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THE EAST OREGONIAN Job Printing OFFICE. Pendleton, Oregon.

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ROBBINS & HOUSER, NEW MEAT MARKET, COURT STREET, (Next Door to the Tribune Office)

HAVING JUST OPENED IN OUR NEW SHOP, we offer for sale the choicest Beef, Pork, Veal & Mutton To be found in Pendleton. Corned and Cured Meats of all kinds. Fresh sausages made every day.

The East Oregonian.

VOL. 6. PENDLETON, UMATILLA COUNTY, OREGON, JULY 1, 1881. NO. 38.

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

S. ROTHCHILD, J. E. 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 order, 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!

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

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 can give satisfaction to all parties.

ENGAGED IN WOOL GROWING! It shall be 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...

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, 107 North First Street, Portland, Or.

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

WALLA WALLA STEAM BAKERY! ESTABLISHED IN 1861. MANUFACTURER OF BREAD, CAKES PIES AND CRACKERS.

Of every sort and description, at Bedrock Square. Having secured the services of an experienced workman from San Francisco, I have no order at the Walla Walla Bakery every sort of goods in my line of business. Give me your Orders and be Convicted. G. BRECHTEL, Walla Walla.

A BOY'S LOVE. "When I am big I will marry Kitty." But Kitty stopped like a bird in flight, 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 George Bender; Perhaps I'll take you if he should die."

By and by I met Jennie Bitchell; Jennie was thirteen and I was ten; I used to carry her books and satchel, And made up my mind to marry Jen.

But Jennie, her reign was quickly over, And Kate, my cousin, became my fate; I said, "I'll propose, like a brave, true lover, As soon as ever I graduate."

Alas! when I took out my clean diploma, The darling girl was about to start; On her wedding trip with young Will de Roma, And no one knew of my broken heart.

At one and twenty again love found me, But the angel face and meek blue eyes And the threads of golden hair that lowly me Went fading back into Paradise.

Under the midnight lamp. I am a doctor, a busy professional man, whose time is money, whenever, therefore, I can save it, I do. Many and many a night have I passed in the train, counting the hours thus gained as a miner counts his gold.

The train was just off as I sprang in, and the shock of the start landed me in my seat. Being of a slow, placid nature, I was in no hurry to recover from the shock; and we were fairly off, speeding away as only English express can speed, before I looked round.

It was not his look that killed it, but my love. He hated it—my baby, my first-born; for all the love I gave him, he hated it; and that his look might not kill it, I held it in my arms, so close, so close, till it was dead. Oh, my baby, my baby!

The question seemed to rouse her once more to a perfect frenzy of fear. She turned to me as before, clinging to my hand with small hot fingers, and the old heart-broken cry: "Don't betray me, don't give me up to him! His look would have killed my baby; it would kill me if I had to meet it. She is safe, for I killed her, and she is dead, and he hates me and I have no home—no home!"

It was midnight now; we could not be far from London; the guard might be popping his head in at any moment, I jumped to a sudden conclusion. "Were you going to any friend in London?"

"The poor little thing is either mad or her husband is a brute," was the mental exclamation. "Then you must come home with me to my wife; she will see after you."

"She won't betray me, or—take baby from me!" And once more the dead thing was lifted up into the arms that seemed too frail to hold it, and hidden away beneath the long mourning cape.

I took her home, Mary received her with a broad look of amazement that made me smile, but that found no expression in words. When taking her aside, I told her all I knew, she wrung her hands in sheer sympathizing pity.

"Murdered her own baby—her first-born! Oh, how sad, how dreadful!" And involuntarily she glanced toward the door that hid from us our own little ones, safely cradled and asleep. Then she went back to our strange guest who sat huddled up in my own big easy chair, the dead baby still at her bosom.

"I must get her to bed," said Mary, with quick determined nod, and she alone at that time of night and with that look on her face! What could it be that she was holding pressed so closely to her and yet so carefully kept out of sight! From the size and uncertain outline I should have guessed it to 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 curiosity must have betrayed in my look for her own darkened and deepened into a perfect agony of doubt and fear.

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will see whether she still sleeps." She still slept, the heavy peaceful sleep of a tired child, Mary keeping a stern watch and guard over her. I beckoned her out of the room.

"Well," with fretful impatient eagerness, "You have seen him! What is he like? Is he horrid?" "Judge for your self; he is in the dining-room. He says he must see her—he must come in."

"That he shan't, the cruel wretch; or it shall be over my prostrate body!" "Well, go and tell him so."

"I will!" And away, nothing daunted, went Mary. I smiled. "She will no more resist the pleading of those handsome blue eyes that did her husband. He will win her over with a look." I was right; she soon returned and not alone.

"He will be very quiet and she need not see him. I thought it would be better," all this apologetically. He crossed the room as noiselessly as a woman, stooped over the bed in silence, and then sat down beside it. Mary shaded the lamp so that room was in twilight, so we all three sat down to wait.

For more than an hour we waited, then Mary stole out. Capt. Tremayne looked up as the door opened and closed; then, with a quick sigh, laid the brown curly head down upon the pillow as close as possible to that of the poor young wife without touching it, and his hand moved up toward her's, where it lay on the coverlet, but without touching that either for fear of waking her.

"Hugh!" she breathed—dreamily at first, then urgently—"Hugh!" "Yes, dear."

She turned her face toward his where it lay beside her. She was only partially awake as yet, her eyes were still closed; but the hand on the coverlet crept softly toward him, fluttered over his face, rested one moment carelessly on the brown curls, then, with a long, contented sigh, her arm stole round his neck.

"Husband, kiss me!" His presence had saved her," was my mental comment; "there is nothing now to fear; and unnoticed I left the room.

