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"IS THERE A FUTURE LIFE?"

A PHILOSOPHIC REVERIE ON THE SUBJECT OF IMMORTALITY.

Catullus' elegy on the death of his brother: "Ave et Vale" (Farewell and forever).

Christian epiphany: "Resurgam" (I shall rise again) if "Ave vale," "Farewell and forever."

In that ultimate of hours from which nothing can save,

Be the ultimate voice of Love's buffed endeavor

From the portals of life to the gates of the grave,

Yet Truth we must seek, though it point to the Darkness,

Where nothing is ours of the glad days gone by,

Leave solace unproved for that Truth is its starkness!

Yet, pause we, ere reason makes final reply,

Yes, pause we! If Forces we know are persistent,

If Attraction, Heat, Motion, survive in their place;

If the sum of each force be the same through the distant

Wild walks of the world through all Time and all Space,

Can the highest of Forces, the Thought-Force, the Vital,

When evolved to the utmost, pass placeless away?

Can the wrong done on earth have no merit of requital?

Shall the man be but waste on his funeral day?

But waste! What because of the brave, the true-hearted,

For the lost Cause, the true Cause, who perished in vain?

Has the might of the martyrs and heroes departed, The Faith, death-defiant, and passed with the pain?

We know not! The Silence is dead to our question! At no final answer can Reason arrive: Nor, in absence of proof, need reject the suggestion

That Somewhere each force of the soul may survive

That Somewhere, though Where our poor wisdom can show not,

Those energies work that were noble and pure; That the aims that were highest their purpose forego not,

That the love-chain, death-broken on earth, shall endure!

That when closed on the field of defeated endeavor? The earth-anists are wiped from the generous eyes;

That the just cause, earth-thwarted, has failed not forever,

That the high test of Wisdom still higher shall rise,

Have they changed? Have the little ones bloomed to maturity?

Have the old, whom we loved, in new youth found array?

What heart does not crave for some final assurance,

Some balm for the worst wound we meet in life's way?

We know not! The wings of our spirit fall broken And bruised from the bars of our cage when they soar;

And the last word of Reason and Hope have been spoken

In the whisper that bids us Endure and Adore. Though unproved, we avow in our heart we believe it;

Faith lives, though we own the old fallacies laid, Through not as the school-men we see and receive

And when some Sophistries cannot admit

Though adults in manhood, we dare their denial, Still baying through night till the darkness be done,

That some life shall crown and requite the earth trial,

Through the rumor of our faith be unknown but to One.

(—Dr. Mulvaney, M. D.)

LEADER HINTS.

A Little of Everything.

Those who write correct and elegant English confine themselves to English words.

A violation of this is significantly called a barbarian.

The compounder of this Hash can read neither French nor Latin.

There are a great many other people who are equally "unrefined" and "unaccomplished,"

and who know equally well how annoying it is to be interested in an article, the pith and point of which is lost in "die jauch' hign cultus scribendi entente,"

or some other equally unintelligible word-phrase or sentence.

It is to be evident that some writers would rather be considered learned than have their writings understood by the majority of English readers.

There was a fierce fight among a number of patriotic aspirants in Walla Walla over a paltry deputy collectorship.

"Col." Parker of the Statesman was one of the hungry candidates, and worked for the place with all his infatuated energy.

But, remember, he did not want the position. He said so repeatedly; and, surely, a "Col." is an honorable office, and he did not get the position in keeping some other unworthy person from securing it.

To those who have known the gallant and modest "Col." for years, it is necessary to state that ever since Cleveland's election the "Col." has been a "simon pure" Democrat.

Having been defeated in his frantic endeavor to obtain an office, which he did not want, he is now lashing himself into an agonizing fury about certain officers and aid, through the distorted medium of his imbecile anger, he actually fancies that he is hurting some one else, and so sure is he that he does not realize the fact that the idea of "Col." Parker's posing as a civil service reformer must be extremely ridiculous to every intelligent man who knows him.

