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East Oregonian.

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PENDLETON, UMATILLA CO., OREGON, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1888.

NO. 103.

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PENDLETON CHAPTER NO. 23, R. A. M. Meets at the Masonic Temple on the first and third Fridays of each month, at 7:30 o'clock. J. E. BUSH, H. P.; F. B. CLOPTON, Secretary.

KUNZIE LODGE NO. 81, A. F. & A. M. Meets in the second and fourth Mondays of each month, at 7:30 o'clock. H. J. BEAN, W. M.; W. E. POTWINE, Secretary.

PENDLETON LODGE NO. 52, A. F. & A. M. Meets in the Masonic Temple on the first and third Mondays of each month, at 7:30 o'clock. T. J. MILLION, W. M.; R. ALEXANDER, Secretary.

VIPULA LODGE NO. 114, A. O. U. W. Meets every Thursday night at the Engine House, at 7:30 o'clock. J. C. LEASURE, M. W.; F. P. TESTIN, Recorder.

EUREKA LODGE NO. 32, I. O. O. F. Meets every Saturday evening at 7:30 o'clock. T. J. MILLION, N. G.; E. E. SHARON, Secretary.

UMATILLA ENCAMPMENT NO. 17, I. O. O. F. Meets on the second and last Thursdays of each month, at 7:30 o'clock. LOT LIVERMORE, C. P.; E. E. SHARON, Scribe.

PAULINE REBECCA LODGE NO. 13, I. O. O. F. Meets the first and third Thursdays of each month.

HARMONY LODGE NO. 24, K. O. P. Meets in the Odd Fellows' Hall every Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. J. C. LEASURE, C. C.; C. J. WHITAKER, K. of R. and S.

DAMON LODGE NO. 4, K. O. P. Meets in the Odd Fellows' Hall every Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. M. MORGENTHAU, C. C.; H. S. GARFIELD, K. of R. and S.

KIT CARSON POST, G. A. R. Meets at Wheeler's Hall every Thursday night. E. S. WAPPE, Commander; J. S. BOWEN, Adjutant.

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Accommodations are simple and everything will be done to make guests comfortable.

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TO-DAY'S TELEGRAMS.

IRON WORKERS STRIKE.

One Hundred Thousand Men Strike--Carload of Sheep Burned--Murdered and Robbed--Saw Snakes--Two Men Drowned--He Wanted to Marry Her--The Wheat Markets--The First to Reach Chicago.

TWO MEN DROWNED.

Lee Robertson and John Hollinshead Drowned in Polk County.

SALEM, June 29.—Lee Robertson and John Hollinshead, employees at Rowell's Mills, in Polk county, South of Dallas, were drowned in a pond near the mills yesterday. Hollinshead had just gone into the woods a short distance from the pond, and hearing Mrs. Robertson's cry for help, he rushed back and plunged into the pond, and when within a few feet of the place where young Robertson was seen to sink, he threw up his hands and sank to rise no more alive. Mrs. Robertson saw both men drown and could not help either.

BURNED TO DEATH.

A Carload of Sheep in the Cruel Embrace of Flames.

BELLEVUE, IDAHO, June 29.—A carload of sheep on the Oregon Short Line were actually roasted alive near Shoshone today. A spark from the smoke-stack of the engine set fire to a box car next to the sheep, which communicated to the car the sheep were in. The distressing cars of the dying sheep were most pitiful and the sight was shocking and terrible. The carload of roasted sheep, some dead and others dying, after the fire was put out, had to be hauled 158 miles before its suffering contents could be unloaded.

IRON WORKERS STRIKE.

Manufacturers Want to Reduce Their Wages, and 100,000 Men will Strike if it is Done.

PITTSBURGH, June 29.—An iron workers strike is now on. By tomorrow noon all the mills will be idle. The lodges of iron workers have decided not to accept a reduction, and manufacturers say they will not pay present wages. Statements will be presented to-morrow for final consideration. Should all the mills close it will affect 100,000 men.

THE WHEAT MARKET.

The Demand Slow in San Francisco. SAN FRANCISCO, June 29.—The wheat on hand in this city is steadily held on to, the demand being slow. The general condition of the market is unchanged. No. 1 shipping is being disposed of at figures ranging from \$1.31 1/4 to \$1.32 1/2. There is no expectation of any change for some time to come.

CORNER IN COFFEE.

The Speculative Devils Raising the Price of Coffee up.

NEW YORK, June 29.—The sharpest corner ever worked up in the coffee exchange was sprung this morning by S. Guner & Co. Prices ran up from 12 1/2 cents to 21 cents. Brokers claim that the short interest is very small. Great excitement among dealers in coffee prevailed.

MOUNT HOOD.

The Illuminating Party Composed of Twelve Persons Leave Portland.

PORTLAND, June 30.—The Mount Hood Fourth of July Illuminating party left the city to-day. They will eat noon from the summit of Mount Hood at Monday noon, they claim. Twelve persons composed the party.

