

Oregonian
FRIDAY, AUGUST 29, 1888.
Oregonian Branch Office.
Office of the EAST OREGONIAN has been moved from the building in the brick building, under the name of the Oregonian, to the building at the corner of Broadway and Washington streets, in Portland. He will continue to publish the Oregonian as usual, and will also publish the Oregonian in this city. He will also publish the Oregonian in this city. He will also publish the Oregonian in this city.

TWO WEEKS' OUTING.
A Pendleton Quartette's Pilgrimage to Desolation Lake—Home Again From a Foreign Shore.
There were four of us, and the majesty of the law was largely represented, half of the party being lawyers. It was necessary that it should be thus, as Titus Andronicus and myself, the remaining contingent, were too pure and angelic to do any scientific lying or engage in Machiavellian plots to the detriment of stray bands of sheep even though our larder was greatly replenished thereby and blossomed like the rose. Much prayer did Titus Andronicus and I engage in for the benefit of these unrepentant sinners, but it availed not and their buccaneering expeditions continued with unabated fury. What would Captain Kidd have given for two such priceless jewels? Verily, his sanguinary jugs with such a pair could have bluffed out Jay Gould or any other pirate even though he held three! Having described the chief characteristics of the members of the party and knowing the general public (not to mention swashes) are waiting with feverish anxiety to ascertain what this is all about, I will draw in my horns, as it were, and start out on Chapter I. of this true and veritable history.
"Home again from a foreign shore," as I once before remarked. Not from the shores of Galilee, neither was it a Greeley expedition, though some nights it was arctic enough to please an Esquimaux and I reflected on the probability of bagging some polar bear. These reflections occurred when I would wake up and find that the Judge had monopolized all the blankets, leaving me out in the cold and still night with nothing to keep off that pestilence which walketh in darkness (dew and mosquitoes) but a pair of spurs and other light raiment. Then would I rise in my wrath and abbreviated clothes and preach to his honor on the sin of hoggishness, particularly hoggishness of blankets. With mighty eloquence did I show my right, title and interest in those "kivers," dwelling on the fact that we were in cahoots, share and share alike, and that just about that time my share was one hundred per cent above par and I wouldn't part with it for the best gold mine in the Greenhorn mountains. I also hinted that he need not presume too much on my light avoirdupois (about fifty pounds less than his) as when I got real enraged I could whip a ton of Newfoundland dogs, yea, move mountains. This always intimidated the Judge into making a square deal, when I would settle down to another half hour of sweet repose, only to awake and exhort from the same text.
