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UNION COUNTY MAN

ROUGHED IT WITH SENATOR TELLER IN EARLY DAYS.

Dunham Wright Rescued the Silver Advocate From Sickness and Spent Winter in Camp With Him in the Rockies.

(By a Staff Writer.)

While in Union county recently, a representative of the East Oregonian interviewed Mr. Dunham Wright, an old pioneer of Grande Ronde valley, who is not only known in the politics of this state, but who is a typical Westerner and has had some interesting experiences.

Mr. Wright is a close friend of Senator Teller, of Colorado, having roughed it with that gentleman in the early days of Colorado and having at one time pulled the great silver advocate out of a severe spell of sickness.

He is an interesting talker, and tells the story as follows:

"I had lived on a farm until I was 18 years old. When the 'Pike's Peak or bust' excitement broke out I decided to try my fortunes in Colorado. I left my home in Iowa in 1860, for Colorado. A little while after I gotten to Central City, Col., I was offered a job at good wages driving a yoke of oxen. Having been reared on a farm, that was just in my line, and I accepted.

"One day as I was passing an old cabin I saw two men being carried in. Supposing they had been injured in some accident in the mines, I went to the door out of curiosity. I asked the doctor what was the matter and he informed me that the men were newcomers and that they had the mountain fever. He also said there was very little chance for them to pull through.

"They have no money," he said, "but they are fine young fellows, and I hate to see them die. I am going to do all I can for them, but they need what I can't be had for love or money in this camp—good nursing and good food." I asked if I could do anything. "No," replied one of the sick men, "unless you can get me some tea brewed in an earthen teapot and served in a china cup."

"It seemed out of the question to comply with the request, but I knew a woman in the camp who was a down east Yankee. I went to her and she picked out from her treasures a little brown earthenware teapot, and when I had gone down town and bought some green tea she brewed it. Spreading a napkin on a tray she spread two or three slices of her home-made bread and with that and the tea and some milk and sugar I went back to the cabin. He ate of it and felt better.

"The other sick man, who was quite low, but who had never complained, ate a trifle and drank a little tea. His name was Henry M. Teller, and he was at that time a young lawyer.

"When the doctor came back and learned what I had done, he told me to give up my job and nurse the two sick men and have the woman cook for them. 'It is their only chance to pull through,' he said. He told me that when they got well they would pay me, and if they did not get well he would.

"We took them away from that dirty old cabin and moved them to my friend's house.

"Teller mended more slowly than his companion. He was anxious to spend the winter in a lower altitude. 'I had a friend named Jenkins who was living on the Platte River, and we decided to try that place.

"His possessions consisted of a very good rifle that had been his fee for defending a Frenchman on a charge of murder. He was weak and we made the journey slowly. We were caught in a snow storm on the way and spent the night in an abandoned miner's cabin. I did not think that he would be able to move next day, but he had lots of nerve and grit and we started on, finally reaching Jenkins' house on the Platte River.

"As soon as he got there he discovered Jenkins was a brother Mason. Jenkins told him he was wel-

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come to spend the winter with him.

"The plains were covered with antelope and they were almost tame as sheep. With Jenkins' unerring aim with his rifle and Mrs. Jenkins' skill as a cook we fared well and Teller soon began to recover.

"He recovered so rapidly that we afterwards decided to spend the winter at the foot of Long's Peak, on the headwaters of Big Thompson, in the Rockies. We spent the winter with a friend named Estes and the peak now bears his name.

"On a hunting trip I killed one of the largest mountain rams known in the history of the country. Teller took a fancy to it and had a taxidermist preserve it and it now adorns his office at Denver.

"Teller has never grown too high in politics to forget that winter's camp, and he writes me regularly and often recites some of our old experiences."

Mr. Wright came to Grande Ronde valley in 1863, where he married and since that time has served five terms in the state legislature, three in the house and two in the senate.

WILL BE A TREAT.

Richards & Pringle's Minstrels at the Frazer Wednesday Night.

Richards & Pringle's mammoth minstrel aggregation that appears at the Frazer theater Wednesday night, September 10, is vastly different from any similar attraction that will be seen here this season. It numbers 50 of the best entertainers in colored minstrelsy, each one of them popular in their respective lines, all refreshingly original with new specialties this season.

