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### TO-DAY'S TELEGRAMS.

#### MORE TROUBLE AT ROSLYN.

A Superintendent Fired at—Housed in a Store—Miners on Another Strike.

ROSLYN, W. T., Dec. 26.—T. W. Worthington, formerly superintendent of the mines at Roslyn, who was accused by the miners of cheating them and was called to St. Paul and cleared himself there, returned to Roslyn yesterday and took charge of mine No. 3, where negroes are employed, as superintendent. Last evening he was standing in the company's store, when four shots were fired at him through the door and window, but none taking effect he drew two revolvers, but could not see any one. He telegraphed to mine No. 3 for guards. There will probably be trouble when he attempts to leave the store.

ELLENBURG, W. T., Dec. 26.—Nearly one hundred mule drivers went on a strike at the Roslyn coal mines yesterday, causing them to shut down. Mule drivers do not like the new superintendent, by name A. Ronald. They also ask an advance of wages to \$3 a day. This is a hard blow to the company, as they are badly crowded, and besides are away behind on orders, not being able to supply enough coal for their own use.

#### DISASTER ON THE SOUND.

#### The Steamer Lief Erikson Burned, and Five or More Lives Lost.

SEATTLE, W. T., Dec. 24.—The steamer, Lief Erikson, bound for Sidney across the Sound, caught fire at five o'clock this evening when seven miles from Seattle, and burned to the water's edge. About thirty passengers were aboard, and from five to seven lives were lost. The fire caught from a bursting demijohn of whisky in the pilot house. The spirits streamed down to the boiler and ignited, and in a few minutes the boat was a mass of flames. The captain, while trying to pull a life raft for the passengers, fell overboard. The steamer then ran about five miles in a circle without a helmsman before she sank. The passengers had meantime all jumped overboard. The steamer, Mountainer, four miles distant, saw the fire and hastened to the scene, and picked up sixteen. One man picked up afterward died from exhaustion; name unknown. He said his wife was drowned. The captain's niece, Annie Tollner, John Noreus, a well known merchant of Sidney, and Jack Simmons, an Indian, were among the drowned. The steamer, Skagit Chief, picked up seven and went to Tacoma. The Lief Erikson was valued \$1,000; no insurance. The names of the other drowned were unknown.

#### MURDER, ROBBERY AND ARSON.

#### An Old Woman and Her Grandson Burned to Death to Conceal a Robbery.

SCRANTON, Pa., Dec. 26.—Brief details of a terrible crime committed at Forest City this morning have reached here. A dwelling occupied by Mrs. Priestly and her grandson was discovered in flames, and despite the efforts of those who went to quench the flames, the structure together with its contents was destroyed. A search was made for the occupants, but they were nowhere to be found, but in looking over the debris their charred remains were discovered. It is known that Mrs. Priestly had \$3000 in her possession, and it is generally believed she and her grandson were murdered in order to secure this amount, and the murderer set fire to the premises to efface all traces of his crime.

#### A BAD NEGRO.

#### He Kills a White Man and Wounds Others.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Dec. 26.—In York county forty miles from here, Sam Harding, a burly negro, who has been offending a white woman for the past few weeks, was warned to leave the county by a number of white men last night. He swore vengeance, and declared would never go by their orders, and becoming terribly excited he drew a revolver, and opened fire upon them. The men not being armed fled. Harding shot six times, killing one, and wounding several others. Harding then fled. Gangs of excited whites are searching the woods for him.

#### ANOTHER TRAIN ROBBED.

Over \$5,000 Secured, but \$10,000 in Coin Overlooked.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 26.—The Central Pacific overland train was boarded by two masked men last night. They broke the glass doors of the express cars and covered the messenger with a pistol. The thieves succeeded in getting between \$5,000 and \$7,000 but overlooked ten thousand dollars in coin in Wells Fargo's safe.

W. W. Journal: The Union says: "It is rumored about the city that Hon. Charles Besserer, of the Journal, is the correspondent of the EAST OREGONIAN, under the nom de plume of '1890.'" The rumor is false and the editor of the Union knows it. Twice have we written to the EAST OREGONIAN, to ascertain the name of "1890," and twice have we been refused; but why will the Union publish a rumor—if there really was such a thing—when it has reasons to believe that it is false?

Jesse H. Taylor, an old and respected citizen of Gasden, Ala., was shot and instantly killed by his nephew, Archie Craze, a young man about 25 years old. Taylor was trying to prevent a difficulty between Craze and a man named Lancaster, when the former turned and placed the pistol against Taylor's head, and shot him dead.

