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Orders from any part of the valley will receive prompt attention. I have on hand some very the BOCK BEER. Drop in and sample it.

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The traveling public will please take notice that, in addition to my saloon in North Powder, I have opened a first-class RESTAURANT, and respectfully solicit a share of the public patronage. The tables will always be supplied with the

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Call on me, eat, drink and be happy.

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We keep constantly on hand everything usually kept in a first class variety store. will be promptly attended to. JENNIE JUNE IN EUROPE.

The Homes of England-Osborne House and Its Surroundings.

Whiffingham Church From Which Princess Beatrice Was Married - Carisbrooke Castle and Its Historic Associations.

the Well a Drink From Which Preserves Beauty and Life—Bon Church and its Histories—The Whipping Post of Olden Days.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT, WEST COWES, July 13 .- The inhabitants of the Isle of Wight certainly strive to justify the appellation of "garden" bestowed apon their favored region. Flowers are everywhere, in every window, in front of every house, in every hand, in every buttonhole and upon evrey taole. Two pretty glass vases and a small dish are filled with roses at every meal and others occupy buffet and mantelpiece. They are rich, fragrant roses, too; not cultivated up to \$2 each perhaps, but sweet smelling, and everybody has them, which is their great merit. You cannot meet a country woman on the road without her

The dwellings are usually low, twostoried structures, and the prettiest are Elizabethan, with painted roofs and flat, wide, diamond-paned winupon well improved farms, for a term dows. But there is an unhappy fondness for bay windows, and, though it is a good thing in its place, yet a bay window out of place, and especially several—say four ugly bay windows stuck together, with not the space to stick a pin between, and forming the entire front of a small, two-storied house-is as bad as four noses on one small, insignificant face, occupying it to the exclusion of every feature ex-cept the mouth. The talk just now among the good folks is concerning the marriage of the Princess Beatrice, who is spoken of most highly, and seems to be heartily loved by everybody. There are subscription papers out among the "old folks" and the "young people" and the "school children" for wedding presents for her, and she will certainly start her housekeeping under the fairest auspices. Nothing prettier or more typically English can be imagined than the surroundings of the Queen's home and the quiet village church where her last daughter is to change her state.



Whippingham Church is approached by two roads from East Cowes; one, a lovely lane, smoothly lined with disappeared. This is the aperture well-kept, hard-thorned hedges, and leading directly past the row of pretty cottages, to which the old and disabled female dependents of Osborne are retired. The road and entrance to Osborne are commonplace enough, but the grounds are beautifully kept, and have some fine old trees; the mansion and cottages are not visible at all from the highway, but a very good view of them is obtained from the sea coming from Ryde.



The distance from East Cowes to Norris Castle is only about a mile, or, to be exact, a mile and a quarterjust a pleasant walk. A quarter of a mile farther on the same road we come to the entrance to Osborne, distinguished only by a scarlet coated personage, who takes his ease within the gates, and in appearance and manner is a singular reminder of Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, the eminent member from Northampton. A neat board fence encloses the Queen's grounds, supplemented as a protection by a thick growth of magnificent forest trees inside the enclosure. Turning down from this road you enter a field through a gate and take a path bordered on one s de by tall waving wheat, well grown and thrifty, with bright poppies flashing out from its tender green, not yet mellowed to yellow and brown, and a thick hawthorn hedge on the other-the blossoms gone, but full of russet red shoots shading off into the brown of the twig and the green of the leafage. How full of sweet, heart-breaking beauty this England is, and what suggestive hominess-to coin a word-in the grouping of Norris Castle, the early home of the Queen, where she lived and was brought up by her mother, the Duches of Kent. ALL KINDS OF FRESH FRUITS The modern dwelling, purchased on account of these associations, and the village church, the foundation stone the vard of which her best beloved retainers and many of her friends are and its quiet beauty, faced by the sil-ver thread of the Medina River, cannot the Queen and Prince Albert,

