



L. P. Fisher  
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**WESTON WEEKLY LEADER**  
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24-177

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TOBACCO AND CIGARS,  
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**Fred. M. Pealy,**

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MANUFACTURERS OF  
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The best of this kind in the U. S.  
Please examine the list of the different dips and prices, viz:

**Dissolved Sulphur Dip,**  
Price, \$2.25 a gallon,  
This is equal to 30 lbs the best Sublime Sulphur.

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Price, \$2.25 a gallon,  
This is my FAVORITE Dip and CURES SCAB and can be used of strength with safety.

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Price, \$2.25 a gallon,  
AND IS THE BEST POISONOUS DIP IN USE.

Each Gallon of these Dips will make enough for 25 sheep after shearing.

**Special Dip for Scab,**  
Price, \$2.00 a gallon.  
Reliable at any season of the year, especially so in the Fall and Winter.

Put up in one and five gallon cans with full directions for use.  
Pamphlets sent Free to any Address.  
Sold by all principal dealers in the U. S.  
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Leading Evening Newspaper West of the Rocky Mountains.  
SUBSCRIPTION RATES.  
Daily Bulletin, one year, \$12.00  
Weekly and Friday Bulletin (making together a complete Semi-Weekly) 3.00  
Weekly alone, one year, 7.50  
Parts of a year in proportion.

**FREE SEED DISTRIBUTION.**  
Each subscriber will be presented with several varieties of Hare and Valuable TREE, VEGETABLE and FLOWER SEEDS, equal in value to the subscription price of the paper.  
Send for Sample Copy, giving full particulars. Remittances by Draft, Postoffice Order, W. U. S. P. Co.'s Express, and Registered Letter, at our risk.  
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**PATENTS.**  
obtained for mechanical devices, medical or other compounds, ornamental designs, trade-marks and labels. Caveats, Assignments, Infringements, and all matters relating to Patents, promptly attended to. We make preliminary examinations and furnish opinions as to patentability, free of charge, and all who are interested in new inventions and Patents are invited to send for a copy of our "Guide for Obtaining Patents," which is sent free to any address, and contains complete instructions how to obtain Patents and other valuable matter. During the past five years we have obtained nearly three thousand Patents for Americans and Foreign inventors, and can give satisfactory references in almost every county in the Union.  
Address:—Lusk, Bogger & Co., Solicitors of Patents and Attorneys at Law, LeDroit Building, Washington, D. C.

**W. J. Heffelfinger's City Express**  
WESTON and CENTERVILLE.  
I will deliver goods to and from any part of said Cities at the most reasonable rates. Will carry freight to and from.  
**BLUE MOUNTAIN STAGE.**  
All orders left with Selig & Reese, J. E. Jones or F. M. Pealy at Weston, or Cook & Irvine, Centerville will receive my prompt attention.  
Freight bills to be invariably paid in advance 2-12-17

**FATE OF A FAST YOUNG MAN.**  
(Written in Jail.)  
It's curious, isn't it, Billy,  
The changes twelve months may bring?  
Last year I was at Stanton,  
As happy and rich as a pig;  
I was drinking to your health,  
And feeding the waters with "Lima,"  
And stepping mist judges by twilights,  
And to-day I am here in the "pits."

What led me to do it? What always  
Lured me to destruction and crime?  
The Prodigal Son, whom you've read of,  
Has altered somewhat in his time—  
He spends his substance as freely  
As the biblical fellows of old;  
But when it is gone he fancies,  
The hussies will turn into gold.

Champagne, and a box at the opera,  
High steps with fortune in flush;  
The passionate abuse of women  
Whose names I've forgotten to hush.  
The o. d. story, silly,  
Of pleasure that end in tears.  
The tricks that foam for an hour,  
The drugs that are tested for, rare.

Last night as I sat here and pondered  
On the end of my evil way,  
There rose like a phantom before me  
The vision of boyhood days.  
I thought of my old home, Billy,  
Of the school-house that stood on the hill;  
Of the brook that flowed thro' the meadow,  
I can't see near its music still.

Again I thought of my mother,  
Of the mother who taught me to pray,  
Whose love was a perfect treasure  
That I need never cast away.  
I saw again in my vision  
The frail-tipped, careless boy,  
To whom the future was boundless,  
And the world but a mighty toy.

I thought of all this as I sat here,  
Of my ruined and wasted life,  
And the pang of remorse were bitter,  
Do, Billy, my dear old man, live!  
It takes some courage, Billy,  
To jump in the face of fate,  
When the yearning ambition of manhood,  
Are blunted at twenty-eight.

