

Weston Weekly Leader.

WESTON WEEKLY LEADER.

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HOMOEOPATHIC BROTH.
Take a cold's leg. (Mind) the dramatic merely; Put it in a tub Filled with water nearly;

Set it out of doors. In a place that's shady; Let it stand a week, (Three days for a lady);

Be a spoonful in. To a liver-well bottle; It should be of tin, Or perhaps bell-metal;

Fill the kettle up. Put it in a boiling; Stir it once around To prevent its oiling.

For thickening and soft. Take of rice one kernel; Use, to light the fire, Any but our journal.

Let the liquor boil. Half an hour—no longer; (If it's for a man, You can make it stronger).

Should you now desire That the soup be flavory, Stir it once around With a stick of savory.

What the broth is done. Set it out and jell it; Then, three times a day, Let the patient smell it.

If it chancs to die. Say 'twas nature did it; But if he get well, Give the broth the credit.

LEADER BISHOP. A Little of Everything. After wading through the thin broth above, a feed of "regular" hash ought to be relished.

A few weeks ago the Portland Oregonian described the Pendleton East Oregonian as "firm and fair-minded."

Now the Portland paper speaks contemptuously of its contemporary as having "small wisdom and less propriety."

This latter statement simply shows that even the bigoted Portland Oregonian occasionally makes a just remark occasionally.

Again "old man Panborn" has been fined \$1000 by Judge Deady. "Old man Panborn" is regarded by many who know him as an inoffensive old man; but in spite of this he was desperately wicked.

He is evidently so regarded by the federal officials in Pendleton and on the reservation. He is guilty of one heinous offense: he is poor.

If he is rich, and cultivated a big farm, his living on the reservation would not perhaps be so much of a trespass, and his evil influence upon the Indians would not probably be so noticeable.

But it really does seem singular that "old man Panborn" is the only man who has been living illegally upon the reservation, and the only one who has had a bad influence upon the Indians for these many years, or, at least, thought worthy of prosecution.

The idea of liberty is being constantly guarded, and by some people is always exalted to the seventh heaven of absurdity.

One of the peculiar phases it sometimes takes is that of allowing a boy to follow his heart, to pursue those studies that are agreeable to him, or for which he supposes that he has a natural aptitude.

There is a plausibility about such a plea. Allowing boys, or girls either, to follow the bent of their inclination to study is to put a premium on badly balanced minds and to encourage the growth of cranks. If a boy "hates figures," it simply shows that he possesses an hereditary or acquired weakness or defect in that direction.

To insure that best is to ensure a greater distribution of his mental equiptage. One aim of education should be to secure evenly balanced minds, not to encourage all manner of mental deformity.

Weak points should be strengthened, and precious points held in check. Fond parents and foolish teachers need not fear that any budding genius is thus going to be destroyed. There is not the least danger. Real genius cannot be so easily suppressed.

By cultivating the weak points of a boy's mind he may be enabled to use to good advantage those faculties with which he is richly gifted, when otherwise they would run riot without check or balance, and prove the bane of his existence.

It is probable that men, numbers of them, would attempt to deceive their fellows, and trifle with their health, yet, even with their lives, simply to make money? It does not seem reasonable. Again, it is possible that millions of people can be yearly deceived by those who positively assert their ability to cure all the ills that flesh is heir to. It does not seem reasonable.

Now it is well known that there is not a disease incident to humanity for which the patent medicine man does not possess an infallible remedy, and still many people are simple enough to die, though fully informed that they can obtain the health-restoring specific for a dollar per bottle. There must be something strangely obstinate about the person who persists in "shuffling off this mortal coil" when he could keep wound up and in running order at so small a cost.

And how sad those philanthropic people who never designed to buy a bottle of their patent, dying daily in ignorance of its virtues, in spite of the millions spent in making it known to suffering humanity. Their disappointment must be intense, but no greater than the innocent trustfulness of the millions who devour the infallible cure-alls and who had no relief for their various ailments. Surely this world is full of mysteries.

MISS ANDERSON. A little boat bearing two lovers comes in under the starlit sky to the rickety wooden pier on the western shore of the small island which looks so lonely there that it mighty aspect of ocean.