be put into words. It is the very spot of all others to be married from or buried in, and the Princess Beatrice, when she enters the side gate on July 23 to come out a wedded wife will be environed by associations such as few greater interest for her when her life has been spent than they, perhaps, have to-day. She is said, however, to be most

amiable and domestic in her habits, and one would imagine so from her selecting her ten nieces for bridesmaids and her long, untiring devotion to her mother. Poor Queen. What must be her dread of losing this last and best beloved daughter. A Queen is so far removed from common sympathy that the loss of husband or child is more than to those who share a common lot and have hosts of sympathizing friends. Certainly the Queen is a typical English mother as well as Queen, and the "family" are spoken of as united by the strongest ties of affection. The remarkable letters of the Princess Alice, edited by the Prin cess Christain, showed that, and exhibited virtues of economy, industry and care taking, which few give Prin-cess credit for. Well, the gown and the wedding cake are both ready-the cake was newly made, or at least it is supposed so-but the gown is partly composed of that same famous old Honiton with the crown and V. R. interwoven in its marvellous design, with the rose, thistle and shamrock of the United Kingdom, which decorated her own wedding dress and also that of the Crown Princess of Germany. Good lace does not go to waste in that

Next to Osborne and Whippingham, the most interesting trip is to Carrisbrooke Castle, the beautiful picturesque ruins of the prison where Charles I. was confined. The remains of the walls and gateway are highly interesting from their historic associations, dating from



the time of Edward VI., whose brother-in-law, Anthony Woodville, built the latter, and left his insignia carved in the stone. The eastle stands on a chalky elevation, and is covered with ivy. It is not so commanding in its appearance as many others, but the grounds are levely, and access is obtained to them by the same door, signalled by pulling the handle of the same bell as that which admitted Lord Woodville. But here all similitude ceases. On the other side of the heavy bars and bolts a trim English girl sits with her work basket and lady's picorial to receive your fourpence illusion vanishes. Once inside the gate, visitors bend their steps directly the upper road, sairting the Osborne towards the window, from the lower estate; the other, the lower, forming middle panel of which an iron bar has



through which Charles 1. tried to force himself in an endeavor to escape, and back from which into his prison he was drawn with great difficulty, when life was almost extinct. A long flight of steps leads to the keep, but few ascend them; the majority of visitors rush off to the well room, where a donkey draws the water from a miraculously clear spring, which possesses surprising virtues. Taken every morning within an hour after sunrise it maintains health, preserves beauty, imparts fairness to the complexion and confers the gifts of long life and domestic happiness. These qualities, whatever may be the case now, could not have existed in the time of Princess Elizabeth, the unfortunate daughter of Charles I., who died alone in her youth in this Castle Carisbrooke, her cheek



THE NELL CARISBROOKE CASTLE

resting on the Bible which had been the last gift of her murdered father. It was to this Princess that Queen Vic torra dedicated the beautiful memorial stone which is cons dered one of the finest efforts of Baron Marrochetti and the principal ornament of Carisbrooke Church, the finest church on the island, containing also three memorial of which was laid by the Queen, when stained glass windows to the memory she was the Princess Victoria, and in of the fair and unhappy young Princess, one of which was subscribed by the young women of the congregation buried. The peacefulness of the spot and is called "The Maiden's Winard its quiet beauty, faced by the sil-

all that is worth seeing and knowing in this little enchanted and enchanting island; and of course the task is hopeless in the space of three all too short cays. But we have managed Shaukbrides have known, and that will have fin; have walked down through the chime, even stopped and pienicked there; have seen the crab and lobster turn, walked on the esplanade, and ascended the successive flights of stone steps which break up the cliff upon which Shauklin is built The chine is a deep cut, or irregular fissure, in the sea wall, from a quarter to half a mile long, which begins at the top and ends where the water touches the beach. Its high walls and irregular path, broken by steps at the steepest inclines, are a reminder of Watkin's Glen, but the jagged masses of cathedral-like rock are absent, the whole interior of the chasm being a tangle of greenery with a pretty waterfall and brooks caused by rustic bridges.

