The East Oregonian.

FRIDAY .....JULY 8, 1881

A SUCCESSFUL AGENT.

His Name Was Fizzlejinks.

[By Joel Shiper.]

It wasn't a very good name for an agent, but it proved the metal of the man, it showed his energy, it demonstrated how he could overcome the misfortunes that would have driven many a man to suicide. Yes, many a man with such a name would have begun early in life playing hookey, and crawling under the canvas of the circus tent, and fishing on Sunday, and as he grew older kept getting down lower and lower until he got in Congress, but he wasn't that kind of a Jinks; he learned the multiplication table and went to Sunday school just like George Washington, and, though, George Washington had got the best name, Fizzlejinks did not despair. He began his business by clerking in a country store, and then his golden opportunity seemed to dawn upon him like a sunbeam through a barn door; an advertisement for agents attracted his attention, and a patent popcorn popper seemed to him to supply the particular want of his county. They had been trying to get a railroad, but Fizzlejinks believed that his popper would fully satisfy the community and they would drop the railroad agitation. Doubtless the old stage coach would still be running through that county had he succeeded in developing the popcorn interest. He lacked experience consequently did not begin right. He should have ascertained that Podgers was a Democrat, and Digby a Republican and old Deacon Simpkins a hard shell Baptist, but his very first day out he hopped on to the top rail of Podger's fence and blazed away at the democratic candidate for the Presidency, and the way those popers popped over Fizzlejinks', as Podgers chased him down the road, proved that they were a good article. That political discussion sealed the fate of the poppers, and now a railroad runs through that county.

"Never give up" was Fizzlejinks' motto, and out he started again the next week. That time he had maps; maps of Jerusalem, maps of the Fiji Island, maps of Kamtschatka; oh, he had all kinds of maps, and they were very much needed in that county, too; but unfortunately Fizzlejinks accepted an invitation to ride in Deacon Simpkins' wagon, and had the lack of discretion to get into a religious discussion with the deacon in which he assailed the old gentleman's road to heaven by water, said he:

"Ah, Deacon you run your machine by water!"

"And you," replied Simpkins, "you young rascal, run your machine by wind;" and just then they reached the creek where the old deacon proved his belief in water by giving Fizzlejinks a gentle ducking.

Now immersion may be good thing for a Baptist, but it will not do for maps. I never heard of a map being saved that way yet, but I do know that Fizzlejinks climbed up the opposite bank of the creek and went out of the map business.

He was not discouraged, but he went home and did not start out again for a month. During that time, like a good general, he studed his position and profited by his defeat. He saw that, like Paul, he must "be all things to all men;" he saw that he must be pleasing and agreeable and never give offence by combatting the opinions of men whom he desired for customers; he saw that his religious and political discussions had been useless and profitless, so he started rightly the next time. He was a fine looking young man and he still further improved his appearance by dress, so that he would not be mistaken for a tramp and have the dogs set on him; he had a soft mellow voice which he had cultivated to please, and he used great tact in the manner of offering his goods for sale. Upon one occasion he went to the house of a man who had threatened to kick the next canvasser off the place. With a fine line of novelties he entered the house and requested lodging for the night, stating that he was on his way home to spend Christmas, which, by the way, was true, and during the evening he made himself very agreeable in the parlor with the old man's daughter, who played on the piano, and as Fizzlejinks could sing finely, they had quite an entertainment, but he never offered to sell anything; he carelessly remarked however, that he was taking home some new and attractive things that he had bought in the city. Upon showing them the family were delighted and wanted to buy some of them. Of course he could not think of selling the things he was taking home for Christmas, but he offered to get for them whatever they wanted, and in this way he took the old man's order for a number of novelties. When the joke came out on the old farmer he declared that he knew at the time that Fizzlejinks was a canvasser, but he was so gentlemanly and intelligent that he bought the things to encourage him. It, also, appears that one of the fair daughters of the house encouraged him, as she has consented, next month, to become Mrs. Fizzlejinks.

The Peruvian Syrup has cured thousands who were suffering from dyspepsia, Debility, Liver Complaint, Boils, Humors, Female Complaints, etc. Pamphlets free to any address. Seth W. Fowle & Sons, Boston.

The school at Mohawk, Lane county, has been dismissed on account of the prevalence of cholera infantum among the children.

Have Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry always at hand. It cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Croup, Influenza, Consumption, and all Throat and Lung complaints. 50 cents and $1 a bt.

WARM HARNESS.

There is a woman on Catharine street who delights to find a case that all the doctors have failed to cure and then go to work with herbs and roots and strange things and try to affect at least an improvement. A few days ago she got hold of a girl with a stiff neck, and she offered an old negro named uncle Tom Kelly, fifty cents to go to the woods and bring her a hornets' nest. This was to be steeped in vinegar and applied to the neck. The old man spent several days along the Holden road, and yesterday morning he secured his prize and brought it home in a basket. When he reach the Central Market he had a few little purchases to make, after getting some tea at a grocery he placed his basket on a barrel near the stove and went out to look for a beef bone.

It was a dull day for trade. The grocer sat by the stove rubbing his bald head. His clerk stood at the desk balancing accounts, and three or four men lounged around talking about the new party that is to be founded on the ruins of Democracy. It was a serene hour. One hundred and fifty hornets had gone to roost in that nest for the Winter. The genial atmosphere began to limber them up. One old veteran opened his eyes, rubbed his legs and said it was the shortest Winter he had ever known in all his hornet days. A second shook off his lethargy and seconded the motion, and in five minutes the whole nest was alive and as owners were ready to sail out and investigate. You don't have to hit a hornet with the broad side of an ax to make him mad. He's mad all over all the time, and he doesn't care a picayune whether he tackles a humming-bird or an elephant.

