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STANZAS.

When midnight o'er the moon she shies
If a pall of transient death is spread
Wh. a mortal sleep, when a tree dies,
And nought is waster but the dead.

No bloodless shape my way pursues,
No steved gnat my couch annoys,
Visions are not in fancy views,
Nor of a self, as expected joys.

The shade of youthful hope is there,
That tinged long and sweet died,
Ambition all dissolved in air,
With phantom honors by his side.

What empty shadows glimmer night?
They once were Friendship, Truth and Love:
Oh, die to thought, to memory, life,
Since death is to be a part of us!

THE MIDDLEBIB'S.

One day, not a great while ago, Mr. Middlebib, who is a constant reader of the *New Age*, read in his favorite paper a paragraph copied from the *Proseger Landwirthschaftliches Wochenblatt*, a German paper, which is an accepted authority on such points, stating that the sting of a bee was a sure cure for rheumatism, and citing several instances which had been cured by this abrupt remedy. Mr. Middlebib did not stop to reflect that a paper with such a name as that would be very apt to say anything; he only thought of the rheumatic twinge that gnawed his knees once in a while, and made life a burden to him.

He read the article several times, and pondered over it. He understood that the stinging must be done scientifically and thoroughly. The bee, as he understood the article, was to be gripped by the ears and set down upon the rheumatic joint, and held there until it stung itself stinging. He had some misgivings about the matter. He knew it would hurt. He hardly thought it could hurt any worse than the rheumatism, and it had been so many years since he was stung by a bee that he had almost forgotten what it felt like. He had, however, a general feeling that it would hurt some. But desperate diseases require desperate remedies, and Mr. Middlebib was willing to undergo any amount of suffering if it would cure his rheumatism.

He contrasted with Master Middlebib for a limited supply of bees, humming and buzzing in the air, but Mr. Middlebib did not know how to get them. He felt, however, that he could safely depend upon the instincts and methods of boyhood. He knew that if there was any way in Heaven whereby the shyest bee that ever lifted a two-hundred pound of the clover could be induced to enter a wide-mouthed bottle, his son knew that way.

For the small sum of one dime Master Middlebib agreed to procure several, to-wit: Six bees, sex and age not specified; but, as Mr. Middlebib was left in uncertainty as to the race, it was made obligatory upon the contractor to have three of them honey and three bumble, or in the generally accepted vernacular, bumble-bees. Mr. M. did not tell his son what he wanted with these bees, and the boy went off with his head so full of astonishment that it fairly whirled. Evening brings all home, and the last rays of the declining sun fell upon Master Middlebib with a short, wide-mouthed bottle, comfortably populated with hot, ill-natured bees, and Mr. Middlebib and a dime. The dime and the bottle changed hands. Mr. Middlebib put the bottle of bees in his coat pocket and went into the house, eyeing everybody he met very suspiciously, as though he had made up his mind to sting to death the first person who said "bee" to him. He confided

his guilty secret to none of his family.

He hid his bees in his bed room, and as he looked at them just before putting them away, he half wished the experiment was safely over. He wished the imprisoned bees did not look so hot and cross. With exquisite care he submerged the bottle in a basin of water, and let a few drops in on the heated inmates to cool them off.

At the tea table he had a fearful fright. Miss Middlebib, in the artless simplicity of her romantic nature, said: "I smell bees. How the odor brings up—"

But her father glared at her and said with superfluous harshness and execrable grammar:

"Hush up. You don't smell nothing."

Whereupon Mrs. Middlebib asked him if he had eaten anything that disagreed with him, and Miss Middlebib said:

"Why, pa!" and Master Middlebib smiled as he wondered.

Bed time at last, and the night was sultry and warm. Under various false pretenses, Mr. Middlebib strolled about the house until everybody else was in bed, and then he sought his room. He turned the night lamp down till its feeble rays shone as dimly as a death light.

Mr. Middlebib disrobed slowly—very slowly. When at last he was ready to go lumbering to his peaceful couch, he heaved a profound sigh, so full of apprehension and grief that Mrs. Middlebib, who was awakened by it, said if it gave him so much pain to come to bed, perhaps he had better sit up all night. Mr. Middlebib said nothing, but checked another sigh and crept into bed. After lying still a few moments, he reached out and got his bottle of bees.

