CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

The editor, when he thinks of the many homes made happy by the sweet smiling faces of the little ones, in whose minds are the pent-up future greatness of our land, feels it his duty, and deems the task a pleasure, to devote a portion of his time and a column of space in the CHIEFTAIN to the benefit of you his young readers.

The cut at the head of this column represents children flocking to this column with their literary gems. The one with the stick is the editor, (not such a stick as he was wont to use in school, but the one that should have held the type he "pied" in setting this up the first time,) arranging the items in proper order.

In choosing what to write select such subjects as are of interest to your brothers sisters and playmates, write in a manner the same as you converse with one-another and you will be surprised as well as pleased to know that the Childrens Column will be more eagerly read than any other column. He will anxiously await and gladly welcome any and all contributions.

A stock raiser had two boys who could tell you all about how to take care of calves and colts, but who knew nothing about planting and caring for a garden. When they were of the ages of seven and nine respectively, he moved on a ranch in Utah and gave the boys a garden spot, close beside an irrigating ditch, and some onion sets, and told them to plant and water them well and they could sell onions enoug to buy a calf. In about ten days he passed by their garden; it was dry and the onions looked sickly. Calling to the older boy he inquired why they had so neglected their garden, was surprised by the innocent reply of, "Why, father we have taken those onions to water every day."

A city child of four summers, while spending a few weeks with her grandmother in the country, was out one day with other children gathering strawberries, when suddenly she exclaimed, "Oh, see that little dogs tail!" They were all too busily eating the nice berries to pay attention to so common a thing until the child repeated, "See, there goes that little dogs tail again!" then one of the older children looked and saw what attracted the childs' attention, was a viper snake gliding close by the childs' feet.

BEPPO.

"Beppo was a donkey, or a *burro*, as the Mexicans called him. He lived in Colorado. He was little, and furry, and mouse-colored. He had great, sad eyes with long, dark lashes. When I first knew him he had no home. He wandered idly about the village. He was beaten and ridden by the school-boys, and lived on whatever he could find.

One day, when it was very cold, he came and stood by the fence, looking wistfully in. His big sad, eyes were sadder than ever, and his long ears hung meekly down beside his head.

"Are you hungry, old fellow?" I asked, as I opened the gate. He gave me a look of assent, and I soon had the pleasure of seeing him eat a hearty meal.

After that he came every day. He was very grateful for his food, and would rub his head against my head as if to thank me. He soon grew very plump. Whenever I took a stroll he would walk along beside me. If he saw a boy he would come close to me indeed.

One morning I heard some merry voices near my window. I looked out and saw Beppo walking slowly by, with four laughing, rosy-cheeked little girls on his back. Perhaps you will smile when I tell you they were not riding lady-fashion, either.

"Where are you going, Susie, Ethel, Mabel and Maud?" I cried.

"We are going a-riding," three of the little ones answered in chorus. "A-widing," echoed little Maud, who sat upon the tail.

Alas! Beppo heard my voice, and not one step farther would he go. I gave Susie a large, yellow carrot; she held this on a stick in front of his nose, and then he moved on.

When I left Colorado, Beppo came to the depot to see me off. I am almost sure I saw tears in his big sad eyes as I bade him good-bye.

Women's Column.

Thoughts For Thinkers.

It is such an overpowering thought to some, that were women allowed the right to vote, she might aspire to the Presidency. Why this should be so is a mystery. Queen Victoria reigns more successfully than did many of the Kings of England. Queen Elizabeth, or "Good Queen Bess," will never be forgotten; While we all know that much of Napoleon's success was due to the wise admonitions of Josephine. Not very far away, when the railroad was nearing completion on the other side of the Blue mountains, an incident took place, proving conclusively that sometimes a woman may be victorious when men fail: A tall, broad-shouldered Missourian and his little wife, coming to Oregon in "early days," had settled upon and cultivated quite a sizable farm; in fact "made the wilderness to bloom as the rose." The balmy fragrance of apple-blossoms filled the air, and all nature seemed at peace, when an order came from the superintendent of the road to grade right through Mr. W.'s place. The cavalcade of drays and workmen soon arrived, notwithstanding a remonstrance from Mr. W. Down came the fences, and the trees would soon have followed, had not Mrs. W., (who we said before was a small woman,) after pleading with her husband to make one more attempt to save their home from ruin, went out, and calmly and deliberately ordered the workmen to desist. Wonderingly they obeyed, and she told them she must see their superintendent before the work could proceed. Mounting a hand car they soon returned with that personage. Bowing supercilliously he asked her desire. "Sir," said she, have you a mother whose gray hairs are sheltered by the roof she helped to earn in her younger days? If she were about to have that home demolished what do you think you would feel like doing to the wretch who would institute such an infamous design? You do not know? Well, sir," and here she unconsciously moved a step nearer, and in her excitement dropped her clenched hand in the folds of her dress, "I would feel like shooting him," she vociferated. Starting back affrighted, the superintendent begged not to be shot, and said to give him time and he "would see about it." And the place remains untouched; although as Mrs. W. says, there was not a dangerous weapon or fire-arm on the place.

