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Weston, Oregon

# Weston Weekly Leader.

VOL. 2, WESTON UMATILLA COUNTY, OREGON, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1880. NO. 28

**WESTON WEEKLY LEADER.**  
W. T. WILLIAMSON. G. P. M'COLL.  
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**LAKE LEMAN (GENEVA).**  
Clear, placid Lemans; thy contrasted lake,  
With the wide world I dwell in, is a thing  
Which warms me with its stillness, so forlorn  
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.  
This quiet sea is a noxious wing  
To wait me from distraction; once I loved  
To roam o'er the world, but thy soft murmuring  
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice approved,  
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so  
Moved.  
It is the hush of night; and all between  
Thy margins and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,  
Mellowed and mingled, yet distinctly seen—  
Save darkened firs, whose capped ledges appear  
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,  
There breaks a living fragrance from the shore,  
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear  
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,  
Or chirps the grasshopperous good-night carol more.

**THE POOR INDIAN.**  
Let's Peculiarities as Viewed from a Color-  
ado Standpoint.  
Early in the week five Crow chiefs  
passed through here on their way to  
Washington. I went down to see them.  
They were as fine-looking children of the  
forest as I ever saw. They wore buck-  
skin pants, with overkirt of same. The  
hair was worn in braids, held in place  
with Frazer's axle grease and large  
mother of clam-shell brooch. Down the  
back it was painted like a horse's tail on  
a muddy day, only that the hair was  
coarser.  
When an Indian wants to crimp his  
hair, he has to run it through a rolling  
mill first to make it malleable. Then  
the blacksmith of the tribe rolls it up  
over an ordinary freight-car coupling  
pin, and on the following morning it  
hangs in graceful Saratoga waves down  
the back of the untutored savage.  
I said to the interpreter, who seemed  
to act as their trainer: "No doubt  
these Crows are going to Washington to  
try and interest Hayes in their cause."  
He gave a low gurgling laugh.  
"No," said he, with a merry twinkle  
of the eye, as he laid his lip half way  
over a plug of Government tobacco; "as  
spring approaches they have decided to  
go to Washington and ransack the In-  
dian Bureau for their gauze Schurz."  
I caught hold of a car seat, and rippled  
till the coach rang with my mirth-  
ful laughter.  
These Indians wear expressive high  
cheek bones, and most of them have  
strabismus in their feet. They had  
their paint on. It makes them look like  
a chrome of Powhatan mashing the  
eternal soul out of John Smith with a  
bologna sausage.  
One of these chiefs, named Raw-Dog-  
with-a-Bunion-on-the-Heel, I think, a  
chief of the Wall-Eyed-Skunk-Eaters,  
looked so guileless and kind that I ap-  
proached him and said that no doubt the  
warpath in the land of the setting-sun  
was overgrown with grass, and in his  
mountain home very likely the beams of  
peace lit up the faces of his tribe.  
He did not seem to catch my mean-  
ing.  
I asked him if his delegation was go-  
ing to Washington uninstructed.  
He made a short remark in reply,  
something like that which the shorthand  
in a match-game of base ball utters  
when a ball takes him unexpectedly be-  
tween the gastric and the liver pad.  
Somehow, the live Indians do not look  
so picturesque as the steel engravings do.  
The smell is not the same, either. Steel  
engravings of Indians do not show the  
decalcomania outline of a frying pan on  
the buckskin pants where the noble red  
man made a misstep one morning and  
sat down on his breakfast.  
A dead Indian is a pleasing picture.  
The look of pain and anxiety is gone,  
and rest, sweet rest—more than he  
needs—has come at last. His hands are  
folded peacefully, and his mouth is open,  
like the end of a saw-mill. His trials  
are o'er. His swift foot is making pig-  
eon-toed tracks in the sands of eternity.  
The picture of a wild, free Indian  
chasing the buffalo may suit some, but I  
like still life in art. I like the picture  
of a broad shouldered, well formed  
brave, as he lies with his nerveless hand  
across a large hole in the pit of his  
stomach.  
There is something so sweetly sad  
about it. There is such a nameless feel-  
ing of repose and security on the part  
of the spectator.  
Some have such sensitive natures that  
they cannot look at the remains of an  
Indian who has been run over by two  
sections of a freight train; but I can. I  
do not feel that nervous distrust when I  
look at the red man with his asophagus  
wrapped around his head and tied in a  
double bow knot, that I do when he is  
full of vigor and health. When a train  
of cars has jammed his thigh bone  
through his diaphragm and flattened his  
head out like a soup-plate, I feel then  
that I can trust him. I feel that he  
can be relied upon. I consider him in  
the character of ghostly remains as a  
success. He seems at last so in earnest,  
and as though he could be trusted  
with large sums of money.  
When the Indian has been mixed up

