

The East Oregonian.

Table with columns for advertising rates: 1 inch, 2 inches, 3 inches, 4 inches, 5 inches, 6 inches, 7 inches, 8 inches, 9 inches, 10 inches. Includes rates for 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th days.

Notice in Local Columns, 30 cents per line for first insertion. 10 cents per line each subsequent insertion. Advertisements payable quarterly.

THE EAST OREGONIAN Job Printing OFFICE. Pendleton, Oregon. BOOK AND JOB PRINTING. Of every description neatly and promptly executed at reasonable rates.

Notice. Single announcements of births, marriages and deaths will be inserted without charge. Other notices will be charged for according to their length.

ATTORNEYS. TURNER & COX. ATTORNEYS AT LAW, PENDLETON, OREGON.

JOHN A. GUYER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, PENDLETON, OREGON.

EVERETT & WALKER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, PENDLETON, OREGON.

TESTIN & BAILEY, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, AND OUTSIDE OFFICE, PENDLETON, OREGON.

J. H. REED, ATTORNEY AT LAW, PENDLETON, OREGON.

Will practice in all the Courts of the Fifth Judicial District and in the Supreme Court.

R. B. BISHOP, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, OFFICE OVER EAST OREGONIAN.

PHYSICIANS. R. T. BURTON, M. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

DR. E. R. IRVING, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Diseases of Women and Children a specialty.

W. C. MCKAY, M. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, PENDLETON, OREGON.

W. W. WHITCOMB, M. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, PENDLETON, OREGON.

E. P. EAGAN, M. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, PENDLETON, OREGON.

DR. J. W. HALL, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, PENDLETON, OREGON.

MRS. M. J. HALL, Millinery and Dressmaker.

General assortment of Milliner, Dress Goods and Trimmings. Always on hand.

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

Office of Justice of the Peace. Collecting and Land Claim Agency.

Two miles east of Cold Spring P. O. Graceland Precinct, Umatilla County, Oregon.

IMPROVED Land Claims for sale, situated on Government and railroad lands, in a good neighborhood with cheap and natural advantages.

M. H. Thompson, J. P.

ROTHCHILD & BEAN. (Successors to S. Rothchild) Would respectfully call the attention of the public to their largely increased stock of GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

Which the increased facilities afforded by their new location enables them to offer 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 orders 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. BENTLY & HAWN, THE BLUE MOUNTAIN SAW MILL.

This FAVORITE SAW MILL is again in full blast.

We will keep constantly on hand a full supply of LUMBER.

Of every Description, ROUGH or DRESSED, as desired. SHINGLES, LATHS, PICKETS.

All Orders promptly Attended To. Office at Lumber Yard near flour mill, opposite school house.

Post Office Address—Pendleton or Pilot Rock.

BENTLY & HAWN. March 22, 1881.

A. HEALEY, BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURER, PENDLETON, OREGON.

Office on Main Street, its court house. All styles, and at reasonable prices.

J. BAYLER, SUCCESSION TO B. F. GRAY, Saddle and Harness MAKER, PENDLETON, OREGON.

KEEP constantly on hand a complete supply of Harness, Saddles, Brushes, Whips, spurs, Collars, Halters, Sashes, and everything needed in our line.

Call and see us before sending below. Repairs promptly attended to.

JAM FULL In Every Department. NOVELTIES in DRESS GOODS, NOVELTIES in HOSIERY, NOVELTIES in PARASOLS.

We have added largely to our Stock of Embroideries, Laces, Buttons, Etc. Ladies' Eaten and Alpaca Ulsters.

Nobly Styles of MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING. At Lower Prices Than Ever.

Beauties in Ladies' and Misses' SANDALS, SLIPPERS AND KID SHOES. A Complete Line of MEN'S & BOYS' BOOTS & SHOES.

Hats & Caps for Everybody. GROCERIES, HARDWARE, CIGARS & TOBACCO, CROCKERY, NOTIONS, ETC.

AT BEDROCK PRICES! CARPETS AT COST. To Close Out Stock.

LEHMAN BLUM, Pendleton, Oregon.

Alexander & Frazer. Successors to R. Alexander & Co.

