

The East Oregonian.

VOL. 6.

PENDLETON, UMATILLA COUNTY, OREGON, JULY 15, 1881.

NO. 40.

Rate of Advertising, in Coin:

Table with 5 columns: Length (1 inch, 2 inches, 3 inches, 4 inches, 5 inches), Rate (per line), and Total (per line).

Notice in Local Columns, 30 cents per line for first insertion, 15 cents per line each subsequent insertion. Advertisements bills payable quarterly.

THE EAST OREGONIAN Job Printing Office. Pendleton, Oregon. BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.

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DR. E. R. IRVING, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office and Residence—Over City Drug Store, room No. 4, brick building.

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J. A. STROWBRIDGE, Direct Importer and Dealer in LEATHER AND SHOE FINDINGS, No. 189 Front Street, Portland, Or.

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

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.

LOOK! NEW MEN IN CAMP! FRAZIER & SPERRY!

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

MAKE ALVAN ES. The Oregon 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 my aim, by honest, fair dealing and strict attention to business, to merit the confidence of all who may favor us with their patronage.

WALLA WALLA STEAM BAKERY! ESTABLISHED IN 1864. MANUFACTURER OF BREAD, CAKES, PIES AND CRACKERS.

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

BEef, Pork, Veal & Mutton. To be found in Pendleton. Corned and Cured Meats of all kinds. Fresh sausages made every day.

A FEMINE CASABIANCA.

The girl stowed on the burning deck; For backward she fled; The sun, which blazed down on her neck, Turned all her tresses red.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

Which the improved facilities afforded by their own extensive facilities enable us to offer.

DRY GOODS.

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Beef, Pork, Veal & Mutton.

To be found in Pendleton. Corned and Cured Meats of all kinds. Fresh sausages made every day.

A neat black coffin. Some words were passed by the seamen as they were putting the coffin on board, which went to show pretty plainly that the affair did not exactly suit them.

The men said no more, and ere long the coffin was placed in the hold, and the woman was shown to the cabin.

In less than half an hour the schooner was cleared from the wharf and standing out from the bay. The wind was light from the eastward, but Tucker had no fear of the frigate now that he was once out of the bay.

In the evening the lady passenger came on deck, and the commodore assured her that he should be able to land her early on the next morning.

Tucker smiled at the man's quiet earnestness, and without further remark he went down to the cabin.

When the woman came up from the hold, she looked at the deck of the schooner for a few moments, and then went aft.

There was something in her countenance that puzzled Carter. He had been one of those that objected to the coffin being brought on board, and hence was not predisposed to look very favorably upon its owner.

When the commodore received the intelligence, his vessel was lying at one of the low wharves, where he would have to wait two hours for the tide to set him off, but he hastened to have everything prepared to get her off as soon as possible, for he had no desire to meet the frigate.

The schooner's keel had just cleared from the mud; and one of the men had been sent upon the wharf to cast off the bowline, when a wagon, drawn by one horse, came rattling down to the spot.

The driver, a rough looking countryman, got out upon the wharf, and then assisted a middle-aged woman from the vehicle. The lady's first inquiry was for Commodore Tucker.

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The schooner's keel had just cleared from the mud; and one of the men had been sent upon the wharf to cast off the bowline, when a wagon, drawn by one horse, came rattling down to the spot.

Carter sprang to obey, and when he returned a number of men had gathered about the spot. The hatch was raised, and the commodore carefully picked up the ball of twine and found that it was made fast to something below.

"Great God in heaven!" burst from the lips of the commodore. "By Sam Hyde!" dropped like a thunder clap from the tongue of young Dan.

"God bless you Dan," said the commodore. "I know'd it!" uttered Dan.

The two men stood for a moment and gazed into the coffin. There was no dead man there, but in place thereof there was material for the death of a score.

The first movement of the commodore was to call for water, and when it was brought he dashed three or four bucketsful into the infernal contrivance, and then he breathed more freely.

"No, no," he uttered as he leaped from the hold. "No, no—my men. Do nothing rashly. Let me go into the cabin first. You may follow me."

Commodore strode into the cabin, walked up to the bunk where his passenger lay and, grasping hold of the female, he dragged its wearer out upon the floor.

The fellow was assured that his whole plot had been discovered, and at length he owned that it had been his plan to turn out in the middle of the night and get hold of the ball of twine, which he had left in a convenient place; then he intended to have gone aft, carefully unwinding the string as he went along, then to have got into the boat, cut falls, and as the boat would have fallen into the water he would have pulled smartly on the twine.

"And I think you know," he continued with a wicked look, "what would have followed. I shouldn't have been noticed in the fuss—I'd have got out of the way with the boat, and you'd all have been in the next world in short order. And all I can say is that I'm sorry I didn't do it."

It was with much difficulty that the commodore kept his men from killing the villain on the spot. He proved to be one of the enemy's officers, and he was to have a heavy reward if he succeeded in destroying the commodore and his crew.

The prisoner was carried on deck and lashed to the main rigging, where he was told to remain until the vessel got into port.

"What a horrid death that villain meant for us," uttered Carter. "Yes he did," said Tucker with a shudder.

"He belongs to the same gang that's been robbing and burning the poor people's houses on the eastern coast," said one of the men.

