

THE OREGON SCOUT.

VOL. II.

UNION, OREGON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1885.

NO. 6.

THE OREGON SCOUT.

An independent weekly journal, issued every Saturday by

JONES & CHANCEY,
Publishers and Proprietors.

A. K. JONES, Editor. J. B. CHANCEY, Foreman.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One copy, one year \$1.50
Six months .90
Three months .50
Invariably cash in advance.

Notes of advertising made known on application.

Correspondence from all parts of the county solicited.

Address all communications to A. K. Jones, Editor Oregon Scout, Union, Or.

Lodge Directory.

GRAND LODGE VALLEY LODGE, No. 56, A. F. and A. M.—Meets on the second and fourth Saturdays of each month. O. F. BELL, W. M.

C. E. DAVIS, Secretary.

UNION LODGE, No. 20, I. O. O. F.—Regular meetings on Friday evenings of each week at their hall in Union. All brethren in good standing are invited to attend. By order of the lodge. S. W. LONG, N. G. G. A. THOMPSON, Secy.

Church Directory.

M. P. CHURCH—Divine service every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 9 a. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7 p. m.

Presbyterian Church—Services morning and evening on the first and third Sundays of each month. Sunday school every Sunday at 10 a. m.

St. John's Episcopal Church—Service every Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. Rev. W. E. POWELL, Rector.

County Officers.

Judge..... A. C. Craig
Sheriff..... A. L. Saunders
Clerk..... B. F. Wilson
Treasurer..... J. H. Benson
School Superintendent..... J. L. Hindman
Surveyor..... E. Simonis
Coroner..... E. H. Lewis
Commissioners..... Jno. Stanley
State Senator..... L. B. Rinehart
Representative..... E. E. Taylor

City Officers.

Mayor..... D. H. Bees
City Clerk..... W. D. Reddeman
J. S. Elliott..... Willis Skiff
J. B. Eaton..... G. A. Thomson
Recorder..... J. B. Thomson
Marshal..... J. A. Hedney
Treasurer..... J. D. Carroll
Street Commissioner..... L. Eaton

Departments of Printing.

Receipts and bound trays leave at 9:30 a. m. West bound trays leave at 4:20 p. m.

PROFESSIONAL.

J. R. CRITES,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Collector and probate practice specialties. Office, two doors south of Postoffice, Union Oregon.

R. EARL,

Attorney at Law and Notary Public.

Office, one door south of J. B. Eaton's store, Union, Oregon.

I. N. CROWWELL, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon.

Office, one door south of J. B. Eaton's store, Union, Oregon.

J. W. SHELTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Union, Oregon.

T. H. CRAWFORD,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Union, Oregon.

D. Y. K. DEERING,

Physician and Surgeon.

Office, Main street, next door to Jones Bros. variety store. Residence, Main street, second house south of court house. Chron. diseases a specialty.

O. F. BELL,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Notary Public and Conveyancer. Office, B street, two doors east of Jones Bros. variety store, Union, Oregon.

J. M. CARROLL,

Notary Public and Collecting Agent.

Office on the creek, opposite Howland & Lloyd's furniture store, Union, Oregon.

H. F. BURLIGH,

Attorney at Law, Real Estate and Collecting Agent.

Land Office Business a Specialty.

Office at Alder, Union Co., Oregon.

MAKING STUMP FENCES.

A Creation That is Pleasing to Some Artistic Taste and Useful to the Farmer.

