

East Oregonian

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PENDLETON, UMATILLA CO., OREGON. THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1888.

NO. 89.

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It Stands at the Head! THE LIGHT RUNNING DOMESTIC. Simple, Practical, Light Running and Hand-some. Many try to equal it, but none succeed.

FOR SALE. On and after this date, as administrator of the estate of the late William Ross, I offer for sale all the live stock owned by the deceased, consisting of: Thoroughbred Hereford Bulls, Shorthorn Cattle, Grade Cattle, and Cattle Stock Cattle, Thoroughbred Spanish Merino Bucks and Ewes, Registered, Grade Bucks and Sheep.

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TO-DAY'S TELEGRAMS. THE WHEAT MARKETS. The Old Country Market—The Chicago, San Francisco Markets.

PORTLAND, June 14.—The heavy supply of the English coast make concessions in the wheat market necessary to induce buying. The markets of the old country show a poor front. The home markets are without interest.

A MURDERER CONFESSES. Henry Myers Confesses to the Murder of John Lowell and Implicates two Others. SACRAMENTO, June 13.—Henry Myers was arrested yesterday for the murder of John Lowell, and he has made a clean breast of the whole affair at his preliminary examination.

A Tale of the Sea. LUCKNOW, ONTARIO, June 13.—A bottle has been picked up from the sea shore, near this city, containing a note, stating that the schooner Tiffin, of Bay City, Michigan, was going down with all on board of the vessel.

Many People Poisoned. MINNEAPOLIS, June 13.—Nineteen persons were poisoned at Kasota, Minnesota, from eating cheese manufactured in Wisconsin. Many of the victims became insensible after suffering from spasms after eating the cheese.

Drowned in Wood River. HAILEY, IDAHO, June 13.—George Rickard, a miner, well known in Nevada and Idaho, was drowned in Wood river yesterday while attempting to ford it.

Probably 1,100 People Drowned. LONDON, ENGLAND, June 13.—A dispatch from Jeddah says the German steamer from Singapore with 1,100 pilgrims on board en route to Mecca is long overdue and is supposed to have been lost at sea.

A Young Lady Missing. WALLA WALLA, June 14.—Miss Laura Kinslow, aged sixteen, went to church Sunday as usual and has not been seen since. No trace of her can be found.

FIGHT THE DEVIL WITH FIRE. The Eagle Editor Certain of Division Spite of "Rotten Treachery."

During the campaign it was often asked why the Eagle, an independent paper, should have supported the Democratic ticket without an exception being made. We will simply state that this policy was pursued for good and sufficient reasons best known to ourselves, but not for the benefit of that ticket in toto.

Solidly Democratic. From letters received in Baker City it is learned that Malheur county elected the entire Democratic ticket. Test for clerk and Murray for sheriff received majorities of 150 to 175.

Cheap Labor. The following appeared in the Philadelphia Record. Compare it with Chinese cheap labor on this coast: 300 MEN WANT WORK AT 60 CENTS A DAY. Where can I get employment for 300 of my countrymen—Italians? They are strong, and are willing to do any kind of labor at 60 cents a day.

EDISON'S TALKING BABY. A Child of the Inventor's Brain Which Prays and Sings. From the New York World.

Not only has Wizard-Telegraphic-Telephone-Phonographic-Graphophone Edison the power of focusing the rays of abstract science and creating therefrom practical concrete appliances, but he knows how to apply these marvelous instruments of his invention to every-day uses. His latest invention in the use of the phonograph is a speaking baby.

In explaining how this remarkable feat is performed Mr. Edison said: "A curious feature about this invention is that the baby's voice is the exact representation of the human voice. In fact it is my own voice, for I speak to the phonograph and the record is made of the tones of my voice upon the little waxen cylinder. Then, by an ingenious contrivance connected with one of the arms of the make-believe baby, the mechanism is started into motion. It sounds all the more natural coming from the baby, because the tones of my voice have been reduced in volume, so that they seemed suited to the infant's capacity.