But the poor "Col." is so wrapped up in his imaginary importance and ignorant conceit that he is gloriously unconscious of being the laughing stock of the country. He reminds one of "Emperor" Norton of San Francisco. But the "Emperor" was offensive and quite sensible on some points.

Belief in miracles must be practically accepted by any who protest their incredulity. I know some people, parents, who fully expect that their children will grow up to be respectable, moral, law-abiding men and women, and they exercise no good control over their children, who may be seen prying into Chinese opium dens, lounging round lively stables, hanging about saloons and gambling houses, listening to all man-

ner of improper language and absorbing

all manner of immoral ideas. Can anything less than a miracle make good men and women out of such children with such training?

It may be true that "it takes all kind of men to make a world," but the same cannot be truly said of building up a town. There are some men who are of no use, earthly or otherwise, in building up a town. They are a detriment, as far as such small men can be. Take the conceited ignoramus who yesterday was in great exultation, boring his neighbors with his absurd notions of the town's future greatness, and who to-day in the silliest dependency is regaling every stranger with the most woful tales of the town's present condition and the direst predictions of its future. He should by ordinance be declared a public nuisance. Take the sour-souled individual who is a set failure financially, socially and every other way, who has just sense enough to be dissatisfied with everybody, his little self included, who is insane enough to think he is of sufficient force and importance to have "everybody down on him," who is never satisfied with what anybody else does, who curses the town because of his own inability to get along well, and who stoops to the lowest resorts in his futile efforts to "get even with the blank place." It requires no ordinance to suppress him. He is always down—low down. Then there is the man who attempts to do business on the spider principle. He spreads his net in some dark corner, that is, avoids publicity by not advertising, waits for the unwary, unsuspecting fish, that is, people who never read newspapers, and when they stumble into his den seeks the life blood out of them by exorbitant charges. Sometimes, though not often, through peculiar force of circumstances, one of these spiders becomes bloated with ill-gotten gains; but being devoid of local pride, or energy he simply hoards his wealth and spends his time in abusing his victims and cheating the taxgatherer. The hungry spiders, and small as they are they are always hungry, talk of dull times, abuse the place, and are chronic growlers. These are a few samples of men who do not help to build up a town. The last mentioned are the ones who do most to retard its progress. They are cumberers of the ground. The others are too insignificant to be obstructionists, even when that is their aim. But in the march of progress the spiders get brushed aside and are forced to get farther back.

A GEE, THROUGH THE OCCIDENT.

SEATTLE, W. T., Aug. 9, 1885.

To the editor of the Leader:

I left Weston August 2d to get a little nearer sandvica, actuated by my Puritanic blood which, since the days of Miles Standish, has been flowing westward like the "Star of Empire," and now I am near enough to see old Sol, as he sinks into the Pacific, make his mark on the bosom of Puget Sound.

By private conveyance we reach Milton Saturday evening, and as we slowly move over the dusty road I spread my eyes on the prosperous scene I present to me, on the Umatilla plains, one continuous wheat field extending as far as the eye can reach in every direction, telling me plainly that I am about to leave a good country, one in which the people ought to be happy tilling the soil and worshipping God. Spend Sunday, Monday and Tuesday in Milton, visiting old friends, and Wednesday take the train, arriving at Walla Walla, from whence at 9 p. m. we leave on the Portland train. I get myself comfortably arranged for a good sleep when the train stops and the conductor yells: "Walla Walla Junction! Change cars for Umatilla, Portland and all points on the Oregon Short Line!" Now comes the rush of passengers, both old and young, tall and short, lean and corpulent, all rushing to get the best seat, like so many school boys on the "first day." After considerable enquiring of brakeman, newsboy, Pullman porter, etc., all succeed in getting on the right train, although one old lady after finding a seat seems to doubt, and asks "if this car goes to Allak." When assured that it does she does not believe it, for it is headed the wrong way, (this reminded me of B. F. Taylor's "World on Wheels") and when we began to move backwards she was very much excited, and it took four passengers, more or less, the Pullman porter and several other dignitaries to quiet her.