Well, one bright morning, about a couple of weeks ago, our little party arose with the sun and began to saddle up for our trip to Desolation lake, a glorious sheet of water far up in the heart of the Blue mountains, where the trout were prodigious and in such multitudes that you could stand on the banks and knock 'em down with clubs. This was the kind of sport we wanted, and before leaving town we seriously debated whether each man shouldn't arm himself with a good baseball bat, or take the chances of finding good sizeable clubs out where the fish lived. I insisted that if a real vicious trout threw himself with an in-curve, or wicked up-shoot at us, the proper medicine would be a good Spanking bat, and that black pine clubs might not fetch him. However, my demurrer was overruled, and clubs were declared trumps.
The first act in the drama occurred when the Judge mounted his horse. It was one of those bald-faced, Albino-eyed brutes, in whom there is much guile, and as soon as he felt the Judge's presence, he reared up and fell over, slightly bruising his honor's foot, and splitting his shoe to such an extent as to give his pedal extremities very much of a tramp aspect for the balance of the trip. When the Judge and the cayuse were on the ground wrestling with one another, I was tempted to make the remark: "Lo, see how the mighty have fallen." but refrained, knowing that I would have to skip into the next township, or the Judge in his wrath would have slayed me. Finally we got started, the Judge and Titus Andronicus leading the procession, then came the two pack animals, and lastly the Attorney-General and I.
Resplendent with our glittering firearms, the cavalcade slowly made its way o'er hill and dale, crossing rushing torrents, that if they hadn't dried up two months before, and heating through thickets that were heart-breaking. Each man was thinking how many pelts he was going to return with, and what a fearful massacre was going to take place. How that game would suffer! It was horrible to contemplate! We crossed the North Fork of John Day at Texas Bar, and like all crossings of this river the mountains on each side got as near perpendicular as possible. At certain points if you lose your toe grip you go to Kingdom Come by a style of tobogganing that is effective, if not pleasant.
Our first camp was at MacGregor's on Desolation creek. After putting things into some shape, we tried our luck fishing in the creek and caught quite a nice lot of trout. I also caught the wrong end of a yellow jacket, and I am ashamed to say that for the first time in years I had to give vent to swear words.
Our two pack animals formed a contrast, one being a white cayuse with all the noble attributes of that species, and the other a small black mule with twinkling eyes and a pair of furtive heels always at half-cock. The cayuse we called Whitey while Muley was christened Dynamite, he being dangerous to monkey with. Late that afternoon the horses strayed away from Dynamite's society, he being anchored with a long picket rope to a big pine tree, three feet across. When Andronicus went up to water him he whistled with joy at seeing a fellow citizen and in his exuberance made such a break at him that Andronicus had to skin up a tree for safety. From this perch we heard him yell, "bring up those darn horses, the mule has a fit and I'm tired!" With all possible dispatch we brought a couple of horses on the scene, showing Dynamite that he was not alone in the cold, cold world, and he once more became rational enough to allow Andronicus to come down from the third story of that pine.
The next day the rough part of our