One of the most noticeable features of the farm lands in this vicinity, where low hills and valleys make the scenery beautiful, writes a Willink correspondent to *The New York Sun*, is the stump fence. There is an indefiniteness of outline and a wavy irregularity of construction about the stump fence that entrances an artist of the Delsartian school, but the stump fence here is the outgrowth of necessity, and not of artistic taste. When the land was cleared it was fenced with rails and the ground between the stumps was planted with corn and wheat and potatoes. After a time the soft wood stumps, such as basswood, rotted away, but fifty seasons of rain and snow had no more effect on the pine stumps that dotted these fields than a spring shower has on a duck's back. At first the farmers tried to burn out the stumps, but the wood charred over and the fire went out, and then the stump got water-logged in the next rain, and all the ingenuity of a Vermont Yankee couldn't set them on fire after that. The farmers tried blasting, but a keg of powder put under the heart of a six-foot stump only served to split it open and leave the two or three parts apparently as firmly embedded as they were before. Finally a machine was devised for pulling out bodily the stumps that had resisted the elements for half a century. It was a simple affair. Three beams, seven by eleven inches large and nineteen feet long, were placed in the form of a pyramid, with their tops united in a heavy casting that had a big cast-iron nut in its centre. These beams were suitably braced about one-third of the way from the top. A cast-iron screw twelve feet long and five inches in diameter ran down through the big nut in the casting and was prolonged by means of a heavy wrought-iron rod to within two feet of the ground, where the rod terminated in two hooks. When a stump was to be pulled this big frame was placed over it. Then a hole was dug under the largest visible root and a big chain was put under the root and secured to the hooks on the screw rod. An able-bodied horse was then hitched to a lever connected with the nut at the top of the timber frame. When the horse began to travel around the frame, the screw began to rise and something had to give away. That something was usually the stump, but occasionally the chain broke or the screw stripped its threads. As the stump raised, the dentist, as the man who manages the machine was called, walked around it and jabbed a big iron crowbar down through the sod.

"That's to let the air into the hollow," said Farmer Kelly, one of the best-known stump dentists of the county yesterday, as he repeated the operation around the roots of a big stump that slowly rose out of the ground. "We'd be lifting against fifteen pounds to the inch, besides the weight of the stump, if we were to make a vacuum down there, you know."

As the stump came out of the ground a chain called a wrapper was put around it and the screw rod to keep it from cutting over and then all hands vigorously cleaned the dirt from the roots with picks and crowbars that were spoon shaped at one end.

"We get \$1.25 for each stump pulled and put in the fence. The best days work on record is \$21.25; the worst, one stump. That was six feet in diameter and weighed about two tons. It lifted more dirt than I can estimate with it. When the stump is out and cleaned it is trimmed a big and then rolled on to a sort of a mud-boat and dragged to the fence line. The broad, flat tangle of roots faces out from the field to be fenced, and forms a barrier that no breaching coil or cutter ever tries to pass. The manufacturer charges \$160 for the iron parts of the machine, and if the purchaser has not the skill to make the wooden parts he can buy them all ready for business for \$40 more. Within the last few years dynamite has been used with considerable success to shatter the old stumps, but it is dangerous to handle and makes a good many failures, leaving the stump partly split and more difficult to pull than before. Besides that, a shattered stump is no good for fencing. Stump machines came in when rail fences rotted out, and they fill the vacancy cheaply and effectually."

Pretzel-Graphs.

Can the mother of a lion be said to be a maul-ligner? A cyclone is like a waiter. It carries everything before it.

What is the hardest thing to do with a newspaper?—Make a bustle.

Fred Douglass sits ahead of President Cleveland in church. Supposing the clergyman was the sun, Fred the moon and Cleveland the earth, Fred would then be playing the part of an eclipse of the sun.

Princess Beatrice is said to resemble an American girl in many respects. If that is so, the Lord pity the man who, on £2 a week, has to fill her up with ice cream.

A young fellow who had an encounter with a dog belonging to his girl's father, sent the remains of his pantaloons to her by express, accompanying the parcel with a note saying that he had no further use for them, but she could use them and nobody would be any the wiser.—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

The Broncho.