He Saw "Snakes."

SALEM, June 29.—Dave Sheppard was arrested last night on a charge of selling liquor to Indians. He was attacked in jail with delirium tremens later in the night, and it took the police several hours to restrain him in his frenzy and quiet him.

The First to Chicago.

CHICAGO, June 29.—The first trans-Atlantic vessel which ever arrived at Chicago steamed into the river to-day. It was the Rosedale. She left Sunderland, England, one month ago, and came through the Welland canal.

The Hotel a Sure Thing.

PORTLAND, June 29.—The Portland hotel company received to-day deeds to the "Villard Ruins," and the papers have been recorded. Work on the hotel will be commenced at once, and pushed with vigor.

Murdered and Robbed.

GRASS VALLEY, CAL., June 29.—While driving from Marysville to Sierra City this morning, Joseph Kembone, Jr., was murdered by highwaymen, and his body robbed of money and jewelry.

Killed Himself.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 29.—E. P. Taylor, a steamboat engineer, shot himself here to-day, because Mrs. Dr. Reed would not marry him. The foolish man is dying.

The Chicago Market.

CHICAGO, June 30.—At the close of the exchange yesterday prices of wheat were for June, July and August at the same figure, 79 1/2 cents per bushel.

Married a Duke.

NEW YORK, June 29.—Mrs. Lillian W. Hammersly was married to the Duke of Marlborough by Mayor Hewitt this afternoon.

Send us names of friends to whom we can send free of charge a sample copy of the Daily and Semi-Weekly EAST OREGONIAN.

PORTLAND LETTER.

Another Great Industrial Exposition--Dividends Going to Portland From Mines--A City of 100,000--Rich and Handsome Portland Widows For the Asking.

PORTLAND, June 26, 1888.

We are going to have another Industrial Exposition Building in Portland, the corner stone already having been laid. It is none of my business, but I think if the stockholders had put their money in a manufacturing enterprise they would realize better interest on their investment and it would have been a great deal more profitable to the city. We have the Mechanics' Pavilion, which is ample for all practicable purposes for a city of a 100,000 population, in fact it is as large as San Francisco had when it had a population of over 200,000. The present pavilion is centrally located, easy of access from any part of the city, while the new building will be on the outskirts of the city, and can only be reached by one street railway line.

The Mechanics' Pavilion has been enlarged and newly painted, which gives it quite an imposing appearance. The stockholders being determined to keep pace with the growth of the country and the city, have spent considerable money in fixing it up for the coming fair, and they are using their utmost endeavors to make the approaching fair excel all previous ones. Everything will be done to make it a credit to Portland, and at the same time entertaining to all visitors. The Mechanics' Pavilion will always be a favorite resort for country people, being so conveniently located, and easy of access to all the principal hotels.

Portland has a class of people whom they call old fogies, and some call them moss-backs, who are old settlers, and as a general thing they are wealthy. They make but little show; do not blow about their wealth or what they have done, or what they are going to do. Some of them can be seen riding through the streets in unvarnished buggies, or in spring wagons, dressed in a very plain style. The principal reason they are called old fogies is they do not build brick blocks, subscribe to everything that is presented to them, whether there is any prospect of return or not. Now I happen to know something about some of these people.

A good many of them have been quietly investing in mines and are now receiving handsome dividends, while those who designated them as old fogies are skimming along on the outside with barely a living. You would be surprised to learn the amount of Portland capital invested in mining property in Salmon River Hood River and Cour d'Alene, and the handsome returns now being received by the investors. I am told that De Lashnutt's income from mines is nearly \$900 per day, and many others are getting handsome returns. There mining dividends will bear fruit in the near future by the erection of colossal residences and brick blocks.

Mining dividends made San Francisco and Denver what they are to-day, and in conjunction with the vast agricultural country tributary will make Portland a city of 100,000 in less than ten years. There are very few people who have any idea of the vast interests held by Portland capitalists in the mines of Idaho and Eastern Oregon and the princely returns that are being received from those investments. As I said, these people have been investing quietly, without any pomp or show and are reaping their reward. There is nothing in my mind which goes to show up the future greatness of Portland more than this mining interest. Portland will derive another benefit, besides the dividends to her citizens a great many who make money in these mines will come here to live and build themselves fine homes, it being the largest place in the Northwest where the most comforts are available. Portland already begins to have the appearance of San Francisco and Denver by her many mining offices displaying great varieties of ore.

