



To J. Fisher room 21

Merchant Exchange

WESTON WEEKLY LEADER

W. T. WILLIAMSON, G. P. M'COLL, PUBLISHERS.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, WESTON, UMATILLA COUNTY OR.

Subscription Rates: One Year, \$3.00; Six Months, \$2.00; Three Months, \$1.50; Single Copies, 15c.

Advertising Rates: One Square (1 inch) first insertion, \$1.50; Each additional insertion, 50c.

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LOVE AT TWO SCORE.

THEATRE.

No, pretty page, with the dimpled chin, That never has known the barber's shear, All you wish is woman to win, This is the way that boys begin— Wait till you come to forty year.

Curly, gold locks cover foolish brains, Billing and cooing is all our cheer; Signing and singing of midnight strains Under Bonnydell's window pane— Wait till you come to forty year!

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass, Grazing hair the brain doth clear— Then you see through clearer glass, Then you know the worth of a lass, Once you have come to forty year!

Pledge me round, and I bid ye declare, All good fellows whose beards are gray, Did not the fairest of the fair Common grow and wearisome, ere Ever a month was passed away!

The sweetest lips that ever have kissed, The brightest eyes that ever have shined, May pry and whisper, and we not list, Or look away and never be missed, Ere yet ever a month is gone.

Gillian's dead, God rest her bier; How I loved her twenty years ago; Marion's married, but I sit here, Alone and merry at forty year, Dipping my nose in the Gacon wine.

SPOOPENDYKE'S BATHING SUIT.

"My dear," observed Mr. Spoopendyke, looking up from his paper, "I think I would be greatly benefitted this summer by sea baths. Bathing in the surf is an excellent tonic, and if you will, my dear, make me up a suit, and one for yourself, if you like, we'll go down often, and take a dip in the sea waves."

"The very thing," smiled Mrs. S., "you certainly need something to tone you up, and there's nothing like salt water. I think I'll make mine of blue flannel, and let me see, yours ought to be of red, my dear."

"I don't think you caught the exact drift of my remarks," retorted Mr. Spoopendyke, "I didn't say that I was going into the opera business, or that I was going to hire out to some country village as a confidant. My plan was to go in swimming, and not grow up with the country as a cremation furnace. You can make yours of blue, if you want it, but you don't make mine of red, that's all."

"There's a pretty shade of yellow flannel—"

"Most indubitably, Mrs. Spoopendyke, but if you think I'm going to masquerade around Manhattan beach in the capacity of a ham, you haven't yet seized my idea. I don't apprehend that I shall benefit by the waters any more by looking like a Santa Cruz rum barrel. What I want is a bathing suit; and if you can't get me up one without making me look like a Fulton street car, I'll go and buy something to suit me."

"Would you like it all in one piece, or do you want pants and blouse?"

"I want a suit easy to get in and out of. I'm not particular about following the fashion. Make up something neat, plain and substantial, but don't stick any fancy colors into it. I want it modest and serviceable."

Mrs. Spoopendyke made up the suit under the guidance of a lady friend, whose aunt had told her how it should be constructed. It was in one piece, and when constructed was rather a startling garment.

"I'll try it on to-night," said Mr. Spoopendyke, eyeing it askance when it was handed to him.

Before retiring at night Mr. Spoopendyke examined the suit, and began to get into it.

"Why didn't you make some legs to it?" Why d'ye want to make it all arms for?" he inquired, struggling around to see why it didn't come up behind.

"You've got it on sideways!" exclaimed Mrs. Spoopendyke. "You've got one leg in the sleeve."

"I've got it on sideways? There ain't any top to it. Don't you know enough to put the arms where they belong? What d'ye think I am anyhow? A star fish? Where does this leg go?"

"Right in there, that's the place for that leg."

"Then where's the leg that goes into this hole?"

"Why, the other leg."

"The measly thing is all legs. Who'd you make this thing for—me? What d'ye take me for, a centipede? Who else is going to get in here with me? I ain't twins. I can't fill this business up. What d'ye call it, anyway, a family ma-

chine?" "Those other places ain't legs; they're sleeves."

"What are they doing there? Why ain't they up here where they belong? What are they there for, snow-shoes? 'Spose I'm going to stand on my head to get my arms in these holes?"

"I don't think you got it on right," suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke. "It looks twisted."

"That's the way you told me. You said 'Put this leg here and that one there,' and there they are. Now where'd they go?"

