LEADERETTES.

Scarcity of cars is the cry all along the line.

The Poor Farm sold for $2500. Let the taxpayers figure up the profit on the investment.

Senator Dolph introduced "Tony" Noltner to President Cleveland as a "good fellow." That shows what kind of man Dolph is.

In view of the fact that the late-lamented Legislature did very little that was good or correct and did a great deal that was useless and wrong, the members thereof, if called in extra session, should charge nothing for their valuable services.

There is a very perceptible split in the Oregon Democracy. It will not have a tendency to soothe the respectable portion of the party to have such an offensive partisan as "Tony" Noltner receive a federal appointment.

The protective system is wrong in principle. Building up one industry at the expense of others is neither fair nor honest, whether it be a monopoly in making paper pulp or in keeping boarders. The business that cannot live against legitimate opposition deserves to die.

The trouble has commenced. He who goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing sure enough. About twenty of those in this county who mortgaged their farms to the American Mortgage company are threatened with foreclosure at the next term of court.

The Republican leaders who are flaunting the bloody shirt have been led to make a very humiliating confession: political affairs at the South are no worse now than they have been for several years, and if Blaine had been elected we would have made no fuss about negro disfranchisement.

The old Board of Northern Pacific directors was elected. It favors the O. R. & N. lease, and is opposed to the building of the Cascade branch. Portland is pleased. Its monopoly of the trade of the Inland Empire has been prolonged. Notice how quickly its recent order for the opening of the Columbia river will cool down to inactivity then to actual opposition.

Madame Dunlway is writing another novel, perhaps another of those wishy-washy narratives that endeavor to inculcate false notions of independence, that lauds disobedience to parents, and which serves as a medium for the dissemination of her hobby. The assurance that this new venture will be equal in literary ability to any of its predecessors reminds one of the story of the man who came to this Coast twenty years ago without a cent and who has held his own ever since.

The repeated and well-deserved snubbings that Portland and its corrupt clique of politicians have received from the press of the State have brought the metropolis partially to its senses. The modest claim now is that "Portland is a part of Oregon." That is all right; formerly the only impression that could be derived from their acts and utterances was that Portland was the whole State of Oregon. If those metropolitan champions could now be made to realize that abuse is not argument another vast stride in their needed improvement would be made.

At the next conference with the Indians it seems probable that the matter of opening the Umatilla reservation to settlement will be arranged. This is evidently a deep disappointment to the federal officials on the reservation and at Pendleton. It would perhaps have been difficult a few months ago to make a disinterested observer believe that any of these officials were in favor of the Indians' agreeing to the terms of the Slater bill, and it would perhaps be an easy matter to obtain "affidavits" to show that at least some of them used their influence in active opposition to the same. But the whole business has assumed a new phase; it is high time to "hedge," to put the burden of blame on some one who is distasteful to the powers that be. "Old man Pamborn" has been disposed of, and now, according to the aforesaid officials, Father Conrardy is the guilty man. It is not likely that even this brilliant flank movement will have the effect of covering the retreat of those who were as much opposed to the terms of the Slater bill as Father Conrardy was. His opposition was well known, as was also that of those who are now trying to screen themselves by exposing him.

Influence of the Moon.

A suscriber asks for information as to the correct time for planting potatoes, with special reference to whether the condition of the moon should be taken into account in farming operations. The ancient and venerable superstition (for superstition it is and nothing else) about the influence of the moon upon milk, upon medicine, upon trees and wood, and upon a hundred other things, seems, even in this age of enlightening, to die a hard death. It is remarkably tenacious in its hold upon a certain class of people, and for this reason a little examination into the subject may not be out of place. The moon is about 240,000 miles from the earth and revolves around it once in twenty-seven days, but on account of the daily evolution of the earth on its own axis, it appears to go around us once in twenty-four hours. It appears larger at one time than another, but this is only because the sun shines upon more of that portion of the surface which we see. The same quantity of matter is there at the first quarter as at the full moon, only we cannot see it. The influence of the moon's matter, whatever it is, must be nearly uniform and must depend upon the fact of how much we can see of it. As it passes over us every day at nearly the same distance, the power which it exerts must be uniform. Considering its comparatively small bulk and its great distance from the earth, it does not seem supposable that it can influence to any appreciable extent the flow of sap in vegetation or the circulation of blood in animals, and yet this is just what many people hold. But, it will be said, it certainly influences the water of the ocean in producing the tides; granted, although even that is not proved beyond cavil. Yet it does not affect the great rivers and vast inland lakes, and is it likely that, if it does not influence such vast bodies, it can affect the juices in plants?

So far as the effect of its light is concerned it should first be borne in mind that it has no light of its own, but merely reflects that of the sun, so that moonshine is but sunlight at second hand after all. Experiment shows that it possesses just above one three hundred thousandth part of the illuminating power of the sun, and that only the most careful observation has shown that upon the leaves of some of the most delicate plants it exerts an influence so slight as to be barely appreciable. Upon ordinary plants the effect of the moon's rays is so small as to be entirely imperceptible. As to heat from the moon's rays, the most delicate thermometers fail to show that there is any such thing. In the face of these results of careful experiment, then, it is hard to see upon what the believers in the moon's influence rest their faith.