"The second line is a little slower and runs something like the following: 'I pray the Lord my soul to keep.' "The third line is still slower, and when printed would read something like this: 'If I should die before I wake.' "The last line of the original verse is long drawn out, as if the make-believe baby was getting very sleepy, thus: 'I pray—the Lord—my—soul—to—keep.' "

"But I have added," continued Mr. Edison, "a few words to the prayer which, while they do not appear in the original, still will be found in general use. They are these, and they die away from the infant's lips as though she were utterly overcome with weariness: 'Kutchey, Kutchey, Coo, Lovey me, lovey too; Does 'ee lovey, lovey me As I lovey, lovey 'ee? Kutchey, Kutchey, Coo!'"

"My little maiden never has a sore throat, and she never refuses to sing when called upon to do so." The reporter asked Mr. Edison whether the baby was the only new device which the phonograph is associated. "Oh, no," replied Mr. Edison, with a smile, "I have also a talking clock, which, instead of striking the hour, speaks it. At dinner time a voice issues from the clock which says, 'Dinner-time,' also 'One o'clock,' 'Two o'clock,' etc., as the case may be. Another device which I am perfecting in connection with the clock is that of a female face which I purpose to set in the face of the clock. The lips of this figure will move at the hour, the head will bow, and the fictitious lady will say 'Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, it is bedtime.' This," continued Mr. Edison, "will be a very convenient timepiece for have about the house where the lover is staying later than a seasonal hour.

"There seems to be no end to the practical uses of the phonograph," remarked the reporter. "Exactly," replied Mr. Edison, "I can make an instrument which is capable of being hidden away in a parlor and which will record all the conversation carried on there. Imagine the consternation of a loving young couple when all their billing and cooing is reproduced by the mother of the young lady who has placed the phonograph there for that purpose! To unnumbered purposes can this instrument be put." "There is a rumor, Mr. Edison, that you purpose publishing music, or securing copyrights of popular songs for the use of the phonograph; is this true?" "Yes; I have already secured three of Mr. H. M. Rosenfeld's most popular recent works, viz: 'The Kentucky Gallopade,' the 'Dramatic News Waltzes,' and the song 'Kutchey, Kutchey, Coo!' The Evening World recently printed. It is the intention of the company in which I am interested to make a regular business of the publication of music for use upon the phonograph, and already I have in view an enterprising publisher in New York to handle it for me and place it on the market. Of course, this will not be printed music, but merely impressions

upon the wax cylinders of the phonograph, so that the owner of an instrument can have a repertoire of the latest songs at a nominal price of twenty cents each. If he wishes to hear an andante from Beethoven in his parlor all he has to do is to adjust his cylinder. These cylinders are practically indestructible. They can be used times without number, and when the owner of the phonograph becomes tired of a particular composition he can have it removed from the cylinder and another substituted for it." Mr. Edison said that Prof. Muybridge, the instantaneous photographer, had visited him lately and had proposed to him a scheme which, if carried to completion, will afford an almost endless field of amusement and instruction. The photographer said that he had been conducting a series of experiments recently and had almost perfected a photographic appliance by which he would be enabled to accurately reproduce the gestures and facial expression of, for instance, Mr. Blaine in the act of making a speech. This was done, he said, by taking sixty or seventy instantaneous photographs of each position assumed by the speaker, and then throwing them by means of a magic lantern upon a screen. He proposed to Mr. Edison that the phonograph should be used in connection with his invention, and that photographs of Edwin Booth as Hamlet, Lillian Russell in some of her songs, and other artists of note should be experimented with. Mr. Edison, he said, could produce with his instrument the tones of the voice while he would furnish the gestures and facial expression. This scheme met with the approval of Mr. Edison and he intended to perfect it at his leisure.

