till it was dead. Oh,

I at all times prefer a carriage to my. the seat, folding it around until the in-

let it be gentleman not a lady; but there was no help for it; the lady was there was no help for it; the lady was there and moreover, she was looking at me. "So she may," I said to myself; the prostrate woman; the scene, a public railway carriage; the hour, midnight.

Was ever luckless passenger more up; you wouldn't be so cruel."

"Nonsense, child; watch by her till been 9 instead of 6, and Mrs. Merton as neat and fresh and trim as if that midnight tragedy had been all a dream, about—"

Among the latter was a young officer on the staff of General Howe. He brought with him, wrapped in oil slik, about—"

at wis from the Pep's weeping willow. "that shall not prevent my making my-self as comfortable as circumstances I am of a blunt nature. Mrs. Merton "Her! will allow." Slowly and deliberately, often scolds me for my blunt, straight-therofore, I removed my hat, substitu-forward speeches; but then she has tired, long, indeed, before my return, ting for it a cloth cap, which I drew such a pretty way of beating about the I myself opened the door. well down over my ears; then I folded bush, which it would be as absurd for my arms and composed myself to sleep, me to imitate as it was for the ass to figures; one tall stout and muffled. But in vain; the eyes of my fellow-pas- mimic the tricks of his master's lap-dog. senger haunted me; I saw them as I must go straight to the point as soon

Was she watching me still! Involunta-rily I looked up and round, and my alone, and with a dead child! Are you "How come you to be travelling a lady?"

ing decidedly uncomfortable; try as I my hand with small hot fingers, and the

hers were on me and meet them I must. Don't betray me, don't give me up
In her attitude too, as well as in her to him! His look would have killed look, there was something strange and my baby; it would kill me if I had to slepping as peacefully as a child." mysterious. Huddled up in the corner, meet it. She is safe, for I killed her, she seemed to be holding something and she is dead; and he hates me and

loose mourning cape, bending low over I was in a perfect maze of doubt. her eyes still fixed upon mine, I saw at my feet be indeed a nurderessfand Thereon at reasonable rates. Having had her shiver, but for that slight convul- could it be her husband of whom she sive movement she sat perfectly still seemed in such abject terror? My larger moving. In the evening the nurse and motionless.

Was she cold? I offered her my her against a dozen husbands: But travelling cap, and now stood before fetch something from the kitchen."

plaid, glad of an opportunity to break the ominous silence. If she would but speak, make some commonplace remark be far from London; the guard might saw, and my heart warmed to him.

"Have a gossip there you me, as handsome, as pleasant and honest-looking a young fellow as ever I saw, and my heart warmed to him." be popping his head in at any moment, He was no assassin, or ruffian, or cow-I jumped to a sudden conclusion.

"I know nobody in London." "The poor little thing is either mad What shall I try next? I looked at or her husband is a brute," was the

stoppage for some time to come, and me to my wife; she will see after you." ing so well, poor little thing; but af- to London, Capt. Tremayne was telethe full, wide-open gaze of my motion. An upward glance of wild, agonized terwards she grew delirious, and in her graphed to, and was stopped as he got

removed from my face. It was unpleasant certainly: If I changed my from me?" And once more the wee position, face the window instead of her, she must remove her eyes from my that seemed too frail to hold it, and me. And I was so fond of her and her somebody must have seen you leave me near her, but beat me off with her the station."

"She won't betry me, or—take baby from me near her, but beat me off with her the station."

"As he came to look for her here, somebody must have brought him; two face at last. But there was a sort of hidden away beneath the long mourn- of me!" Here the man broke down. came to the door."

that made me smile, but that found no There was nothing for it, then, but expression in words. When taking to give up all hope of sleep, and make her aside, I told her all I knew, she the best of my position and companion, wrung her hands in sheer sympathizing the first so it.

Our household having long since re- is nothing for man like a wife, if she

myself opened the door.