MAIN STREET, PENDLETON, - OREGON.

Dealers in General Merchandise.

Mr. Jacob Frazier having purchased the interest of E. Lobenstein, the new firm of Alexander & Frazer will carry the

BEST and MOST COMPLETE stock ever opened in Pendleton.

CLOTHING, GROCERIES, DRESS GOODS, DRY GOODS, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, CROCKERY & GLASSWARE, Etc., Etc.

Call and examine our new styles and patterns.

Goods sold at BOTTOM Prices. Country produce and Wool taken at Highest Cash Price.

ALEXANDER & FRAZIER.

J. BAYLER, SUCCESSION TO B. F. GRAY, Saddle and Harness MAKER, PENDLETON, OREGON.

KEEP constantly on hand a complete supply of Harness, Saddles, Brushes, Whips, spurs, Collars, Halters, Sashes, and everything needed in our line.

Call and see us before sending below. Repairs promptly attended to.

MOTHER'S BOYS. From the Lancaster Examiner. Yes, I know there are stains on my carpet, The traces of small muddy boots; And I see your tapestry glowing, All spotted with blondblood and fruit!

And I know that my walls are disfigured With prints of small fingers and hands; And that your own household most truly In immaculate purity stands.

And I know that my parlor is littered With many old treasures and toys; While your own is in daintiest order, Unharm'd by the presence of boys.

And I know that my garden is invaded Quite boldly all hours of the day; While you sit in your sunniest seat, And dream the soft quiet away!

Yes, I know there are four little holeside Where I must stand watchful each night; While you go out in your carriage, And flash in your dresses so bright.

Now, I think I'm a neat little woman; And I'm fond of all dainty belongings; Yet would not change places with you, Not keep your fair home with its order, Its freedom from bother and noise; And keep your own fanciful leisure, But give me my four splendid boys!

PORTLAND. EARLY DAYS. From Resources of Oregon and Washington.

In regard to the early days of this city we can do better than to give the words found in Mc Cormick's Directory in 1863. From that account, we learn that the first store was established on the south-west corner of Front and Washington streets, where this office is now located.

"During the month of November, 1843, Hon. A. L. Lovejoy, (at present residing at Oregon City,) and a gentleman named Overton, stepped ashore at this point from an Indian canoe, whilst en route from Vancouver to Oregon City, and having examined the topography of the surrounding country, concluded at once that it was a most eligible position for a town site.

Not being prepared however, to commence clearing away the brush and timber, with which their contemplated claim was covered, they determined to procure the necessary outfit, tools and provisions, and return at some subsequent period for permanent settlement.

True to their purpose these hardy pioneers returned during the ensuing winter, and commenced at once to clear off the land, and make preparations for the erection of a log cabin, which they determined to build, on a site they had chosen close to the ravine, where at present stands the Portland Saw Mill, in the southern portion of the city.

But before they had perfected their arrangements for the completion of their dwelling, Mr. Overton disposed of his interest in the claim to Mr. F. W. Pettygrove, who, in conjunction with Lovejoy had the claim surveyed and the boundaries established during the summer of 1844.

During the winter of the same year, Messrs. Lovejoy and Pettygrove hired a man to commence clearing off the timber, and to procure logs suitable for the construction of a dwelling house; but a change was made in the location, the proprietors deeming it more prudent to commence operations nearer the center of their claim, in preference to improving the southern extremity.

Immediate preparations were made to clear off the ground adjacent to where the Columbia hotel at present stands, (north-west corner of Front and Washington streets,) and accordingly a log house was erected on the spot, and occupied by their employe during the winter.

The building completed and a portion of the land cleared, the proprietors determined upon having a more accurate survey of their claim and in the summer of 1845, Thomas A. Brown was employed to do so, which he did, at the same time laying a portion of it into streets, blocks and lots,—it being agreed between the partners that the lots were to be fifty feet wide by one hundred feet deep, the streets sixty feet wide, with the exception of Water street, (or as at present known, Front street,) which was to be as near sixty feet wide as the variations of the banks of the river would admit.

A plot was accordingly made; and the next thought that engaged the minds of the proprietors was that of choosing a suitable name for the newly born city of the west.