A broncho is a horse. He has four legs like the saw horse, but is decidedly more skittish. The broncho is of gentle deportment and modest mien, but there isn't a real safe place about him. There is nothing mean about the broncho, though; he is perfectly reasonable and acts on principle. All he asks is to be let alone, but he does ask this, and even insists on it. He is firm in this matter and no kind of argument can shake his determination. There is a broncho that lives out some miles from this city. We know him right well. One day a man roped him and tried to put a saddle on him. The broncho looked sadly at him, shook his head, and begged the fellow, as plain as could be, to go away and not try to interfere with the pursuit of his own happiness, but the man came on with the saddle, and continued to aggress. Then the broncho reached out with his right hind foot and expostulated with him so that he died. When thoroughly aroused, the broncho is quite fatal, and if you can get close enough to him to examine his cranial structure, you will find a cavity just above the eye, where the bump of remorse should be. The broncho is what the cowboys call "high strung." If you want to know just how high he is strung, climb up on his apex. We rode a broncho once. We didn't travel far, but the ride was mighty exhilarating while it lasted. We got on with great pomp and a derrick, but we didn't put on any necessary style when we went to get off. The beast evinced considerable surprise when we took up our location on his dorsal fin. He seemed to think a moment, and then he gathered up his loins and delivered a volley of heels and hardware, straight out from the shoulder. The recoil was fearful. We saw that our seat was going to be contested, and we began to make a motion to dismount, but the beast had got under way by this time, so we breathed a silent hymn and tightened our grip. He now went off into a spasm of tail, stilling his back. He pitched us so high that every time we started down we would meet him coming up on another trip. Finally he gave us one grand, farewell boost, and we clove the firmament and split up through the hushed ether until our toes ached from the looseness of the temperature, and we could distinctly hear the music of the spheres. Then we came down and fell, in a little heap, about one hundred yards from the starting point. A kind Samaritan gathered up our remains in a cigar-box and carried us to the hospital. As they looked pityingly at us, the attending surgeons marvelled at the nature of our mishap. One said it was a cyclone, another that it was a railroad smash-up, but we thought of the calico-hid pony that was grazing peacefully in the dewy mead, and held our peace.—*Sante Fe Democrat.*

Mr. Spurgeon's Modesty.

An English lady had occasion some time since to travel without escort from Suffolk to London, and she was forced to take a train on which there were no carriages reserved for ladies.

"There is a compartment occupied only by the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon," the guard said in answer to her expression of disappointment, "perhaps you do not object to riding with him."

The lady acquiesced, and accordingly was so placed. An inquiry on the part of the reverend gentleman in relation to the window opened the conversation, and presently the two travelers were discussing amicably upon general topics. "At length they reached Mr. Spurgeon's native village, where the train paused a few moments.

"I presume, Madam," the gentleman observed with genuine enthusiasm, "that you have heard of Spurgeon, the great preacher. This village has the honor of being his birth-place."

He went on from this text, drawn out somewhat, it is true, by the lady, and praised himself most unsparingly, declaring Spurgeon to be the greatest divine in all England. When London was reached he politely assisted the lady into a cab, and was bidding her good-bye, when she said:

"I thank you very much for your kindness, Mr. Spurgeon."

Surprise, chagrin and anger all painted themselves upon the face of the other, but he apparently struggled to maintain his countenance and his temper. Striking himself melodramatically upon the chest, he exclaimed:

"Down, temper! Down, temper, down!"

Circulating Slanders.

Women, mothers, pious women, women that are busy-bodies in church; that think themselves pious; that would be insulted at an intimation that they are not pure-minded, or that they are lacking in sympathy for their kind, read the papers and make merchandise of the terrible afflictions of their neighbors, gloat over these gloating narrations; have a sensation of exhilaration at this crushing calamity of their own kind; patronize the panders to their own cruel and corrupt nature; make themselves accessory to this invasion of the sacred privacy of the family to make its calamity a profit of the trade of scandal-mongering, and are not a whit better than the pandering trader who supplies the wares which their natures demand.—*Terre Haute Mail.*

The man in the Iron mask—The base ball catcher.

FARM MANAGEMENT.

Choice Varieties of Plants that are Too Much Valued to be Displaced—Industrial Notes.

Good Enough to Keep.