The street lamp dimly lighted two doubts on the subject—wives are but women after all, and must therefore be before Boston which kept the British Mr. Morton?

I answered in the affirmative. You have kindly given shelter to

The speaker nodded to his companion, who touched his hat and vanished. on, who touched his hat and vanished. attended to, and not before. I told The other stranger had now entered her how matters stood; she was de-

"Mr. Tremayne?" I asked hesita-Capt. Tremayne. How is shell "Asleep, under my wife's care;

hour-in such a state-

I saw a long shudder run through the tall, powerful frame. "And the childf" he added, after a pause, in a horror stricken whisper. He had been summoned up to town on She had it with her?"

ardly bully, whatever Mary might say, "Were you going to any friend in The shadow of a great horror, that lay in the blue, mellow eyes, had been of bodies, and, as a rule, medical men layed there by terror, not crime.

"The child is dead," I said softly, "It died two days ago, died suddenly in convulsions in her arms, and the down stairs, and being traced to the "Then you must come home with shock turned her brain. She was do- station, where she had taken a ticket ravings she accused herself and me. into the train on his way home. Some

I thought of Mary and hesitated.

whom I now observed more closely. ing pity.

That she was a lady there could be but "Murdered her own baby—her first-little doubt; there was that in her apborn! Oh, how sad, how dreadful!" must see her. I nursed her through a

The East Oregonian

alone at that time of night and with did manage to do so by soft, tender, that look on her face! What could it cooing words, and solemn assurances be that she was holding pressed so of safety for herself and baby, whom sleep of a tired child, Mary keeping a or how she insisted upon our bringing

How a Product of the Garden of Eden Immigrated to this Country.

Mrs. Tremarker, Grantle Lodge, When the sat down by the river of Babylon and mot alone. "He will be very quiet and she need and not alone. "He will be very quiet and she need and not alone. "He will be very quiet and she need and not alone. "He will be very quiet and she need and not of America, and I will tell you better;" all this apologetically. He crossed the room as noiselessly as a woman, stooped over the bed in since willow tree—the Salix Babylone where they hung their harps when they sat down by the river of Babylon and "wept when they remembered Zion." It is a native of the Garden of Eden, and not of America, and I will tell you have it immigrated to this country. More than 150 years ago lost his fort.

Mary shaded the will win her over with a down by the river of Babylon and we wept when they remembered Zion." It is a native of the Garden of Eden, and not of America, and I will tell you have it immigrated to this country. More than 150 years ago lost his fort. You have seen and admired the

was in twilight, so we all three sat poets of England, was the merel warm friend and sympathized with him

And letting the hand which still You may be sure he is some the held, pressed closely to her, the myste-wicked tyrant. And if she really killing the hand so raised my ed her baby—oh, dear, how sad it is, with a mich still to her side. Whatever will become of her?'

For more than an hour we waited, then Mary stole out. Capt. Tremayne looked up as the door opened and closed; a box of dried figs. At that time the looked up as the door opened and closed; a box of dried figs. At that time the looked up as the door opened and closed; a box of dried figs. At that time the looked up as the door opened and closed; a box of dried figs.

It was not until the first gray streaks of daylight were struggling in through the window, beside which I sat, and there was a slight stir; she was waking at last.

The was a stranger to him. As it came from the east, he planted the twig in the ground near the river, close by his villa. The spot accidentally chosen for the plant happened to be a favorable one to its growth, for "Hugh!" she breathed-dreamily at the twig was from the weeping willow tree, probably from the bank of one of "the rivers of babylon," which flour-ishes best along the border of water She turned her face toward his where it lay beside her. She was only par-

tially awake as yet, her eyes were still courses. closed: but the hand on the coverlet in a few years it became a large tree This little twig grew vigorously, and spreading wide its branches and droop-ing, graceful sprays, and winning the his face, rested one moment carelessly on the brown curls, then, with a long, contented sigh, her arm stole round his as strangers. It became the ancestor

of all the weeping-willows in England. There was a rebellion in the Eng-His presence has saved her," was my lish-American colonies in 1775. Britmental comment; "there is nothing ish troops were sent to Boston to put now to fear;" and unnoticed I left the down the insurrection. Their leaders Chilled and cramped with the long their arrival. Some young officers sitting after the night's journey, I was brought fishing-tackle with them to ennot sorry to find the sitting room bright able them to enjoy sport after the with lamp and firelight, the kettle sing- brief war. Others came to settle on

