

PENDLETON, UMATILLA CO., OREGON, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1889.

ATTORNEYS. TURNER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. ROOM 12, Association Block, Pendleton, Oregon. ... PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS. R. H. BUCKLEY, M. D., PHYSICIAN and surgeon. Office corner Court and Second streets, in Despain block. ... MECHANICS. ... SALOONS. ... MISCELLANEOUS. ...

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TO-DAY'S TELEGRAMS. STATE AND COAST NEWS.

PORTLAND POINTS.

Another Attempt at Suicide—Steamers to be Launched—Kindergarten—Peranals.

PORTLAND, Feb. 24.—Shortly after 9 o'clock last night Dr. Eisen left his office and when he returned a few minutes later he found a man lying on his sofa, to all outward appearances dead. Upon closer examination, however, it was discovered that he was not, though an empty bottle sitting beside the man labeled "laudanum" showed that he had taken a poisonous dose of the drug. In the man's hand was found a slip of paper on which was written the following: "February 23, 1889. 'My name is Otto Tandberg. I live at 194 G street, in the city of Portland, Oregon. I took the poison as I did not care to show myself at home. Good bye. Liebe deine (love yours)." "Seine (your) Otto."

Seeing that life was not extinct a stomach pump was first used and then proper antidotes were administered. Two able-bodied men were secured to rub him down for about two hours, and between the friction and the strong coffee given him he began to show consciousness, then he was taken out and walked around nearly all night and taken home this morning. At last accounts he was doing well. It is said that the man has made several unsuccessful attempts to commit suicide by taking poison. The man is attributed to the excessive use of liquor, and the note found in his hand settles all doubt of the motive of his taking the poison. He was evidently under the influence of liquor, and while in that condition he would rather face death than bring remorse and shame upon his loving wife.

The weather being fine today, the river as well as the streets show a lively appearance. The wind is blowing just enough to make it fine sailing and the boat-house keepers are having a lively day for their business.

Though it has been asserted that the steamer R. B. Thompson would not be launched for a long time to come, but judging from the appearance to-day it looks as if it would be launched very soon, as the ways are all greased and it seems to be in readiness for shoving off. It is quite a different looking boat than when it went on the dry dock for repairs, so much so that it would hardly be taken for the same steamer.

The work on the Fort and hotel is progressing beyond the expectation of most any one. Already the fifth story is entirely completed and the sixth story under good headway. It will doubtless be completed throughout a long time before the contract runs out.

The outlook for the free kindergarten for the coming year is a gloomy one. A number of business men have notified the managers that they will withdraw their subscriptions of 50 cents a month probably from the fact of their laboring under a misapprehension. The cost of maintaining the three kindergartens is only \$20 a month, and considering the good they do, it is a wonder that the business men will cease to encourage it. It is hoped, however, that their names will be replaced by others who are more public-spirited, and that the system will not fall.

J. P. Wager, J. E. Bean, W. T. Chalk, W. W. Caviness, J. H. Raley, H. J. Bean, J. L. Roe and wife and Mary Cochran, of Pendleton, are in the city, also T. E. Fell, Dr. J. H. Fell and B. A. Hunsaker of Heppner.

A PENDLETON BOY'S ACT.

Philip Gagen borrowing over the Death of His Mistress Commits Suicide in Portland.

PORTLAND, Feb. 25.—Phil Gagen, the lover of Lottie Clark, who committed suicide by taking morphine a few days ago, as related at the time, committed suicide last night at Blanche Hamilton's house by shooting himself through the head. Sorrow over the death of Lottie Clark caused the act. The deceased was employed at the hotel at Oysterville, W. T., and a son of John Gagen, proprietor of the Golden Rule Hotel at Saturday. He came up from Oysterville on Saturday, and last night went to Blanche Hamilton's to get an overcoat on his way to the 11:30 boat on his return home. When he reached the house, he called for a drink, and then proposed to go out and have a "good time." He was told that he had not the time to have a "good time" and catch the boat, too. Then, rising, he said: "Well, I'll go," and quick as a flash he drew a pistol from his tack pocket and sent a ball crashing through his brain, producing instantaneous death. In a letter he wrote to Blanche Hamilton, he said: "Lottie is gone and I see no use of my living, as she was the only one I ever cared for." In his pockets were found several letters from Lottie Clark; also clippings from a paper about her suicide, a negative of her picture and some money. An inquest over his remains will be held this afternoon.

THE BOY'S STORY.