It was not an easy thing to pick one bee out of a bottleful, with his fingers, and not get into trouble. The first bee Mr. Middlebib got was a little, brown honey bee that wouldn't weigh half an ounce if you picked him up by the ears, but if you lifted him by the hind leg, would weigh as much as the last end of a bay mule. Mr. Middlebib could not repress a groan.

"What's the matter with you?" sleepily asked his wife.

It was very hard for Mr. Middlebib to say he only felt hot, but he did it. He didn't have to lie about it, either. He did feel very hot, indeed. About eighty-six all over, and about one hundred and ninety-seven on the end of his thumb. He reversed the bee, and placed the warlike terminus of it firmly against the rheumatic knee.

It didn't hurt so badly as he thought it would.

Then Mr. Middlebib remembered that when a honey-bee stabs a human foe, it generally leaves its harpoon in the wound, and the invalid knew that the only thing this bee had to sting with was doing its work at the end of his thumb.

He reached his arm out from under the sheet, and dropped this disabled atom of rheumatism liniment on the carpet. Then, after a second of blank wonder, he began to feel round for the bottle, and wished he knew what he did with it.

In the meantime strange things had been going on. When he caught hold of the first bee Mr. Middlebib, for reasons, drew it out in such haste that for a time he forgot all about the bottle and its remedial contents, and left it uncorked in the bed, between himself and his innocent wife. In the darkness there had been a quiet but general emigration from the bottle. The bees, with their wings logged with the water Mr. Middlebib had poured upon them to cool and tranquilize them, were crawling aimlessly about over the sheet. While Mr. Middlebib was feeling around for it, his ears were suddenly thrilled and his heart frozen by a wild, piercing scream from his wife.

"Murder!" She screamed, "murder! Oh! help me! Help! Help!"

Mr. Middlebib sat bolt upright in bed, his hair stood on end. The night was warm, but he turned to ice in a minute.

"Where in thunder," he said, with palid lips, as he felt all over the bed in frenzied haste—"where in thunder are

them infernal bees?"

And a large "bumble," with a sting as pitiless as the finger of scorn just then climbed up the inside of Mr. Middlebib's night-shirt, until it got squarely between his shoulders, and then it felt for his marrow, and said calmly:

"Here is one of them."

And Mrs. Middlebib felt ashamed of her feeble scream when Mr. Middlebib threw up both arms; and with a howl that made the windows rattle, roared:

"Take him off! Oh, land of Scott, somebody take him off!"

And, when a little honey-bee began tickling Mrs. Middlebib's foot, she so shrieked that the house was bewitched, and immediately went into spasms.

The house hold was aroused by this time. Miss Middlebib and Master Middlebib and the servants were pouring into the room, adding to the general confusion by howling at random and asking irrelevant questions, while they gazed at the figure of a man a little on in years, arrayed in a long night shirt, pawing fiercely at the unattainable spot in the middle of his back, while he danced an unnatural, weird, wicked-looking jig by the dim religious light of the night-lamp. And while he danced and howled, and while they gazed and shouted, a navy-blue wasp, that Master Middlebib had put in the bottle for good measure and variety; and to keep the menagerie stirred up, had dried his legs and wings with a corner of the sheet, and after a preliminary circle or two around the bed to get up his motion and settle down to a working gait, he fired himself across the room, and to his dying day Middlebib will always believe that one of the servants mistook him for a burglar and shot him.

No one, not even Mr. Middlebib himself, could doubt that he was at least for a time, most thoroughly cured of rheumatism. His own boy could not have carried himself more lightly or with greater agility. But the cure was not permanent, and Mr. Middlebib does not like to talk about it.—[Burdette.

Advantages are offered, says the *Oregonian*, by the O. R. & N. Co. to merchants and shippers east of the Blue Mountains by which—in case they signify their willingness to ship by rail in the future, instead of over the old route via Umatilla—they may effect a saving of five days time and ten dollars a ton on all freights. Under this arrangement, if it be accepted, the company will lay down freight from Portland at Blue Mountain station for \$25 a ton, a very moderate rate considering the distance and the number of transshipments. Already the enterprise of this company is offering large benefits to the country, which of course will be immeasurably increased as its plans get more fully into operation.

During 1879, 2897 vessels, 1075 propelled by steam and 1822 by sail, cleared from New York for Europe, carrying 102,318,568 bushels of grain. Of the whole but very few were American vessels. The freight paid these ships was nearly equal to what the American farmers received for their grain. The great profits on this carrying business, equalling the profits on our exported grain crops, goes mostly to foreigners. We, who equal other nations in every other enterprise, allow England to beat us out of sight in building and sailing ships; and worse still, we seem to have given up the contest as a hopeless one.

