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THE OREGON SCOUT.

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DOCTORS AND DOCTORING.

A Few Words of Advice to People Who Are Inclined to Medication.

Do we believe in doctors? Whether we do or not, we generally send for them when we are ill. Still, if I were asked my opinion, I should say the profession is largely overcrowded. Physic is hugely overdone. Half the complaints people—especially idle people—suffer from are imaginary. I do not deny that men and women get ill, and occasionally die, but I hold that in a vast number of cases, a doctor is unnecessary at first, and quite helpless at last—that is, so far as his physic is concerned, and I have pretty good authority for what I say.

Sir William Jenner has the courage to declare that "the science of medicine is a barbarous jargon—every dose of medicine is a blind experiment!" When the great Majendie assumed the Professor's Chair of Medicine at the College of France, he thus addressed the astonished students: "Gentlemen, medicine is a humbug. Who knows anything about medicine? I tell you frankly, I don't. Nature does a good deal; doctors do very little—when they don't do harm." Majendie went on to tell the following pungent little professional tale out of school:

"When I was head physician at the Hotel Dieu I divided the patients into three sections. To one I gave the regulation way; to another I gave bread, milk and colored water and to the third section I gave nothing at all. Well, gentlemen, every one in the third section got well. Nature invariably came to the rescue."

Now, of course, we must allow something for the obtrusive candor of professional confession—which is always apt to overleap the mark and give the opponent a few more points than he asks for, really for the sake of placing him at a disadvantage. Still there is truth in the candid jest, if just it be; and the truth is this: The doctor is often superfluous, sometimes mischievous, and occasionally fatal. Physicking, as Sir Wm. Jenner (quoted by Dr. Ridge) admits, is largely a speculative operation. The ingenious "dossist," as Artemus Ward would say, has theories about what is the matter with you; he physicks according to his theory, and then physicks to correct his theory. This he calls "changing the treatment." Wrong again! Try back; alter diet; then physick away at the new diet. Wrong again! Patient gets worse. Perhaps it is change of air, not change of food he wants—brighten his sense him out of town. Off he goes into the country; forgets to take his physic; feels better; gets well; doctor looks bland, nods his head and says: "Told you so; change of air—that's what you wanted." What he really wanted was to be left alone. Leave off worrying Nature—that is what is required; not in all cases, but in a good many, and that is probably what Majendie and Jenner and all the wise doctors think. They aim at diet and discipline—they assist, they do not try to force, Nature's hand—and they every now and then admit this in a burst of confidence.

There is another dubious side of the question. Doctors often say to you, "Be sure you come to me at once. I can arrest disease at an early stage; but delay—hesitate! hesitate!—and you are lost!" This is just one of those dangerous half-truths whereof doctors do sneak no small advantage. If you call the doctor in for every little ailment, you will get into an artificial state. Nature will strike work, and you will never be well without the doctor—nor with him either. If you always take opiates, you will never sleep without them; or tonics, you will never eat without them; or stimulants, you will never work without them.

It is a law true in sociology and physics alike that dependence grows by what it feeds on. There are doctors who always send people to bed directly they have a little cold—and those people are forever catching cold—they have no resistance left. You are somewhat out of order; instead of exercise and moderation, in comes the doctor with his dose and, next time, nature will refuse to have anything to do with you. "I am not going to trouble myself about you," she virtually says, "Send for the doctor; you prefer his prescriptions until his gradations of efficacy are quite imperceptible, but they are just enough to keep nature in leading-strings and to make each step dependent upon the therapeutic art."

Of course, I admit that there are many cases to which these remarks are wholly inapplicable. Bronchitis, incipient cancer and others, both functional and organic—to take these in time may be everything. There are cases where the diagnosis of a good physician is simply invaluable; his hints about food are not to be neglected, yet they should be taken, perhaps, *cum grano*, and checked by personal experience. There are cases, too, where cod liver oil, quinine and one or two other drugs are absolute specifics. Who can not realize Dr. Livingstone's gloomy consciousness of having signed his own death warrant when he determined to go forward after losing his medicine-chest of quinine in the dismal river—London Truck.

