

Oregon Front.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, 1891.

Written for THE SCOUT.
YEAR 1893.

Old year, to you we bid farewell;
Yet, of joys and tears,
Of hopes and fears,
That faded and ebbed midst living throng,
Which in vast concourse moved along,
Moved on a mass, yet every one
Moved in a different sphere, alone;
Each in its place,
With steady pace,
Moved onward, without jar or strain,
As weided link within the chain.
Each thro' of pulse, or sound of chime,
Has marked an epoch of your time,
Which, good or ill,
The space did fill,
And in each season of your race,
A change in all has taken place.
Could you but wait to tell the tale
Of what you saw on hill or vale,
As you passed by,
From shore to shore,
From climate to climate, from strand to strand,
O'er Kingdom's or over Freedom's land,
Methinks—Ah! Gone? Good bye, good bye!
Another year is very nigh;
Yes, now is here;
Happy New Year!
Let songs of gladness now be sung
In glad refrain, by every tongue.
May peace and joy, with hope sustain
Each soul within our vast domain,
While the new year
Starts with us here,
May each one learn to be the best,
Each must be kind to all the rest.
—H. C. EMERY.

CLARA BELLE LEE.

A ROMANCE OF THE SEA.

Written for THE SCOUT, by C. F. Hineckley.
CHAPTER II.

PLEASANT morning in May, 1850, on the island of Nantucket. The ancient old town seemed full of life and bustle. The year before, the California fever had nearly depopulated the town. Every man on the island was mad to go out to the land of gold. Nine vessels sailed for California on that year from Nantucket. They were the ships "Sarah Parker," "Fanny," "Aurora," "Henry Astor," "Joseph Butler," "Martha," "Citizen," "Montana," and "Edward." These vessels were loaded with building frames, lumber, naval stores, oil, candles etc. A large number of Nantucket's young men never came back. Many are still living in California. A small portion of the city of San Francisco, where a large number of Nantucketers reside is called "Nantucket Hill."

At the time of which I write, business was quite at a stand still, but in 1850 a better feeling prevailed and fourteen ships were fitted out for the whale fishery, although there was a great scarcity of officers and men. On this fine morning in spring all was activity, bustle and hurry at the wharves along the water front of the harbor. At the wharves lay a fleet of vessels, taking in or discharging cargoes. The sail lofts, the shops of the riggers and walks of the rope-makers were occupied by the multitudes that the demand of the shipping gave employment to. The warehouses were crowded with goods and the streets thronged with teams and foot passengers. The cherry din of the cooper's hammers, and the ring of the blacksmith's anvils resounded on all sides. On the Commercial, Old South, Straigh, and New North wharves, lay eleven large whale ships fitting out for sea, six of them Capt. Horner's and the rest fitted for the south Atlantic and Indian ocean, and one for the Brazil banks. The merry sound of the men's voices, bending on the ships' sails; the noise of the carpenter and boat builders; the rumble of the heavy trucks hauling down enormous casks of provisions; the commands of those in authority, and the activity on all sides made of it a lively scene. In a thousand ways the activities of a prosperous business showed themselves. The large fleet of beautiful fishing boats of the islanders, sailing around in the magnificent harbor, some of them only a mile or so from the wharves, darting along the Coastie ribs fishing for blue fish, others dimly seen on the horizon seven or eight miles off up harbor, off Pocono and Croskata fishing for scups, flat fish, eels, clams, quahogs, lobsters and crabs for the Nantucket market. The beautiful old town in the background, flashing in the sunlight, the architecture of the houses and the public buildings quaint and odd. Many of the buildings, with their gables, sides and roofs shingled, and painted all colors, as the fancy of the owner dictated. The walks on the roofs of the houses are wooden platforms enclosed by strong railings, built upon the tops of the houses, entrance to them being gained by a square hole cut through the roof and used as lookouts by the people to view the arrival and departure of ships, bringing or carrying their loved ones on long voyages to

the Pacific ocean or the far off Indies. Often the whole household can be seen on top of these houses—some of them three stories high—having a fine time. The mother with her knitting, children playing around and the captain of the house pacing back and forth with spy glass in hand the same as though he was on the quarter deck of his ship at sea.