"I made it according to the pattern, sighed Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Then it's all right, and it's me that's twisted," sneered Mr. Spoopendyke, "I'll have my arms and legs altered. All I want is to have my leg jammed into the small of my back, and my arms stuck into my hips; then it'll fit. What did you take for a pattern—a crab? Where'd you find the lobster you made this from? 'Spose I'm going into the water on all fours? I told you I wanted a bathing suit, did I? Did I say anything about a chair cover?"

"I think if you take it off and try it on over again, it'll work," reasoned Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Oh, of course, I've only got to humor the gasted thing; that's all it wants," and Mr. Spoopendyke wrenched it off with a growl.

"Now, pull it on," said Mrs. Spoopendyke.

Mr. Spoopendyke went at it again, and reversed the order of disposing of his limbs.

"Suit you now," he howled. "That's the way you meant it to go! What's these things flopping around here?"

"Those are the legs, I'm afraid," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, dejectedly.

"What are they doing here? I see; oh I see; this is supposed to represent me making a dive. When I get this on, I'm going head first. Where's the balance? Where's the rest? Give me that suit that represents me head up," and Spoopendyke danced around the room in fury.

"Just turn it over, my dear," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, "and you are all right."

"How am I going to turn it over?" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke. "'Spose I'm going to carry around a steam boiler to turn me over when I want the other end of this thing up? 'Spose I'm going to hire a man to go around with a griddle- spoon, and turn me over like a flap-jack, just to please this podgasted bathing suit? D'ye think I work on pivots?"

"Just take it off and put it on the other way," urged Mrs. Spoopendyke, who began to see her way clear.

Mr. Spoopendyke kicked the structure up to the ceiling, and plunged into it once more. This time it came out all right, and as he buttoned it up and surveyed himself in the glass the clouds passed away and he smiled.

"I like it," he remarked; "the color suits me, and I think you have done very well, my dear; only" and he frowned slightly, "I wish you'd mark the arms and legs so that I can distinguish one from the other, or some day I will present the startling spectacle of a respectable elderly gentleman bobbing around the beach upside down."

MOUNTAIN LAKES OF IDAHO.

At the head of the Salmon river, 55 miles from Bonanza, is Alturas lake, 8,000 feet high, eight or nine miles long, has a boat on it, and of course is navigated. But there is a lake on the Saw Tooth mountains that has probably no equal in the United States. It is about 70 or 80 miles from Bonanza, and at an altitude of nearly 12,000 feet. The lake lies in a basin among the sharp crags of the snowy Saw Tooth, and is a sheet of perpetual ice. It was discovered in August of last year by a party of prospectors, and named Ice Lake. The sun seems to have no effect upon it, except in places bordering the shore. It is simply a great bowl of hard mountain rock brimful of solid ice, a sort of glacier, upon which the rays of the sun decend with no power to penetrate.

Use Oriental Hair Tonic for preserving the hair.

MRS. HAYES IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

It is safe to say that no lady in the present generation has produced a more valuable impression by the grace and simplicity of her manners in presiding at the White House than she. It is worth a journey to Washington to see so simple and unconventional a lady at the very head of the best American society. Her portraits do her scant justice. Her face is wonderfully mobile; it constantly expresses her own genuine enjoyment in the enjoyment of her guests. Her laugh is contagious; and it would be as impossible for a photograph or even a portrait to picture the life that sparkles in her face as for a picture to portray the sunshine that dances on the dimpled surface of a lake which ever and anon breaks out into a quiet rippled laughter.

Her social victory is complete, and has been won after a hard battle. The story has been told before, but it is worth retelling. She came to Washington determined not to offer wine to her guests; this was the determination of a lifetime, and she would not and could not abandon it. To give a state dinner without wine was declared to be impossible; all Washington society was opposed to her; I believe it even became a Cabinet question. For a year she was a target for the sort of arrows which it is so hard for any woman to bear unflinchingly. But she bore it all; by her patient persistence and her tact she carried the day and conquered Mrs. Grundy in her own field. She never has offered wine; Washington follows her lead; and I doubt whether any State Capital, not excluding the Capital of Maine, is a more thoroughly temperance city than Washington today.

The following will become Oregon law on the 21st day of January, 1881. Be it enacted by the Legislative Assembly of the State of Oregon:

Sec. 1. That Sections 1 and 5 of Chapter 27 of the Miscellaneous laws of the State of Oregon as compiled by Matthew P. Deady and Lafayette Lane be, and the same are hereby repealed, and the following enacted in lieu thereof:

Sec. 1. That the rate of interest in this State shall be 8 per centum per annum, and no more, on all moneys, after the same becomes due on judgment and decrees for the payment of money; on money received to the use of another, and retained beyond a reasonable time without the owner's consent, expressed or implied, or on money due upon the settlement of matured accounts, from the day the balance is ascertained; on money due or to become due, when there is a contract to pay interest and no rate specified. But on contracts, interest at the rate of 10 per centum per annum may be charged by express agreement of the parties, and no more.