A Song of the Evening. The following couplet is prepared by an appreciative poet for the use of the bandanna, viz: Wipe, boys, wipe; keep your noses clean! Wipe, boys, wipe; and all will be serene. Belva Ann Lockwood is running for President again, and threatens to stump the country. She is fifty-four years of age, and her bidding beauty makes her a formidable rival.

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A constant stream of visitors pours in upon the inventor at his laboratory daily. Although the phonograph has been extensively written about in the newspapers, still the general public has a very crude idea about the marvelous invention. The popular idea is that the words are spoken into a tube, and that they are stored away in a sort of a box, and that when they are wanted a tap is turned and the words themselves come out. For the information of the readers of the World the following explanation of the newly-perfected phonograph is given:

Imagine half of a wax candle resting on a shallow wooden box. A little machine is inside of the box, the motive power of which is electricity. This machine keeps the candle in constant revolution. Resting upon the candle is a tiny steel finger, no longer than a cambric needle. This needle is set in a piece of paraffined silk, which has a rim around it, much like that of a snare drum. This drum-head, however, is no larger than the top of an ordinary spool. The sound waves strike this little drum-head, which vibrates the needle. The needle, in turn, cuts a tiny mark into the tallow candle, and leaves an impression of the song or oration, as the case may be. After the impressions of the sound waves are taken, another little drum-head, of a more sensitive nature than the first, and another needle are substituted. This second needle follows the path of the first one, and the sound waves are thrown out of the instrument so that they are distinctly audible to persons standing within twenty feet of the instrument. The singing baby, the talking clock and the parlor phonograph will be perfected in a few days, and will be on the market in time for the Christmas stockings.

A Kentucky Romance. Louisville Special to Pittsburg Dispatch.

A telegram from Mrs. Eliza George, living ten miles from this city, to Chief of Detectives Yankee Bligh this morning, developed a most remarkable romance. The telegram ordered Capt. Bligh to arrest, at all hazards, Madeline George, sixteen years of age, who had eloped with Robert Stephens, Jr., a neighbor, eighteen years old. The young couple were arrested in a justice's office, where they had gone to be married. The boy said he and Madeline were desperately in love with each other. Six hours later Mrs. Eliza George came to town with her face flushed with excitement. Twenty years ago, the woman said, her father died, leaving her his farm and several thousand dollars on condition that she never marry. Before and after the old man's death, Eliza had been assiduously courted by Henry Stevens. The young woman loved him, but under the provisions of her father's will, could not marry. At last Curid provided a way, and Stevens and Miss George were married under the names of A. Goodman and Sallie White. For three years they lived together secretly, two children being born to them. Then they separated, Mrs. Stephens taking her maiden name and the younger child. She returned to her country home, while Stephen took the eldest child, whose name was Henry. Some years later Stephen gave up his business in Louisville and moved to the country, buying a farm adjoining that of Mrs. George. The children grew up together without knowing their relationship and soon became desperately in love. The parents tried to separate the children, but without success. Madeline and Henry finally eloped, and their arrest just in the nick of time prevented a union between brother and sister.

Popular Vote in 1884. Cleveland, Democrat..... 4,911,037 Blaine, Republican..... 4,848,334 Butler, Gbk. and Labor..... 133,925 St. John, Prohibition..... 151,899 Whole vote cast..... 10,048,061

Electoral vote in 1884 was as follows: Blaine. Alabama..... 10 California..... 8 Arkansas..... 7 Colorado..... 3 Connecticut..... 6 Illinois..... 22 Delaware..... 3 Iowa..... 13 Florida..... 4 Kansas..... 9 Georgia..... 12 Maine..... 6 Indiana..... 15 Massachusetts..... 14 Kentucky..... 13 Michigan..... 13 Louisiana..... 8 Minnesota..... 7 Maryland..... 8 Nebraska..... 5 Mississippi..... 9 Nevada..... 3 Missouri..... 16 New Hampshire..... 4 New Jersey..... 9 Ohio..... 23 New York..... 36 Oregon..... 3 N. Carolina..... 11 Pennsylvania..... 30 S. Carolina..... 9 Rhode Island..... 4 Tennessee..... 12 Vermont..... 4 Texas..... 13 Wisconsin..... 11 Virginia..... 12 West Virginia..... 6 Total..... 182 Cleveland's majority 37

TEN YEARS YOUNGER. Thurman Says He Feels Ten Years Younger at the Least Calculation.