"It is a laughing performance" from start to finish and is filled with bright merry ideas new to minstrelsy and of a high-class order. This big attraction is meeting with unbounded success everywhere; and as this will be its only visit here this season, lovers of good, solid enjoyment cannot afford to miss it. One of the new features is Bonamor's troupe of Arabian acrobats, five in number.

The street parade, its big out-door attraction, takes place at 5:20 on arrival of the train from Portland on the day of the company's arrival in this city.

"A Broken Heart."

Manager Welch of the Frazer Opera House takes pleasure in announcing the beautiful play "A Broken Heart" which will be presented at Pendleton next Saturday night. Its coming will be hailed with delight by lovers of pure, wholesome melodrama. "A Broken Heart" comes to us with the old story of love. Its scenes are laid in the Rocky mountains and the characters are made up of those whose lives are spent in that region. "A Broken Heart" comes to us with a cast of characters which will endear it to all who are fortunate enough to hear it. The company is headed by the author, Miss Esther Rujaciro, and the production is accurate in every detail.

DISGRACED SON'S NAME.

John R. Franklin Had Served in Penitentiary and Then Took His Son's Name and Has Disgraced It.

John R. Franklin was recently sent to Portland on the charge of selling liquor to Indians. He was sent up under the name of O. R. Franklin. This name he assumed after serving a term in the state penitentiary of California. It is the name of his son who lives at Walla Walla and who is reported to be a good citizen. The mother of the boy requests that the corrections may be made for the sake of her son, who she claims has always borne an honorable name.

John R. Franklin, now in the toils again as O. R. Franklin, had an altercation with a man on Davis Creek, in Modoc county, California, several years ago and killed his adversary. He was sent to the state prison for the crime, and after being released came to this country and assumed the name of his son. He had not improved in his manner of conduct in this count.

To Reform School.

Harry E. Bickers, superintendent of the state reform school, was at Hotel Pendleton last night and left this morning for Salem with Fred Reese, sentenced back to the reform school by Judge Ellis. Reese's home was in Salem and he has served a term in the school for uncontrollable youths. He was released a few months ago and came to Pendleton. He went into the harvest field, on the Umatilla reservation, and stole a suit of clothes and some jewelry. He is 18 years of age and will have to remain in the reform school for a year at least.

"Now is the Appointed Time."

The O. R. & N. Company has just issued a handsomely illustrated pamphlet entitled "Oregon, Washington & Idaho and Their Resources." People in the east are anxious for information about the Pacific Northwest. If you will give the O. R. & N. Company agent a list of names of eastern people who are likely to be interested, the booklet will be mailed free to such persons.

The smallest man on earth may have the largest waist measure.

WEBSTER AS A DRINKER.

The Great Orator's Deep Potations Before Two Famous Speeches.

Daniel Webster was invited to Richmond in the fifties. He accepted the invitation, came to Richmond and went to the Exchange hotel. He was invited by the state legislature to address them and the people of Richmond, and a committee consisting of James Lyons of Richmond and Robert E. Scott of Fauquier, two of the most eminent lawyers in the state, were sent down to the hotel to escort him to the capitol building. They found Mr. Webster in a state of intoxication in such degree that Mr. Lyons said to Mr. Scott: "This man can't make a speech. You must take his place." Mr. Scott replied, "No man can take the place of Daniel Webster."

After delay, during which Mr. Webster improved a little, he was asked if he would go to the capitol. He replied, "Yes." With great difficulty Messrs. Scott and Lyons supported and helped him to the capitol. When they reached the rotunda near the Washington statue, Mr. Lyons said, "Mr. Webster, do you think you can speak?" "If you will give me a drink of brandy, yes."

A messenger was sent to a neighboring hotel and a bottle of brandy brought. Mr. Webster poured out successively two goblets full and drank them off, straightened himself up, shook himself as a lion might have done, walked steadily and directly to the position from which he spoke, on the south porch of the capitol, and in the presence of an audience of 5,000 people, which consisted of the intellectual and beauty of Richmond, male and female, made his celebrated October speech, one of the greatest even of his life.

Edward Everett related that on the day Webster replied to Hayne of South Carolina he walked with him to the capitol; that he seemed so badly prepared that he was not equal to the occasion; that just before he rose to speak he drank a goblet of brandy and then made his great speech in reply to Hayne, which is an English classic. Such was the effect of the beverage on Webster.—Beverages.

THE GREAT POETS.