Your Home Paper.

It is your home local paper that prints your home news, and in which your name appears from time to time. It is here your good fortunes or misfortunes, are discussed, and mention made of marriages, births, deaths, and a multitude of other items, all of which goes to show that your home paper is watching your doings, day by day, and is always ready to speak a kind word for you, and in case of fortune to rejoice with you, or in misfortune, to offer condolence. It also advertises your town and farm and helps to build up and further the interests of your community in a thousand different ways. You look in your newspaper that is printed in the eastern cities, hundreds of miles away, and you will never see your name in print, never a kind word spoken about you in case of misfortunes or bereavement; no mention is made of your town or its doings. You know nothing of what is going on in your township; yea, more than this, not even how your next door neighbor is faring—whether he has been roped in by some smooth-tongued traveling sharp, been sold out by the sheriff, become a widow, or widower, married again, and so on *ad libitum*. Now, it is plain, if you want to keep posted and who does not, and know of the home doings, the only medium through which it comes is your home paper, and it is the delight of the editor to tell you this, speak words of encouragement, comment when in place, admonish when needful, and counsel in all that is good and right.

Sounds Natural.

Peter, of Highland, dropped in, Monday, and was relating something that, if not true, sounds very characteristic. He says that a few days ago some ladies of high standing and approved piety, in St. Louis, visited the jail and called upon Maxwell, the Englishman who murdered his friend, cut off his head and packed his body in a trunk. They presented him with fine bouquets, expressed deep sympathy for him. Then passing by another cell they peeped in, and inquired of the jailor:

"What was that man put in for?"

"For selling beer," replied the jailor.

"Oh, the brute!" they exclaimed. "He ought to be hanged. Isn't he a Dutchman?"

Balzac says the whisper of a beautiful woman can be heard further than the loudest call of duty. But the man who is creeping up stairs with his boots off at two o'clock A. M., and hears the whisper or his wife as she leans over the banister in the darkness, doesn't think of her beauty. His chief thought is how much he would like to change his boots for a pair of wings.

Chicago sends out seventeen hundred drummers for business.

BRONCHO BERTIE.

The Daughter of the Rangers—A Texas Romance.

Late in the winter of '80 Jeff and I were members of a raiding party that pesetrated the fastnesses of the mountains of Death, in search of a family of cow and horse thieves named Taylor. The scattered remnants of Chief Victoria's band were lurking about that section of country then, awaiting an opportunity to cross the Death plain to a more secure hiding place in the Sierra Diabolo. And we were continually finding fresh signs as we slowly trailed the cow thieves to their mountain camp. One morning we entered a little canyon, through which ran a stream of water. About midway [illegible] in and came [illegible] and we [illegible] to him side. The three regular boys whom we were in search of and a Mexican [illegible] had been ambushed and killed by the Indians, and their stiffened bodies, bloody and scalpless, lay across the trail. They had been killed during the previous night and the coyotes had not scented them [illegible] by side. Then continuing on we crossed the next divide and rested at their camp in a canyon similar to the one we had just left. The Indians had taken a nearly opposite direction, climbing the other wall of the canyon.

The camp of the outlaws was a rude affair, consisting of a small tent, a camp fire, a brush corral and a heavy wagon. Several head of ponies and cows were grazing in the canyon, and the sergeant commanding our party ordered several of the boys to round up the stock, while he dismounted and inspected the camp. Just as he was about to lift the fly of the tent a shrill treble voice, which came from the direction of the brush corral, cried:

"Say, thar, mister man, that's my tent. Keep out'n hit."

We all turned at sound of the voice and the queerest little girl, in a dress of faded calico, and bareheaded and barefooted, crept from under the corral gate and walked toward us. She was not above seven years of age, and she had the shrewdest face and brightest eyes imaginable.

"Keep out'n the tent," she repeated, walking towards the sergeant. "Hit's mine, I tell ye."

"And who might you be?" asked the sergeant, smiling and dropping the tent flap.

"I'm Broncho Bertie," was the quick answer; and she tossed her head saucily. "Leastways that's what the boys call me."

"And who are the boys?"

"My buddys, Jim, Bill and Dan. Ye all know 'em well enough, an' I know you; you're rangers, an' if you think you'll git the boys, yer left. They're out yonder in the mountain and they'll shoot quicker'n a wink.

We crowded around the little maiden, and one of the boys, in as tender and simple words as he could command, told her of her bereavement. She didn't shed many tears, but a great lump that rose in her throat was swallowed with difficulty, and her shrill voice softened and trembled when she spoke.

"I knowed they'd git laid out some day," she said mournfully, "but its better that-a-way than to be drapped by you'ns."

She peered into the face of every man, and finally, stepping to the side of Reckless Jeff, laid her brown hand in his.

"I like yer looks," she said, "an' I'll go with you."

