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Meets at the Odd Fellows' Hall every Thursday night. H. S. WATKINS, Commander; J. S. BOWEN, Adjutant.

TO-DAY'S TELEGRAMS.

TRAIN ROBBERY.
Passenger Train on the Northern Pacific Held Up.

HELENA, M. T., June 17.—The Northern Pacific west-bound train was robbed by eight masked men at Junction City, sixty-five miles east of Billings, last night. Engineer Sargent saw a man on the track with a torch, and he stopped the train to ascertain the cause of the act. He was immediately ordered to throw up his hands, several masked men appearing from the side of the track with guns and revolvers which they leveled at him. The engineer was afterwards made to crawl into the express car and advise the messenger to surrender, which he did, the robbers securing \$400 in money from the express chest. The coaches were then entered and the passengers relieved of their money. The watches and jewelry of the passengers were not molested. Most of the passengers were made to anticipate the robbery by hearing the firing of pistols and guns directly before and after the stopping of the train, and succeeded in hiding much of their money and other valuables. The robbers obtained about \$500 in money from the passengers. No violence was offered by the robbers, only to one man, who showed signs of resistance. He was promptly shot at, the ball cutting through the rim of his hat. The robbers are undoubtedly cow-boys. The sheriff with a large posse started in pursuit as soon as the news reached Billings.

A TERRIBLE FIGHT.

A Row Over Common Property in West Virginia.

PARKERSBURG, W. VA., June 17.—Two families named Brewer and Bush having adjoining premises at Happy Hollow, near here, have been engaged for some time past in a contention concerning a line of fence, water rights and other common property. William Brewer became under the influence of liquor yesterday and last evening met Mrs. Bush and her two sons, Charles and Thomas. He at once drew a knife and stabbed Charles Bush in the back. Mrs. Bush and her son Thomas interfered and Brewer then attacked them. Grasping the old lady by the arm he struck her several times about the head and throat and in the neck, inflicting terrible wounds, from which she soon bled to death. Thomas Bush and a man named Chaver appeared and attacked Brewer, beating him until he was fatally injured. Brewer is a giant in strength and made a terrible fight, cutting and slashing his foes in every direction, but inflicting no serious wounds upon them. One of his hands was almost cut off, and his face and neck were terribly mutilated. Charles Bush died soon after receiving the stab in the back from Brewer.

BLAINE IN THE LEAD.

The Pacific Coast Men Booming Blaine at Chicago.

CHICAGO, June 17.—There have been no new developments in the Republican situation since Saturday. To-morrow Chauncey Depew speaks, and then the scramble begins. Over all hangs the Blaine movement. California delegates continue to boom Blaine in their characteristic manner. Sherman now estimates his strength at 326 votes. He has been greatly weakened to-day by the assaults of the Pacific Coast men, who have been strongly opposing him. Colonel Robert Ingersoll is on hand, and he is putting in his very best licks for Gresham.

A CLOSE GAME.

The Willamette and Portland Nines Play an Exciting Game.

PORTLAND, June 18.—Three thousand people witnessed the ball game yesterday between the Portlands and Willamettes of East Portland. At the end of the ninth inning the score stood 3 to 3. The next inning resulted in the Willamettes making 1 and the Portlands 0. The setting on the game was heavy, and much enthusiasm prevailed. Yesterday was the first pleasant day Portland people have enjoyed for two weeks. It resumed raining this morning.

SHERIDAN'S CONDITION.

His Strength Improving, His Sleep Refreshing, and He Will Recover.

WASHINGTON, June 17.—The improvement in General Sheridan's condition is very gratifying. His strength has greatly increased and his sleep is refreshing. He will soon be a well man once again. The whole country rejoices.

The Most Surprised Man.

From the La Grande Journal.

Probably the most surprised man in Eastern Oregon over the recent elections was Jas. A. Fee, of Pendleton, who was elected circuit judge of this district. Several Republicans have admitted in our presence that the nomination was tendered Mr. Fee because no other lawyer in the district wanted to take his chances against W. M. Ramsey, the Democratic nominee. The Republican lawyers of the district favored Mr. Ramsey's election from the first, and if the fact were known most of them voted for him, knowing full well that in Mr. Ramsey they would have a thorough judge of law before whom to try their cases. The leaders of the party, however, wanted the whole ticket elected, and, to the surprise of nearly every man in the sixth judicial district, when the votes were counted, Mr. Fee came in ahead by a handsome majority, and will be one of our judges for the next six years. Mr. Fee is a thorough gentleman, apparently, and though without much experience, is said to be a hard student, and no doubt will make it win.