Let cavilists sneer as they may, there at Twickenham, which he intended to be a good one. I myself have had my American estate. plant on some stream watering his

trying at times, even the best of them. imprisoned in that city a long time ever, as I stretched out my feet to the his stepson, John Park Custis, who blaze, and resigned myself cheerfully frequently went to the British head-"Welli" questioned Mrs. Merton, dispatches to General Howe. He bewhen my creature comforts had all been attended to, and not before. I told who had the willow twig, and they became friends.

Instead of "crushing the rebellion in "And so they are fond of each other, after all! and his being unkind to her at the end of an imprisonment of nine and her poor little baby was only a demonths, was glad to fly by sea, for life lusion. How dreadful!-how delightand liberty, to Halifax. Long before pping as peacefully as a child."

ful, I mean! Poor fellow!—so young and liberty, to Halifax. Long before that flight the British subaltern, satisfied that he should not be the control of the control o fied that he should never have an estate in America to adorn, gave his care-"He must have traveled down in the fully preserved willow twig to young Curtis, who planted it at Abingdon, his "Oh, no; he told me all about it. estate in Virginia, where it grew and flourished, and became a parent of all business, and left home yesterday the weeping willows in the United morning. In the evening the nurse States.

Some time after the war General Horatio Gates of the revolution settled on the "Rose Hill farm," on New York Island, and at the entrance to a which led from a country road to his country house he planted a twig from mind must hate somebody or some class he had brought with him. That road is now third avenue and the lane is Twenty-second street. Gates' mansion built of wood, and two stories in height mayne got away with the nurse, went stood near the corner of Twenty-down stairs, and being traced to the seventh street and Second avenue, where I saw it consumed by fire in 1815. The tree which grew from the twig planted at the entrance to Gates' lane remained until comparatively & few years ago. It stood on the northeast corner of Third avenue and Twenty-second street. It was a direct de cendant, in the third generation, Pope's willow, planted at Twickenha about 1722.

get quite well, and he will only have to Andra Lashapalle, without doubt comfort her for the loss of her poor the oldest pioneer in the State, died at little baby."

St. Vincent's Hospital on the 11th in-I wipe my pen blot the S. and rise. My story is done, and it is the first, so it will probably to the last stant. He was 100 year of age, and came to Oregon in 1817, landing at St. George (now Astoria). He was for

was little doubt either; those great the ones, safely cradled and asleep.

dark, intensely dark, eyes, the thick

Then she went back to our strange guest

coil, of warm burnished hair, the small,
pale features, seen dimly beneath the

easy chair, the dead baby still at her

added; "I must go to her." not in com
word about Capt. Tremayne's gratitude why he did not wear a broad brim

The she was pretty there was pretty the pretty there was pretty there was pretty the pretty there was pretty the pretty there was pretty the pretty there was pretty the pretty there was pretty there was pretty the pretty there was pretty the pretty there was pretty the pretty there was pretty there was pretty the pretty there was pretty there was pretty there was pretty the pretty there was pretty there was pretty the pretty there was pretty there was pretty the pretty there was pretty the pretty the pretty there was pretty the

mand, but yearning appeal, both in or the hamper they sent us at Christ- Touch the subject lightly, sympathe voice and eyes. "Will you wait here a minute? I year, and the pretty way she coaxed to be touchy.

CRACKERS

Feb. 9 1881.-Feb. 12-3m