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WESTON LODGE, NO. 55, I. O. O. F. Meets every Thursday evening. Brothers in good standing respectfully invited to visit.
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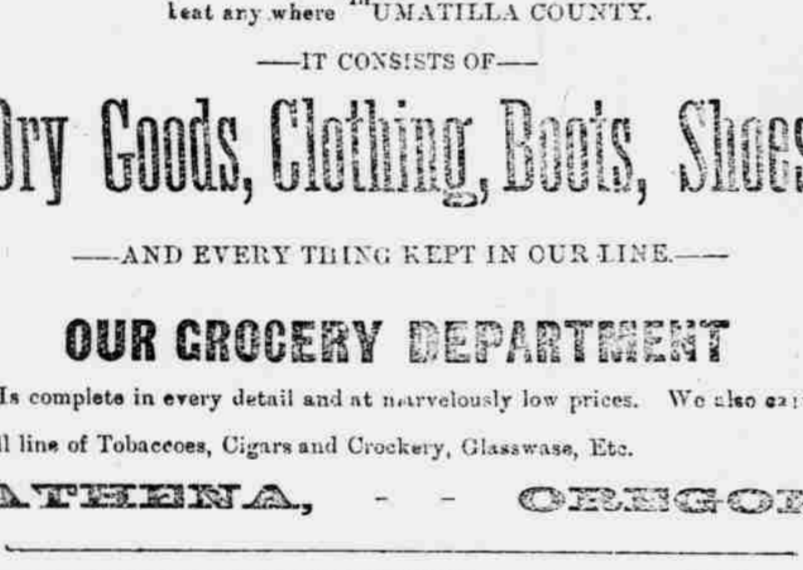
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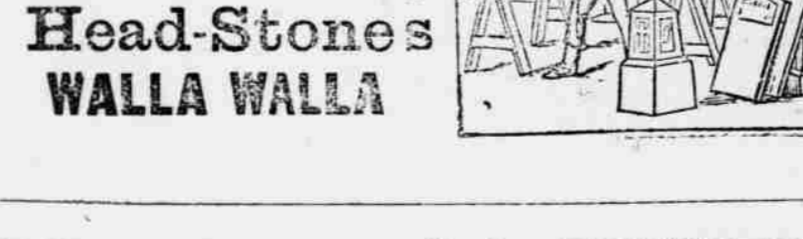
I KEEP ONLY THE
BEST OF BEEF,
MUTTON, PORK,
LARD, ETC.



MARBLE WORKS

NILES & VINCENT P. O'

Monuments! Head-Stones WALLA WALLA



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Glass, etc., etc.
WESTON, OR

A SUMMER OUTING IN THE CEUR D'ALENES.

BEING A TRUTHFUL ACCOENT Of the Hair Breadth Escapes, Wonderful Adventures and Great Hardships of Two Pros- pectors and Four Jackasses, IN NORTH-EASTERN WASH- INGTON AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.

During the summer of 1888. From a Diary
kept by George Eldredge, and Edited by
an old Correspondent of the Leader.

Everybody in the village that were
not otherwise engaged, which compris-
ed a majority of the citizens, collected
to watch the preparations for our de-
parture, and the town wits raised more
than one general laugh, in which I
joined, at our expense. Bill, however,
was unable to observe anything in con-
gruous in the appearance of either
ourselves or outfit, and worked stolidly
"winching" packs and cursing the deak-
ays in choice Spanish, regardless of the
crowd.

With a leal "Chingaro Mate" we
are off, Bill on foot, and I will remark
right here that he kept up this mode of
travel, during the whole summer,
as he was never on an animal back ex-
cept in an occasional instance when we
were crossing a ford. I may add, that
I too was obliged to "come off my perch,"
and fested it for more than a thou-
sand miles of the last portion of the
trip.

A description of the first week of
our travels will be unnecessary, as it
led through a portion of the country
familiar to those who are likely to read
this article.

I was disappointed in the appearance
of the much talked of Big Bend coun-
try, and felt pity for the poor people
who were endeavoring to establish
homes in this, to me, dreary waste.
Most of them however, did not appear
in the least discouraged at the prospect
before them, and were industriously
plowing, seeding, and making gard-
ens, upon their new, raw land pos-
sessions. A small shanty with lumber
roof sloping one way, and a barbed
wire corral was the principal improve-
ments upon most of these farms. A
wagon loaded with half filled, or empty
barrels, told in language more eloquent
than words, of the scarcity of that fluid
without which, even fertile land is
valueless, and although the eye could
scan a vast expanse of country, no
timber for fuel was visible. We were
informed that water was obtainable by
digging from forty to one hundred feet
into the earth, and that the fuel prob-
lem was solved by hauling from the
timber drifts along the Columbia riv-
er.