Our opponents think they have clinched the argument when they ask who will keep house in our absence. Why not let the whole nation take a holiday? True "womans' work is never ended," but a little recreation once in a while does no one harm. Women and children are ever regarded as safeguards against sin. Think you that officious office-seekers, with a suspicious bottle lurking in close proximity to his false and cruel heart, would have baleful influence over the man whose hand is clutched by baby fingers? Fingers that will one day cast a vote perhaps? No. The thought is strength to the vacillating father as he thinks what his little four or six-year-old is destined to become. Some one says, in speaking of a fervent speaker, an enthusiastic worker in the cause, "she talks as if she were angry at being born a woman." No doubt many a weary mother, too tired with life's battle to struggle longer, thinks bitterly of her own life; and as the waves of adversity close over her and she gladly welcomes death, she wishes her girls all boys. That is as the world is *now*; as it should be, woman's would not be the greater burden, her ills the most, her trials hard to bear. The next cry is that we are so envious of each other that equal suffrage would not do. We will probably not show our selfish natures any more than men do in seeking office, to judge from some of the speeches made and some of the would-be duels. The next cry is that we are unjust to our erring sisters. Who is first in our hospital wards, where all classes mingle? Women. Who first in temperance organizotions? Women. Who in church and charitable missions? Women. And it is unjust not to allow her at least an equal share in the affairs of our Nation. We may be defeated next June; but it is only a matter of time when all will acknowledge the equal rights of women. The Indian makes of woman a beast of burden—Savage stafe. The Chinese elevate her slightly, and make of her a doll, a toy; but will not admit she has a soul—Half-civilized state. It remains for our great and glorious Nation to admit that we have a soul and mind equal to man's own. The nobler portion have already done so, and the fragmentary remnant now holding back will eventually do so. The more enlightened a nation becomes they are in their views—but more anon.

A. W. C.

Joseph, Or., May 10, 1884.

COMMUNICATED.

Union, Oregon, May 1, 1884.

TO THE VOTERS AND CITIZENS OF WALLOWA VALLEY. *Gentlemen:*—I take this method of contradicting a false snd unfounded report that has been largely circulated throughout your valley, to the effect that "If elected to the State Senate I would favor the passage of a bill to create a new county by cutting off Wallowa Valley, whether the people of your valley should favor such a division or not." I do not think such a division of our county at this time or in the near future, would be proper, expedient, or for best interests of Wallowa Valley or Union County at large. It is my opinion that the Wallowa Valley and its natural tributaries; with its vast, but only partially developed agricultural, stock raising and mineral resources, will, at some time in the future, necessitate a division of our county, so as to give you a county of your own; but in my mind the time has not yet come when such a measure is necessary, or by any means expedient. I would therefore opposed such a division, unless petitioned for by a very large majority of the voters and tak-payers of that portion of the county seeking to be set off into a new county. As in my opinion the people of that section are the proper judges as to when such a measure should become necessary. And in all legislation tending in that direction, their voice and wishes would be with me of paramount moment in determining my action in the premises.

This report is one of a number of Republican falsehoods, gotten up and manufactured for the sole purpose of trying to create sectional strife in order to catch a few Democratic votes for a Republican candidate for State Senator, who, if elected, might enhance the chances of another monopolist, such as Senator Dolph or George. Don't allow yourselves or your neighbors to be mislead, by any such tactics, into casting a vote for a Republican who will seek to gain a seat in the next Senate by taking advantage of such falsehoods.

I authorize one and all to denounce all such reports as absolute falsehoods, made up and circulated for campaign purposes, and without any foundation. Very Respectfully, your most obedient servant,

L. B. RINEHART.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ALDER.

Alder, Oregon, May 5, 1884.