The grocer was telling one of the men that he and General Grant were boys together when he gave a sudden start of surprise. This was followed by several other starts. Then he jumped over a barrel of sugar and yelled like a Pawnee. Some smiled, thinking he was after some funny climax, but it was only a minute before a solemn old farmer jumped three feet high and came down to roll over a job lot of wash-boards. Then the clerk tucked his head and rushed for the door. He didn't get there. One of the other men who had been looking up and down to see what could be the matter, felt suddenly called upon to go home. He was going at the rate of forty miles an hour when he collided with the clerk and then rolled on the floor. There was no use to tell the people in the store to move on. They couldn't stay to save 'em. They all felt that the rent was too high, and that they must vacate the premises. A yell over by the cheese-box was answered by a war-whoop from the show-case. A howl from the kerosene barrel near the back-door was answered by wild gestures around the show window.

The crowd went out together. Uncle Tom was just coming in with his beef bone. When a larger body meets a smaller one the larger body knocks it into the middle of next week. The old man layed around in the slush until every body had stepped on him all they wanted to, and then he sat up and asked:

"Hey dev got de fish all put out yit?"

Some of the hornets scored out doors to fall by the wayside, and others waited around on top of barrels and baskets to be slaughtered. It was half an hour before the last one was disposed of, and then Uncle Tom walked in, picked up the nest, and said:

"Meble dis will cure de st finess in dat gal's neck jist de same, but I tell you I'ze got banged, an' bumped, an' sot down till it will take a hull medical college all Winter long to git me so I can jump off a street hayar."

WORTH KNOWING

THAT

When you need anything in NEW JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, WATCHES, or SILVER WARE, it will pay you to send to

H. L. STONE,

Watchmaker, Jeweler and Optician, N. W. Co. Fire and Morrison streets, Portland, Oregon.

Sole Agent for the celebrated Diamond Spectacles.

Notice of Sale.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT ON SATURDAY the 23d day of July, A. D. 1881, in front of the Court House door in the town of Pendleton, Oregon, at 10 o'clock A. M. I will sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand one machine described as a McCormick Mower, No. 72251, patented July 2d 1878, belonging to the property of one D. Williamson, said sale is made in pursuance of a lien given me by law on said property, and a certain contract and note made from the house of Timmins to the town of Pendleton, Oregon, the same being in the month of August, 1880, on which there is due the sum of $146 and also to satisfy the sum of $17 25 due me for money advanced to pay freight charge on the said machine together with interest on said sums from August 23rd, 1880, and costs of this sale.

J. G. THOMSON.

June 10, 1881. j-244

Executor's Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT LETTERS testamentary have been issued to the undersigned by the County Court of Umatilla County, Oregon, as executors of the estate of Michael Kopp deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are required to present them to me at my residence in Pendleton, Umatilla County and State of Oregon, with the proper vouchers thereon within six months from this date.

June 18 A. 1881. WILLIS OSBORNE, j 246 Executor.

Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT LA GRANDE, OR., June 25, 1881.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE FOLLOWING named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry thereof before D. P. Dwight, Notary Public, at Pendleton, Or., on August 1st, 1881, viz: John V. Rowe, for the S½ of NE¼ and NE¼ of SE¼ sec 14, T 4 S R 31, E of Willamette Meridian. He names the following witnesses viz: John P. Williams, James Peck, George McDow and W. O. Metzer, all of Camas Prairie, Or.

j y15 HENRY W. DWIGHT, Register.

Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT LA GRANDE, OR., June 1, 1881.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE FOLLOWING named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry thereof before D. P. Dwight, Notary Public, at Pendleton, Or., on August 1st, 1881 viz: John P. Vincent, D. S. 3937, for the E½ of sec 15, the W½ of sec 22, the W½ of NW¼ of sec 26, T 4 S R 31, east of Willamette Meridian, and names the following witnesses, viz: John Peck, W. O. Metzer, John M. Downs and George McDow, all of Camas Prairie, Or.

j 15 HENRY W. DWIGHT, Register.

NOTICE OF CONTEST.

U. S. LAND OFFICE, La Grande, Or., June 22nd, 1881.

COMPLAINT HAVING BEEN ENTERED AT THIS office by J. R. Cavanaugh against the following named persons, that the entries made by said parties on the 1st day of June, 1879, for the tracts of land hereinafter described, are not in good faith for the purpose of securing a home for said parties, but for the purpose of speculation, and that said parties have not established their actual residence upon said tracts of land, nor have they made the improvements required by law, and that said absence from said tracts is not for the time required by law, and that said parties have abandoned said tracts of land, and have not resided upon, improved or cultivated said tracts of land since their said entries, and that said parties have not made the required five years' proof of residence, improvement and cultivation of said tracts of land, but have abandoned said tracts of land for more than six months next prior to the time of making said proof, and that said parties have not made the said tracts their actual homes, and that said tracts are now open to settlement and entry, and that said parties have not made the said tracts their homes since the date of their said entries, and that said parties have not made the said tracts their homes at the time they made their said proof, and that said parties have not made the said tracts their homes at any time since the date of their said entries, and that said parties have not made the said tracts their homes at any time since they made their said proof, and that said parties have not made the said tracts their homes at any time since they made their said proof, and that said parties have not made the said tracts their homes at any time since they made their said proof