journey began. Our general course was up Desolation creek, though most of the time we traveled along the ridges far above the creek. The trail is very indistinct and we soon found ourselves traveling by the sun with no vestige of a trail for guidance. We passed over about ten miles of fallen logs and black pine thickets and to add to our discomfort Whitey, one of the pack animals, got the delirium jim-jam or some other horse disease. He would groan mournfully and every once in a while lay down and roll over with the pack, and it kept the attorney-general and me busy hustling him along. Whitey's illness put him in a very sour humor, and whenever the attorney-general or I approached to administer the good he would let fly with both heels and murder in his heart. Owing to this circumstance, we had to make an early stop that day and pitch camp on Battle creek. This was the coldest place we struck on the trip the water freezing in the buckets that night. The Judge, as usual, renewed his chattel mortgage on the blankets, and I threatened to call on the U. S. army if he didn't give me satisfaction. It was a question whether old Whitey wouldn't go to horse heaven that night, but fortunately he braced up sufficiently and we were able to start him the next morning with a very light pack, much to Dynamite's disgust, who had to carry an extra heavy load. This day was full of incidents. Dynamite walked into a wasp's nest, and with her three hundred pounds aboard went plowing through the black pines with all sail set. My horse caught a few stragglers which Dynamite had no use for, and which sent him bucking off in another direction. Shortly after, Whitey's pack turned, and he let in to bucking and kicking. After straightening him out the Judge's horse got in a bog, and it was only after frantic efforts, with considerable danger to his honor, that they escaped being mired. Then that blamed mule caromed against a stump, tearing a hole in one of the canvas sacks and causing a deluge of flour, and finally Andronicus, while attempting to ride under a low fallen tree like Absalom, nearly got hung by the hair of his head, only in his case it was the hair of his chin, as the limb just caught him in the neck and nearly throttled him.
Keeping along on the right side of old Baldy, a prominent mountain about seven thousand feet high, we soon came in sight of the Big Meadows on Desolation Creek and once more began to descend to that stream, down a very steep and rugged decline. These Meadows are quite large, level as a floor and covered with luxuriant grass, although invaded by the ever present sheep men. In winter they are covered with five feet or more of snow, so would hardly be desirable for a habitation. After a short stop here we continued our journey going over considerable more country of fallen logs, it being impossible to follow the old trail among the numerous sheep trails. We must have been within three hundred yards of the lake at one time, when we struck off too far to the East and went a couple of miles out of our way. Retracing our steps and getting to the top of the divide, we saw far below us the glistening waters of the lake and we all gave the "patriotic yell" and soon reached its shores.
Quite a surprise was in store for us, as we soon came across a camp of Bakerites, with whom was a prominent young lady of Pendleton and also one of Baker City's belles. They expected to start home the next day, but a wise interposition of Providence in our behalf compelled them to remain longer, as their horses got away and it was several days before they were recovered.
We took possession of a deserted log cabin, very near roofless, but under the able generalship of Titus Andronicus, we patched it up partly with a few shakes and our tent cover, and when the rain came pouring down that evening, we sat comfortably around our camp fire, and knew we had acted wisely, in fact had big heads. Judge had a big head the next morning, which stayed with him for several days, the effects of neuralgia, produced by fishing all that afternoon through the rain. There are several unwieldy rafts on the lake, used for fishing, and from these we angled every day, making very good catches. The lake is full of trout, but they do not rise to a fly as well as we expected. Desolation, or Olive lake, is certainly a beautiful sheet of water. It is about three-quarters of a mile long, and about a quarter of a mile wide, and I judge about four miles deep. No bottom has been reached, although sounded three hundred and eighty feet.
The scenery is beautiful, not to say grand, ice cold springs are found along the shores, and the grass about the lake, found in small meadows, makes excellent feed for stock. It must be exceedingly cold most of the year however. One visitor had the following observation written: "June 27, 1887. Snowed this morning." We stopped at the lake five days and though catching enough trout found there was little show for hunting on account of the sheep in the neighborhood, so we packed up and started for Rabbit creek.
The Attorney General and Dynamite struck up a most intimate friendship on the trip. Indeed it was remarkable what a mesmeric influence the Attorney General possessed over the mule. When we other publicans and sinners would approach him his ears and heels would wobble around in a kind of disconcerted way which made us suspicious, but with the A. G. he was meek as Moses. I think the A. G. must have been a mule tamer in an early day. On Rabbit creek we killed our only game, but felt amply rewarded in the two deer and an elk which fell to our rifles on the second day of our camp at that creek. The next day we started home by way of Granite, or Independence and reaching McCoy's about 8:30 that evening, a ride of about forty-five miles. Here we got a good square meal, and the way we ate was alarming. Two days after we arrived in Pendleton, the shaggiest, dirtiest and hardest-looking outfit in Eastern Oregon. Several well-known citizens immediately threw up their hands on sighting us, evidently taking us for outlaws.
There are several things I observed on this trip, as follows:
That Titus Andronicus is the boss cook, and I will recommend him whenever he wants a job in the culinary line.

