

CHICAGO.

Eastern Cities and Customs, as they appear to an Oregonian.

BANGOR, (Mich.) March 31, 1889. EDITOR SCOTT,—

You will perhaps be unable to understand how a Chicago letter can be written from such an incomparable little town as Bangor, Mich., but the facts are it is an enterprising little place with Chicago characteristics and well it is not necessary for you to know any more of the facts, just believe and save the inconvenience of further explanation. Bangor is a nice, clean little city of about 1500 inhabitants, is located a few miles north of the lake, and about 100 miles from Chicago. The most unpleasant thing I have encountered in my three days residence here has been a little snow storm yesterday, followed by a rain storm to-day, and as to-morrow is election day it is reasonable to predict a continuation of the same. The country quite of this village with its many features of close resemblance to Union has caused me to spend the day in dreamy review of other scenes and other days, and in listening to the country hotel bar-room oratory that is common to all such village hotels as the one run by good natured John Sebring of whom we are a guest. These sociable town talkers will gather around the hotel stove and occupy all the chairs and let you stand up and listen to him all day free of charge. The proprietor of the Sebring House is so well known and so popular that no one can successfully operate a hotel in the town against him. Here is one instance wherein the Louisiana Lottery did a good work for a whole community. John Sebring, like Benjamin Harrison, to that extent, at least, that he was a son of his father, if not his grandfather—a time honored citizen of this locality, whose ashes have been for some years returned to dust—was one of the heirs to his father's estate, consisting principally of the Sebring House. The town was young, hence the house was none too prosperous when it passed into the hands of our subject and while attending to his daily routine of business one day five years ago, Sebring was solicited by the popular village barber, one Billy Martin by name, who was of a somewhat sportive disposition, to take a half interest in his seven dollars worth of lottery tickets. The accommodating landlord, with the characteristic disposition of our old fellow townsman Dan F. Moore of the Centennial, in by-gone days, naturally replied "all right" and slashed out the required three dollars and a half. Nothing more was thought of this little business transaction until John Sebring received a dispatch from his uncle, a telegraph operator in Chicago, stating that ticket No. 85003, Louisiana Lottery, held by Billy Martin of Bangor, Mich., had drawn \$15,000. Sebring in a quiet way remarked that he owned a half interest in that, and after an exchange of telegrams with his uncle, took the train to Kalamazoo to find his lucky partner. They went together to New Orleans and plucked the bundle, returning to Bangor where the sudden acquired cash proved too much for the short-sighted colored gentleman and in less than eighteen months he was penniless. John Sebring did not lose his equilibrium, but added a little banking office to his hotel, and in his gentlemanly business way, with his wide circle of acquaintances, he has prospered, not on the avaricious principle, but with the disposition to assist all at a reasonable compensation to himself. I do not write this with the design of advertising the subject of this sketch, but as a simple illustration of the rarity of the case, prompted by my well-known ephoribus-nunus disposition to lavish praise where it justly belongs. I will also add in further proof of that last statement that before leaving town I intend to pay my hotel bill, an act which newspaper correspondents sometimes overlook.

While doing the "lavish act" I would state for the edification of the two-for-five-cents itenizer and real estate appraiser of an enterprising(?) Baker City paper which recently attempts to depreciate the value of its town property by accusing that notorious brother of mine of hawking it through the markets of Illinois and Indiana, that such short-sighted journalism or its endorser do not merit success in any country, and if the illogical father of that illogical effort had an infant's perception of the imminence of property sales and exchanges that are daily transacted in Chicago, the greatest rough-and-tumble trading city in the world, involving property all over the continent, title clear and title clouded, equities real and equities imaginable, he would perhaps not send out such a nonsensical wail in behalf of the poor, unsophisticated Chicago trader. Said Chicago trader may need a guardian, but he would soon stock that wise young man up with a cargo of worse property than Baker City lots and do it in a workman-like manner too.

Your correspondent having paused at the conclusion of the above sentence and spent the evening in one of Bangor's institutions of worship, and having been treated to a scientific exhortation by an old crank of the old school Christian faith on the exact process and manner of procedure adopted by Noah and the boys in the construction and loading of that traditional old boat of which you have probably heard something of in your far western home before this, as he said the Bible tells all about it, and Talmage says the Bible is getting into the hands of everybody and that there are being new ones made in the printing offices every day—I say having thusly spent the evening in a thusly manner, as it were, or words to that effect, I feel somewhat inclined toward

seclusion to-day—that is I feel rather non-committal—like I did not care to say much for fear I might say something. However, I will continue by informing you that it is the first day of April. Guess I'll fool you.