"I trust the current of my discourse last Sunday was not sufficiently stimulative to have clearly signified your present weakness a young medical student in a lady member of a congregation, the other evening. I will, I was quite shallow enough for some I fancy would, thank you!"

Overworked Children.

New Jersey has a child labor law which forbids the employment in manufacturing of boys under 12 years of age and girls under 14, and also provides that no child under 14 shall be employed more than sixty hours a week. Last July an amendment to the law went into effect. This says that no child between 12 and 15 shall be employed in any manufacturing unless such child shall have attended school for twelve weeks within one year immediately preceding the employment. The annual report of Lawrence T. Fell, the inspector of factories and workshops, has just been made.

There are eight thousand factories in the state, employing about fifteen thousand youths and children. When the educational section of the law went into operation hundreds of children who could not show that they had attended school were turned out of the shops. They or their guardians made application for permits for them to work, and during the rest of the year the inspectors were largely engaged in considering those cases. Through these examinations the inspectors discovered startling facts concerning the ignorance of the children.

The average age at which they went to work was 9 years, after one or two years of schooling. All of them had been accustomed to work ten hours a day, and many of them even fourteen hours. Those who had entered the shops the earliest in life were the punest and the most ignorant. Some of them were set at work at so tender an age that they could not tell when they began. The weekly wages of the children do not average \$2. Many of the children often complain that they do not have a full dinner hour, and when doing overtime they got only fifteen or thirty minutes for supper. A girl under 15 years was found by Inspector Fell working at 10 o'clock at night in a factory where the temperature was over 100 degrees. After her thirteen hours and a half of toil she had to walk two miles before reaching home.

The vast majority of the children cannot spell words of more than one syllable, and many cannot spell at all. They cannot answer the simplest questions in geography. A girl of 13 years told an inspector that Europe was in the moon. A few were found who never heard of the sun, or moon, or earth, and a large number who could not tell where or when they were born. A boy born in New Jersey and living in Paterson said that New York was in Jersey and Jersey was in Paterson. This boy had been at work from 8th year. It was the opinion of some that Europe was an ocean. Ninety-five per cent could answer no questions about other states or cities of the United States. Children who had been brought to this country before their 6th year, in some cases, never heard the name of their native country. Some children born in Holland never heard of that country, and some children born in Ireland said that Ireland was in America. Boys and girls who had been brought to this country from Great Britain, Ireland, and Germany, between the ages of 12 and 15 years, were better educated and knew more about the geography and history of America than children born and reared in the state.

Mr. Fell says the work of the inspectors has crowded day and night schools, and he suggests that the state provide more adequate school accommodations in every county. He also recommends that a law be passed for the protection of children employed where the sale of goods is carried on. The present law applies to factories only.—New York Sun.

The Avalanches in the Alps.

Swiss papers, writes a correspondent of *The London Times*, give further details of the havoc wrought by avalanches in the Val d'Aosta. Most of the villages are buried or in ruins, and many of the inhabitants have lost their lives. In the commune of Introd several houses were destroyed by a single avalanche, and three women buried under the snow. One was got out sorely hurt, but still alive. The bodies of the other two have not yet been recovered. In the commune of Gressoney St. Jean, an avalanche fell on a house containing three persons, two of whom were rescued, while the third was killed. The Val Lucerna is so completely isolated that the extent of the disasters which have overtaken the communes of that region can not be ascertained; but there can be no question that many lives have been lost and much property destroyed. The districts of Pignerol, Fenestrolle, Massello, and Chiabranco have also been cruelly visited. For four days the snow fell without intermission, so that communication was interrupted not only with the outer world, but between village and village and house and house. Every homestead was played, as it were, under a strict blockade. On Jan. 29 the sun, which had been a long time obscured, made its appearance, greatly to the joy of the imprisoned mountaineers, who hailed it as a deliverer. But if the luminary freed them, in a measure, from their wintry bonds, it revealed at the same time the full extent of the ruin which had been wrought. The snow was nearly four feet deep, and the village of Balghiglia had disappeared. It was buried under a series of avalanches, and all the inhabitants were imprisoned for thirty hours in an icy tomb. The mother of a family, feeling that she was on the point of perishing, took a hay fork and broke through the wall, thereby setting up a circulation of air which saved the lives

of the inmates, as well as those who were in the next house. No news what ever seems to have been received from the Val Touranche, which runs from the foot of the Theodule pass to Châtillon, and it is feared that disastrous have befallen there no less heartrending than those which have come to pass in the valley of the Aosta.