We took her back to camp, and on the road she taught us several lessons that set the men to thinking. We were a pretty rough lot, and when one man, for some trifling cause, began to curse, she raised her hand warningly and said:

"Ye mustn't cuss. 'Taint perlite when ladies is about, an' hit's wicked, too."

When we made camp that night Broncho Bertie ate her supper in silence, and when one of the boys spread some blankets and told her it was to be her bed for the night, she thanked him gravely, and, folding her hands, knelt down and prayed. I noticed that the eyes of several of the boys were moist when she finished, and, when she walked around the circle and lifted up her dimpled mouth to each bearded face to be kissed, she received a succession of convulsive hugs that must have bruised her frail body. The entire company held a consultation over the matter the night we reached our permanent camp, and it was formally decided to adopt this brown waif as "the child of company E." When Bertie was informed of our action by a committee delegated for the purpose, she nodded her head and made answer in her quaint fashion.

"I like ye, boys, an' hit's a go!"

The best tent was fitted up for her especial use, and if a man had gone to the post and not brought back a present for "The Broncho," his life would have been placed in jeopardy. She exerted a wonderful influence over these rough men, and there was not one in the company who would not have laid down his life for her. Reckless Jeff in particular was her devoted slave, and "The Broncho" was always in his company. She loved him and would sit for hours in his strong arms listening to the stories that fell from his lips, occasionally commenting in her old fashioned way. Never was a princess draped out more gorgeously with ribbons and fine dresses than Broncho Bertie. Once when she was sick, a man killed his horse riding for the post surgeon, and the men tip toed their way about camp lest "The Broncho" should be disturbed. Mad Milton taught her to read and spell, and the captain bought her the gentlest pony that could be had for money.

One day—no member of company E will ever forget it—Reckless Jeff and Mad Milton went to the post and came back to camp under the influence of liquor. We had just finished a shooting match when they rode in, and both men laughed at our marksmanship.

"See here, boys," cried Jeff, pulling out his six-shooter. "I'll show you what shooting is, Broncho!"

The little maiden stepped forward, and, whispering something in his ear, Jeff handed her an ordinary bottle cork. She ran to a tree about 20 paces distant and, facing us set the cork on top of her curly head and folded her arms. Jeff cocked his six shooter and slowly raised it.

"Don't Jeff!" we cried in chorus, for he levelled unsteadily.

Two men started forward to prevent the rash act, but they were too late. Jeff's eye ran along the barrel of his revolver, his finger pressed the trigger and, as the report rang out, Broncho Bertie threw up both her arms and staggered towards him.

"My God!" he cried, and ran toward her.

The blood was streaming from her head and she was reeling blindly, but when he caught her in his arms she smiled faintly and gasped:

"You—didn't—mean to—Jeff—good—"

Her curly head dropped and she was dead. He laid the body down and stood for a moment regarding the lovely form. Then starting suddenly, he lifted his still smoking six shooter to his temple, pulled the trigger, and his soul joined hers in the unknown.

Upward of 150,000 vessels and 600,000 men in Europe and America are engaged in the fishing industry, and the total annual product of fish is not far short of 1,500,000 tons. Few people realize the full meaning of these figures. A ton of fish is equal to about twenty-eight sheep, and hence a years fish supply for ten European countries, included in this estimate, the United States and Canada might be represented by 43,000,000 sheep. Of this amount the United Kingdom, Canada, Russia and the United States alone aggregate 1,000,000 tons, equivalent to 28,000,000 sheep.

The Art of Getting Vigorous

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 wildom invalids are to day building a foundation for years of vigorous health with this sound and thorough renovator of dilapidated physique and failing energy. Dyspepsia is eradicated by it, and the constitution fortified against disorders to which, if it were exposed, it must surely succomb—notably malarial fever. Rheumatism, inactivity of the kidneys and bladder, nervousness, and their various symptoms, disappear when it is used with persistency, not abandoned after a brief and irregular trial.

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Persons who suffer from Indigestion can arrest the progress of that painful malady by the use of an after-dinner pill, so composed that it will give tone to the stomach, prevent heartburn, rouse the liver to healthful action, invigorate the kidneys, and thus, through the activity of these organs, promote the natural movement of the stomach and bowels. AYER'S PILLS are so compounded that their action, though mild, effectually produces the above results. They also, in curing Constipation, remove the cause of Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Kidney Disease, Rheumatism, and many other serious ailments.

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As in the blood diseases lie;
Each artery, each vein, each curve in;
There's nothing makes ill humor fly,
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For old or young, for rich or poor,
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Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT LA GRANDE, OREGON, August 19, 1885.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before E. K. Barker, a Notary Public, at Centerville, Oregon, on October 3d, 1885, viz:

John M. Goodman,

D. S. No. 6442. For the southwest quarter of section 12, township 5 N., R. 33 east, W. M.

She names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of said land, viz:

John R. Vincent, A. B. McEwan, Ed Whiteman and Robert McEwan, all of Centerville, Or.

S. O. SWACKHAMER, Register.

28

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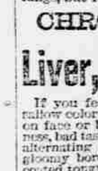

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ANTI-BILIOUS and CATHARTIC. Sold by Druggists. 25 cents a vial.

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