#### A MUCH MARRIED MIXER.

#### Trying to Get a Divorce for the Fifth Time—The Marital Experience of a San Francisco Man.

From the San Francisco Examiner.

Last week the Examiner exhibited a California production in the shape of a woman who was reported to have enjoyed the sweets of five honeymoons, and now a hero as famous as the heroine of last week is found.

The story is of George H. Mixer and his five wives. Mixer is proprietor of the Novelty Iron Works in this city, and manufacturer of Mixer's patent bungs and bungholes for beer barrels. The facts in the case have been obtained from the papers filed in Mixer's suit for divorce from his fifth wife, and her answer to the complaint.

Mr. Mixer first married a nice young lady, whose first name was Melissa, at Boston, and then came to this coast, leaving her in Chicago for a while. When he got to be a prosperous stage-driver, and afterwards a hotel keeper, he sent for his wife, and in course of time his family was enlarged by the birth of four children.

After living together some fifteen years trouble arose, Mixer charging that the true Mixer blood did not course through the veins of all their alleged offsprings, and Mrs. Mixer No. 1 left her husband and on the grounds of cruelty obtained a divorce.

Not long after he found a little woman in the dressmaking business named Sarah, who said she would be his wife, so they were married. This No. 2 wife had some money laid away, and it was with this money Mixer purchased the patent-right for a beer barrel bung, from the manufacture of which he is said to have made the greater part of his fortune.

In five or six years, the story goes, Mixer grew tired of Sarah, and procured a divorce on the ground of infidelity.

Mixer next advertised for a housekeeper and a pretty young lady named Jennie responded. Mixer courted her. Jennie was impressionable and the two were married.

This proved a case of "marry in haste and repent at leisure." He could find no flaw in Jennie, but after a brief period he longed for a change and treated her with contempt. She could not endure this. Jennie deserted him, and without caring to make a denial, permitted him to get a divorce on the ground of cruelty. This cruelty consisted in telling some of her neighbors of the life she was forced to live with Mixer.

ANOTHER HOUSEKEEPER OBTAINED.

No. 4 lived in as an applicant to Mixer's advertisement for a housekeeper, she was young enough to be his daughter, and her name was Rosa. She was without a home, and was easily wooed and won by the Mixer, and they were married.

As usual, after a time he desired a change, and went to his girl-wife with the story that he was hard up, and the best thing she could do was to let him have a divorce, to which she consented for a \$300 fee, he faithfully agreeing to always remain her friend and to aid her financially as best he could.

Rosa was not served with a summons and did not appear in court, but allowed Mixer to arrange the business himself, which was done in a questionable manner, the trumped up charge being infidelity. When this was discovered by the fair young Rosa, on April 11, 1883, she immediately began an action to have the divorce set aside on the grounds that it was acquired by fraud and collusion.

This movement on her part brought Mixer to the fore with another \$300, for which amount the matter was compromised.

The fifth and present wife of Mixer is named Nettie. She came to Mixer second-handed, having been the divorced wife of J. B. Wyman, who has figured so prominently as one of the numerous proprietors of the Oakland Times.

Nettie also came to the Mixer in response to his advertisement for a housekeeper. She had a first-class wardrobe, and this, she says, was greatly admired by Mixer, who at once laid siege to her heart and hand, which she blushing granted him, and they were wedded on the last day of that year 1882.

Nettie, it appears had some money, and loaned her husband \$1,500.00, and the pair got on swimmingly for several years, when the shadow of another female fell athwart their pathway and caused a little cloud to appear on the horizon of their hitherto sunny skies.

Besides, wife No. 5 proved rather too frail to withstand the usage she was subjected to, and as a consequence would at times become nervous and irritable.

Mixer affirms that his little wife Nettie became so irritated at one time that she pulled his whiskers.

The trouble between these two has been getting an airing for several weeks within the closed doors of Judge Wallace's court-room, Mixer having petitioned for a divorce, which the little woman Nettie declares he has no right to receive.

#### DOGGING THROUGH THE FENCE.

During the five days this case has been on trial Mrs. Mixer testified that from February to October she lived in rapid rotation with Mr. Mixer at the Larkin, Bradley, Esmond, Golden State, Colonnade and Brunswick hotels, and 250 Turk street and 514 Sutter; that he had a mania for moving about from house to house; that at times he seemed ashamed of these frequent changes and she had known him to enter at night by creeping through holes in the fence.