No avalanches of importance are reported from the north side of the Alps, where the weather has been much less severe than on the south side, and the train service on the St. Gothard railway has suffered no interruption. This is somewhat remarkable, as during the construction of the line it was foretold that it would be much more exposed to danger from avalanches than the Mont Cenis line. On the night of Jan. 15, however, there arose a storm on the south side which at one time threatened serious consequences. Snow fell fast until it lay on the ground more than three feet deep, when there sprang up a wind so violent that it dashed the snow about in fearful whirlwinds, and those who witnessed the scene might easily have fancied themselves in a sand-storm in the desert of Sahara. But the railway company had taken their measures so well that none of their passengers suffered inconvenience, and only a few of their trains were slightly behind time.

Vanderbilt's Plucky Daughter.

William Seward Webb, a son of Gen. James Watson Webb, the journalist, married Lelia Osgood Vanderbilt, the last remaining unmarried daughter of William H. Vanderbilt, the richest man in America. It was a love match, too, and the young pair are as happy as turtle doves in each other's society. Webb was a young sprig and Vanderbilt did not like him. Figuratively speaking, he kicked him out of the house several times, but in this instance love laughed at kicks, and doubtless would have taken cuffs at the same time with perfect composure. The fact is, Mr. Vanderbilt forbade him the house, but the young girl was in love with young Webb, and when a girl is in love there is one of two things—she will either get over it or go through with it. Miss Lelia had set her heart on the young doctor, and if the stern father had surrounded his domicile with a fence bristling with spikes, scattered broken bottles at all the approaches and populated the enclosure with hungry bulldozers the Romeo of my story would have braved all the dangers, with the additional one of the Vanderbilt boot, to bask in the light of his lady-love's eyes. The gentleman was unrelenting, and I verily believe there would have been an elopement, but for the interference of Mrs. Vanderbilt. She was the daughter of a clergyman, you know. She is good hearted and sensible, and with a woman's foresight saw how things were going and told her husband that he must not try to prevent the match. He respects his wife, who is all that a helpmate implies to him, and bowed to her will. They were married with a good deal of pomp. Mr. Vanderbilt made the young man a junior partner in a firm of brokers, to give him a Wall street education, and then set him up in business for himself.—Syracuse Journal.

The Story of Vesuvius.

A little more than eighteen centuries since, the form of the mountain was totally different; its height was probably some hundred yards less than at present, its outline a blunt, truncated cone, having a wide crater at the summit; no eruption in the memory of man had disturbed the peace of the district; scarce a tradition of such an occurrence appears to have lingered. The floor of the crater was overgrown with brushwood and trees, its walls were festooned with ivy and the wild vine. Once only does it become prominent in history, when the Capuan gladiators sheltered themselves for a while in this natural hill-fort, from which under command of Spartacus, they escaped to begin the servile war. In the year 79 of the present era there was a change; earthquakes agitated the neighboring district, and at the last imprisoned fires broke forth. From the crater of Vesuvius a huge dark cloud rose into the air, spreading itself out like a great pine tree; presently a hail of red-hot scoria came rattling down over the flanks of the mountain, and as night fell the cloud grew larger and darker, and the shower of stone became thicker, heavier, and more widely spread. All night long the darkness for many miles was rendered blacker still by the thickly-falling scoria, though illuminated at intervals by a lurid gleam from the mountain, and rendered yet more awful by the incessant earthquake shocks. Morning dawned at last, and later still the air cleared; half the ancient crater-wall had vanished, leaving the fragments which now bears the name of Somma, while beneath its ruins Herulanum, Pompeii, and Stabia lay buried, and the ground, even at Misenum, was white as snow with the fallen ashes.—Picturesque Europe.

Entirely too Realistic.