I have no doubt that time and per-
severing industry will overcome these,
and all other obstacles in the way of
the settlement of this evidently fertile
section, and that comfortable homes
will arise in time to replace the shan-
ties we saw, but the mention of the
Big Bend will always be inseparably
connected in my mind with severity of
water, miserably tired and worn out
settlers, and "Okavogua coal," as Bill
called the fuel that we were obliged to
collect and burn in order to fry our
bacon and boil our coffee.

I had seen the country
we were passing through,
extolled by the press and in immigra-
tion pamphlets, and although I had
had experience that should have made
me wiser, I half expected to see a ver-
itable paradise. But I presume, now
that it is almost wholly settled, it
would be no harm for me to express
my opinion regarding this, and some
other localities exceedingly like it, that
are being boomed in the interest of
some selfish little towns and big rail-
roads. I will only remark that if I
had a comfortable home in the eastern
states, a nice cosy home you know,
with great spreading beaches on each
side of the lane that led to the village
a mile or so away, and a big red barn
with a cupola on top of it, with a
weather-cock on the top of that, and a
delightful lot surrounding that barn,
filled with giant oaks and chestnut
trees, with a living spring issuing from
a desirable corner of said lawn like
pasture, and a pretty white cottage
peeping through the overgrowth just
across the lane, and, and several other
desirable things I could mention, I
would remain on my side of the rock-
ies, if I could raise fifty bushels of
wheat per acre on N. P. R. R. land
within a mile of Ritzville, Washington
N. B., this is copyrighted and in-

migration agents are strictly forbidden
its use for any purpose.
Poor old Jumbo had been lame from
a founder during the first ten days of
our journey, and finding that the usual,
and to my mind, inhuman method of
treating an animal thus afflicted, by
driving him, was only making him
worse, we concluded to stop at the
first suitable encampment and remain
until he recovered. Accordingly we
struck camp at a place called Rattle-
snake springs and finding the grass
good and "coal" abundant, we stretch-
ed our little tent, and made preparations
for a few days rest.

I am going to assume right here that
a majority of my readers have never
seen "a prospectin'" and that as a con-
sequence they will be interested in all
the small details of such an experience.
I will therefore proceed to describe
such matters as pertain to it, not neg-
lecting the first and most important,
our bill of fare and usual mode of pre-
paring it. I was cook, self constituted,
for I will not lay down the frying pan,
the principal cooking utensil of a pros-
pector, for any man living. Bill was
"Cargadara" or packer, also from choice
and he could unback the "train" of five
animals, while I was unloading my
saddle-horse. Thus we were pleased
with our self assigned duties, and dur-
ing our long journey never had a sing-
le "lower" which is an unusual expe-
rience under such circumstances.

Thus far our travels had led us
through a country almost devoid of
game. I had shot a few sage hens,
which were tough, and whose flesh were
strongly impregnated with the wild
sage they subsist upon, and now and
then I knocked over a jackrabbit,
more for target practice than anything
else, as their backs are full of worms
in the spring, and they are of course
unfit for food. As a consequence our
bill of fare was limited to flour, bacon,
dried fruit, coffee and the mountain
man's principal standby, beans.

Our cooking utensils consisted of a
frying pan, two sheet iron camp kettles
and a coffee pot. Our flour was self
rising, that is the material that caused
it to rise had been mixed with the
flour at the mill during the process of
grinding, and it only needed the ad-
dition of a sufficient amount of clear
water and the necessary amount of
kneading to make the most delicious
bread known to cookery, a verdict un-
animously rendered by all hungry
travelers from the Grand Duke Alexis
down. By the way, Bill told me a joke
upon himself regarding his first expe-
rience with self rising flour. He said
when he was a tenderfoot, which was
nearly a half century ago, he was farm-
ing in a small way in California, and
when he was ready to sow his wheat,
a waggish old miner sent him thirty
miles on a fools errand to procure "self
rising wheat" with which to seed his
ground. As I never heard him tell
what he intended me to receive as a
joke, nor saw him smile at one I re-
lated to him, I presume it was a real
experience of his.