On Tuesday night of last week, a party of freighters at Cottonwood, Wyoming, discovered a man carrying away a rope belonging to them, he having neglected to loosen a mule at the end of the rope. The freighters left him up a tree, and the pests who cut him down in the morning could find no clue to his identity, except a card in his pocket having the name of F. G. Woody, 253 Fifteenth street, Denver on it.—*Idaho Statesman*.

Since the beginning of the present year Wasco county has sent an average of two persons per month to the insane asylum. Most of the male cases had been employed as sheep herders, and the long and weary periods of monotonous solitude, enforced upon them by their peculiar vocation, may have had some part in causing so many cases of mental derangement.

Idaho has 30,000 inhabitants.

The potato bug has appeared in Montana.

Rapid City, Dakota, is arranging for a national bank.

Wm. Hilburn was recently shot and killed at Silver Reef, Utah.

Operations in the Skagit mines are suspended on account of the high water.

The postmaster at Anton, Chico, New Mexico, has been arrested for trifling with registered letters.

A murderer was taken from the jail at Santa Fe, New Mexico, recently, and lynched.

The new town at Green River mines is called Bullion. The camp is called carbonated.

The total valuation of property in Salt Lake, according to the returns of the Assessor, recently, is \$7,292,165.

July 13th, at Ogden, two tramps robbed and shot Wm. Bauman, leaving him for dead. His recovery is doubtful.

A large beaver dam has formed a lake on Stubble Creek, Cassia county, Idaho, and is literally full of speckled trout.

The gross earnings of the Northern Pacific Railroad for June were \$261,269; for June last year, \$198,744. The increase, \$62,525, is quite favorable. Within two years the annual business of the road will amount to \$5,000,000.

During the year ending June 30, 1880, the Walla Walla & Columbia River Railroad Company carried of up freight, 13,606 tons; of down freight, 50,893 tons, and of local freights, 7,650 tons. The down freight was divided as follows: 39,202 tons wheat; 8,362 tons flour; 1747 tons oats and barley; 16 tons bacon and lard; 157 tons hay; 103 tons wool, and 1,306 tons merchandise. During the same time it carried 7,560 up, and 5,028 down passengers.

The Walla Walla Police Court reaped a golden harvest last week according to the *Watchman*. Judge Whitman disposed of five cases in one day: J. W. Wallace, for robbing the till in Pelky & Boulon's saloon, fined \$50, solitude 30 days; Wm. Redford, Jr. and Allen Brown, for getting into each other's "har," fine for each, \$15.50. Redford paid his in cash, the other in solitude; Robert Anderson, drunk and disorderly, first cost \$15.50, with freight added; John McLaughlin, the same thing and same amount; J. Krushorn, cutting and shouting within the city limits; cause, jealousy, medicine \$35, besides the loss of his pistol.

A man (didn't learn his name) who formerly cut cordwood in the mountains hereabouts for a living, went out to the Wood river last spring prospecting. He fell in with another man, formed a partnership, and became indebted to him \$1.50 when they put up for grub. The woodchopper soon struck a ledge which, through the persuasions of his partner, they sold for twelve thousand dollars, when he returned to his place, arriving last Sunday. He says the first thing his partner did, after they sold out was to dun him for that dollar and a-half.—*Idaho Democrat*.

There has been another rich discovery in quartz in the past few days, it being this time near Sutton Creek, about twelve miles from this City. The names of the discoverers are D. W. Crouter, E. H. Snell, and Harvey Dale; they have a four foot ledge and have already taken out some fine specimens. We saw the first piece that was taken from the croppings and it is the richest and coarsest quartz gold of any we have yet seen. The proprietors of the ledge are confident they have a big bonanza, and they will immediately commence to develop it.—*Bedrock Democrat*.

S. V. Knox, Esq., of Weston, called upon us Wednesday morning, and informed us that great efforts are being made to accomplish the will of the majority in Umatilla for a Division of the county. It is nothing but right that the county should be divided. Situated as they are in one of the largest counties of Oregon, which is, to all intents and purposes already practically divided by a large Indian reservation, the present state of affairs is expensive and very annoying to the people this side of said reserve. A petition signed by a majority of the voters of the county is being prepared to be presented to the next Legislature, who will, we hope, and doubt not, grant their wish.—*Walla Walla Statesman*.

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