**MISS FYDGET'S MISTAKE.**  
"If you please ma'am, won't you give me a drink of milk?"  
Miss Fydet had just come in from a long and bootless search through the pasture for a wandering brood of young turkeys which had been missing since morning.  
She was warm and tired; one boot was burst open on the side; her sun-bonnet hung limp at the back of her head; her gray curls were in true artistic confusion, and a vicious blackberry briar had torn her hands until she looked as if she might have been in a skirmish with the Zulus.  
"But I wouldn't have minded all that," was Miss Fydet's melancholy comment to herself, "if only I could have found my young turkeys! They do say that there is a company of tramps loafing around the country, and—"  
Just then the mild voice of an old man sitting on the well curb broke in upon the thread of her reflection—an old man in a shabby gray coat, buttoned closely across his chest, shoes thickly coated with dust, and a ruda cane cut from the woods, upon which he rested his folded hands.  
Miss Fydet stared at the old man; the old man returned her gaze; depreciatingly.  
"Perhaps you're deaf, ma'am," said the stranger, elevating his voice a semi-tone or so higher.  
"No more than yourself," said Miss Fydet, naturally somewhat irritated.  
"Would you have the kindness to give me a little milk?"  
Miss Fydet bethought herself of the floating rumor she heard. Perhaps this venerable vagrant was one of very band now marauding the vales and glens of Rothenant; perhaps even now he had a corps of bloody-minded coadjutors hidden behind the stone wall, or under the moss-grown roof of the ancient smoke-house. And Miss Fydet was possessed of several pieces of antique silver, and \$40 in an old tea-pot, on the uppermost closet shelf.  
"Who are you," curly questioned she.  
"A man and a brother," the old man answered, not without a covert smile.  
"No you're not," said Miss Fydet, incensed, at what she deemed a piece of unnecessary insolence.  
"You're a tramp."  
The stranger smiled.  
"Is a tramp, then, destitute of all the privileges of humanity?" he asked.  
"Eh?" said Miss Fydet.  
"Tramps must live as well as other people," pleaded the old man. Now, look at me."  
"Yes," said Miss Fydet, "I'm looking at you, and a dirty, shabby-looking figure you are, I must say."  
"I've walked fifteen miles since morning, with nothing to eat or drink."  
"That's what they all say," said Miss Fydet, incredulously.  
"Would it be any great stretch to your hospitality to give me a slice of bread and a drink of milk?" he persisted.  
Miss Fydet stood for a moment pondering the petition in her mind.

"Look here old-man," she said at last, "I know perfectly well that you're a tramp, but I suppose you are human after all. There's a pile of knotty stumps under the shed; you may split a few for my cooking-stove."  
"But ma'am—"  
"I know just how it would be," shrilly interrupted Miss Fydet. "You're a deal too lazy to work, you'd rather starve than do an honest day's work any time."  
"I beg your pardon," said the old man, mildly. "It's a good many years since I split a pile of wood."  
"I'll go bail it is," said Miss Fydet, satirically.  
"But if you will get me the axe, I will try and do my best," he added meekly.  
"The axe is hanging up in the woodshed, at the left-hand side of the door," said Miss Fydet, and she went into the house, leaving her venerable visitor to do as he pleased about accepting her offer.  
After she was within the four yellow washed walls of her own kitchen, however, it occurred to her that she had done rather a foolish thing.  
"I suppose he'd as soon split my head open as the sticks of wood," she thought to herself.  
"And of course he knows that I'm alone in the world—I mean in the house; but it's pretty much the same thing," with a deep sigh. "And who knows but that I may be murdered within the next five minutes?"  
"Thud" came the sound of the axe descending with slow, regular strokes upon the knotty stumps of yellow pine, and Miss Fydet listened with a sort of terrible fascination, wondering as she did so, what sort of a relation in the matter of sound the human tympanum might bear to the pine stumps.  
And with noiseless movements she went across the kitchen floor and took down a rusty musket which had hung suspended over the old brick chimney ever since she was a child.  
"I don't know as I could fire it off," said she, "but I'll try if I see any signs of mischief."  
It was unnecessary, however. She poured out a bowl of milk, first thrifflily pausing to skim it, and then cut a good thick slice of rye bread, taking care to secrete the bread knife when she was through. And then, seating herself by the window, her thoughts wandered back to the question of the missing brood of turkeys.  
"He knows where they are, I'll bet anything, and he shall tell me. Old man—old man, I say!"  
The venerable wood splitter paused at the sound of her summons.  
"Come here!" she called.  
The old man obeyed.  
"You've done enough," said Miss Fydet, inwardly rejoiced that he had left the ax sticking in the last pine knot instead of coming toward her brandishing it in the air, Powhatan fashion.  
"That is just what I was thinking myself," observed the old man, wiping his streaming forehead.  
"And now," said Miss Fydet, sharply and suddenly, as if she fain would take him by surprise, "Where are my turkeys?"  
"Eh?" uttered the old man.  
"My turkeys!" shrilly enunciated Miss Fydet; "my brood of sixteen white turkey chicks!"  
"I am sure I cannot say," said the old man with a puzzled countenance.  
"That is false!" said Miss Fydet, furiously. "If you don't know, you gang down, and I insist on having my turkeys back again!"  
The old man looked bewildered. Miss Fydet eyed him with a gaze calculated to strike dismay into the most obturate heart.  
"Madam—" he began, but Miss Fydet interrupted him.  
"There's your bread and milk. If you can eat and drink with a good conscience, knowing that my turkeys are gone, do so."  
Apparently Miss Fydet's turkeys rested but lightly upon the conscience of the wayfarer, for he ate and drank to the very last mouthful.  
"Madam," he said, as he placed the empty bowl within the window sill—Miss Fydet had taken the precaution to bolt and bar the door.  
"Go!" said the lady.  
"But I wish to say to you—"  
By way of answer, Miss Fydet took up the rusty gun, placed it to her shoulder, and pointed the barrel full at him.  
"If you don't take yourself off, I'll fire," said Miss Fydet, resolutely.  
And upon this unmistakable hint, the old man took up his cane and trudged away as fast as he could.  
"The woman must be a maniac!" said he to himself, while Miss Fydet made haste to take a dose of valerian to settle her perturbed senses.