I was standing on the street the other day, talking with a friend whose occupation brings him in contact with nearly all classes of people in the city. He knew nearly every person, either personally or by sight. While standing there, a dashing looking lady passed us, and he said to me, "Do you know that lady?" I told him that I did not. "That is Mrs. —, a young widow who lives in a splendid residence up town, and has a fine income, handsome, vivacious, a splendid conversationalist, and just as good as she is handsome, and yet there does not seem to be any one trying to catch the prize. She is only about thirty-five years of age, just in the prime of life. The old bachelors and widowers are either afraid or she does not give them any encouragement. There are an unusually large number of widows in this city for the size, who are worth all the way from \$50,000 to \$300,000. They have either come to the conclusion that once married is enough, or they cannot find any one to suit them. The most of them have fine incomes, and seem to enjoy life in its brightest aspect."

I met a disgusted immigrant the other day. He said he left Illinois to find a better country. He went to Arizona, and he found the people there living in hopes of the development of the mines. He came up to California and he found them, at least a large portion of them, living on climate, so he thought he would try Oregon; so came here, and he says he found them living on scenery here; and he said he had made up his mind to go back to Illinois and stand off the cyclones and blizzards, and live on the realities. I never saw any one so perfectly disgusted as he was.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S REPLY.

In a Masterly Speech He Accepts the Nomination of His Party.

The other day President Cleveland was officially informed of his nomination by the St. Louis Convention. The party of gentlemen who composed the committee who brought the official notice were received, and when Mr. Thomas Pettit, secretary of the committee, presented President Cleveland with a handsomely engrossed copy of the platform adopted by the National Democratic Convention, the President, in reply, said: "I cannot but be profoundly impressed when I see about me the messenger of the National Democracy, bearing its summons to duty. The political party to which I owe allegiance both honors and commands me. It places in my hand its proud standard, and bids me wear it high at the front in the battle which it wages bravely, because it is conscious of right, because its trust is in the people, and because it comprehends the obligations which success imposes. The message which you bring awakens within me the liveliest sense of personal gratitude and satisfaction, and the honor which you tender me is in itself so great that there might well be no room for any other sentiment, and yet I cannot rid myself of grave and serious thoughts when I remember that party supremacy is not alone involved in the conflict which presses upon us, but that we struggle to secure cherished institutions, and the welfare and happiness of a nation of free men. Familiarity with the great office which I hold has but added to my apprehension of its sacred character, and the consecration demanded of him who assumes its immense responsibilities. It is a repository of the people's will, and the power within its vision should be the protection and welfare of the humblest citizen; and with a quick ear it should catch from the remotest corner of the land the plea of the people for justice and right. For the sake of the people he who holds this office of theirs should resist every encroachment upon its legitimate functions, and for the sake of the integrity and usefulness of the office it should be kept near to the people, and be administered in full sympathy with their wants and needs.

This reminds me most vividly of when, four years ago, I received a message from my party similar to that which you now deliver. With all that has passed since that day I can truly say that the feeling of awe with which I heard the summons then is intensified ten-fold when repeated now. Four years ago I knew our chief executive office, if not carefully guarded, might drift little by little away from the people to whom it belongs, and become a perversion of all it ought to be; but I did not know how much its moorings already had been loosened. I knew four years ago how well devised were the principles of true Democracy for the successful operation of a government by the people and for the people, but I did not know how absolutely necessary their application then was for the restoration to the people of their safety and prosperity. I knew then that abuses and extravagances had crept into the management of public affairs, but I did not then know their numerous forms, nor the tenacity of their grasp. I knew then something of bitterness of partisan obstruction, but I did not know how bitter, how reckless and how shameless it could be. I knew, too, that the American people were patriotic and just, but I did not know how grandly they loved their country, nor how noble and generous they were.

I shall not dwell upon the acts and policy of the administration now drawing to its close. Its record is open to every citizen of the land; and yet I will not deny the privilege of asserting at this time that in the exercise of the functions of high trust confided to me, I have yielded obedience only to the constitution and solemn obligation of my oath of office. I have done those things which, in the light of the understanding God has given me, seemed most conducive to the welfare of my countrymen and the promotion of good government. I would not, if I could, for myself nor for you, avoid a single consequence of a fair interpretation of my course. It but remains for me to say to you, and through you to the Democracy of the nation, that I accept the nomination with which they have honored me, but that I will in due time signify such acceptance in the usual manner.

Take Your Choice.

From the New York Herald. Well, we congratulate the country that the Republicans have committed themselves squarely upon the one question of which everybody is thinking, and on which the canvass ought to be and will now be made.

They are for high taxes, and for wasteful and jobbing expenditures in order to perpetuate high taxes.

The Democrats offer against this, low taxes, economical administration and no surplus.

On that issue the votes will judge for themselves. Those who like high taxes and jobbing will vote the Republican ticket. This is a free country, and every man takes his choice.

Meantime it is still our deliberate judgment that the protectionists made a huge blunder in not accepting the Mills bill—just such a blunder as the slaveholders made when they broke up the Missouri compromise.

We ask every reader of the Daily and Semi-Weekly EAST OREGONIAN to endeavor to secure one or more campaign subscribers to it. Semi-Weekly, to November 15, 1888, 75 cents; Daily, \$1.25.