Mr. Lovejoy suggested that the place be called Boston, in honor of the capital of his native State, in hopes that at some future time it might rival in commerce and importance the modern Athens.

Mr. Pettygrove contended that Portland was more appropriate, inasmuch as it was the head of steamboat navigation and the port where would land all freight of the Willamette, and all the southern portion of the territory.

In order to decide this vexed question, it was proposed by Mr. Pettygrove to toss a copper cent, which he had brought with him as a souvenir of his eastern home; this being agreed to by Lovejoy, the cent was produced, and Mr. Pettygrove proving the winner, Portland was adopted as the cognomen of the embryo city.

"During the earlier part of 1850, the necessity of having a newspaper published at this point, became apparent to the settlers and property

owners of Portland, as both Milwaukee and Oregon City were represented by the press—the former having the Western Star to advocate its advantages over every other embryo city in the territory and the latter being represented by the Oregon Spectator, a weekly newspaper doing battle for the interests of Oregon City in particular.

Under these circumstances the people of Portland thought justice to themselves and their property, demanded that they should procure a press through which their interests would be promoted.

Accordingly, in October of that year, the materials for a printing office were shipped on board the bark Keoka, at San Francisco, but the vessel having experienced head winds and delays on the passage, did not arrive here until the following month, and the issue of the paper was delayed until December 4th, when the Weekly Oregonian made its appearance, Thomas J. Dryer being the editor and proprietor.

In the first number of the Oregonian, Portland is described as a town that has sprung into existence within an incredible short space of time. The buildings, mostly new, of good style and taste, which with their white coats of paint, contrasted with the dingy appearance of towns generally on the Pacific coast, gives it a most home-like aspect.

Alluding to the citizens, the editor says: "The property holders, by their industry and liberality are manifesting an earnest of the future destiny of the place. The inhabitants, for intelligence and moral worth, are not surpassed by any town in the Eastern States."

When we consider the general character bestowed upon the great majority of towns on the Pacific coast at that early day, such a commentary on Portland speaks volumes in its praise.

"For several years, the people of Portland, aided by the farmers of Washington county, had been canvassing the possibility of constructing a good, substantial road from this city leading to the Tualatin Plains; but no definite action was taken towards its completion until the fall 1851, when it was determined to construct a plank road leading through the canyon at the southwestern portion of the city.

Accordingly, in October, the first plank of the pioneer public work was laid by Stephen Coffin, and the event was duly celebrated by the citizens en masse, who looked upon the contemplated improvement as one of the most important enterprises, in which the people of this portion of the territory could become interested.

"On the 18th of April, 1859, the first number of a daily newspaper was issued and bore the title of Portland Daily News. It was published by S. English & Co.

"Portland—in latitude 45° 30' north, longitude 122° 27' 30" west—is a port of entry, the county seat of Multnomah county, and the commercial metropolis of Oregon.

It is pleasantly located on the west bank of the Willamette river, about thirteen miles above the junction of the Columbia, and about one hundred and ten miles—by the river course—from the Pacific ocean. The city is located on a plateau which gradually increases in height as it recedes from the river, until it forms a range of hills at the western extremity of the city from which may be seen the snow capped summits of Mounts Hood, St. Helens and Jefferson, the Cascade range of mountains, and the meanderings of the Columbia and Willamette rivers."

SERIOUS ACCIDENT. On the 12th inst, Stewart Spears of Big creek, started from his residence with a threshing machine which he was taking to a neighbor.

After traveling a mile or two he remembered having left his spirit level at home. He then stopped the team, and taking a horse which was tied behind the trucks, got on him, with nothing but a piece of rope for a bridle, and did not experience any trouble in going home, but upon starting back, the horse got contrary.

After riding a short distance, and while yet within sight of the house Mr. S. got off to arrange the rope when the horse wheeled and kicked him in the face with both feet. A woman who saw the occurrence from the house, ran to the scene but at first was unable to find the man until attracted by his groans, for the reason that when first kicked he fell to the ground, and being still conscious and writhing with pain, he had rolled some distance down the hill through the sage brush.