OVER THE NORTHERN.

One or Two Samples of What a Traveling Person Thinks About.

Chicago, June 13, 1888.

The long journey from Wallula to St. Paul was made without any special incident worthy of note. If it were not so familiar to most of the readers of the EAST OREGONIAN, by hearsay at least, I might attempt some little "description" of it—or rather of the wonderful country traversed. The wonder consists mainly in its diversity, and when one remembers the distance this is not so wonderful after all. But as for me, I like the mountains, and the woods, and the lakes and the plains—all of them; but the plains, I confess, the least. On the west slope of the Rockies trees and grass are green; we do not reach the sombre and faded yellow and brown till we come over the divide. I have sometimes said—and I really mean it, though people don't think so, likely—that I would like to live away out in one of these secluded mountain valleys, where nature has never been marred by art, and where the ruthless destroying hand of man has scarcely been felt. Give me a mountain range close by; a grassy plain in the distance; a mountain stream rushing past; an apparently interminable forest nearly all around; wild game and a very few men and women, and those unspoiled by fashion and vices, rather than the town or the highly improved farm. In some moods I deest the sound of a locomotive, I detest the click of the telegraph, I hate the hotel clerk and the restaurant waiter—though of course not as individuals; and sincerely wish I could get out of sound and reach of all of them, and of all they have to do or deal with. In such a mood I crossed the Rockies, not caring a cent if the train, as it came down the declivity this side, ran in the canyon at one side, and if no other train ever passed that way to take away such as were left alive in the wreck.

But the train came down all right. The Mullan tunnel is not yet opened, and the trains still pass over the summit of the Rockies, with two big engines in front to pull, and one behind to push. It makes them puff and blow like the giants they are to get us up to "Tip-top," and then they have to go slow and "hold back" with all their great power to keep the train in moderate motion coming down the hillside on this side, for this is not a "switch-back."

I was in St. Paul only about two hours, and came from there to Chicago over the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, in one of their "Vestibule" trains. Parties coming East can find no smoother, speedier road, and none on which people are better accommodated. The meal we had at breakfast was really "elegant." (This is not written for any "favor," for I paid full fare in cash.)

I have been in Chicago since yesterday morning and will leave this evening for New York over the Michigan Central and N. Y. Central. Already a number of prominent Republicans are here to attend the national convention. Among others I had the pleasure of meeting to-day was Mr. Munt Halstead, the celebrated editor of the Cincinnati Gazette. The Republicans, as near as I can learn, are a good deal "at sea" just as to who the candidate will be. Some still stick to Blaine. The Ohio delegation will insist very strongly on the claims of Sherman. Gresham and Harrison are contending for the prize, but Gresham's "boom" is by far the larger. He may possibly receive the nomination, in which event the Democrats could not complain very much whoever was elected, for Gresham is a clean, able, good man. But it is not likely the Republican leaders and politicians, and the corporations, will allow him to be nominated.

Coming East I traveled with a Mr. Beckman, of Bath, N. Y., a brother of C. C. Beckman, of Jacksonville, and like his Oregon brother he is an ardent Republican, and was rejoicing at the result of the Oregon election. But here or elsewhere east of the Rocky Mountains I have found that very little notice had been given to Oregon. I do not say but it may be the same in November in all the "close" Northern States, but I shall still believe that the people cannot be so deceived by the false cry of "free trade."

I was thinking as I rode along the other day something very much like the following, which I clipped from the St. Paul "Globe," and will therefore enclose it, with the remark that "Them's my sentiments too."
"The relations of politicians and the newspapers are a curious study for any one. If it be the good fortune of some of these gentlemen of ballot-box fame to control an organ; to have bargained and paid for just what will go into its columns, then the spirit of cordiality existing between him and the editor may be measured by the number of dollars that have passed between them. Few editors can respect the candidate or 'boss' who pays dollar for dollar for every word of praise they write. I think that in many instances they must lose respect for themselves. It is so shameful to write without conviction, or the fire of defending or upholding a man whom you know to be dishonest. Let the honest editor make his errors of judgment—they are not so contemptible by many miles as the accuracy of the one who is paid to be correct on the surface."