The acreage of wheat sown this season is at least double that of any previous year.

Prof. Nevius commences his third school at this place to-day. We boast of having the best district school in the county.

John Stanley, (the gentleman who is to be one of our next county commissioners,) was at Alder on the night of the 3d inst., attending the lodge of A. F. & A. M.

A liberal reward will be paid by the would-be fruit growers of this vicinity for the scalps of any parties selling "Russian apple and mulberry tress." (This is no joke.)

An enterprising, energetic gentleman, by the name of Parish, from Western Oregon, will build the new mill near Alder, which will be in running order in time to receive the present crop.

Fruit trees from the Cove nursery, owned and managed by Messrs. Doney & Rouse, give universal satisfaction: and so we say patronize home institutions if you want to get your money's worth.

The family of Rev. Reynolds leaves Alder this week for Indian valley. We are sorry to lose this estimable family from our midst. But we shall console ourselves with the thought that our loss will only be the gain of Indian valley.

The Sabbath school at this place has been constantly kept up for more than four years, and at this time has an attendance of about 90 scholars. Wm. P. Samms has been superintendent the greater part of the time. Can any place in the county make a better showing on the Sunday school question?

The report that R. W. Bloom was "a little off" in his mind, has been fully accounted for when we learned that it was a boy. Bloom says that he now holds two pairs, "Jacks and Queens," and wants to chip iron poker. Bill Weaver proposes to raise him on four "Queens" and Esp. Veasy wants to know what a "strait" will beat. We can't tell the 'Squire, but advise him to chip in and see.

ALDERITE.

PRAIRIE CREEK.

Prairie Crack, Oregon, May 6, 1884.

R. M. Downey is busily engaged at his old occupation of buying cattle.

Spring is here, and as usual it is accompanied by occasional refreshing showers.

Mrs. Ella Pierce is very sick. Dr. Gaily was called upon, but nothing has been heard since.

Albert Ray, who has been at work in Roup's saw-mill, has quit with the intention of leaving the valley.

Farmers are all engaged in sowing the seed and if the coming season is good they look for an abundant harvest.

School begins in this district on the 12th inst., under the care of Mr. Altman. He is an old experienced teacher, and all predict that the school will be a success.

Mrs. Effie Warden, wife of David Warden, died on Thursday, May 1st. She leaves a husband and seven children, besides many friends to mourn her loss.

LOSTINE.

Lostine, Oregon, May 8, 1884.

The long talked of grist mill is progressing slowly.

Farmers are well through with seeding and crops are looking remarkably well.

Republican primary was held on the 3d inst. Messrs. Tulley and Hunter were elected delegates to the County Convention and instructed to support J. W. Norville for State Senator.

Lively times at our little burg on the 3d and 4th inst—religious discussion between Elders Picket and Colcord on the Sabbath question. Now the question is, is Saturday Sabbath? Does the Sabbath come on the first day of the week, or do the two taken together constitute St. Patrick's day in the morning? It is the candid opinion of ye scribler that these religious discussions are unprofitable.

Quite a number of immigrants have already arrived, and report more on the road. That's all except our salutation: ALL HAIL THE WALLOWA CHIEFTAIN.

SKOOKUM.

PARTICLES.

Wallowa affords the best butter in the country.

Some of the dudest dudes west of the Cascades live in Salem.

After this issue the local columns will be found on fourth page.

Mr. A. C. King, of Alder, made this office a business call one day last week.

Rich's tin-shop, Union, is the place to get your stoves and tinware cheap.

The editor is the "boss" typo. He is in the habit occasionally of "setting a case on fire."

WANAED.—An agent for Blaine's "Twenty Years in Congress." Apply to this office for prospectus.

We were favored on Thursday with a pleasant call from Mrs. Clara Dean and Miss Newby. Call again ladies.

The voters of Wallowa would be pleased to hear the open expression of Mr. Stanley on the toll road question.

The flouring mill of this place, owned by Messrs. McCully & Briggs, is turning out some excellent flour.

Improvements are still going on in Joseph. Several new business and dwelling houses are nearing completion.

Mr. A. C. King, the gentlemanly merchant of Alder, advertises in this issue. Remember him when at that place.

We understand the Democratic nominees entertained the people of Lestine on Wednesday evening with campaign speeches.