Gathering a quantity of the fuel de-
scribed, we piled it up in a circular form
and set fire to it. After burning a
while the offensive odor escapes in the
smoke, and the pile is reduced to a
mass of bright coals, without lessening
the bulk of the original pile. My first
movement towards preparing a meal
is to set my pot of beans and another of
fruit on these coals. The kneading of
the bread is the next task and as that
is the only portion of the camper's culi-
nary art that requires any particular
degree of skill, I will inform my tender-
foot readers how to knead bread with-
out a flour pan. Take a pint of water
which will make sufficient bread for
two, if you are not too hungry, to
shake the flour solidly into the sack,
make an aperture in the top, taking
care to have the flour evenly divided
against the sack to keep the water
from touching it; put in a sufficient
amount of salt and stir until sufficient-
ly stiff to handle, make into this cakes
and cook. There is also an art in cook-
ing it but this is only acquired by long
practice.

At this desolate spot we spent five
days, occupying the time in caring for
old Jumbo's ailment, and lightening in
a rapid manner the loads of the ani-
mals, for our appetites had increased
ever since our departure from home.
In every journey that I have over-
taken there has always been some dark
particular spot, some day or occurrence
that is fixed in my memory as the
turn down page, as it were, of the trip.
Rattle-snake springs stands out heli-
ly in the records of memory as the most
desolate spot, the days spent there as
the most disagreeable, and the land-
scape as photographed upon my mind,
the most uninviting, in my summer's ex-
periences.

Forests of sage-bush extend as far
as the eye can reach upon every side
and sand lizards, rattlesnakes and coy-
otes are the only animal life to be met
with; if I except an occasional sage
hen that was flushed by our dogs as we
traveled along the sandy road.
The wind howled incessantly during
the whole period of our stay, a great
portion of the time accompanied by a
driving rain.
One day I took my gun and made
the circuit of a butte that reared its
scalp head a short distance from our
camp. (I make the unusual simile for
the reason that the top of such emin-
ences are called their heads, and this
one reminded me of a human head
afflicted with salt rheum.) I had hard-
ly reached a point out of sight of our
camp, when I observed a shabby coy-
ote sneaking up the side of the butte.
In pure wantonness, I raised my gun
to my shoulder and fired. I was grati-
fied by hearing his yelp of anguish, and
seeing his form quivering and bound-
ing in its death agonies. When I
arrived at the spot where
he had fallen the poor fellow was in
the last throes of death. Near where
he had received the cruel bullet lay a
dead squirrel with marks of his fangs
upon its body, and I knew that he had
been carrying that small morsel of food,
though starving himself, to his half
famished dame who was caring for her
pretty litter in her den among the
crevices of the rock up the mountain
side. As I looked upon his stiffening
body and considered my part in the
tragedy, I felt half a murderer, and
wholly ashamed of the act.

Man is the only creature that robs
another of the existence God has given
it, without reason or motive. Here
was I, standing over an inanimate
form, made so by my cruelty, in whose
death I was none the gainer. I was
reminded by my wantonness of these
seekers of wealth who, when their de-
sires are satisfied by enormous ac-
cumulations, murder happiness and de-
stroy souls because they have the
power, and it is their trade. Old
Hatch and Jay Gould have crushed to
earth thousands, with less compunc-
tion than I felt over the despised ani-
mal that lay dead at my feet.

But there, I dare say few where
trade and delight it is to hunt to death
the wild animals of the forest and
plain, could moralize thus over the
slaying of a prairie wolf, and I drop
the subject, feeling that I have made
some reparation for the deed.

Our patient began to show signs of
recovery and we gladly resumed our
journey, for we began to long for the
forest clad hills and their cooling
shades. The heat of the sun on these
plains even at this early season of the
year is intense; besides, we longed to
reach a locality where game was to be
found and where we might begin to
look for "prospects."