More anon, W. H. McCOMAS.

VICKSBURG, (Mich.) April 3rd.

After reconsidering my boldness in so impudently cutting short my epistle and carrying it a day or two in my pocket while traversing the country on business, I thought I would add a post-script to let you know that I was just in fun. My travels to-day have been from Bangor to Grand Junction, a distance of nine miles, and from Grand Junction to Vicksburg, forty-two miles. To make these fifty-one miles by "narrow gauge" lines, stopping every four or five miles, has taken nearly all day, but if we had had nothing else on our mind but to admire the beauties of nature's handiwork, polished and improved by the hand of man, we would have been repaid. One of Michigan's proudest little cities is Kalamazoo—we spent two hours there to-day—the same Kalamazoo-mazon of college song fame, and a prettier little city with prettier and more substantial surroundings would be hard to find in any country. Traveling from Grand Junction to Kalamazoo we engaged in conversation with a young man of the latter place who had become somewhat acquainted with our old friend Robinson and his daughter during their recent visit to this state, and to see and actually talk with some one that had known some one that I had known made me feel that history did actually repeat. Then again for further evidence of the old adage, as I raise my eyes and glance over the table on which I write, my eagle eye is attracted to the word "Oregon," and we eagerly peruse a two column article after the following style:

If he comes by the Union Pacific he takes breakfast at Huntington, still among the barren mountains which have skirted his course for nearly two whole days, and observes that the temperature has grown milder. Two hours later the train has swung into the Grande Ronde valley, which is green and spring-like; by noon he has begun to climb the Blue mountains, the highest range in Eastern Oregon, and by 3 p. m. the train dashes rapidly and smoothly down the western slope into the Umatilla valley, which at this season presents a thick, most grateful prospect the human eye ever rested on. This communicative traveler, writing over the non-deplume of "C. A. S.," does not write like a tenderfoot and I infer from statements in his article that he was not a stranger to the hardships and pathetic trials of the Fremonts and Carsons that crossed the way many, many years ago. As his language is versatile, eloquence clothed in elegance and will be appreciated by your readers, I can probably not do better than close this tedious and rambling letter by an extract from his, and suggest to Baker City's enterprising(?) local editor and other similar mossbacks [with several whoops and a hurrah for the democracy of Chicago which layed Mayor Roche on the table and put Creiger in his stead, and another enthusiastic Siwash yell for the success of Geo. W. Hunt's railroad], that with a daily influx of three or four hundred people to the Northwest, that the time is not far distant when even Baker City lots may be good property, I give way to "C. A. S."

Hear him: "The pampered man of luxury who rides in the Pullman sleeper attracts very little attention in this country in comparison with the occupant of the tourist and emigrant cars. The influential citizen, which every railroad village has, and who is always to be seen about the station at train time, wastes no time on him, and even the belle of the town, who comes out to show her best dress and newest hat to the passengers, seems to care very little for the man who is probably traveling solely for pleasure. The influential and well-informed citizen and the belle are both numerous about these western stations, and the emigrant is glad to see them. As soon as the mountains are passed and the fertile valleys begin to appear he begins to exhibit the liveliest curiosity to learn all he can about the country and the advantages it affords. He keeps the well-informed citizen busy answering questions. 'What kin you raise here?' 'How much of it?' and 'What do you git for it?' are the questions he invariably asks as soon as the train stops, and the well-informed citizen is ready to give the most tempting information he has got in reply. He praises the country in unsparring terms, and as the train moves away invariably winds up with: 'Well, we are willin' to see ye go, because we know ye'll come back here after ye've seen all the other places.' I think I must have heard this same remark at least fifty times between the eastern line of Oregon and Portland, which was the point to which most of the emigrants were ticketed. In most cases it seemed likely, at the time, that the prediction would be verified, if only the emigrants had money enough left to get back, for the country is wonderfully beautiful and productive. After a week's stay in this region I am convinced that, had the pilgrim fathers landed on the shores of Puget Sound, New England would still have been in the peaceful possession of the Pequots and Narragansetts, and Plymouth rock would lay to-day undiscovered in the depths of a howling wilderness." W. H. Mc.