"I've had a narrow escape of it," said she, "but I must get rested as quick as possible, and go to Lavina Thorpe for tea. The Bishop is to be there, and I wouldn't miss the opportunity of meeting him for a thousand dollars."  
And between the stimulus of the valerian and the calm afforded by a half an hour's nap, Miss Fydet managed to array herself in a stiff black silk dress with a white ribbon cap; and set out for Lavina Thorpe's a few minutes past four.  
As she crossed her door-yard, a slow-winding procession met her eyes, returning down the rock slopes of the pasture meadow—sixteen young turkeys.  
"There they come, now," said Miss Fydet, with a momentary twing of conscience in regard to the tramp.  
"However, it's all over and gone, now, and what's done can't be undone."  
"Is he here?" nervously whispered Miss Fydet, as she removed her hat in the front chamber up stairs.  
"The dear man—yes," said Miss Thorpe, enthusiastically clasping her hands. "Walked all the way from Simstown station, and met with all sorts of interesting adventures. What do you think of his being taken for a—"  
But here some one called her away.  
When Miss Fydet descended, serene and smiling, she was led up to a pleasant old man with gray hair and a cordial blue eye.  
"Miss Fydet," said Miss Thorpe fussily, "let me make you acquainted with Bishop Playfair, of Chirrita Territory."  
"Bless my soul!" cried Miss Fydet, dropping her fan and smelling bottle, "it's the tramp!"  
The Bishop smiled serenely.  
"Miss Fydet," said he, "you never can guess how deliciously that milk tasted to me. And, by the way, I met a brood of young turkeys in a stubble field as I crossed from the highway, which I concluded must be yours."  
Both joined in irresistible laughter; and in five minutes Miss Fydet sat at her ease, and by the Bishop's tact and kindness, was chatting away regarding the Chirrita Missions.  
"But to think," said Miss Lavina Thorpe, afterward, "that you mistook the Bishop of Chirrita Territory for a tramp!"  
"And set him splitting wood, and pointed a rusty musket at him," said Miss Fydet.  
"It only shows," said old Mrs. Martin, "how easy it is to be mistaken in this world."