He Tells How a Fire Occurred in Which Two Children Lost Their Lives and a Third Fatally Burned.

HELENA, Mo., Feb. 24.—The particulars of the recent house-burning accident at Belmont, Mo., resulting in the death of two children and probable death of a third, show that it was a horrible affair. The mother had gone to Marysville, about a mile distant, to get household supplies, leaving the children there alone. The oldest boy, before he died, told a story that cleared up the mystery of the fire. After the mother had left, he said, he locked the door and began to have some fun with the kitty. As a part of the amusement, he held the animal close to the stove and set its hair on fire. The scared and blazing cat ran under the sofa, and the fire ignited the sofa which soon spread to the house and quickly destroyed it. The children seemed paralyzed with fear and did not think about escaping through the door. The girl crawled under the bed, but almost perished by suffocation before being rescued. She was badly burned, and is not expected to recover.

A CARELESS CONDUCOR.

While Coupling Cars He is Caught Between a Passenger and Freight Car and Killed.

SPOKANE FALLS, Feb. 24.—Louis H. Funk, conductor on the east-bound freight train on the Northern Pacific railroad, was killed near the depot in this city to-day, while he was attempting to couple a passenger coach to a caboose. The Miller coupling of the coach failed to work with a drawhead and he was caught just above the hips, picked up and carried the length of six cars. When released he was still breathing, but died in a few minutes. He has a brother at Kathlamet and relatives at Akron, Ohio.

A Millionaire Dies.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 24.—Daniel Colahan, who with James C. Flood and others, established the First National Gold Bank, and who afterward became president of the institution, died to-day. He leaves a fortune at his palatial home in this city amounting to not less than one million dollars.

Worse Than Usual Advice.

From the Daily Alta California. General Harrison is overwhelmed with advice just now as to how he shall treat the "Southern Question." The best way to treat it is not to treat it at all. There is no "Southern Question" to treat, unless it be artificially created to subserve partisan ends. During the past four years we have had no "Southern Question" and the country has been peaceful, happy and prosperous. For fifteen years prior to 1854, the country was vexed with turmoil and confusion over the South, although all the Southern States had been supposedly in full possession of all their local rights and powers as sovereign growing-out of race contention and the enfranchisement of the colored people, but this local humor could not be eradicated by Congressional enactment or arbitrary treatment with the national militia. The more Congress scratched it the worse it became, until the country, in sheer disgust, repudiated the whole policy of Federal intervention and military interference in local elections.

General Harrison was not elected to revive that repudiated policy. He was elected on the tariff issue. While an idle fear of Southern predominance in national politics was the factor which turned the scale in his favor, the sentiment which elevated him to the Presidency was crystallized around a certain form of national taxation. General Harrison's bitterest enemy could give him no worse advice than the men of his own party who are urging upon him the policy of renewing Federal interference in the domestic concerns and local elements of the South. As weak as Hayes' administration was, its policy of non-interference with the South made Garfield's success in 1880 possible. If left to themselves the Southern people will settle their own difficulties. The voluntary resignation of four members of the Arkansas Legislature, whose seats were secured by a theft of ballot-boxes, in deference to a purely local sentiment in their own party, is proof that matters will right themselves if the Southern people are left to "fry their own fish," to use a vulgar phrase. No such sentiment could ever have been crystallized during a policy of Federal interference and military repression. Such a policy directly incited the evils it was intended to cure. Let us have peace.

Readers Think of This.

From a very able article by a correspondent in the Pacific Farmer we clip the following on taxation, showing that from 1850 to 1861 our total taxes, general and State, county and town, averaged some five dollars and twenty cents per head of total population; that for 1870 to 1875, the average was \$14.42 per soul; that from 1880 to 1887 it is \$12.50 per year.

"Taking the whole eighteen years from 1870 to 1887 inclusive, we have the following approximate facts and comparisons. Average population for the period was 48 1/2 millions. The total aggregate tax, State and national, collected from the people during this period, was \$11,700,000 or \$5,000,000 annually, an increase in total yearly volume of 3.8 per cent, or 44.58 to one dollar collected from 1851 to 1880. A tax on each citizen yearly of \$13.50, and \$243 for the period. On each family \$750 yearly, and \$1215 for the period. Where the demands for the tax-gatherer was formerly one dollar, on each citizen or family, here it is two dollars and sixty cents.

For eighteen years, in time of profound peace, the whole people of the United States paid the tax-gatherer a tribute of thirteen and a half dollars yearly, for each man, woman and child;—old, sick, crippled, infirm, insane, blind and deaf—criminals and paupers, consumers as well as producers.