Dr. Atwood was summoned and found the injuries consisted of an eye knocked out, one side of the face completely crushed and the nose broken. The sufferer is in town and doing as well as could be expected.—Bedrock Democrat.

The directors of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company have elected the following officers: President, Henry Villard; vice president, Thomas F. O'Leary; second vice president, Anthony J. Thomas; secretary, Samuel Wilkeson; treasurer, L. Belknap.

The health statistics show fewer deaths per capita in Oregon than in any other State of the Union, and announce it is behind only one Territory, that of Idaho. Standard.

AN OLD STORY RETOLD. A great many years ago the Governor of North Carolina received a friendly visit from the Governor of South Carolina. After a real North Carolina dinner of bacon and fams, the two Governors lit pipes and sat in the shade of the back veranda with a demijohn of real North Carolina corn whiskey, copper distilled, within easy reach.

"There was nothing stuck up about these Governors," says a North Carolina State historian, in the homely but vigorous language of his section. "There they set and smoked, and set and smoked, every once and a while taking a mutual pull at the demijohn with the aid of a gourd which they used as a democratic goblet.

The conversation of the two Governors was on the subject of turpentine and rice, the staples of their respective States, and the further they got into the subject the lower down they got into the jug, and the lower they got in the jug the dryer the Governor of South Carolina got, who was a square drinker and a warm man with about a million pores to every square inch of his hide, which enabled him to histe in a likely share of corn-juice, or other beverage, and keep his carcass at the same time well ventilated, and generally always ready for more, while

THE GOVERNOR OF NORTH CAROLINA. Was a more cautious drinker, but was mighty sure to strike bottom at about the twelfth drink, like as if nature had measured him by the gourdful. Well, they set and smoked and argued, and the Governor of North Carolina was as hospitable as any real Southern gentleman could be, for he ladled out the whiskey in the most liberal manner, being particular to give his distinguished guest three drinks to one, and guaging his own dose with great care, for fear that if he didn't he might lose the thread of his argument, and the demijohn might run dry before the Governor of South Carolina should be ready to dust out for home, in which case it would look like he had not properly observed the laws of hospitality which would have been a self-inflicted thorn in his side for years to come, and no amount of apology could ease his mind or enable him to feel warranted in showing his countenance to his fellow-men, especially in his home district, where for generations it had been a main point with every gentleman to keep his visitor well supplied with creature comforts, and to hand him a good gourdful as a stirrup-cup when about to take his departure for the bosom of his family.

Singular to relate, the cautiousness manifested by the Governor of North Carolina was of no avail for at one and the same moment

THE JUG WENT DRY. And the Governor of North Carolina, much to his subsequent mortification when he learned the fact afterward, dropped off into a quiet sleep, while the Governor of South Carolina continued to keep on with his argument, holding the empty gourd in his hand in close contiguity to the demijohn, and wondering at the apparent absent-mindedness of his hitherto attentive host, to whom, after a minute and a half of painful silence, he made use of but one remark: "Governor, don't you think it's a long time between drinks?"

The remark being heard by George, the body servant of the Governor of North Carolina, who knowing that there was something wrong, took to the woods, where he remained in seclusion for three days, but the Governor of South Carolina receiving no reply from the Governor of North Carolina, mounted his horse and rode sadly homeward with an irrepressible feeling at his heart that there was coming to be a hollowness in friendship, and that human nature was in danger of drifting into a condition of chaotic mockery.

Ever since the occurrence so touchingly described by the conscientious historian, a common form of invitation to join a social glass has been: "As the Governor of South Carolina said to the Governor of North Carolina, it's a long time between drinks."

The form is efficacious as that used by the itinerant minister when called upon to turn two into one at short notice—"Jine hands."

THE LARGEST MAN. McCabe's History gives the following account of a gigantic North Carolinian: "The largest man on record was Miles Darben, a native of North Carolina, who was born in 1798, and who died in Tennessee in 1867. He was seven feet and six inches high, and weighed 872 pounds. At his death he weighed a little over 1000 pounds. In 1839 his coat was buttoned around three men, each of them weighing over 200 pounds, who walked together in it across the square at Lexington. In 1850 it required 18½ yards of cloth, one yard wide to make him a coat. Until 1863 he was active and lively and able to bear labor, but from that time was compelled to stay at home or be hauled about in a two-horse wagon. His coffin was eight feet long; 32 inches across the breast, 18 inches across the head and 14 inches across the feet. It required 24 yards of black velvet to cover the sides and lids of the coffin."