**FROM MILTON.**  
MILTON, August 9, 1880.  
EDS. LEADER—Gentlemen: If a license is something that grants permission or authority to some particular thing, why is it necessary to license that which is good and legitimate, or how can it be lawful to license that which is bad? Among the prominent duties of a government are the administration of justice and the prevention and punishment of wrong doing, and it should be consistent in carrying these ends. What need, then, can there be for the license system? Take saloons for an example. If the dealing out of intoxicating drinks is a good avocation, why in the name of common sense does our government tax it by making saloon-keepers pay a license for engaging in it? Why not impose a license on the grocer, the dry-goods merchant and the hardware man? Are certain kinds of lawful and laudable avocations to be taxed and imposed upon, while others are allowed the impunity of such taxation? Yes; but some say there is a vast difference: selling cigars and whisky is a bad business, and ought to be suppressed as much as possible. This seems to be adding insult to injury. If saloon-keeping is really an iniquitous and nefarious business, what right has our government to license the same?  
The idea is preposterous that our civilized and Christian government should recognize saloon-keeping as a giant evil and proceed at once to legislate, to throw around it the sanctity and security of the law, and collect a revenue from the dissemination of evil among our citizens. If this view of the case is correct, Congress might as well license arson, larceny and murder. A handsome revenue, no doubt, could be collected from licensing forgery and theft. Either horn of the dilemma is equally dangerous, and the only open, honest course would be to abolish the license system altogether.  
Yours Truly,  
L. P. Fisher

"See here, Georgie," said a fond mama to her little son as they walked on the beach, "what a lot of nice little round stones." "Yes," grumbled Georgie, as he cast a searching glance around, "and not a blessed thing to throw 'em at!"  
Oh, yes! You can rely on Webfoot oil at all times, night or day, as a sure cure for croup or spasms. Ask for it at McColl & Miller's.  
Use Oriental Hair Tonic for preserving the hair.  
Send in your subscriptions for the LEADER.

**FROM ATLANTIC CITY.**  
Our Reporter's account of the Watering Place—Atlantic City was and as it is—Atlantic City, Jersey Island Yet to Come.  
ATLANTIC CITY, July 24, 1880.  
Down in the southeastern portion of New Jersey, a neck of land stretches through a number of inlets, away from the main toward the Atlantic Ocean. On its extremity is situated the thriving summer resort of Atlantic City. Twenty six years ago it was incorporated by some enterprising individuals, who had an eye upon its availability in the dim future as an outlet for suffering humanity in Philadelphia during the torrid season. According to their prophetic vision a railroad was needed in order to accomplish their ends, and the Camden and Atlantic road became a fixed fact. At this period, from information furnished by Mr. Bryant, the host of the "Waverly," and ex-Mayor of Atlantic City, consisted of five fishermen's huts, and the prospect was composed of sand hills and mud-holes. Yet the faith of its projectors failed not, neither did they fail in their exertions to bring people to the seaside and thus add ducts to their coffers. The progress for a number of years was comparatively slow, but within the past ten years an immense stride has been made, both as regards population, accommodation for visitors and convenience of access to the sea. Three roads now connect Atlantic City with Philadelphia, two broad and one narrow gauge. The last one was built by the Pennsylvania Railroad and is constructed in the most substantial manner. It is evidently appreciated, judging from the number of passengers which accompanied us to and fro. The result of all this is a summer population of 60,000, and in winter from 5,000 to 6,000. About 250 hotels, 200 boarding-houses, and a large number of private cottages furnish ample accommodation for the influx of summer visitors, while about 40 hotels keep them all winter. The air of Atlantic City is considered most efficacious for throat and lung diseases, and is recommended highly by physicians to such of their patients who are thus afflicted. The bathing facilities are excellent, with a beach about 10 miles in extent, of hard sand, forming at low tide, one of the finest drives anywhere to be found. Accidents involving loss of life occur, but it is invariably owing to carelessness on the part of the bathers, oftentimes originating in the foolhardy attempts of the unfortunates to make an exhibition of their cunning powers.  
A light-house about 250 feet high, furnished with lenses of the highest power, is an object of interest, and its flashes can be seen at a distance of over 20 miles from the land. There is an inlet, shut off from the ocean, which furnishes an excellent opportunity for fishing and boating. We were much pleased with Atlantic City, and greatly surprised at the improvements which have been made since our last visit. At the principal hotel there is something in the line of hops, concerts, and entertainments of one kind or another going on all the time, which makes things quite lively. There is a singular fly to be found here in the neighborhood of the salt marshes. It is about one-third of an inch large, and of a bright green color. It is a carnivorous creature, and the instant it alights it begins its meal. The most curious thing about it is that human blood is fatal to it, it is said, and after imbibing, it falls off dead. That is rather bad for the fly.  
We are so much pleased with Atlantic City, that we hope to make it another visit before the summer is over, and take another dip in its briny waters. In a few days we shall be able to compare its merits with the modern babel, Coney Island.  
H. G.  
Grandfather: "You are stupid, Charlie; the dullest boy I ever saw." Charlie: "You must not expect me to understand things as quickly as you do, grandfather, because you don't have the trouble to get 'em through your hair."  
Webfoot Oil cures pain, internal or external in from one to fifteen minutes. Warranted. For sale by McColl & Miller.