In the main there is steady progress in the development of new varieties of domesticated plants. Each generation of men sees plants that mature quicker, are more productive, and more valuable than any that were previously known. Especially is this true of the plants that produce fruits. It sometimes happens, however, that a variety is produced so much superior to all others that it gives the impression that it was created in advance of its time. It takes its place among plants as the old philosophers and sages took their among men. When such varieties appear they should be propagated as fast as possible, and distributed everywhere that the soil and climate are favorable to their growth. They should not be discarded because seedsman and nurserymen advertise new varieties and contribute articles to the papers in praise of them. If a variety of fruit, grain, or root is adapted to the soil and climate where it is wanted, is hardy and productive, and of good quality, it should be retained till the merits of some new variety are fully established. An exception may be made in the case of potatoes, all varieties of which commence to deteriorate after they have been cultivated a few years. It is necessary to obtain new varieties by planting seed obtained from the soil in order to insure large crops of sound potatoes.

Among the many varieties of strawberries that have been introduced during the past thirty years there is none that can claim more points of excellence than Wilson's Albany. The plants are large and strong and abundant in foliage. They are very productive and produce their largest crop the year after they are planted. The berries are large, of fine form, and of attractive color. The flesh is very firm, which causes them to bear transportation over long distances well. As market berries they are unsurpassed. They can be carried a thousand miles without material injury. They will retain their shape and freshness under circumstances that will crush others and cause them to become stale. They are excellent for canning purposes. The berries are more acid than those of many varieties, but with the present low price of sugar this is no great objection. The introduction of this variety caused strawberry-growing to become popular in every part of the country. It is the standard of comparison for all the varieties of strawberries. Charles Lamb is credited with saying that "God might have made a better fruit than the strawberry, but he never had." Man may produce a better variety than the Wilson, but it is doubtful if he ever does. The Wilson strawberry is good enough to keep, and to keep in its purity.

Many think that the grape was the first fruit that was cultivated. It is with little doubt the one from which the most profit is derived. Raising grapes and manufacturing them into wine and raisins constitute the leading industry in several populous and prosperous countries. A complete catalogue of the varieties of cultivated grapes will contain more than a thousand names. Some will ripen only in quite warm countries, and others are so sensitive to cold that it is necessary to raise the vines under glass. Some are adapted to making certain kinds of wine, a few produce excellent raisins, and a larger number are desirable for eating as they are taken from the vine. The varieties of grapes that do fairly well, with or without protection, in this latitude, are quite numerous. But for general culture in gardens and on farms the Concord is worth more than all the others. It requires less cultivation, needs less protection, and produces larger crops. It would be the delight of epicures if it was not so plenty and cheap. Many people estimate the eating value of different kinds of food by the price they pay for them. As Concord grapes are generally very cheap they regard them as inferior. In relish they are among the most delicious grapes that are produced in any country, though they are as cheaply raised as potatoes. The Concord grape is good enough to keep.

During many years attempts have been made to find a better grass than timothy. Every portion of the earth has been searched to find a variety of grass that possessed more points of excellence. Grasses were discovered that started earlier in the spring, continued to grow longer in the fall, which contained a larger proportion of foliage, which remained in the soil longer without reseeded, which endured protracted droughts better, or had more tender stalks. Some of them or a mixture of them was found to be better for grazing purposes, but none of them has proved to be the equal of timothy for the production of hay, whether designed for the market or for feeding stock kept on the farm. All horsemen desire timothy hay, and can not be persuaded that hay made from any other kind of grass is equal to it. It has established a reputation in the horse stable which it is likely to keep. The grass is easy to cut with a hand-scythe or a machine, is easy to cure, or convenient to put in the form of bales. It is not likely to mold in the stack or mow. It has excellent keeping qualities. The seed is generally plenty and cheap, and a good "catch" can ordinarily be obtained by sowing it with the leading grains. The best crop is produced the season after the seed is sown. Other grasses may

be better for a few special purposes, but for a mowing field there is nothing better than timothy. It is a grass good enough to keep.