Chines are very numerous on the Isle of Wight. There is the Whale chine, the Black-gang chine, the Walpen chine, and numerous others, but none so famous as the Shanklin chine. Rev. Leigh Richmond, in the "Young Cottager," writes a detailed description of Shanklin Chine, which was not then so well prepared for visitors as now that it is rented and made part of the hotel property that stands at its summit. Shanklin has bathing machines and a fine beach, though not so good as Ryde, but it lacks the attractiveness of West Cowes, possibly because it is more shut in and less varied in its marine character. The old part of the town is, however, very charming with its Elizabethan manorhouse, its rows of thatched cottages, and narrow, shady lanes. It is at the corner of such a lane leading to the chine that a rustic fountain is erected. for which Longfellow wrote the inscription when on a visit to Shankliu in 1868

O, traveller, stay thy weary feet, Drink of this founta n pure and sweet, It flows for rich and poor the same, Then go thy way remembering still The wayside well teneath the hill,

The cup of water in His name. Those who are familiar with the work of Mr. J. W. Cropsey, the well known artist, will remember his picture of the old church at Bon Church in the Isle of Wight. It was all the more remarkable in its gray tones and general fidelity to the natural tints of ts age and environment, because it formed so strong a contrast to the warm tints and sunny landscapes in which his brush delights. The old Bon Church in the village of Bon Church has not been used for many



years for Sunday services; these take or thereabouts, but burials still take | deputy was enjoying his evening leisplace from the old church, and it was ure and would be disturbed by no one. from this spot that the Rev. William Adams, author of "The Shadow of the Cross," was taken to his resting place. The village of Bon Church has many interesting literary associations. Carlyle's "John Sterling" is buried here; the former a very frequent one, it is Freshwater, whence he is to migrate to Scotland in search of that freedom from intrusive curiosity hunters which he has all his life-his literary lifebeen trying to find, seemingly without success, a fate which will probably follow him to his grave.

Miss El zabeth Sewell, author of "Amy Herbert," resided here, and Dr. Arnold of Rugby, father of Mat-thew Arnold, speaks of it somewhere as the most beautiful spot on earth. It was at Bon-Church that one of the great English naval heroes was born -Admiral Sir Thomas Hobson. He was a poor orphan, a parish apprentice to a tailor, who, fired by sight of a squadron of men-of-war, joined them, and within forty-eight hours by a single act-that of fighting his way to the enemy's flag and cutting it down-decided the fate of a battle, won promotion, and initiated the beginning of a glorious career.

There are few stocks and whippingposts left now in England, but here is one just as it stands in that old town of Brading, where the Rev. Leigh Richmond was pastor, and where he wrote his "Dairyman's Daughter" and "Little Jane." It is not a cheerful looking instrument, but it seems as though it might be well to revive it for the benefit of those brutes who maltreat women and children, and whose position in the scale of humanity is so low that they cannot be reached by ordinary methods. Brading is the oldest town on the island, and very rich in associations.



But it has now less importance than any other of its livelier neighbors, and its principal object of interest is a little cottage once the home of the pious young girl that Leigh Richmond

immortalized. It is situated in a little lane at the foot of a hill, and a visit to the churchyard hard by is awarded by the sight of her grave and a stone to her memory, upon which is the following in-

A month would not suffice to take in scription, written by the wife of a clergyman at Cowes,

Ye who the power of God delight to trace, And mark with Joy. each monument of grace, Tread lightly o'er this grave as ye explore The short and simple annuls of the poor,

A child reposes underneath this sod. A child to memory dear and dear to God. Rejoice, but shed the sympathet e tear, Jane, the young Cottager, lies buried here

* Copyright, 1885, G. W. Hanna. A LOCUST HUNT,

How the Summer Pest Is Got Rid of in Italy by Wholesale.

was quietly at work in my study at Capri one day in a very hot August, laboring to breathe as well as the great heat would let me, when a wild-looking youth rushed in to mefrom Anacapri, crying out that the locusts had come. The disease of the vine had already caused great loss, and now there were the locusts eating up the harvest. A great part of Anacapri was as bare, the youth told me, as if a fire had swept across it. The invaders had already got over the brow of the mountain, and were in the woods below. Would I go out and see them? Certainly I would.