Yet it has become the fashion, in this age of gold, for candidates or the temporary managers of parties to "control" a newspaper. I use the word "control" in distinction from owning. A party leader or "boss" may legitimately own a newspaper and honorably use it to disseminate the principles of his party. The "con-

trol" of a newspaper by the average politician means, in bold-faced English, that its editorial columns have been bought, secretly or otherwise, and that under no circumstances will the editor in their disparage, criticize or condemn the certain faction or man who did the buying. The sale of this space is consummated in many ways. It may be a purchase of "spot" cash, or a long overdue mortgage is raised, or 1,500 or 2,000 subscriptions are taken, or the office stocked with new material. It depends upon the needs of the editor selling. The bargain consummated, the paper commences to work upon the people. Laudation after laudation of the purchaser is written. He may be an unprincipled scoundrel. That counts very little where mammon has gilded his sore spots. Until the campaign has ended his purchase sings his praises, and if he wins, becomes a mouthpiece for his official life. If he loses—it is for sale to the next buyer of space.

The editor who sells his space to uphold a candidate, a party, or a faction, though his actions be secret, inevitably proves to be a destroyer of public morals. By his action he not alone binds himself to defend unworthy things (for that which must purchase commendation is unworthy), but he attacks faith in humanity. His patrons reading his editorial opinions reach various conclusions, according to their knowledge of his situation. Those who know of his sale laugh either at his alleged "cuteness" or in scorn of a contemptible trick. Those who innocently accept his sentiments as pure gold, and are influenced by them, are led by him into support of what is bad. His treachery to them is ever exposed, they lose that much faith in mankind and shut up their confidence with bolts on the doors. Also, he defames his profession. The standard for the newspaper men of all Christendom set by Franklin, Greeley, Bowles, Weed, is lowered by him to a pit of mire. He stains the escutcheon of the knights of the quill. All honest journalists come under the cloud of shame resting upon him. The scorn hurled at him passes on until its influence has reached the uttermost one of the newspaper men who hold honor dearer than life and would starve rather than sell a single thought or stroke of their pen to any cause."
J. P. W.

MR. THURMAN'S HOME LIFE.

His Wife and Her Antecedents—His Two Daughters and Their Husbands—A Pretty Granddaughter Who is the Pride of His Life—How the Thurmans Have Always Clung Closely to the German Element.

From the New York Herald.

Every one knows when and where Allen G. Thurman was born; how, under the fatherly care of his uncle, William Allen, United States Senator and Governor of Ohio, he received his education at Chillicothe, in that State; how he was admitted to the Bar, then became private secretary to Gov. Lucas, afterwards a member of Congress, then a Supreme Judge of Ohio, finally taking his seat in the United States Senate, where he served two terms, and after retirement to private life, which has lasted several years, was on Thursday last nominated by the Democrats, at St. Louis, as their candidate for Vice-President. In the probable event of his presiding over the Senate of the United States, and the possibility of his presiding over the destinies of the nation itself, a few words in regard to what is not so well known—his family, his home, his life—can scarcely fail to be of interest to the world at large. My recollections of Judge Thurman extend back to my infancy, but of his family and home only to the time of his removal to Columbus in 1852, shortly after his election as Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio.

MR. THURMAN'S HOUSE.

The old house stood on High street, between Mound and Friend streets, in close proximity to the German colony, which long ago in the early settlement of the town appropriated the southern part of the town for themselves—keeping up the customs, traditions and language of the Fatherland to such an extent that in my childhood we used to call a drive to this part of Columbus going to "Germany." This very large German population has always been the dominating power of the place, and this queer, ugly, dear old town, which has given so many illustrious men and women to the world, is justly proud of this German element, for it has been an honor to her, and a long and interesting history might be written of this portion of Columbus alone. Whether the locality of Judge Thurman's home, which brought him into close and almost constant contact with these estimable people, was the cause of his becoming so identified with them I know not, but certain it is that they soon formed themselves into a mutual admiration society, and that to-day Judge Thurman is stronger with the Germans of Columbus and the entire State of Ohio than any other man not of their race. The old house on South High street and on the borders of "Germany" was a very Democratic affair, built right upon the street, with the entrance and the parlor windows almost level with the ground to the delight of the numerous small, idle boys always on exploring expeditions, and here for years the family dispensed an old-time hearty hospitality after the most Democratic fashion, to the intense enjoyment of the Democratic heart. No fine airs of superiority here! No danger of the humblest person ever feeling the slightest difference of birth, education or worldly position. Here at last was an ideal politician with an ideal family. At least, so thought the masses.