There are several varieties of garden vegetables that year after year hold their places against everything new brought out by our most enterprising seedsmen. Among the squashes is that variety rejoicing in the name of Hubbard. It is late in coming to maturity, it is not very large, and its outward appearance is unattractive. But it ranks with the Roxbury russet apple, the winter Nevis pear, and the yellow Swede turnip in being a long keeper. When boiled and served with meat it is dry and sweet. Cooked in the same manner as a sweet potato it can scarcely be distinguished from it. The best cooks in city or country declare that for making pumpkin pies there is nothing like a well-ripened Hubbard squash. The Lima bean surpasses in excellence all the varieties of the tribe to which it belongs, and over which it towers. The objection raised to it by Mr. Beecher—that it is difficult to find seasons and poles long enough for it north of the Ohio river—was well taken, but with its propensity for long seasons and long supports it is worthy of all the time and space it demands. It is excellent green or dry, boiled and battered, or soaked and baked with salt pork. The Lima bean came to us from a long distance, and "came to stay." Like the Hubbard squash, it is good enough to keep.—*Chicago Times.*

Industrial Brevettes.

A patented machine was on exhibition in New Orleans for freeing the fiber of hemp and flax from the woody substance which it is desirable to separate from it, which gave the greatest satisfaction. The ramie plant taken green from the field, leaves and all, was perfectly divested of everything but the clean and perfect fiber ready for use. The dry stalks of ramie and jute were decorticated with equal success.

It is said that Paris green applied to rosebushes and grapevines infested with rose bugs will kill the insects as surely as it does the potato bug, when used on potato plants. The application can be dry, mixed with flour, or land plaster, or in liquid form, mixed with water, and sprinkled on in the same manner as for the potato bug.

An officer in the United States army stationed at Fort Vancouver, Washington territory, states that he received a box of strawberries raised at La Comas, the smallest of which was five inches in circumference while the largest specimen measured nine inches. The flesh was ripe to the center, and had the fine flavor of wild berries.

Many millions of dollars are spent annually by the Russian government to encourage private horse-breeding establishments. At numerous points annual auction sales are held; at the public sales about 500,000 horses are disposed of each year. The American trotting-bred horses, it is said, bring the highest prices.

The South Australian government statist has received the agricultural returns from an area of 1,321,366 acres of land, comprising 196 districts, including all the wheat-growing counties. The total yield for this acreage is 10,000,242 bushels, or an average of seven bushels thirty-four pounds per acre.

The orange is said to be the most durable timber that grows in America and the shrinkages and swellings caused by heat and moisture so slight as to be imperceptible. Wagons made of this material are very durable, the wheels, it is said, lasting for fifty years without paint or shell.

On Tuesday morning, May 26th, the 1,066th hour of the electric light life test now in progress in the buildings of the electrical exhibition, under the Franklin institute of Philadelphia, had been completed, the lamps having been lighted on April 11, and burning continuously ever since.

Natural gas will soon be used as an illuminant in Kansas City, Mo., Wyandotte, Kas., and several other cities and towns near these places. The gas has been struck at several points during the last two years, and parties from the Pennsylvania oil regions have undertaken to develop it.

The fruit dealers of Arkansas observed June 4 as "Strawberry Day," giving the fruit gathered on that day to the inmates of various eleemosynary institutions. Children picked the berries, the owners gave them, merchants paid for the crates, and the railroads handled them free.

At a recent public sale of thoroughbreds in New York city, eleven yearlings by Spendthrift averaged \$1,935. The highest priced colt brought \$6,100, purchased, it is said, for Dwyer Brothers, and the next highest went for \$5,100, to Mr. Haggin, of California.

A well-known horse breeder of Columbus, Ind., has contracted to furnish to an agent of the Cuban government sixty fine brood mares, as a part of six hundred, all to be coal black, and not less than sixteen hands high. They are to be taken to Cuba.

Speaking of ancient horses, the renowned Winchester has a rival in the horse which Gen. Grant rode the day Lee surrendered. He is owned in Vernon, Oreida county, N. Y., and marched in the procession on Decoration day this year.

It is officially reported that 2,800,000 acres of grazing lands in the kingdom of the Netherlands supports 1,500,000 cattle, 275,000 horses, 850,000 sheep, and 350,000 hogs. This is less than one acre to the animal.

The pleuro-pneumonia bill passed

by the senate of the state of Tennessee, appropriating \$5,000 to prevent the introduction of the disease into that state, was passed by the house on the 9th inst.