Sec. 5. Judgements and decrees for money upon contracts bearing more than 8 per centum interest and not exceeding 10 per centum per annum, shall bear the same interest borne by such contract.

"I ACKNOWLEDGE THE CORN."

The origin of the phrase, "I acknowledge the corn," is this: In 1828 Mr. Stewart, a member of Congress, said in a speech that Ohio, Kentucky and Indiana sent their hay-stacks, corn-fields and fodder to New York and Philadelphia for sale. Mr. Wickliffe of Kentucky, called him to order, declaring that those States did not send hay-stacks or corn-fields to New York for sale. "Well, what do you send?" asked Mr. Stewart. "Why, horses, mules, cattle and hogs." "Well, what makes your horses, mules, cattle and hogs? You feed one hundred dollars' worth of hay to a horse. You just animate and get on top of your hay-stack and ride off to market. How is it with your cattle? You make one of them carry fifty dollars' worth of hay or grass to the Eastern market. How much corn does it take at 33 cents a bushel, to fatten a hog?" "Why thirty bushels." "Then you put thirty bushels into the shape of a hog and make it walk off to the Eastern market." Then Mr. Wickliffe jumped up and said, "Mr. Speaker, I acknowledge the corn."

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NEWS ITEMS.

Panama canal stock is to issue at Paris Dec. 6th.

Greenbaugh, the American artist, died at Paris lately.

The Porte has called out thirty thousand relief forces.

Gen. Garfield has resigned his seat as member of Congress from Ohio.

Sitting Bull, with 900 people are destitute, and said to be willing to surrender.

As a result of the Nihilist trials at St. Petersburg, three were exiled and four sentenced to imprisonment.

A grand naval review took place at Fortress Monroe, Wednesday, and was followed by a ball in the evening.

At a meeting of the land league for Ireland, Redpath, the American journalist, referred insultingly to the Queen.

Holders of United States bonds put such a price on them that all proposals to sell have been rejected at the treasury.

Two millions of dollars, gold coin, was withdrawn from the Bank of England, Wednesday, for shipment to America.

A young man named John McManus walked into the police office at Chicago and owned to having killed Bernard Kelly in Philadelphia a year ago.

Bishop Paddock, recently appointed Bishop of the Episcopal Church for Washington Territory, has resigned his pastorate in Brooklyn, and will be consecrated Bishop Dec. 5th.

SALMON PROPAGATION.

Millions of salmon eggs are now being shipped from this coast for distribution in the Eastern and foreign States. They are, says a San Francisco exchange, collected from the Government propagating establishment on the McCloud river, and transmitted overland in cars especially fitted for the purpose. Arriving at Chicago they are examined, and such as are found in good condition are distributed from that city as a center, in accordance with the orders received. So perfect are the means of transportation that few indeed are found in other than a perfect state of foreign countries—Canada, Holland, Germany, England and France are all receiving large shipments under the direction of their different Fish Commissioners, and in addition large quantities of the eggs are consigned to private individuals abroad. So far as the United States are concerned, the work is one universal and commendable charity, designed to put a cheap and nutritious food within the reach of all. The Government pays all the cost of gathering, preparing and shipping the eggs, the consignees paying only the charges of transportation. It is such acts as these on the part of a nation whose broader policy recognizes that prosperity or distress to one country is measurably prosperity or distress to all others, that makes more strongly for general progress and improvement than all the dictates of self-seeking expediency.

HOW IT FEELS TO DROWN.

When I gave up all hope I did not suffer one pang of remorse about my past life. I have always been told that when a man is drowning all his past life comes before him and he suffers horrors of conscience. It was not so with me. I thought of you my dear father and mother, and of you all at home, and what a sorrow the news of my death would be to you all, and then, strange to say, I thought how people do lie. I have always been told that death by drowning is the easiest death, and yet here I am, suffering agonies of pain and I remember wishing if I am to be drowned let it be done quickly. Then I thought, I am about to solve the problem about the future world, I felt the same feeling of shyness and dread come over me that I felt so often and never could conquer when I was outside a drawing room door, and about to be ushered into the presence of a crowd of ladies and men. I have been asked if I never thought about the sharks which infest the place. I am thankful to say that never entered my head. If I had remembered them, I feel sure I should have gone down like a stone.—Philadelphia Times.

"I don't keer how much a man tawks if he says it in few words.—Josh Billings.