Lovers? Well, at least they have that appearance. The girl, with drooping head and conscious eyes is trailing one slim, dark hand in the water; and she is pretty, so pretty that her companion may be pardoned for gazing at her with such passionate admiration in his eyes.

But she is poor—that is evident, for does she not belong to the two old people who live here year after year on this desolate island, winning a scanty living from the barren soil and the treacherous sea?

They are "mother" and "daddy" to her, and she is their "gal Letty." He marvels sometimes at her dainty ways, but then these foolish old people have spoiled her, being no doubt proud of her handsome face.

She never does any dexterity, yet she is skillful with her needle, and can cook many delicious things to gratify one's palate.

Edgar Derby, who has done some fishing this summer, but more love-making, is astonished to find how hard is the thought of parting with her; for leaving her here on the shore, he must return to the city in order to catch the early morning train for the West.

He is too selfish, and indolent, and pleasure-loving to entertain for a moment the idea of making her his wife, although he never doubts that she is in love with him.

He brings the boat up to the pier, fastens it, and helps her out in silence. Then as she stands half turned from him, he takes her hand and lifting it to his lips says a little hoarsely: "Good-bye, Letty."

"Good-bye," she answered low and tremulously. Not contented with this, he goes on to make a pretty speech about "diverse fate," and "dearless love and sorrow," their "happy and never-to-be-forgotten summer together," etc., which Letty receives in silence with her face in her handkerchief.

"If it were not for Miss Anderson?" he begins desperately. "Who is Miss Anderson?" queried Letty in amazement.

He flushes. "Well, I never have met her, but expect to next winter. Our parents betrothed us to each other when we were children. She is enormously wealthy, Letty, and I am poor—as poor as you are, my girl; this tells the whole story. I must marry Miss Anderson though I lose you and break my own heart. Forget me if you can and be happy. Good-bye!"

And he returns to his boat, which soon goes dancing over the waves toward the mainland, while Letty, evidently convulsed with sorrow, is left alone by the little wooden pier.

Not long alone, though, for soon another little boat comes gayly in, and Letty goes joyously to meet a stalwart sun-browned young man in the uniform of an officer of the U. S. Navy.

"Dear girl, this Letty? There is no heart-break in the laughing eyes upraised to the new-comer's manly face, and she actually returns the kiss with which he greets her.

"What's the fun, sweetheart?" he queries, studying the expression of her features.

"Why, there's no fun, Charlie," she returns demurely. "Edgar Derby has just left me forever because we are both so poor, and because he was betrothed in childhood to Miss Anderson, whom he expects to meet next winter. His heart is broken you know, as well as mine, but I am to forget him and be happy if I can."

The young man, looking straight into the girl's eyes, says, "You are a long, ringing, mellow laugh, and utter something about 'a conceited donkey' then putting his arm about her waist in the most natural way possible, he leads her away along the shining beach to talk of their happy future; while the waves sing in their ears, and the big white moon rolls up to look at them, making a broad, bright track across the ocean."

Edgar Derby walks up the long, brilliant room on his friend's arm with a sort of moody expectancy in his eyes.

In full evening dress he is a very handsome man, and more than one pair of glancing eyes follow him wistfully.

There is quite a little crowd about the tall, graceful figure in dead white silk and costly lace and pearls, smiling so easily there at the extreme end of the apartment; but they make way for Mr. Carlyon, who goes through with the necessary formalities.

"Miss Anderson, allow me to make you acquainted with Mr. Derby. She turns toward him, a smile carrying the sweet, determined mouth and gleaming in the dark eyes.

The others drift away, leaving them alone, and Edgar Derby's face is pallid in his amazement.

"Letty!" he stammers. "She laughs low and melodiously. "Well, Mr. Derby, I was christened 'Marian Letitia Anderson.' Here in Boston, I am 'Mama' to my friends."

"Be merciful and explain," he murmurs hurriedly, his gaze taking in every detail of her grace and beauty, and the exquisite toilet which suits her so well.

He has thought of her as a pretty girl. "Good heavens! he is disgusted with himself.

Pretty! Why, she is the most royally beautiful woman he has ever seen. He can scarcely command himself to listen quietly to the explanation which she is giving so smilingly and easily in low, well-bred tones.