As we approached their advanced guard under cover of a low wood, we could hear the incessant click, click, of the enemy, and every now and then we were fallen upon by their scouts, which dashed against our faces and clung to our clothes. As we proceeded we found them frollicking in legions, like imps let loose for mischief. The atmosphere being rather thicker than I liked, I did not go that morning to see how things looked at the worst. I went back to pay a visit to the syndic and ascertain what could be done to mend them.

Trouble of this kind comes upon Caprievery three or four years; but there has been no swarm so great as this one since the great plague of locusts which had occurred some twenty years before the time of which I am writing. "That, indeed," said my informant, "was awful. They climbed our walls, got into our houses and churches, crawted over the altars, ate up the entire harvest, and who can say what might have happened if it had had not been for St. Antonio? Some missionary priests were then among us, and they ordained a solemn procession of women; they were all to walk with their hair loose about their shoulders, with the priest in front carrying the image of the saint. Before the procession was over a strong east wind came and blew all the locucts into the sea, just over the Blue Grotto.

Ah, Signor, St. Antonio is powerful!" Report having been formerly made to syndic, his excellency, in true official style, ordered a bag of the de-vastating animals to be collected and sent off to the superintendent, who resided at Castellamare, in order that he might ascertain whether they were really locusts. Until that point was officially decided, the syndic could disburse none of the public money to arrest the plague, which, in the meantime, was of course spreading over the woods and fields with the rapidity of a prairie fire. The grain was being bitten off under the ear as cleanly as thought cut by a knife, the fig trees being stripped and barked. The messenger did not arrive at Castellamare place in a modern edifice built in 1817 | till after business hours, when the

On the next day, however, the syndie of Anaeapri, having obtained the requisite authority, attached a proclamation to the walls of the house, offering a reward for the capture of locusts at the rate of about a penny for a pound. All the idle population said, before he established himself at of the district instantly became as busy as bees, and went out locusthunting in parties of five or six, provided with sacks and sheets. A sheet held by a man at each corner being lifted up like a wall acress the path of the invaders one or two people with brooms beat the bushes and swept the earth, causing the disturbed locusts to fly on until the sheet was black with them. It was then quickly doubled up, the insects scraped from it into a sack, and preparations instantly made for capturing another batch in the same way. A locust-hunter told me that he was earning at this work 16 pence a day, or 6 pence beyond his usual daily wages. I was told also by the parish priest of Anacapri that in a few days the whole body of hunters in that small district captured upward of twenty hundred weight, but that he remembered one seasen in which there were as many taken in a single

morning. The reward for captured locusts was not paid until they were dead and buried. Dead and unburied they would soon putrify under a hot sun and breed a postilence. There is a point in the island called Monte Solario, about eighteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. Thither the locusts are all taken after they have been soaked in boiling water, and after having been in that way killed by the sackful, they are buried in a deep pit dug for the purpose. - Household Words.

Where Cholera Thrives.

Whatever theory may be held as to the origin of cholera, it can hardly be denied that, historically, its inroads have always been in alluvial districts and river valleys. The coincidence, therefore, between the geographical area of the Spanish inundations and the Spanish cholera epidemic affords very practical lessons. It apparently illustrates, in a most strikt g way, the main physical conditions under which the plague can flash up into epidemic violence and also indicates the regions and localities which will be most exposed to it on its future travels, while it points with fresh force the moral of universal sanitation as the only security against the dread scourge.- New York Herald.

The Rockland, Me., high school graduates this year fifteen girls and only two boys, which, according to the local newspaper, is the usual proportion. The fact would go to show that the girls of Maine are absorbing whatever higher education there is in the

There seems to be trustworthy evidence to the fact that boiled celery-not the raw stems -is a preventive of rheumatism.