Chilled and cramped with the long sitting after the night's journey, I was not sorry to find the sitting room bright with lamp and firelight, the kettle singing on the hob, breakfast as comfortably laid out for two as if the hour had been 9 instead of 6, and Mrs. Merton as neat and fresh and trim as if that midnight tragedy had been all a dream. Let cavilists sneer as they may, there is nothing for man like a wife, if she be a good one. I myself have had my doubts on the subject—wives are but women after all, and must therefore be trying at times, even the best of them.

But I certainly had no doubts whatsoever, as I stretched out my feet to the blaze, and resigned myself cheerfully to being petted and waited on.

"Well," questioned Mrs. Merton, when my creature comforts had all been attended to, and not before. I told her how matters stood; she was delighted.

"And so they are fond of each other, after all; and his being unkind to her and her poor little baby was only a delusion. How dreadful!—how delightful, I mean! Poor fellow!—so young and handsome and nice! I felt so sorry for him."

"He must have traveled down in the same train as she did."

"Oh, no; he told me all about it. He had been summoned up to town on business, and left home yesterday morning. In the evening the nurse left her, as she imagined, asleep, to fetch something from the kitchen."

"Have a gossip there you mean?" "John, solemnly, you don't like nurses; you know you don't."

"My dear, I am a married man, and, moreover, an M. D. A well-balanced mind must hate somebody or some class of bodies, and, as a rule, medical men hate nurses."

"Nonsense, John! Well, Mrs. Tremayne got away with the nurse, went down stairs, and being traced to the station, where she had taken a ticket to London, Capt. Tremayne was telegraphed to, and was stopped as he got into the train on his way home. Some one must have seen you leave the station."

"As he came to look for her here, somebody must have brought him; he came to the door."

"It will be all right now that he has found her and is fond of her; she will get quite well, and as will only have to comfort her for the loss of her poor little baby."

I wipe my pen blot and rise. My story is done, and it is the first, so it will probably be the last of which I shall be guilty.

Mrs. Merton looks up from the grave she is mending. "The story done! why, all you have written is only the beginning of the end. You could not surely have the heart to break off in that unsatisfactory manner. Not a word about Capt. Tremayne's gratitude or the hamper they sent us at Christmas, or the birth of their little son last year, and the pretty way she ceased to be god-father, though her uncle, the duke, was only waiting to be asked; or how she insisted upon our bringing baby and Johnny and Freddy, how baby—"

But I seized my hat and gloves. Mary is as I have said, the best of wives, if just a little trifling at times, and her baby the most wonderful of all created babies—but I have an appointment at twelve—Tinsley's Magazine.

THE WEEPING WILLOW. News a Product of the Garden of Eden Emigrated to this Country.

You have seen and admired the weeping willow tree—the Salix Babylonica—upon which the captive Hebrews 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 how it immigrated to this country.

More than 150 years ago a merchant lost his fortune. He went to Smyrna, a seaside city in Asia Minor, to recover it. Alexander Pope, one of the great poets of England, was the merchant's warm friend and sympathized with him in his misfortunes.

Soon after the merchant arrived in Smyrna he sent to Pope, as a present, a box of dried figs. At that time the poet had built a beautiful villa at Twickenham, on the bank of the river Thames, and was adorning it with trees, shrubbery and flowering plants.

On opening the box of figs, Pope discovered in it a small twig of the tree. It 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 the twig was from the weeping willow tree, probably from the bank of one of "the rivers of Babylon," which flourishes best along the border of water courses.

This little twig grew vigorously, and in a few years it became a large tree spreading wide its branches and drooping graceful sprays, and winning the admiration of the poet's friends as well as strangers. It became the ancestor of all the weeping-willows in England.

There was a rebellion in the English-American colonies in 1775. British troops were sent to Boston to put down the insurrection. Their leaders expected to end it in a few weeks of their arrival. Some young officers brought fishing-tackle with them to enable them to enjoy sport after the brief war. Others came to settle on the confiscated-land of the "rebels."

Among the latter was a young officer on the staff of General Howe. He brought with him, wrapped in oil silk, a twig from the P. P.'s weeping willow at Twickenham, which he intended to plant on some stream watering his American estate.

Washington commanded an army before Boston which kept the British imprisoned in that city a long time against their will. On his staff was his stepson, John Park Custis, who frequently went to the British headquarters under cover of a flag, with dispatches to General Howe. He became acquainted with the young officer who had the willow twig, and they became friends.

Instead of "crushing the rebellion in six weeks," the British army at Boston, at the end of an imprisonment of nine months, was glad to fly by sea, for life and liberty, to Halifax. Long before that flight the British subaltern, satisfied that he should never have an estate in America to adorn, gave his carefully preserved willow twig to young Curtis, who planted it at Abingdon, his estate in Virginia, where it grew and flourished, and became a parent of all the weeping willows in the United States.

Some time after the war General Horatio Gates of the revolution settled on the "Rose Hill farm," near York Island, and at the entrance to a lane which led from a country road to his country house he planted a twig from the vigorous willow at Abingdon, which 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 stood near the corner of Twenty-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 a few years ago. It stood on the north-east corner of Third avenue and Twenty-second street. It was a direct descendant, in the third generation, of Pope's willow, planted at Twickenham about 1722.

Andra Lashapelle, without doubt the oldest pioneer in the State, died at St. Vincent's Hospital on the 11th instant. He was 100 year of age, and came to Oregon in 1817, landing at St. George (now Astoria). He was for many years in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company. Finally he settled French Prairie, and lived there 40 years.

When you see a town chap with a blistered nose and sunburnt cheeks, just ask how many fish he caught, and why he did not wear a broad brim. Touch the subject lightly, sympathetically and cautiously, for they are to be touched.