"It was very natural, Mr. Derby, that you should take me for the daughter of the two old people on Granite Island; but they are my foster parents only, and I visit them every year. They were old family servants and I am much attached to them. They choose to call me Letty, as that was my dear mother's name."

She hesitates here a second with deepening color as she reads the unmistakable expression in his handsome blue eyes.

"My love," he whispers under his breath. She lifts her head daintily and softly. "I hope you will pardon my share of our little flirtation," she says. "I was rather dull there, and knowing you to be a man of the world, felt sure there would be no heart's blood."

She turns with a sudden radiant smile as a tall, sun-browned man, looking handsome, but not quite at home in his black broadcloth, approaches them.

"Mr. Derby," she says sweetly, "let me make you acquainted with my future husband, Lieutenant Staples."

Edgar Derby bows and makes his way from the crowded rooms as speedily as possible.

As well as he is capable of loving any woman he loves Marian Anderson—and she is forever lost to him.

MILTON MELANGE. MILTON, Aug. 26, 1885. We have read and been told that in the city of New York everybody moves on the first day of May. Well, this is not New York city nor is it the first day of May, but quite a number of families within our range of observation are changing localities about this time.

Mr. P. Radio has moved his family to Walla Walla this week, C. Williamson and family started for their future home in the Wallowa valley yesterday. Archie Spence and family have come down from Medical Lake (far famed) for their health. They have rented a house in Milton for six months. We welcome them to our midst again.

The Good Templars Lodge in Milton keeps up the good interest through winter and summer. It does not seem to lag on account of the hot weather. The membership has increased some of late. They meet Sunday afternoons at 2 o'clock, p. m.

Rev. Knottz is the M. E. Church pastor this year. He holds services every Sunday evening and every alternate Sunday morning.

Mr. Seth Williamson is here on a visit to his nephew J. B., from San Francisco, Cal.

One of our young lady friends expects to leave us soon, but we want say anything about it until next week.

We might make the attempt to write a few harvest notes but we are informed that the editor was in town this week with his pencil over his ear, casting an enquiring eye "round" and we have an idea that he will have saved us the trouble of further comment on this subject.

"Rusticators" to the mountains have all returned. It was so cold for a few nights up to Woodward's, week before last, that ice formed.

His Mustache. There is a great deal of character in the mustache. As the form of the upper lip and in the regions about it has largely to do with the feelings, pride, self-reliance, manliness, vanity, and other qualities that give self-control, the mustache is more particularly connected with the expressions of those qualities or the reverse.

When the mustache is ragged and, as it were, flying hither and thither, there is a lack of proper self-control. When it is straight and orderly, the reverse is the case, other things, of course, taken into account.

If there is a tendency to curl at the outer ends of the mustache, there is a tendency to ambition, vanity or idleness. When the curl turns upward there is gentleness, combined with a love of approbation; when the inclination is downward, there is a more sedate turn of mind not unaccompanied with gloom.

The reverse quality is well indicated by the common portraits of Shakespeare, who was as much noted for cheerfulness and geniality in life as those qualities are manifested in his writings. It is worthy of remark that good-natured men will, in playing with the mustache, invariably give it an upward inclination, whereas cross-grained or morose men will pull it obliquely downward.

Education. Education is often valued not for itself, but merely as a stepping-stone to wealth. We give it to the young, and they take it not so much that they may become through it better, nobler, happier and more useful men and women, as that they may gain the power of rising from a lower to a higher station, from poverty to mediocrity, or from mediocrity to wealth. Thus the education that fits them only to adorn a humble position happily and contentedly, instead of cultivating ambitious longings, that cherishes health and strength of body and fills the mind with resources for its own activity and power for its own development, without any direct reference to amassing a fortune, is too

often neglected for narrower and shallower instruction. Is not the mind more than the purse? Shall we sell the one to fill the other, or shall we not rather spend freely of our gold to build up the intellect, to cultivate the taste, to fortify the principles?