Now we begin to move down the Columbia, and as it is dark I again take myself to sleep, and as I get one asleep the steam whistle gives a screech, the train ceases to move and the brakeman announces "Umatilla Junction! Change cars for Huntington and all points on Short Line!" Nothing further happens to break the monotony of car riding until daybreak. Just as the sun appears above the eastern hills we reach Grant's, and now we are to have the beautiful scenery of Bryan's Oregon, the Hudson of the West. Pass Celilo, on to The Dalles, nothing but volcanic rock to be seen, through which the mighty river has cut its way. Stop at The Dalles but a few minutes. This place seems dull. A doleful sound comes to our ears from the vocal organs of some hotel man, telling somebody or everybody to "Go to the Columbia House."

Again we move onward, and now the scene changes as we move along down the beautiful river in grand curves that reminds the mathematician of spirals, parabolas, etc. On one side the Columbia moving onward to its haven of rest, the Pacific; on the other, the gigantic

Cascade hills, whose frowning rocks

suspended over our heads like "Damo-cles' sword, seem to threaten us with destruction.

The train has reached Bonneville, named in honor of the explorer. Here the company has established an eating house, at which travellers have the privilege of eating for the space of thirty minutes, including time to leave and board the train. For this privilege they pay the small sum of 75 cents and lay the foundation for a first-class case of dyspepsia.

Breakfast done, on to Portland we go, arriving at 10 o'clock a. m.; are transferred across the Willamette on the "Chief," and at 12 o'clock start on the N. P. line for Tacoma. Reach Kalama, cross the Columbia and plunge into the great forest of Western Washington.

There is an excursion party aboard, bound for Alaska. This consists of 50 old men from Illinois, a young man, 01 so very young, with spectacles, from Dakota (that is, the train, and perhaps the spectacles), a mid-die-aged man from the Willamette valley, and two ladies—one old one and a young one—from New York. This constitutes the sum total of the Alaskan party.

The old man is a very wise man, at least he thinks so, and I am inclined to believe he knows some things—he knows how to brag—ill Illinoisans do. He was very anxious to know if there were any other passengers on the train belonging to the Alaskan excursion, and when it was suggested by the Willamette man that the old man canvass the train, he objected for two reasons—one was that he was a Democrat and it might seem too officious in him to do so, so that party was now in power; the other reason he did not tell us.

At 6:20 we stop at Tacoma. The brakeman announces, "Pacific Avenue! Tacoma passengers leave cars! Sound passenger keep your seats!" As I considered myself a Sound passenger—sound in body, sound in mind, sound in politics, etc.—I kept my seat. In a few minutes we reach the wharf and take the steamer for Seattle. As we move down the bay we have a fine view of Tacoma. The most conspicuous object is the Tacoma House—that temple of extravagance, the white elephant of the Northern Pacific. It reminds one of some old castle on the Rhine. In full view is the Anna Wright Seminary, a beautiful building situated on the high bluff between 3rd and New Tacoma. At the old town are several vessels loading with lumber. Two large ships are loading with coal at the "Lumbermen's" and coal—the chief industries of Puget Sound. Puget Sound is the most beautiful sheet of water that I have ever seen. Tonight its surface is as smooth as glass, and the land on either side is covered with a luxuriant growth of evergreens, thus forming one of nature's grandest sights.

Arrived at Seattle at 10 p. m., very tired and sleepy, but well pleased with what I have seen.

PRETENCOR.

(Communicated.)