Read the column ad. of F. D. & J. D. McCully. They are enterprising gentlemen, and fully appreciate the value of printer's ink.

Correspondents of the CHIEFTAIN will please give date on which they write. All communications should reach the office by Sunday evenings.

We are indebted to John McCall for a string of fine mountain trout. Many thanks for the first donation to the CHIEFTAIN office. Who next?

Mr. Hamilton is building a hennery close to our office. We fear he does not realize the danger of some of the inmates losing themselves We like chickens.

Mr. Vigneron, of Alder, drove a fine span of roan Percheon stallions in town on Thursday, weighing 1600 and 1700 pounds respectively, and are almost perfect mates. Wallowa has some of the finest horses in the State.

Read the ad. of Messrs. Phelps & Harris in this issue. Call at the new plaining mill and examine their work before purchasing.

Messrs. F. D. McCully and A. W. Gowan are in attendance at the Republican County Convention at Union. May they receive nominations for fat offices.

Read the business cards on first page. All those gentlemen whose names are there found, are men of honesty and fair dealings, and are a credit to the profession or occupation which they pursue.

List of letters remaining uncalled for in the Joseph, Oregon, post office for the month ending April 30, 1884, to-wit:

Carino, Frank. Nith, George.

In calling for the above please say "Advertised."

A. W. GOWAN, P. M.

ATTENTION VETERANS.—A meeting will be held at Joseph, in the future, for the purpose of taking some action relative to an organization of a Post of the G. A. R. Let there be a general mustering from far and near.

The CHIEFTAIN office has a novel press in the shape of an "Army," having a velocity of over 300 copies per hour, and when ye foreman gets better acquainted with the *modus operandi* we will make some improvement on the paper's appearance.

The stage team, bound for Wallowa bridge, knowing on Thursday morning that Messrs. Gowan and McCully, the delegates from Joseph to the County Convention, were anxious for an early start and a speedy trip, aroused themselves for the emergency, resulting in a broken tongue and a late start.

Rev. W. F. Carson, who is taking an extended tour through the Pacific Slope, left Joseph on the 3d instant. He is satisfied that most anywhere in Eastern Oregon is preferable for any kind or business to Iowa. It it quite possible that after rambling till he is satisfied, he will make his home somewhere in the Wallowa.

SCHOOL REPORT.

For one-third of term, commencing April 7, 1884:

NAMES.	LESSONS,	DEPORTMENT.
Burnett, Pearla,	60%,	100%
Branum, Mary	40	95
Branscom, Henry	45	90
Creighton, Mollie	78	100
" Jessie	69¾	"
" Mabel	60	"
Cole, Sarah	44⅓	"
Dean, Thaddeus	76	"
" Albert	60	"
" Luella	60	"
" Myra	60	"
Ellis, Julia	65	"
" Willie	55	"
Fleener, Eddie	45	90
Gowan, Cora	69¼	100
" Winfield	60	"
Howard, Lila	45	"
Hamilton, Nat	50	"
Mitchell, Fred	45	"
" Herman	40	"
" Annie	40	"
Stanley, Mira	70	"
" Charles	80	"
Wright, Arzana	50	"
" Phebe	55⅓	"
" Tasa	40	"

Those under eight omitted.

Try and do better next time—ED.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

PHELPS & HARRIS,

SASH DOORS

CONTRACTORS and BUILDERS.

JOSEPH, - - - - OREGON.

A. C. KING,

ALDER, - - - OREGON.

DEALER IN

Dry Goods,

Groceries,

Hardware,

AND

Agricultural Implements.

DRUGS.

☞ A Full Line Always on Hand.

F. D. & J. D. McCULLY,

JOSEPH, - - OREGON.

Dealers In

Dry Goods,

CLOTHING, BOOTS and SHOES,

GENTS FURNISHING GOODS,

Groceries,

TOBACCO & CIGARS.

Wagons,

Plows,

Mowers,

Reapers,

AND ALL KINDS OF

Harvesting Machinery.

Drugs and Chemicals.

☞ Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

Call Special Attention to their new line of MENS', WOMENS', and MISSES' Summer Hats.

NO. 1 ISLAND SUGAR

—AT—

13 cts. per lb.

BY THE KEG, or

7 LBS FOR $1.00.

All Goods

Purchased of us delivered free of Charge.

Goods Sold

At the same price when ordered as if purchased in person.