There was one spot in the house, however, where the most rigid laws were enforced and lavish expenditure indulged in. The laws were those of neatness, order, system. The expenditures were for appointments and provisions, and this spot was—the kitchen! It would have delighted the eye and heart of a Philadelphia housekeeper (what more could be said than that), and if there was a want of aesthetic taste displayed in furnishing and arrangement of the parlor it was more than atoned for here, for it told of hospitable, healthy, prosperous people and a notable cook and housewife, both of which Mrs. Thurman was in an eminent degree.

The Judge's library, too, was an attractive place. But how could a room be otherwise with its walls covered from ceiling to floor with choice books? In those days, it seemed to me, from the unusual number, that half these books were in French—a language of which the Judge is fond and with which he is perfectly conversant. His office was a detached building of two rooms standing near the house in a large yard, a little way back and protected from the street and small boys by a fence. Here that perfect quiet and seclusion so necessary to men of studious habits could always be found.

I have not seen the old place for years. When I last paid a visit to Columbus the Judge had moved into new quarters, having purchased several beautiful city lots at the corner of Rich street and Washington avenue (still clinging to the borders of "Germany"), where he had built two pretty houses of brown stone for himself and his son Allen W. Thurman, and it was in his doorway, to which he had accompanied me saying good-by and sending messages to old acquaintances in the East, that I last saw him. While he was speaking, one of his dear little grandchildren, who had been playing on the lawn, ran up to the steps. He took the little child in his arms with delight and I left him bowing an adieu, smiling and kissing this child all at the same time, the very picture of happiness and contentment. No wonder that I was astonished to hear that he had consented to tear himself from all these home comforts and would be once more forced into the din of battle—to the very front—as he will be in this bitter political contest that has already begun.

Who knows? Perhaps their very grandchildren, of whom I shall have more to say, were as much in his mind as his party when he consented to become a Democratic standard-bearer again.

Mrs. Thurman, though quite as old as her husband, seems many years younger, and I could not help thinking on this day just referred to that she was the most serene and at the same time the most energetic woman I had ever seen. She was Miss Dunn, of Lexington, Ky., and the family must have emigrated to Ohio at an early date, as she was a widow—Mrs. Tompkins—living in Chillicothe when Judge Thurman, as a young man, fell in love with and married her. Mrs. Thurman's three brothers—Walter, John and Robert Dunn—with their families, live in patriarchal style on an immense tract of land in Madison county, Ohio, not far from Columbus, which they purchased years ago and named "Donalson." Some idea of its size can be gained by the fact that the homes of the brothers are several miles apart. They are gentleman farmers, rich and prosperous, and "Donalson" is noted not only for the generous hospitality of those charming people, but for the very fine horses and cattle raised there.

Mrs. Thurman had by her first marriage one daughter who grew to womanhood, was married and died soon after having a son.

Of Judge Thurman's children there are three—a son, Allen W. Thurman, and two daughters, one the wife of Lieutenant Cowles, of the Navy; the other the wife of ex-Governor McCormick, of Arizona. The daughters live at Richmond Hill, near Jamaica, L. I., in houses presented to them by their father. Mrs. Cowles was educated at the Ursuline Convent, Brown county, O., and at one time under the ministrations of the late Bishop Rosecrans, of Columbus, she almost decided to become a Catholic. She became so attached to the church while at the convent that, although never really receiving the faith she was a regular attendant at the Cathedral on Broad street.

Mrs. McCormick was educated at the school of Mrs. Pogram, in Baltimore. During her father's residence in Washington Mrs. McCormick lived next door to him. Their houses communicated and were thrown together when either one gave a large entertainment—a most convenient and agreeable arrangement. It is needless to say that in Washington, as in the West, the hospitality of the Thurmans was hearty and unbounded. It would be difficult to find a more congenial, harmonious, loving couple than Judge and Mrs. Thurman have always been, and as I write memories of Mrs. Thurman's sympathy in affliction and uniform kindness to neighbors and friends crowd upon me and I see her sweet, motherly face foremost in every good and kindly deed.

Mrs. Cowles, her elder daughter, is one of the most original and independent women in the country, and I defy any one to be weary, or sad, or stupid in her presence. She speaks very rapidly as if trying to give utterance before they go to the quaint, humorous, witty thoughts that seem to cross her mind like successive flashes of lightning.

Mrs. McCormick, though perhaps not as brilliant in intellectuality as her sister, has more beauty, is noted for her gentleness and is altogether more conventional. But probably the most interesting members of the family are the promising children of Judge Thurman's son, Allen W. Thurman.