The Poison to Tobacco. It smoking is really a reprehensible habit, the physicians who had opposed it are largely to blame for its continuance, for their theories have been so promptly disproved by experience that men are quite right in assuming that expert opinions on poisons are not deserving of much respect. For instance, it had apparently been demonstrated by laboratory experiments that there is nicotine enough in a single mild cigar to kill a man. More than 1,000,000 cigars are consumed in New York every day, but who ever heard of a man dying from the effects of a single cigar? There is poison enough in a pound of the root from which nicotine is prepared to kill a dozen men, yet two or three ounces of nicotine are eaten daily by each of thousands of children with no bad effects. It is known, regarding this edible, that at a certain stage of preparation heat entirely destroys its poisonous properties; evidently a similar result, though not so radical, occurs when tobacco burns, otherwise each smoker would die after consuming a cigar. That some nicotine—an undoubted poison—is inhaled with tobacco smoke is quite evident, for the physical experiences of beginners are exactly those of persons who have taken an under-dose of poison; nevertheless the system speedily accommodates itself to the intruder, and among veteran and steady smokers may be found thousands of the strongest and most enduring physicians in America, and thousands, too, of delicate organizations which would at once succumb to a poison as active and virulent as tobacco is said to be.

The Nation's Wealth. An official at Washington who has been engaged in counting the money in the treasury vaults furnishes some interesting information about the amount and weight thereof. There are \$9,000,000 in silver in bags, each containing \$1,000 weighing 59 pounds and three ounces, so \$100,000 in silver would pull down the balance at almost three tons, and \$1,000,000 would be nearly 60,000 pounds. The entire amount of coined silver now in the treasury vaults, it is estimated, will weigh 543,700 pounds. A pound of gold coin weighs \$240, and \$480,000 of it weighs a ton. There are nearly twelve tons of gold coins, and twenty in the country's strong box at the treasury. Of the paper money, too, there is an enormous amount. One hundred and fifty millions of dollars in five, two and one dollar bills. About seven of these bills measure a yard in length, so that a greenback belt that would reach around the world almost twenty times could be made of the United States currency now in the vaults and in circulation. The money of course is not counted coin by coin. The gold and silver are weighed very carefully on the finest and most accurately fitted scales that were ever made. Though 1,000 pounds can be weighed at a time, a pit placed on the balance will tip it.

Why They Hear so Well. Commenting on the fact that woman hear better than men, a saucy bachelor discourses as follows: Doubtless nature has thus richly endowed woman that she can converse with her sex. Six men can meet in a room and converse for an hour, during which time every man will hear what is said by every other man, for the reason that no two men talk at the same time. When, however, six women meet together and every one talks ceaselessly at the top of her lungs, no one not gifted with exceptional powers of hearing would be able to understand anything that might be said. It was probably in order to provide for just such occasions as this that woman received better ears than man. Had she not been thus gifted she could never have enjoyed the society of her sex, and would have been condemned to masculine reticence.

They who are naturally cool, and of a quiet turn of mind, upon whom nothing can make too powerful an impression, who are not wont to be excited either by great sorrow or by great joy, have the best chance of living long and happy after their manner. Preserve, therefore, under all circumstances a composure of mind which no happiness, no misfortune, can too much disturb. Love nothing too violently; hate nothing too passionately; fear nothing too strongly.

A young lady, on being asked, at a musical examination, "What is an interval?" judiciously replied: "It is that space of time allowed for retreatments between the acts of an opera or the two parts of a concert."

The Art of Getting Victories. It is comprised in one very simple piece of advice, improve digestion. No elaborate system of dietetics is needed. If you lack vigor, use systematically that pleasant promoter of it, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. If you take this hint, and do not commit any excesses, there is no reason why you should not gain in strength, appetite and weight. Hosts of willon invalids are to-day building a foundation for years of vigorous health with this sound and thorough restorer of depleted physique and fading energy. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Hostetter, a construction furnished against disorders to which, if it were possible, it must surely succumb—namely, neuralgia, rheumatism, irritability of the kidneys and bladder, nervousness, and their various symptoms. Disappear were it a weed with persistence, not abandoned after a hard and unproductive trial.

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N. Dusenbery & Co.

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Notice to the Public. All persons knowing themselves indebted either by note or book account, are hereby requested to come forward and make immediate payment, as all old running accounts must be settled by April 1st, 1884, or the same will be duly collected by law.

H. O. MARSHALL, BRICK MASON, WESTON, OREGON.

J. E. KIRKLAND, Notary Public, MILTON, OREGON.

J. J. SMITH, Collecting Accounts a Specialty.

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Work done in the latest and best style.

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