Mr. Woodbury, who is a Waco banker, does not live very happily with his wife. They have frequent scenes. He does not go to the theatre with her for a change. The other night after the play was over she asked him how he liked it. "It was too much like our home life for me to enjoy it very much," he replied. "What do you mean?" "I was once some right after another."—Texas Intelligencer.

JIM KEENE.

The Ups and Downs of the Noted Speculator.

One of the most recent as well as most impressive wrecks of speculation, writes a New York correspondent to the *Troy Times*, is found in Jim Keene, who is now one of the poor devils of Wall street. A few years ago his name was paragoned among the most successful of modern money kings, but today if his debts were paid he has hardly enough left to buy him a dinner. His career has been one of sudden and surprising change, and is peculiarly illustrative of what is commonly called good luck and bad luck. His early success turned his head, and he thought he could not make a mistake, but he learned at last that it was just as easy to lose money as to make it, and in fact a little easier.

Keene began in California as a school-teacher, but soon turned speculator and made an immense fortune. Then he came to this city and created a sensation by his bold movements. He has operated in opium, pork, gas, mines, horses, grain, and stocks, and seemed ready to take in whatever might be offered. He was the brains of the famous corner in wheat in 1879, and, indeed, that was a lucky year for him in more than one operation. Some of our readers may remember the tremendous bull movement in Lake Shore which marked the time referred to, and thus brought out the exclamation of Uncle Rufus Hatch: "I did intend to go into Lake Shore along with Jim Keene." Uncle Rufus, however, got left, while Jim piled up his profits to a degree that made Wall street stare.

That year was his palmy time. He then had a villa at Newport worth \$200,000, and also a fine house in town, and he kept a racing stable in England in addition to his splendid stud of horses at home. "Foxhall" and "Spenderthrift" gave him prominence in British sporting circles and bore off some of the best prizes, though at a heavy expense. His luck seemed to extend as far as he reached. This led him to still greater ventures. He thought he could crush Jay Gould and become sole king of Wall street. He extended his operations and went into fancy stocks with an eagerness which surprised all his associates. The consequence was that he was loaded in every direction when the shrinkage came, and his wealth disappeared with a rapidity that has rarely been equaled. When, however, a man is loaded with Denver and Rio Grande at par, and unloads at 8, it does not take long to clean him out. How strange it now seems that this worthless bubble was one of his heaviest deals, and that he stuck to it with a reckless determination. Last June he failed, and since then he has been struggling to keep merely a home, but his share in an apartment house has just been sold and the man who so recently was reckoned at \$10,000,000 is now almost an object of charity. Such is life in Wall street.

There was a time when he was pointed out in Wall street with the exclamation: "There goes Jim Keene with \$1,000,000 in each pocket." Now, however, the word is: "There goes Jim Keene—all blown in." He has tried to keep up nerve under this collapse, but his face bears the mark of disappointment. He was thin before his troubles began, and this makes his five-feet-nine-inch frame look still taller. His mustache and stubby beard have lost that expression of power that they once seemed to have, and his fiery temperament is abated. There was a time when he was ready for a quarrel at a moment's notice, and when he damned the market or the brokers in the liveliest manner; but when a man's pockets are empty he is generally less boisterous. His day is now over, and he may take his place among the hungry crowd of curbstone brokers and guttersnips.

But yesterday the name of Caesar might have stood against the world: Now lies he there, and none so poor To do him reverence.

Old Bones.

"Them there is kittle stewed and these here is tank biled," said the foreman of a bone-boiling establishment on Long Island, pointing to two piles of old bones which had passed through the rendering process. "Them slick bones over there is shins, and them yender is bones out o' the forelegs o' cattle. Here's a lot o' shinbone knuckles, all ready for burnin'." They'll be chucked in with that pile o' ribs, skulls, and miscellaneous j'intis ye see in the corner, and all made into boneblack. The burners would like to have the best quality of bones for their use, because they get more charcoal out o' them than they kin out o' the common bones. The boneblack they make they sell to sugar refiners, and this big heap o' ribs and skulls and odds and ends o' cattle and sheep skeletons there will jist as like as not be filterin' sugar in a few days, and some o' you fellows may be puttin' some o' the same sugar in yer coffee 'fore a week's over.