Ah me, what a glorious place on fine summer evenings for love making, are those walks on the top of the Nantucket houses. The old wind mills with their immense arms revolving slowly or rapidly around according to the strength of the wind, grinding corn into meal. In the war of the Revolution and again in 1812-15 these old wind mills were the main stay of the inhabitants for meal. They had no flour. The British men-of-war were cruising constantly around the island and capturing any coasting vessel that would try to reach the main land. The arms of the mills were also used as signals to warn our ships if there was an English frigate in sight.

About two miles out from Brant Point, at the back of the bar, with her cable short up and down, with her gaskets cast loose from her topsails, and surging impatiently at her anchor as though anxious to be off, lay the good ship "Potomac," loaded with provisions and outfits for whale ships. She was owned by Charles Lee, and bound to Fayal, Western Islands, taking out-provisions for his whale ships that put in there in the fall to recruit, and would load back with the season's catch of oil. She was waiting for her owner, Charles Lee, who was going to the islands on business and taking his daughter along for the benefit of her health, though some of the good people on the island allowed she was no more sick than they were—only love-sick after Charley Swain. Others thought she cared more for Alonzo Barney, cashier of the Pacific Bank. However, no one knew which of these two she really loved, and perhaps she did not know herself. But many people had noticed that for the last three or four weeks, ever since the "Clara Belle Lee" had sailed away, she had been fretful and cross and unlike her usual sweet self.

At the seaward end of the straight wharf, on this pleasant morning, was gathered a large crowd of town-people—ladies and gentlemen—to bid Mr. Charles Lee and his charming daughter good bye and to wish them a safe and pleasant voyage.

Mr. Charles Lee was a stern, silent man, as unpopular with his fellow citizens as his daughter was popular. His ideas did not rise higher than to plot and plan how to make money. His highest ambition was to receive the top price for his oil and to sell his sheep and wool. He was the owner of the largest band of sheep on the island. His daughter had long tried to induce him to retire from business, as he was already immensely wealthy; but he was always wanting more. Competency, with him, was a sort of a financial horizon. The word always signified a little more than he possessed. His daughter was surrounded by admirers of both sexes, who came with bouquets, which, as they were presented to her, were passed down into the whale boat, waiting to receive the party, and they formed a formidable heap in the stern sheets of the boat.

Sweet Clara Belle Lee. She looked so charming as she stood there bowing and smiling in acknowledgement of their well wishes. She had a slender form of medium height, carried with a combined grace all her own. She was dressed very quietly, but in perfect taste. A sweet refinement and a sweet presence. She had masses of glossy brown hair which she wore in the Carthaginian style, hazel eyes, face clear cut and mobile and founded on a firm chin. Around this *rosa aetia* men swarmed as naturally as the migrating birds around the lofty beams of Brant Point light, and many fell crushed and bleeding, for it is destiny and law that only one man can have the prize.

The farewells being said amid a storm of hand shaking, well wishes and waving of handkerchiefs, the light, graceful whale boat darted from the wharf, out around Brant Point, by the bell buoy, with its bell sounding mournfully as it rocked slowly to and fro with the motion of the waves, and dashed swiftly alongside of the good ship "Potomac," where they were received by Capt. Coleman and wife and escorted to their state rooms in the cabin of the ship.

Capt. Coleman's wife accompanied him on his voyages. Many sea captains of Nantucket were accompanied on their long and perilous voyages by their wives. There are now in Nantucket many ladies that are just as good sailors as any man that walks a ship's quarter deck. It was no unusual thing in those days, when a whale ship visi-

ted an island in the Pacific, to have an additional mouth to feed, in the cabin, for which no provision had been made when she sailed from Nantucket. You will find on the island any day, boys and girls, men and women who were born around Cape Horn or some of the coral isles of the Pacific.