That the Attorney-General is a diplomat on miles, but is a helpless infant when any dishes are to be washed.
That the Judge is the champion angler, but that his besetting sin, larceny of blankets, eclipses all his other virtues; and lastly, as a roustabout, or fish washer, I think I can hold my own against the world; and whenever a dish-washing tournament is started you can count me in, and if you want to win, you had better put your shovels up on Duck.
Last night was the last session of the institute. The final lecture was delivered by Prof. F. S. Hafford, on the "Magic of Science." After reading several selections, the professor, with the aid of a small laboratory on the desk in front of him, explained by experiments a few of the many wonders science is able to accomplish. The lecture was an able one throughout, and was enjoyed by a large audience.
On the top center piece of Gagon's hotel the following device will be placed in gilded letters: "1888, J. Gagon." Underneath, and stretching entirely across the front, will be inscribed in large letters, "Golden Rule Hotel," each word separated by a pillar. The whole front will be plain and neat in design, massive and dignified, and without ostentation.
W. F. Butcher returned last night from a short trip to Baker City. He reports the town to be flourishing, deriving as it does considerable trade from the Cracker creek mines. The boom in that region naturally effects Baker City, the nearest town of any consequence. Mining booms are usually very unsubstantial, however.
An old granger stepped up to John Bentley and A. P. Sharpstein as they were discussing the late railroad accidents yesterday. Mr. Bentley said: "There have been four wrecks lately on the O. R. & N. lines." The granger, without a smile, said: "They must be getting reckless," and unconscious of his good pun discussed a change of conductors.
Mr. William Haller, well and favorably known in Pendleton, having been in business here at one time, has returned to the postoffice building, where he will be pleased to see his friends and the public generally. Mr. Haller is an experienced jeweler and watchmaker.
It was reported on the streets last evening, "just for a joke," that Mat McCulloch had been shot at Helena. Of course the rumor spread, and grew larger and larger, and busy tongues are probably still circulating it. Mr. McCulloch will come back to Pendleton very lively for a dead man.
Fred Kemper has received a lot of large, covered, earthen mugs, of unique pattern, and holding a pint or more, in which he will serve beer to customers hereafter. They are a great improvement over glasses, as the liquid keeps fresh and cool in them for a long time.
Mrs. Judge Patterson, sister of J. H. Turner, Esq., and daughters, Misses Zona and Sallie, arrived in town on this morning's train from their home in Deer Lodge, Montana, on a visit to relatives and friends.
The west-bound and the Palouse branch passengers were both an hour late last night, coming in about eleven o'clock. The new time is exceedingly inconvenient now for passengers from Pendleton.
A prominent hotel man says there are now thirty-three lodging houses in Pendleton. When the two new hotels are built, the town can very nearly accommodate an army, with the facilities already on hand.
Mr. J. H. Koons was up from Echo yesterday. He reports Alex. Malcolm, well known in Pendleton, lying very ill with inflammatory rheumatism at his home on Butter Creek.
If you pay in advance for the EAST OREGONIAN, either Daily or Semi-Weekly, you can send another copy to a friend from now until after the November election free of charge.
George Gibson, a youth well known in Pendleton, and Messrs. Mc.erson and Duran, will be the express messengers on the now completed Palouse branch of the O. R. & N. Co.
Admission to the organ concert next Tuesday, September 4th, 50 cents; no extra charge for reserved seats. Tickets will be on sale at Fletcher's Friday, August 31st.
Saturday will be the first of September and collection. Are you out of bill heads? If you are leave an order at this office. Price from \$2.75 to \$4.50 per thousand.
Mr. Burr Johnson, ex-assessor, has returned to his ranch near Pilot Rock to resume his business of stock-raising, after a year or more residence in Pendleton.
Judge Lasater, one of Walla Walla's old timers in the law business, is in town to be in attendance on the circuit court, which convenes Monday.
Wednesday, September 5th, is a Jewish holiday and L. Dusenberry & Co.'s store will be closed on that day on that account.
A. Sanders, in the postoffice building, has received a large lot of domestic and imported cigars. Try them.
Drive what cards at the Postoffice store. A set of twenty cards 50 cents; with pencils 41.
All of the Chautauquan books and periodicals are for sale at the Postoffice store.
Rev. H. Raemus, formerly editor of the Heppner Gazette, was in town yesterday. S. J. Cully and J. O. Morrison, of Weston, are paying Pendleton a visit.
E. J. Sammersville is in town today proving-up on his ranch.
Mr. J. A. Ross, of Milton, is in town today.
Additional local on fourth page.
The John Day Hill Again.
Mr. Smith, to whom was let the contract for building the wagon road on the John Day hill, has written that he will begin the work at once, and prosecute it to speedy completion. Now let us get up a monster petition for a daily or tri-weekly mail route between Pendleton and Canyon City, and send it to Washington while our representatives from the Board of Trade are there.

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After September 1st I will do no more credit business, but will

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I judge that this book is receiving great commendation. It is founded upon facts, is a mental tonic, and I wish that the facts and arguments may be in the hands and minds of every citizen called upon this year to vote upon the great economical questions of our day and night.

We take pleasure in giving this work our hearty indorsement, and recommend that local committees and clubs assist in extending its circulation among the voters of Illinois.

And many others.

STATE DEMOCRATIC CENTRAL COMMITTEE OF ILLINOIS.

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