INDIANS IN TROUBLE. Indians Fired on. They Leave Their Horses and Start for the Reservation. McCoy's Retreat (formerly Starkley's Ranch) Union Co., Or. SEPT. 18th, 1881.

ED. EAST OREGONIAN.—There have been several Indians in these mountains lately, but they have left in a hurry. It seems from all the information we can gather on the subject the Indians were hunting seven or eight miles south of this place. While out one day last week some of them thought they were fired at but could not tell for certain as it might have been a stray shot fired by others of the party.

However, that night their camp was fired into and as the bullets whistled close to their ears there was no longer any doubt but that the shots were meant for them. We learn there were about twenty shots fired but have not heard of any of them taking effect. The Indians did not return the fire seeing no one to shoot at. Some persons think the attacking party might be a parcel of Frenchmen who are up here trapping and hunting and not liking to see poor Lo get all the game took this method of scaring him off. Others say it is quite likely people have not yet forgotten the part taken in the Bannock war by the Umatillas and that these mountains are a good place to stay away from. We don't know who did the shooting and suppose it will always remain a mystery unless Lieut Farrow comes out here, picks up the cartridge shells and solves the problem. All we know is the Indians left between two days. Mr. McCoy says he saw a young squaw looking for horses yesterday. Mac says, "Shelooked flushed and frightened. Her eyes dilated and her color heightened."—paint we think.

THE GRASS. In these mountains is nearly all dried up. Sheep that are usually fat at this season of the year are in only fair condition with very few exceptions. We camped with Mr. Frazer, one of the most successful sheep men in the country, at the "Glass Ranch" on our way up here. He never saw feed so short in the mountains. We asked Mr. F. what he thought Kester's bear, spoken of in the EAST OREGONIAN lately, was after when he took the blankets out of the house. He said, "Horse, you ought to know the bear is an omnivorous animal and when vegetation dries up in the mountains he lives on bugs and other insects."

SNEAK THIEF. Some one broke into McKinzie's camp and stole Mac's clothes which causes him much trouble. Mac says if any one needed them worse than he did they may have them and all they may find with them. HORACE.

A FARMER OUTWITTED. A farmer who was as niggardly a man as ever lived, contrived by his parsimonious habits to amass great wealth. He was likewise a conscientious, and scrupled at nothing that would add a dollar to his pile. Not far from him lived a shiftless sort of fellow, who loved to steal better than to work, and the farmer said to him once: "Clem, I will give you a shilling a bushel for all the potatoes you will bring me, and I don't care where you get them."

Clem jumped at the chance, but asked him where he could get them. "I don't care where. Of course you will steal them, but that's none none of my business."

The bargain was struck, and every night for a week Clem would drive to the farmer's house with a load of potatoes, put them in the cellar, and receive his pay for them. At last he asked him where he got them. "Stole 'em."

"Where did you steal them, Clem?" "Oh, up in your side hill lot!" replied Clem, while a grin took entire possession of his face. He got away in time to save his back, but that farmer hasn't bargained with him since to steal anything.

OUR SOCIETY ON THE ISLANDS. They organized a debating club in Deadwood last week. The fact that the President was a dead shot and sat with two revolvers in his hand kept the society in comparative quiet while the questions "Ought a flash royal beat four aces?" and "Is it wicked to lynch Mexicans on Sunday?" were debated. But when they tackled the question: "Ought you to fire when a man reaches for hip pocket, are you bound to wait till you see whether it's a revolver or a whisky bottle he's drawing?" came up, the President couldn't control them, and five funerals was the result.

A PROVERB. An old Arabian proverb, freely translated, reads as follows: "When a man knows and knows that he don't know, he's a wise man. When a man don't know, and knows that he don't know, he's a sensible man. When a man thinks he knows, and don't know he's a fool."