EASTERN NEWS.

CHICAGO MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Feb. 25, 1:15 P. M.—Wheat, shade easier; cash, \$1.04 3/4; May, \$1.07 1/2; July, 94 3/4. Corn, firmer; cash, 34 1/2; March, 34 1/2; May, 86. Oats, firmer; cash, 25 1/2; March, 25 1/2; May, 27 15-16. Barley, nothing doing. Pork, steady; cash \$11.22 1/2; March, \$11.22 1/2; May, \$11.37 1/2. Lard, steady; cash \$6.62 1/2; March, \$6.62 1/2; May, \$6.72 to \$6.75.

It was Like an Earthquake.

Following is a portion of the graphic account in the New York World of the destruction of the Hartford hotel: "A one-act tragedy and a brief one, though it brought the tale of death to so many souls. A dull, prolonged and ragged crash, that brought the sleepers of the city to their feet with the cry of earthquake; a rending asunder of brick walls four stories high; the tearing, grinding, indefinite and horrible sound of timbers wrenched and ground to matchwood; the scream of tortured humanity, and there, in a smoking heap of broken wood, brick, glass and plaster, lay the riven substance of a tall building, prisoning, maiming, killing two score or more of wretched human beings. Angry steam escaped from its iron fetters and broke blowing into freedom, scalding some to death who might otherwise have escaped alive. Coals from the furnace scattered abroad, licked the dry splinters and caught into many flames. The firemen, coming quickly—but oh, so much less quickly than the heart could wish—found seconds golden if they could save life before the flames snatched it away. Here and there, out of the smoke and dust, staggered blinded and demented creatures in their night-clothes. In surrounding windows, many of them shattered by the concussion, equally demented creatures screamed for help, though they needed it not. It was a veritable devil's cauldron, and all the trained intelligence of the firemen was needed to span the terrible emergency and get to work at once upon the fire-threatened wreck. But cool authority in the person of Chief Packard took the helm; willing hearts and hands, professional and amateur, gave help, and a dozen streams directed on the threatening flames soon filled the awful rift with grateful steam. The fire was quickly quenched, and then began the first search for the wounded, the later search, when hope was gone, for the dead."

Harrison's Appointments.

Washington Dispatch New York World. The Cabinet slate telegraphed from Indianapolis meets with severe criticism here. The names of Mr. Blaine and Mr. Windom have been associated with posts of such importance, and of Mr. Windom it is remarked that no public man ever before played in such luck in this country. He had completely dropped out of notice, and had even lost his former local following. He has visited Washington in recent years only in the capacity of a salaried agent, pushing private enterprises, and yet, if the news from Indianapolis is to be believed, upon the instant, and apparently without an effort, he goes to the front, takes the second prize in the lottery, and gets an opportunity to rehabilitate his political fortunes. His selection is said to be extremely agreeable to Mr. Blaine.

As for all the others, beginning with Mr. Wanamaker, who is known only as a money king, and going down to Mr. Noble, who, despite his name, is not known at all, the popular expression here is that General Harrison has made a batch of his first and most important piece of work. Some of the New Yorkers are congratulating themselves that their state is not represented in the collection at all.

She Had no Time to Tend Birds.

From Harper's Bazar. Dealer to a countryman looking at clocks—"Now there's something unique in the way of clocks, sir. When the hour begins a bird comes out from the top and sings 'Cuckoo.' For instance, I turn the hand to three o'clock, and now the bird comes out and sings 'cuckoo' three times."

Countryman, enthusiastically, to his wife—"By gum, Mariar, don't that beat all!"

W—"That kind o' clock may do fur people who've got lots o' time, but it'd take me half the forenoon every day to look after that bird."

Good Words for Senator Raley.

From the La Grande Journal. Citizens of La Grande who have had an opportunity to observe say that Hon. J. H. Raley, joint Senator for Umatilla and Union counties, is proving himself one of the most active and efficient members of the Legislature.—Gazette. Such is the opinion of not only the citizens of La Grande, but of the people of both Umatilla and Union counties, regardless of politics.—Republican.

By the way, why didn't you let us elect a few more Democrats, and we would have had a few more "active and efficient members."

It is currently reported about town, says the Wallula Herald, that a high official of the O. R. & N. Co. declares that this summer will see the closing up of the gap of the direct line to the Cour d'Alene gap by building the road direct from mines to Riparia.