so that the closest scrutiny cannot de-  
termine where the head adjoins and  
the thorax begins, the scene is so sug-  
gestive of unruffled quiet and calm and  
gentle childlike faith that doubt and dis-  
trust and timidity and apprehension flee  
away.—Bill Nye in Denver (Col.) Tri-  
bune.  
**HALF FARE.**  
The ticket seller at the Detroit Union  
depot recently noticed a middle-aged hus-  
band and wife holding a close confab and  
pointing his way, and after a time the  
man loquaged up and said:  
"I want to go to Niles."  
"I s'pose I'll have to pay full fare,"  
continued the man, "but the old woman  
you see over there is a fool, and I'm tak-  
ing her home to her friends. I s'pose  
fools travel on half fare, don't they?"  
"No! we charge just as much for a fool  
as any body else. We have one price  
for all."  
"Well, that's kinder singular," mused  
the stranger. They always let fools into  
circuses and balls and other shows for  
half-price, and sometimes for nothing.  
Seems as if you ought to have some pity  
on her."  
"I have pity on her, of course, but we  
have only one rate."  
"Besides being a fool, she has crazy  
spells, too; couldn't she take advantage of  
the lunatic act and go for half-fare?"  
"She must pay full fare," was the deci-  
ded answer.  
The woman had been skulking along  
during the conversation; as her husband  
turned from the window, she whispering-  
ly inquired:  
"Kin I go as a fool?"  
"Naw!" growled the man as he turned  
upon her; "fools have to pay as much as  
anybody!"  
"I s'pose not, but we didn't work it  
right. I ought to have thrown snuff in  
your eyes, put yer false teeth in my  
pocket and tried to pass you along as a poor  
blind woman going back to gaze on your  
husband's grave."

**M'COLL & MILLER**  
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**Elegant Vases, Toilet Articles and Fancy Notions!**  
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LAMPs of all sizes, EUREKA and FAMOUS LEAD GLASS CEMETERY.  
Prescriptions Carefully Comopunded at all hours

**OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.**  
WASHINGTON, D. C. May 31, 1880.  
The national capital presented a gala  
appearance on Saturday, the occasion be-  
ing the decoration of the graves of Un-  
ion soldiers under the auspices of the  
Grand Army of the Republic, Depart-  
ment of the Potomac. The day was all  
that could be desired, the air being de-  
lightfully cool, with gentle winds. The  
day was generally observed as a holiday.  
The government departments and dis-  
trict offices were closed, and the bankers  
and most of the business population sus-  
pended their usual vocations. Flags  
were displayed at half-mast from all the  
government buildings, hotels and other  
prominent places. A new feature of  
memorial day was the morning parade of  
the military and the G. A. R., which  
was witnessed by large crowds of people  
along the route of the procession.  
So many members of the Senate and  
House of Representatives have left the  
city that it would not be at all surpris-  
ing if a quorum was lacking this week.  
In fact, last week it was barely possible  
to get a quorum in the House on some  
very important votes. Senators Conk-  
ling, Carpenter, Hoar, Jones, of Nevada,  
and other leaders of the Senate, are al-  
ready away. Republicans in the House,  
including Gargold, Conger, Frye, Kiefer,  
Butterworth, etc., have also turned their  
faces in the direction of Chicago. Oth-  
er members have gone to their homes to  
look after their nominations. All who  
have gone have made pairs. In some  
places there is a reservation that the  
pairs are not to be respected if a vote in  
most cases the pairs are made without  
reservation. The pairs will be rigidly  
respected, because if Congress remains in  
session until the Cincinnati convention,  
as it now seems probable, the Democrats  
will want the Republicans to return the  
compliment.  
The Board of Regents of the Mount  
Vernon Ladies Association met on Wed-  
nesday in annual session to look over  
the grounds, inspect accounts and make  
arrangements for the incoming year.  
Madame Bergman Laughton, President,  
and about six other ladies responded  
to their names. The council room where  
the ladies met is next the family dining  
room, and was occupied by Washington  
as a library. Over the mantel hangs a  
fine portrait of Miss Cunningham, the  
first regent the association ever knew.  
It represents her as a mild-featured,  
pleasant-looking lady. She was devoted  
heart and soul to the success of an enter-  
prise whose inception was in her very  
active brain. In this department are  
quaint-looking chairs, an embroidered  
screen, a curiously-carved buffet, brass  
andirons and fender. The council table,  
belonging to the brother of our first  
President, is covered with cloth drapery,  
in each corner of which is brodered the  
Washington coat-of-arms. The council  
meets yearly in May or June, and on  
the last day of the session the advising  
board, appointed by the ladies, meet with  
the board of visitors, appointed by the  
State of Virginia, to overlook the estate  
and make report if the terms of purchas-  
e can be complied with. H. G.

**THE GUILTY WITNESS.**  
"Do you know the prisoner well?"  
asked the attorney.  
"Never knew him sick," replied the  
witness.  
"No levity," said the lawyer sternly.  
"Now, sir, did you ever see the pris-  
oner at the bar?"  
"Took many a drink with him at the  
bar."  
"Answer my question sir," yelled the  
lawyer. "How long have you known  
the prisoner?"  
"From two feet up to five feet ten  
inches."  
"Will the court make the—"  
"I have, Judge," said the witness, an-  
ticipating the lawyer. "I have answered  
the question. I knowed the prisoner  
when he was a boy two feet long and a  
man five feet ten—"  
"Your honor—"  
"It's a fac, Judge; I'm under my oath,"  
persisted the witness.  
The lawyer arose, placed both hands  
on the table in front of him, spread his  
legs apart, leaned his body over the ta-  
ble, and said:  
"Will you tell the court what you  
know about this case?"  
"That ain't his name," replied the  
witness.  
"What ain't his name?"  
"Case."  
"Who said it was?"  
"You did. You wanted to know what  
I knew about this case—his name's  
Smith."  
"Your honor," howled the attorney,  
plucking his beard out by the roots, "will  
you make this man answer?"  
"Witness," said the Judge, "you must  
answer questions put to you."  
"Land o' Goshen, Judge, hain't I bin  
doin' it! Let the blamed cuss fire away.  
I'm ready."  
"Then," said the lawyer, "don't beat  
about the bush anymore. You and this  
prisoner have been friends?"  
"Never," promptly responded the wit-  
ness.  
"What! wasn't you summoned here as  
a friend?"  
"No sir, I was summoned here as a  
Presbyterian. Nary one of us was ever  
friends—he's an old-line Baptist, with-  
out a drop of Quaker in him."  
"Stand down," yelled the lawyer in  
disgust.  
"Hey!"  
"Stand down."  
"Can't do it. I'll sit down or stand  
up—"  
"Sheriff remove that man from the  
box."  
Witness retires muttering: "Well if  
he ain't the thick-headedest cuss I ever  
laid eyes on."

**NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD**  
Under date of May 27th the follow-  
ing dispatch appears in an Eastern ex-  
change.  
The bill agreed upon by the commit-  
tee granting an extension of six years to  
the Northern Pacific railroad from the  
4th of July, 1880, allows actual settlers  
to purchase a half section of land from  
the company, instead of a quarter section  
originally provided. The second section  
of the bill as amended authorizes the  
Secretary of the Interior, at his discre-  
tion, to examine, under oath, officers and  
agents of the company and such other  
persons as he may deem expedient, touch-  
ing or concerning their lands, construc-  
tion and equipment, and to audit and de-  
termine for the purpose of this account  
the amount to be properly and justly al-  
lowed as such. The third section as  
amended reads: "That when the total  
amount of sales of said land sold by said  
company shall amount to the cost of con-  
struction and equipment of said parts or  
portions of said railroad or telegraph line  
heretofore referred to, such lands not  
used or occupied by said railroad com-  
pany, which shall then remain unsold by  
said company, shall revert to the  
United States, and all moneys in excess  
of such actual cost shall be covered into  
the United States treasury."  
Section four was stricken out, and the  
following adopted as a substitute: "That  
in order to avail themselves of the rights  
and privileges of this act the said com-  
pany shall within six months from its  
passage, file with the Secretary of the  
Interior, to his satisfaction and approval,  
under its corporate seal, its acceptance of  
the terms and provisions hereof."  
One of the most interesting and yet  
sad sights that could occur, took place  
during the march of the funeral proces-  
sion of the late Dr. Clarke V. S., at the  
Garrison recently. A band of cavalry  
horses were on the grounds grazing, and  
when the funeral cortege caught their  
eyes, they followed it all along the bank  
to the cemetery, as if aware that their  
friend was no more, and trying to do  
honor to his memory. No effort of the  
attendants were sufficient to drive them  
away until the service was over when  
they voluntarily wandered off.—Walla  
Walla Statesman.

**Bargains Bargains Bargains**  
**Wholesale and Retail**  
**AT THE NEW STORE**  
**IN**  
**CENTERVILLE.**  
The undersigned has been instructed to sell the **WHOLE STOCK**  
CONSISTING OF  
**DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CROCKERY and GLASSWARE,**  
**AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES,**  
To make room for a large **SPRING STOCK,** including a large  
assortment of **Boots and Shoes.**  
Coffee, Tea, Sugar, Tobacco and Cigars a speciality.  
Also Coal Oil, Clear as Crystal, Guaranteed Free from all Foreign  
Substance and Non Explosive.  
**Ready Made Clothing at Cost!**  
Please call and examine for yourselves before buying  
elsewhere.  
[A. C. SUTHERLAND,  
Agent.  
CENTERVILLE, February 6th, 1880.]

**M. V. WORMINGTON,**  
**MILTON, OREGON.**  
**DEALER IN**  
**DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CROCKERY GLASSWARE,**  
**Heavy Stock of BOOTS and SHOES,**  
**COAL OIL, TOBACCO and CIGARS, CANNED FRUITS OF ALL KINDS.**  
**Hardware, Iron and Steel.**  
**GLOVES OF ALL KINDS A SPECIALTY.**  
Produce taken in Exchange.

**ADAMS BROS.**  
Corner Main and 3d Sts., Walla Walla.  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in  
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**CLOTHING BOOTS and SHOES, HATS and CAPS, GROCERIES, Etc.**  
We are in receipt of a  
**MAMMOTH STOCK,**  
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**HEAVY ADVANCE**  
In all kinds of goods, and we are therefore prepared to offer goods  
**Lower Than the Lowest!**  
**SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO CASH BUYERS!**  
PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO ORDERS!

It is said that the volcanic crater of  
Mt. Hood is showing signs of coming  
activity, and that on clear nights flames  
are sometimes seen at the mountain top.

An exchange says any discharged sol-  
dier of the United States who has not  
made application for pension on account  
of wounds or disability received while in  
the service must do so before July 1st,  
1880. After that time pensions will  
date only from the time of application.  
The same is true regarding applications  
for additional bounty yet claimed by  
many soldiers.  
A letter received from Camp Chelan  
Wednesday, conveys the sad news that  
a soldier, named Maynard, belonging to  
company "D," 2d infantry, was drowned  
in the lake on the morning of the 1st.  
He was engaged in rafting logs, and be-  
coming frightened, jumped overboard.  
Up to the time of writing the body had  
not been found.—Ex.

When the Indian has been mixed up