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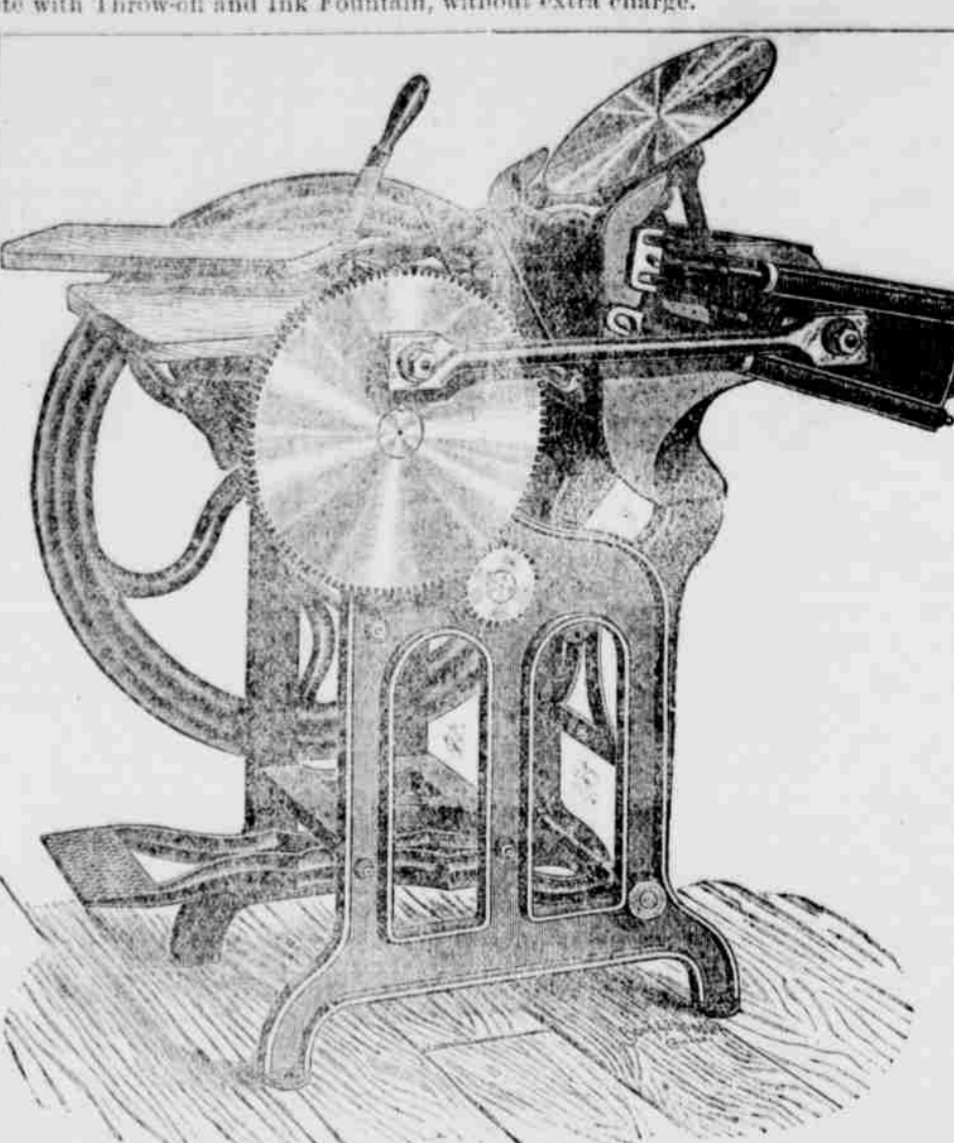
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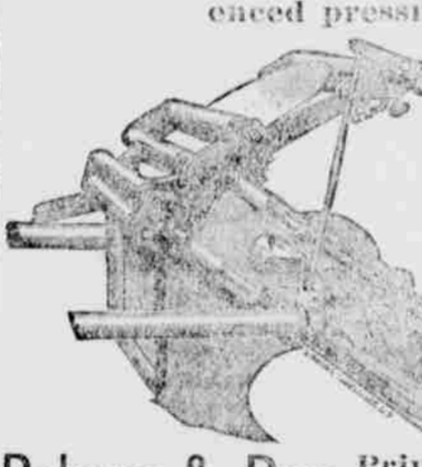
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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. LAND OFFICE AT LA GRANDE, OREGON, March 23, 1889. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the register and receiver at La Grande, Oregon, on May 13, 1889, viz: WILLIAM MURRAY.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. LAND OFFICE AT LA GRANDE, OREGON, February 26, 1889. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of her claim, and that said proof will be made before the register and receiver at La Grande, Oregon, on April 12, 1889, viz: FRED CORPE.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. LAND OFFICE AT LA GRANDE, OREGON, March 21, 1889. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the register and receiver at La Grande, Oregon, on May 3, 1889, viz: FREDERICK SIMONS.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. LAND OFFICE AT LA GRANDE, OREGON, March 7, 1889. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the register and receiver at La Grande, Oregon, on April 20, 1889, viz: ISAAC VANDERANTER.

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