"Yes," said the commodore, with a nervous twitch of the muscles about the mouth.

A bitter curse from the prisoner now broke on the air, and with a clenched fist the commodore went below.

In the morning when Tucker came on deck, Seguin was in sight upon the starboard bow, but when he looked for the prisoner he was gone.

d; with, for they killed her. She had no right to unsex herself to kill an emperor, and then wish to hide behind her sex to save her life.

We should think a woman, and especially a Russian woman, had troubles enough in her own sphere without seeking to add to them the sorrows and perplexities of manhood.

She turned her back on all these avenues of thrilling excitement and wild adventure, joined the men's party and went out emperor hunting, and now she has a stiff neck she will never get over.

We hope the women in this country will take this lesson to heart. Not that we think, even when woman suffrage is made, as it should be, universal, that a great majority, or even a small proportion of the women of this land, will "come to be scragged."

Now, Mr. Editor, I want to say a few words about the Indians. What right has their agent to give them permission to come in our valley and dig canas? Land is all taken up that will raise canas, and the settlers want this land for their own use and don't want Mr. Indian digging it up worse than four times the number of hogs would.

What do you want in politics anyhow? What do you see attractive in politics? Civil service reform is a most transparent sham, the shammiest sham of the age; the "voice of the people is merely the wish of the strongest party; the "maintenance of the right is the obstinate tenacity with which the fellows who are in clinging to their offices and stay in; the "protest of independent thought and popular indignation" is only the wild howl of the fellows who are out, trying to get in, in the sanctity of the ballot is tissue ballots in one place, and election judges who can't read, and clerks who are just learning to write, in another; if ordinary intelligence bars the citizen from jury service, a weak back, thin arms, or flabby muscles render him useless and unnecessary at the caucus; the President can't drink a glass of beer without explaining to one-half the country why he drank it; he can't stop his lager without explaining to the other half of America why he stops. In the name of common sense and common comfort, sensible woman, and all women are vastly more sensible than all men, what do you see in political life that you should desire to enter it?

Oh! You are going to reform all this, when you get the ballot? Oh, yes; you are going to reform things. Sure enough we hadn't thought of that. Reform; to be sure; to be sure. Ah, yes; so you will. H'm; oh, yes; yes. Ah, yes. Yes—[R. J. B., in the Hawkeye.

It is gratifying to learn that the triumph of Iroquois at the English Derby is to promote the cause of religion in New Jersey. Lorillard had promised that if his horse won he would build a Presbyterian Church in Paterson; and it is now said he will keep his word. What strange days have we fallen on, when even horse racing, which our fathers viewed as the work of the devil himself is made to contribute to the sacred cause of morality and religion! Yet we shall hardly rush to the conclusion that horse racing, instead of being the thing our fathers thought of, is really an elevated moral agency—though this is the theory of Mr. Keene, as well as of Mr. Lorillard. Keene says that the horse race leads rich young men, who would otherwise waste their money and health in drinking and gambling into an ennobling open air interest in the first of all animals, and into "respectable betting."

This is plausible and perhaps Mr. Keene might even bless it and approve it with a text or two; yet still it would be doubted whether horse racing was to prove one of the great agents for regeneration of the world.

Maud S. trotted in Detroit on the 5th, to beat St. Julien's time over it, which was 2:16. Maud went over the ground in 2:13. The track is counted among sporting men as three seconds slow, which, if allowed, would be precisely the same time as her best made last season.

New York State has 1,237,534 souls.

Queen Victoria has been on the throne 44 years.

FROM CANAS PRAIRIE.

CANAS PRAIRIE, July 3rd, 1881. EDITOR E. O.—Things are all quiet in this part at present. Hoppers are leaving as fast as they get big enough to fly. The settlers are cutting hay. Grain looks fine. Lots of emigrants coming in; some locate and some look for another and better place, but I don't think they will be able to find it in this part of the state.

We need a doctor to come and locate among us. There is some sickness. There was one death last week; the younger child of I. M. Downs died of lung fever on the 1st, interred in our cemetery on the 2nd. The parents of the deceased have the sympathy of all the neighbors in the loss of their little one, and I would say to them when they are troubled with the cares of this world just think how happy their little one is with all the hosts in heaven that have passed on before, and some day they may enjoy the same privilege.

Mr. Thomas Gilliland had a fine mare killed by an infuriated bull some time ago. While trying to drive the animal the bull turned and gored his mare to death, and would have killed him had it not been for a couple of faithful dogs that was with him, who caught him in time to save their master and he took to his heels and ran to where he was safe.

We need a good blacksmith among us, who would do well to take a piece of land and live on it and work at his trade when he had work. It is a good place for any man who understands the business.

Now, Mr. Editor, I want to say a few words about the Indians. What right has their agent to give them permission to come in our valley and dig canas? Land is all taken up that will raise canas, and the settlers want this land for their own use and don't want Mr. Indian digging it up worse than four times the number of hogs would.

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Major General Gervando Canales, commander of the district of Tamalipas, died in Matamoros this evening, aged 40. He had for years been identified with the house of the northern frontier, and did more than any other man to abate marauding. His death is deeply deplored on both sides of the Rio Grande.

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