Do Not Study Them For Knowledge; Read Them For Culture.

Young men and young women actually go to college to take a course in Shakespeare or Chaucer or Dante or the Arthurian legends. The course becomes a mere knowledge course. My own acquaintance with Milton was through an exercise in grammar. We parsed "Paradise Lost." Much of the current college study of Shakespeare is little better than parsing him. The class falls upon the text like hens upon a bone in winter. No meaning of phrase escapes them; every line is literally picked to pieces. But of the poet himself, of that which makes him what he is, how much do they get? Very little, I fear. They have had intellectual exercise and not an emotional experience. They have added to their knowledge, but have not taken a step in culture.

To dig into the roots and origins of the great poets is like digging into the roots of an oak or maple the better to increase your appreciation of the beauty of the tree. There stands the tree in all its summer glory. Will you really know it any better after you have laid bare every root and rootlet? There stand Homer, Dante, Chaucer and Shakespeare. Read them, give yourself to them, and master them if you are man enough.

The poets are not to be analyzed; they are to be enjoyed; they are not to be studied, but to be loved; they are not for knowledge, but for culture—to enhance our appreciation of life and our mastery over its elements. All the mere facts about a poet's work are as chaff as compared with the appreciation of one fine line or line sentence. Why study a great poet at all after the manner of the dissecting room? Why not rather seek to make the acquaintance of his living soul and to feel its power?—John Burroughs in Century.

William Shakespeare.

What point of morals, of manners, of economy, of philosophy, of religion, of taste, of the conduct of life, has he not settled? What mystery has he not signified his knowledge of? What office or function or district of man's work has he not remembered? What king has he not taught state, as Talma taught Napoleon? What maiden has he not found finer than her delicacy? What lover has he not outwitted? What sage has he not outseen? What gentleman has he not instructed in the rudeness of his behavior?—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The Juvenile Idea.

"Willie, do you know what happens to the bad little boys?" "Sure." "What?" "They have more fun than the good little boys."—Chicago Post.

"Betwixt and Between."

It is generally considered that a fat flock of ewes means a poor crop of lambs. This does not mean that we must starve our ewes to get a good crop of lambs, but that we must keep them in a "betwixt and between" condition for best results.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

Hotel Pendleton.

- J. M. Martindale, Weston. Miss Canfield, Lebanon. J. J. Thasern, Portland. J. J. Burns, Portland. George Harris, Portland. Andrew Nylander, Portland. Harry Ogden, Portland. J. A. Sukal, Portland. M. H. Houser, Pomeroy. W. H. Garrett, Portland. Emil Rapt, Chicago. M. S. Marcus, Chicago. A. Osterman, Chicago. Miss Rome, Kansas City. C. W. Henderson, San Francisco. Mrs. Fred Taylor, North Powder. Mrs. G. W. Bartley, Morlow. H. E. Hicklers, Salem. F. C. Fogg, Grangeville. Sig. L. Cohn, Minneapolis. A. W. Moore, Grangeville. C. Overman, Grangeville. W. B. Stanton, Lewiston. W. M. Morgan, Moscow. F. S. Winer, Cottonwood. W. F. McConnell, Moscow. Grace Bratton, Baker City. Myrtle Bratton, Baker City. E. Belle Kellogg, Baker City. Emmerson Bennett, Illinois. J. O. Barlow, Pocatella. E. P. Cobb, New York. F. C. Harbach, Salt Lake. J. B. Basche, Seattle. George W. Gaines, Philadelphia. J. A. Bryan, Salt Lake. S. B. Martin, Portland. J. F. Ginger, Spokane. David Taylor, Athena. S. S. Denning, Athena. William Maher, Portland. C. M. Smith, Portland. S. Gannon, Portland. A. B. Crawford, Moscow. George T. Williams, Portland. F. L. Moore, Moscow. A. F. Munter, New York. William McBrown, Spokane. Margaret Goodfellow, Portland. Adolph M. Reid, Wyoming. E. Marritt. J. E. Diamond, Pennsylvania. J. W. Tousey and wife, McMinnville. D. Shults, Spokane. R. H. Gaston, Spokane. H. B. Rees and wife, Spokane. Joe Liesalien, Weston. E. C. Bolluff, Chicago. H. E. Hendryx, Lawton. George B. Oliver, Echo. E. M. King, Spokane.

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