"I first heard of this movement of his for a divorce through Reuben Lloyd," she testified, "and then I faced Mr. Mixer with the subject and he acknowledged it. He said: 'Let us have a quiet divorce,

which can be secret—nobody can ever know it—and then I will turn around in fifteen minutes and marry you over—' these were his very words.

"Mixer has a mania for divorces. He said if I would grant him a divorce, and then marry him again, that it would make a better woman out of me—that I was too lofty and hot-headed. He said we would live happier after a divorce and a remarriage.

"I told him that I should not consent to a divorce; that he couldn't get it—that he had no grounds.

"He said he could; that he had tried a number of times before and had never been beaten.

"Since he has applied for a divorce he once took me out riding to near the Seven-mile House and Ocean View. We were out of the buggy, sitting on the rocks. He then told me his purpose was to see if I would grant him a divorce and accept \$30 a month.

OUT FOR A DRIVE.

"I said, 'Please don't speak of that now; you asked me to come out for a pleasant ride, and it riles me up to think that you would cast me off with the sum of \$30 a month, so that you might take up some other woman.'

"He instantly arose and jumped into the buggy, and I said, 'George, you are not going to leave me here?' But he did frighten me, for he drove off as tight as he could for the distance of several blocks, and then slacked up, when I ran after him and got into the buggy.

"One night he came home and ripped up the carpets. I asked him: 'Why in the world do you want to make me so miserable?' His answer was that he proposed to make me miserable, and after that he got into bed and shoved me out, as usual, and that night I slept on the floor in an adjoining room, locking him out to prevent him annoying me. He threw my clothes downstairs that night, and the next morning I couldn't dress for he had me locked in, and in this plight he kept me for a long time. This treatment made me sick.

"Last September he bought Mrs. Coleman's lodging house, 514 Sutter street. He said he would have it recorded in my name, which he did not do. Mr. Mixer and Mrs. Coleman became very friendly, which was another source of annoyance to me. I spoke to him of this woman, and his remark was: 'Nettie, Mrs. Coleman will never come between us.'

Notwithstanding this they continued to be very much together; either she would be at our house or he would be at her cottage. Then Mrs. Coleman commenced snubbing me before Mr. Mixer, and he seemed to enjoy it. One day I heard them talking in an adjoining room. She said: 'I have got to have some money, and I have got to have some right along.'

"He said: 'You shall have all the money you want Mrs. Coleman.'

"When I faced him with this overheard language, he said: 'Nettie, never mind; I am in Mrs. Coleman's clutches, and I want to get out.' This underhand work between the two affected me terribly; it broke me all up—broke my health.

A MORNING CONVERSATION.

"One morning, shortly before I left this house, which was on the 15th of October, he woke me up and said: 'Nettie, I want to talk to you. Will you do as I want you to do?'

"I told him it depended.

"Well," he said, 'I will provide nicely for you; I will take care of you, but you must now go, or I am a ruined man.'

"A ruined man unless your wife is put out," I exclaimed. 'That Mrs. Coleman has put you up to this.' This accusation he denied.

"He then got up and went away without his breakfast, slamming the door as he departed.

"In October I told Mrs. Coleman to remain away from my house, that she was causing trouble between my husband and me. She called me a liar and abused me with her tongue, and said she would not oblige me; that she and Mr. Mixer were all right.

"When Mr. Mixer came home that night Mrs. Martin, one of my boarders, who pitied me, sought to speak to Mr. Mixer in my behalf, but he pushed her from him and ran and opened the front door.

"I have always been in the habit, when talking with Mr. Mixer, of putting one hand on his beard and the other on his shoulder, and at this time when he ran to the door I caught him and said: 'George, listen to what Mrs. Martin has to say.' I was in my usual attitude before him.

"He threw me from him and then passed out of the door. The hand I had on his beard brought out a few hairs, which, perchance, hurt him a little.

"When I saw these half dozen hairs I turned to Mrs. Martin and said: 'O, I wouldn't have done that for \$500,' and she said, 'I know you wouldn't Mrs. Mixer.' I said, 'Call George back,' and she went out and tried to call him back, but he wouldn't come.

"This is all there is in that whisker arrangement they are trying to make so much of.

"Mrs. Mixer told Mrs. Coleman in my presence that she might stay in the house as long as she did. Mrs. Coleman also told me that I was living in her house; that I had no business there; that I was no more than a beggar on the street, and Mr. Mixer added, 'You are right Mrs. Coleman, you are right; she is nothing but a beggar,' and then they both went out to her cottage.

"This made me very sick, and I was put to bed and there remained for several days and a doctor was called. Finally Mr. Mixer took me to the Brunswick House, where I am now living."