Beware of debt. No work is so hard, no work is so discouraging as working to pay debts. Nothing is so easily contracted, it really seems to be infectious; we reason this; if one man goes in debt for such and such things, why may not I. He paid for them why may not I. But sometimes debts are contracted that are not as easily paid for as we imagined they would be; time changes things, "circumstances alters cases" and misfortunes come unexpected and our debts cannot be paid, consequently it involves the parties concerned in a great deal of trouble; perhaps a law suit and if ever there was an expensive luxury in this world (if I may term it so) it is the luxury of lawing. Debt is mostly due to one's own foolishness of trying to live like their rich neighbors. If you would always have are and trouble just try to live in style on other people's money and you'll be sure to get enough of it. People that are always in debt are always in trouble; it is hard to follow and I have heard: "a pig on credit always grunts." Better own ever so little of this world's goods, than ever so much and owe for them. Better go to church in a calico dress and slippers, than a silk gown and the finest French kid shoes than owe for them. Better live on a bare floor all the days of your life than tread on brussels carpet that is not paid for. If we are out of debt we are out of danger. Steer clear of debt, don't get tangled in its meshes of interest, compound interest, and that compounded until it becomes a part of the principle and you can't understand when you stand. Pay as you go, so you'll never owe. Strictly obey the divine injunction "Owe no man anything." ALICE KIRKPATRICK.

In an examination destined to test the general knowledge of young ladies about to enter the ranks of professional student-life, a series of questions was put as tests of the reading of the candidates. The following were some of the replies obtained from the aspiring youths. "What was the Star Chamber?" Answer: "An astronomer's room!" "What was meant by the 'Year of Jubilee'?" Answer: "Leap-year." "What was the 'Bronze Age'?" Answer: "When the new pennies became current coin of the realm!" "What are the 'Letters of Junius'?" Answer: "Letters written in the month of June." "What is the 'Age of Reason'?" Answer: "The time that has elapsed since the person of that name was born."

A man is known by the company he keeps out of.

Mooncymooning on the Train and in the Tunnels.

A newly-married couple were en route to Washington by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. There are many tunnels on this road on the other side of the Ohio river. All through Ohio, the face of the young man showed looks of pain, despite his great joy. He seemed to want something. Apparently he yearned.

Over in West Virginia the train entered a tunnel. Upon emerging into the light, the young man's face was seen to wear a stolid expression. He was thinking. At first he seemed perplexed, then interested, then triumphant. He had had a revelation. Then he smiled with a firm, manly, continuous smile and his eyes peered ahead for the first sign of a yawning cavern in the mountain side.

The bride was happy and demure. Which—shadow—rumble—darkness! The veil is drawn. It is another tunnel. Light again, and the young man looks happier than ever. The bride's cheek displays a gentle blush—a modest, experienced blush, discoverable only to the initiated and cautious. No perplexity, no anxiety now. The revelation has been tested and found a success. There are many triumphs, but not enough. If the whole line were a tunnel, the bride and groom would not care how slow the train proceeded.

The man who has not lived to bless the builder of tunnels, does not know what happiness is. He is but little above the brute which never troubled the Creator for passing clouds over the moon on prayer-meeting night.

But our bridegroom was not one of these parties. He appreciated all the blessings which man and nature had bestowed upon him. He did not miss a tunnel.

But all things must have an end. Daylight always comes to the newly-married. Strawberries and cream must be paid for at the cashier's desk. Within the blissful cucumber hides a microscope. Our young husband goes for a drink of water. While on this errand his eager eye catches the signs of another tunnel.

Of course he fears his bride will be sore afraid if left in the darkness, and he hastens to her side. Quick move his feet, he fosters her side. The darkness gathers while he is yet half a dozen seats away. But the brave man does not falter. He gropes along, he reaches the seat (or thinks he does), and slides into it. Deep are the shadows, and loud hums the train.

A soft, languid vigorous—a sound of scuffling—a thump or two—and a bright light of a May day breaks upon the scene. The young husband frantically endeavor to disentangle himself from the grasp of an angry colored woman sitting in the seat behind his bride. He at length succeeds, and retires sullenly to his seat, wiping his mouth, and occasionally spitting upon the floor, as if he had bitten through a worm in a fig. The tunnels come and go, but their shadows are scarcely deeper than those upon the face of the young honeymoon.

There are eight national banks in Oregon having combined capital of \$710,000 and an outstanding circulation amounting to \$406,140. The surplus fund amounts to \$6,789