We had met a man from the Methow
valley, who informed us that a rich
silver ledge had been found in the val-
ley just previous to his departure, and
as the Methow river country lay in the
district we had marked out for explora-
tion, we hoped to lose no time in ar-
riving in that vicinity.
Not far from our late camp made
memorable by the incidents related,
we passed a lonely grave surrounded by
white pallings, upon a small butte near
the road. We were informed that it
marked the resting place of a poor fel-
low who had suicided near the spot
some years since. No doubt the act
had been superinduced by the depre-
ssing influences that all must experience
who traverse this dreary region. As
we passed the lonely spot, Bill smiled
grimly, remarking in his droll way
that he couldn't help feeling a little
inclined that way himself; after which,
we urged the tired "mules" to a livelier
gait, as if to increase the distance be-
tween ourselves and the uncanny
place.
We stretched our tent that evening
in a little valley or "coulee" as the
canyons are called. Rattlesnake cou-
lee, I think was the name of this val-
ley. The soil looked black and
rich, but was, I dare say, like most of
these valleys, subject to late and early
frosts. The grass, however, was luxu-
riant, and water plentiful; two bless-
ings our recent experience had taught
us to appreciate.
We were now hearing Ritzville, a

thriving little town laid out by and
named in honor of a former Walla
Walla gentleman, Hon. Phillip R. ...
Arriving here, we replenished our
stock of provisions and were preparing
to continue on our way, when upon
going for our horses, I found my lower
sick miscreant had again taken the
return trail for home. After searching
for them during the remainder of the
day, I returned, tired and dishearten-
ed, and was lying in the tent, bemou-
ring my ill luck, when I saw an elimi-
grant approaching with his wagon, and
hitched behind were my runaways.
The man had not them ten miles or
more on the road, and rightly judging
them to be runaways, had had the
kindness and good sense to bring them
with him. I thanked him heartily and
will not soon forget his generous act.

Again we "struck the road," and
again are we oppressed by the heat and
the extreme scarcity of water. The
bunch grass waves like a field of wheat
for miles in every direction, but the
absence of water makes it as useless
for the stockman's purpose as though
nothing but sage covered the broad
expanse. We passed an occasional new
ranch, but the little water obtainable
from their well was by them consider-
ed too precious to give to travelers, and
our animals suffered extremely from
thirst. The small fields of wheat that
had been sown the previous fall were
growing finely, but that mischief-
working little marmot, the speckled ground
squirrel, was making bad havoc with
its tender shoots. The ranchers were
scattering poison for these pests, and
every article likely to tempt their ap-
petites was impregnated with strychni-
ne. One old German—blasted by his
Dutch memory—had poisoned some
bacon skins and scattered them broad-
cast over his field and along the road.
My dog ate a portion of this poison
and was soon in the awful agony that
follows the swallowing of strychnine.

We sorrowfully watched him through
several of the horrid convulsions, and
sadly left him to his fate; not, however,
without first looking up the criminally
careless Tauton, and expressing our
most hearty disapproval of his mode of
poisoning squirrels. I hasten to relate
that the succeeding morning when I
went out to collect in our animals, I
found, to my astonishment that the
poor fellow had so far recovered as to
follow us and was lying down near
Billy, for whom he had formed a strong
attachment. He afterward fully re-
covered; but had it not been for the
severity of water and his consequent
inability to obtain it while under the
influence of the poison, his bones would
no doubt now be bleaching on that
miserable dutchman's farm, a sad re-
minder of his carelessness and stupid-
ity.

After a long drive of nearly twenty
miles, we were compelled to make a
dry camp. We had passed out of the
grassy, supposedly fertile region, and
were traversing another sand plain
covered by the tallest sage I have yet
seen. It towered on each side of the
road, high above my head when upon
my horse, and was large enough for
fuel, than which no better can be found
when, like this, of sufficient size for the
purpose. But as in many other in-
stances in this country, it was abun-
dant where least possible of utilization.

The distributing power that perfect-
ed arrangements in this locality was
evidently careless in his labors. We
have an abundance of grass placed out
of the reach of water, and wood is
plenty where neither of the former
requisites exist, and *ad infinitum*.
(To be continued.)

Kingdom Notes

In the ears, sometimes a roaring buzzing
sound are caused by catarrh, that ex-
ceedingly disagreeable and very com-
mon disease. Loss of smell or hearing
also result from catarrh. Hood's
Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier
is a peculiar successful remedy for
this disease, which it cures by purify-
ing the blood. If you suffer from
catarrh, try Hood's Sarsaparilla, the
peculiar medicine.

It does not pay to fool with the Arizona
journalist. The Tempe News had a de-
ligent advertiser. The editor man
took out the ad and replaced it by the
following: "This space was taken by
— He owes \$— for it, and won't
pay. Look out for him." The adver-
tiser got mad and obtained an injunc-
tion restraining the publication, but a
Judge dissolved the injunction.

Catarrh originates in scrofulous taint:
Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood,
and thus permanently cures catarrh.