"But the best quality of bones is shins and thighs and fore legs, and we don't waste no shins nor no thighs nor no front legs on the boneburners nor the fertilizer gridders. They can't pay more than \$25 a ton for the best there is, and we can sell all the shins we can get for \$40 a ton. Thighs are worth \$20 a ton to us, and every ton o' front legs we kin hile fetches us \$15." The manufacturers of kittle handles, shins buttons, collars, buttons, brass jewelry, parrot and tin snips handles, combs, tooth-brushes, hair brushes, and all that sort of things that the country can produce. The high house is used for tooth-brush

handles more than any other, and all in this country. The bones for buttons and knife handles mostly goes to Europe. Fancy parrot handles is turned out o' sheep's legs, and some o' the nicest ivory fans ye ever see used to be trottin some old ram or ewe around the pasture lot. Sheep leg bones polishes up slicker than any other bones, and haist so brittle as the shin bone of a cow or thigh bone of a steer.

"We collect bones all over the country. A ton o' pig iron ain't worth more than a quarter as much as a ton of the commonest kind of bones is when it is ready for the burner or grinder. The west almost fills the bone market now, there's so much cattle slaughterin' done out there. The bone b'iler gits hair oil, neatfoot oil, and sizzin' glue out of his stock as he gits it ready for the market. Bones that we sell to fertilizer gridders we b'ile the meat off in open kittles, 'cause they bring jist as much as if we put 'em in tight tanks and b'iled 'em under pressure. We do that with the bones for the burners, 'cause it takes out the nitrogen slick and clean and leaves the carbon, and that's what makes the boneblack.

"We get a jint of good neatfoot oil out of every full set o' shins and hoofs of a cow or steer. The liquor that's left after b'ilin' the thighs and shins makes as good sizzin' glue as a paper-manufacturer can git, nowadays. We kin get enough marrow out of a car-load o' bones to stock any barber shop with bear's grease for a month. The best bear's grease is made out o' the marrow of old bones.

"Bone b'ilin' don't smell very good, that's so. At least that's what everybody thinks 'cept the ones that's makin' the 'buddle out of it."—New York Sun.

The Monroe Doctrine.

The citizens of the United States cherish sentiments the most friendly in favor of the liberty and happiness of their fellow-men on that side of the Atlantic. In the wars of the European powers, in matters relating to themselves, we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy to do so. It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make preparations for our defense. With the movements of this hemisphere we are of necessity more immediately concerned, and by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers. The political system of the allied powers is essentially different in this respect from that of America. This difference proceeds from that which exists in their respective governments. And to the defense of our own, which have been achieved by the loss of so much blood and treasure and matured by the wisdom of their most enlightened citizens, and under which we have enjoyed unexampled felicity, this whole nation is devoted. We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the governments which have declared their independence we have, on great consideration and just principles, acknowledged we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States.—President Monroe's Seventh Annual Message, Dec. 2, 1823.

The Low-Necked Dress.

Washington special to Boston Traveler: It is not likely that low-necked dresses would form such a constant subject of conversation, as they certainly do, wherever a few women are gathered, if the newspapers were not paying so much attention to them. Neither the criticisms nor the undisguised look of disgust which the appearance of an immodestly low-necked woman creates affect them in the faintest degree. This vulgar display is an embarrassment to hostesses, but hardly a party or reception occurs where such may not be found in more than one instance. There are a number of women—they can hardly be called ladies—who are making a big show here lately whose antecedents nobody knows anything about, and whose claim to social connections is just about as hazy. They have a supreme lot of assurance, and are famous as the leaders of the décolleté movement. Decent people have no patience with the easy conscience that allows women of this type to actually form a social following, to give crowded parties and balls, which nice people seem to be too prudish to stay away from.

A Singular Accident.

A report comes from Chico of a mother who was sewing upon her machine, while her son, a lad of 8, was playing with his toys near by. Suddenly the machine needle snapped and the mother stopped and replaced it with another. Presently she glanced toward the child and saw blood trickling down his neck. Upon going to him he was found to be dead. It seems the broken part of the needle flew with such force as to enter the child's medulla oblongata and he had died without a motion or a sound.—San Francisco Call.

The people of Texas are calling it the Texas Register again.