"You may get the ship under weigh," Mr. Chase, said Capt. Coleman to his first officer.

"Aye, aye, sir. All hands, up anchor. Ahoy!"

All was bustle and hurry. The hurricane roar of the officers shouting out orders to the seamen, the men rushing up the ship's rigging and lying out on the yards loosening the sails, men heaving at the windlass to the tune of "Buffalo girls," made of it an inspiring scene. Sail after sail was sheeted home, and soon the "Potomac" was walking through the water at a lively rate, sweeping before a strong breeze on the quarter, flinging the spray from either bow in glittering masses and contending with long drawn gestures over a tall flowing sea that swept to the counter and underran the buzzing craft in folds of brilliant green water, on which rose and fell an exquisite lace work of froth, beautified by foam bells and radiant with the flashing of expiring bubbles. Out around Great point, and the eastern end of the island; Great Point light house, standing solitary and alone on the narrow neck of land, a beacon light of great power, that had stood for a century, guarding and warning away ships from the treacherous Nantucket shoals; on by the south shoal lightship; on to the boundless sea beyond.

The "Potomac," for about three weeks, had baffling winds and calms, and made slow progress. On the 10th day of June, 1850, she was lying here too, on the Western Ground—a favorite place for whalers—in a hurricane. In the evening at 11 o'clock—eight bells—the ship was lying on her beam end with her foremast gone and the sea dashing madly over her. It was a fearful night. A large meteor burst ever her, and knocked the crew senseless, killing ten men outright. Balls of fire were running out on the yard arms and on the mastsheads. One ball of fire exploded in the belly of the mainmast, with a report like a rifle, scattering thousands of sparks and almost paralyzing the men. The remaining masts were cut away and still the "Potomac" would not righten, but lay on her side, wallowing in the trough of the terrific seas, a complete wreck.

All hands were on deck but the two ladies, who were clasped in one another's arms, on the sofa in the main cabin, in horrible suspense and anxiety as to the fate of the ship and crew. Balls of fire were falling, hissing in the water, like splendid fireworks. The pumps were started, but soon sucked, showing the ship was not leaking. The mate had given the order to leave the pumps when a tidal wave—not a common sea—swept over the ship and completely buried her up. Mrs. Captain Coleman had, in her anxiety, came up out of the cabin just as the sea swept on board. It washed her and every human being overboard from the deck of the "Potomac," and they were never more seen. The only person left on board of the ship, "Potomac," was sweet, charming Clara Belle Lee.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JOS. KEILBERT,

Merchant Tailor.

UNION, OREGON.

A Fine line of Goods Always in Stock.
Call and Examine Them.

Suits Made to Order,
Cleaning and Repairing.

All work warranted. 12-4-11.

W. E. BROWNELL, M. D.

Physician & Surgeon,
ELGIN, OREGON.

Office at city drug store. 11-13-11.

E. BROOKS, M. D.

Physician & Surgeon,
ISLAND CITY, OREGON.

Prompt attention given to all professional calls, day or night. 11-6-11.

M. DITTEBRANDT, M. D.

Physician & Surgeon,
ELGIN, OREGON.

All calls promptly responded to, day or night. 11-13-11.

PERRY & CO.
STEEL PENS
4 Sample Pens, different patterns, in one metal fitted French box, sent post-paid on receipt of 50 CENTS.
PERRY & CO., London, Estab. 1824.
U. S. Office: 810 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT by virtue of an execution and order of sale issued out of the Honorable Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Union county, bearing date the 22nd day of December, 1890 and to me directed and delivered, upon a judgment and decree of foreclosure and sale of heretofore attached property, entered on the 23rd day of September, 1890, wherein the First National Bank of Arlington is plaintiff, and C. W. Ladd and E. Florence are defendants for the sum of eight hundred and one and nine one-hundredths dollars, with interest thereon at the rate of ten per cent, per annum, from the 22nd day of September, 1890, and the further sum of seventy dollars attorney's fees, thirty and twenty one hundred dollars for costs and disbursements of this action, and decreasing the sale of the following described heretofore attached real estate, to-wit: All the right, title and interest that the defendant, C. W. Ladd, had on the 17th day of June, 1890, or after acquired in or to the following described real estate, viz: Lots eight (8), nine (9), ten (10) and eleven (11) in block one hundred and sixteen (116) of Chapin's addition to the town of La Grande, Union county, Oregon.