The Ohio delegation called on Thurman on their way home from the St. Louis convention, a few days ago, and the "Old Roman" addressed them as follows: "I understand that many good people may no doubt think—and I do not deny the justice of their thoughts—that I am too old to run for Vice-President. Those people who say, and who doubtless think so, do not understand the effect upon an old Democrat of such kindness as I have received at your hands, and at the hands of the rest of the Democrats of the United States. Why, I feel about ten years younger, at the least calculation. Last night I stood here to speak to fellow citizens who came out to greet me, and, upon my word, expecting me to speak five minutes, and I find that I spoke twenty minutes in full voice and with immense fervor and vigor; and I should not be surprised if I should make such a fool of myself between now and the second Tuesday, or the first Tuesday, or whatever Tuesday it is, in October—November I mean, that I should be prancing around making speeches like a young man just out of his teens.

"But now, gentlemen, let me be serious a little while. You know, gentlemen of the Ohio delegation, that when you were kind enough to call on me before you went to St. Louis; told me, and God knows it was the honest truth, that what I wanted was peace and quiet; but that it was impossible for me to say that I would not refuse the nomination, for that would make me a candidate at once. Therefore, surrounded with these difficulties, I could conceive of no other way, no other solution, than to place myself in your hands, and I did so freely, honestly, fairly, loyally, trusting that you would take care of my honor, as well as the interests of the Democratic party. Now, gentlemen, I do not undertake to speak for myself and say that you have done fairly, and honorably, and uprightly, by me. As long as I live I shall always bear towards you heartfelt and pleasant recollections. Gentlemen, I thank you for your efforts; I thank you for what you have done, and whether I shall be successful or not successful, there is one thing of which I cannot be deprived, and that is the gratification of knowing that I have the good will of the people of my State, and not only of the people of Ohio, but of the people, I think, of the United States.

"But I have another word to say before I stop, and that is this: There scarcely ever happened in the history of this world a sublimer spectacle than the renomination of Grover Cleveland by the unanimous voice of the convention; and now I say you did a wise thing, in that the people of the United States love brave men, and Cleveland is a brave man; they love honest men, and God knows he is an honest man; they love a man of sound judgment, and I do not know a man of sounder judgment than his; they love men who stand up for the people, who stand up for principle and do not fear to take the consequence, and such a man is Grover Cleveland. Gentlemen, it will be an honor to every man in the St. Louis convention, as long as he lives, that he was there to cast his vote for this worthy President of the United States. Now, I thank you, and will bid you good night."

Baker Has the Fever. From the Baker City Democrat.

The purchase of the Eureka and Excelsior mines at Cracker creek by the St. Louis syndicate has occasioned great excitement in mining circles in the East, especially at St. Louis and Kansas City, and the newspapers of those cities are giving lengthy space in their columns regarding the sale. Nothing, perhaps, has ever taken place to give Baker county notoriety in the East to equal the recent great mining deal, and we may look to see the eyes of the mining capitalists of the Eastern cities turned toward the mines of Baker county from this time on. At last their riches is known to the world, and if an excitement equaling the Cour d'Alene fever upon their first discovery should break upon us it would not be surprising.

Among the successful applicants for admission to the bar of New York was Hong Yen Chang of Brooklyn. He is the only regularly admitted Chinese lawyer in the country. He is twenty seven years old and came to this country fifteen years ago.