It is said that there have been more fruit and ornamental trees set out in Dakota this season than in any previous one, and that they grow much more easily than was supposed.

Dr. Goucher, of Nashville, Tenn., is having mounted a five-pound calf, born at Castleton, Barry county. It is perfectly formed, and believed to be the smallest calf ever born.

One of the Allan steamers arrived in Glasgow June 2 with over five hundred cattle from Philadelphia. It is said to be the largest cargo of cattle that ever crossed the Atlantic.

Maryland and Virginia farmers are making handsome profits in raising sheep and lambs for the Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York markets.

The yolk of eggs laid by hens which they eat the seventeen-year locusts is nearly white. Hens prefer these insects to almost any kind of food.

Buckwheat Cakes in Summer.

While a down-town flour merchant watched an employe load a truck with buckwheat flour, the other day, he said: "You would hardly expect to see such a large sale of buckwheat as that at this time of the year, would you? The fact is, the use of buckwheat is increasing. The restaurants here serve buckwheat cakes the year around, though it strikes a countryman as rather odd to see buckwheat in warm weather. The increased use of this flour is due to the great improvements in its manufacture within the last three or four years. When I was a boy the straw with the grain in the head was piled on the barn floor and pounded with a flail. The straw was then forked off and the grain swept into piles. When the wind was blowing briskly the grain was thrown into the air with shovels, so that the chaff could be blown away, and then the grain was ground between the old-fashioned millstones. The bran was separated from the meal by sifting with a wire-bottomed sieve. The first improvement was made when a silk bolting reel was substituted for a wire-cloth sieve. After a great many years an old York state miller concluded that the meal would have less shock or bran in it if the shuck could be removed from the berry before it was ground. To do that he ran the grain through a series of corrugated rollers which simply cracked open the shuck and allowed the kernels to drop out. The broken shucks and kernels were separated by screens, and thereafter buckwheat flour was about as white as any other. The demand for it increased rapidly, but it was not quite perfect, because the fine fuzz and dirt adhering to the outside of the berry fell through the screen with the kernels after the shuck had been broken open by the rollers of the shucker. To get rid of this it was necessary to polish each berry of the grain separately before it was shucked. The machine for doing this has just been put on the market. It consists of a cast-iron cylinder, say three feet long and one foot in diameter, which revolves within a jacket made of steel wire-cloth. The cylinder is covered with square knobs, a half inch large, which project to within a fraction of an inch of the jacket. The cylinder is set a whirling at the rate of 750 revolutions a minute, and the grain after passing over the screen to get the jacket and the cylinder. There it goes around and around, knocking against the knobs and jacket, an upward current of air carrying off the dust until it falls out below as clean as a hound's tooth, then it slides over a magnetized plate to remove any trace of metal before going to the shucker. That makes what we call perfect buckwheat flour. Most millers have had to relearn the trade within the last five years, on account of the improvements introduced in the process of manufacture, but in no branch of the business has the progress of improvement been more marked than in the handling of buckwheat."—*New York Sun.*

A Salt Lake Saint's Architectural Freak.

On the corner of Third South and Eighth East streets, Salt Lake City, a man has built a fantastic crib, gaudy with whitewash and paint and lace and curtains and rude images—a something between a Chinese temple and a brigand's tent—and his neighbors say he has erected it in anticipation of the second coming of the Savior; that he expects the Master now at any time, and has prepared this place for His reception. When people speak of him they tap their foreheads, as though in their judgment there were rats in his intellectual garret. Probably there are; but it is a clear case that he has but accepted as literally true what has been preached around him for these forty years. We do not know whether or not he is a Mormon, but he has in his work caused real Mormonism to materialize, so that it can be seen by the naked eye on his premises precisely as it has been preached by the Mormon chiefs through all the weary, pitiable years. He has evidently stunted himself and those dependent upon him to prepare this fantastic house, just as the Mormon chiefs have robbed their people and starved their minds by not supplying them with decent schools, in order to build gaudy temples, within which not one in ten of their people can ever rest their tired feet.—*Salt Lake Tribune.*