Now therefore, under and by virtue of said execution and order of sale as aforesaid, I will sell at public auction, at the court house door at Union, Oregon, on Friday, the 6th day of February, 1891, at 2 o'clock p. m. of said day, all the right, title and interest of, in and to the said premises that C. W. Ladd, one of the defendants above named, had on the 17th day of June, 1890, or after acquired in or to the above described real estate, to satisfy said judgment, attorneys' fees, costs, disbursements and interest, as aforesaid, and accruing costs.

Terms of sale, cash to me in hand, in U. S. gold coin.
Dated this 2nd day of January, 1891.
J. P. BOLL,
Sheriff of Union County.
By W. R. Usher, Deputy. 1-8-91.

NOTICE OF FORFEITURE.

State of Oregon, county of Union,)
November 10, 1890.)
To JOHN NOLES—
You are hereby notified that I have expended one hundred dollars in labor and improvements on the "Flying Dutchman" quartz lode, situated in Grant mining district, Union county, Oregon, as will appear by certificate filed November 10, 1890, and recorded in Book E of quartz claims, page 226, in the office of the recorder of said county, in order to hold said premises under the provisions of section 2323 revised statutes of the United States, being the amount required to hold the same for the year ending December 31, 1890 and if within ninety days after this notice by publication you fail or refuse to contribute your portion of such expenditure, and of other expenditures for which you are legally bound as co-owner, your interest in said claim will become the property of the subscriber under said section 2324.

11-13-11. GEORGE W. PERKINS.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the co-partnership heretofore existing between F. J. Holmes and J. W. Hill, under the firm name of Hill & Holmes, is this day dissolved by mutual consent, the said J. W. Hill withdrawing from the business. F. J. Holmes assumes all liabilities of the late firm and is authorized to collect and receive all accounts and demands due said firm.

Island City, Oregon, Jan. 9, 1891.
1-13-11. W. HILL,
F. J. HOLMES.

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UNION CITY HOTEL.
(Opposite the Court house.)
L. J. Boothe, Proprietor.
Having refitted the same, and added a large new dining room, I am now better prepared than ever to accommodate my patrons.

Stage Line to Cove.
Leaves Union daily at 2 p. m., arrives at Cove at 2:30 p. m.
Leaves Cove at 8 a. m., arrives at Union at 9:30 a. m.

UNION CITY HOTEL.
(Opposite the Court house.)
L. J. Boothe, Proprietor.
Having refitted the same, and added a large new dining room, I am now better prepared than ever to accommodate my patrons.

**Meals 25 Cents.
Beds 25 Cents.**
Give me a call. 9-11-11m

Union and Cornucopia Stage-Line!
Quickest and Cheapest Route to the Pine Creek Mines.

RATES OF PASSAGE.

State	Nov 25	Oregon	Nov 25
Oregon	Dec 2	Columbia	Dec 1
Columbia	" "	State	" "
Oregon	" "	Oregon	" "
Columbia	" "	State	" "
Oregon	" "	Oregon	" "
Columbia	" "	State	" "
Oregon	" "	Oregon	" "
Columbia	" "	State	" "
Oregon	" "	Oregon	" "
Columbia	" "	State	" "

ASCENSION SCHOOL.
COVE, OREGON.
MISS BELLE H. BOGCK, OF VIRGINIA, Principal.

Christmas Term begins Monday, Nov. 17, 1890.