

CLARA BELLE LEE.

A ROMANCE OF THE SEA.

Written for THE SCOUT, by C. F. Hinchley.
CHAPTER IV.

THE Bermuda islands are remarkable for their isolation—being 580 miles from Cape Hatteras, a projection of North Carolina, and 640 miles from the Bahamas, the nearest points of land. Though mere islet specks in the ocean, they are important as forming the oldest British settlement in the Western Hemisphere. There are 365 islands, the same number as the days in the year, though many of them are mere rock patches in the magnificent harbor. They are all low, but very pleasing, with innumerable little bays and creeks of the clearest water. The whole surrounded by belts of coral reefs, only passable through narrow channels.

The population is about 11,000 souls. There are two small towns on different islands—St. George, the military headquarters, and Hamilton the seat of government. As the summer naval station of the English Admiral, in command on the North American waters, large sums have been expended in forming a dock yard and in fortifications. Arrow-root and various vegetables are raised for export, and the whale fishery is pursued. Bermuda potatoes, delicious onions, and various fruits, all of good quality, which make their appearance in the cities along the Atlantic coast of the United States and Canada early in March and April, find a ready market, though Florida is competing for the honor of being first in the markets with vegetables and fruit. And while I will accord all honor to that state for her oranges and strawberries, I do not think that she produces such sweet, odorless onions and mealy potatoes as Bermuda.

Most of the water used on the island is rainwater, caught in large water tanks, and used for domestic and culinary purposes.

The Bermudas have their name from the Spaniard, Juan Bermudez, who discovered them, and are also called the Somers islands, after Sir George Somers, who was wrecked on them in 1609, when the British occupation commenced.

The chief anxiety of the Bermuda people, when I was there, appeared to be the price of onions and potatoes in the United States. Whenever an incoming steamer or ship arrived they all rushed to the water side and interviewed the officers of those ships as to the market in New York or Boston, and they cursed or praised the Yankees according to the state of the American market.

We lay at anchor in the harbor of Bermuda five days. We did not have much liberty on shore. Our ship was new and all our spare time being occupied since leaving home with our oil, we had had no time to set up the rigging—new rigging is always stretching and shrieking. The men, now that they had the opportunity, were constantly employed in setting it up, every shroud and stay having to be set taut with the watch tackle.

However after a few days' hard work we were ready for sea. The ship made a dainty picture as she lay, straining slightly at her cable, on the silvery surface of the harbor. The still, yet moving, water gave back the image of her spars and rigging, with a streak of red at the inverted peak and a sparkle as of gold deep down where the vane at her main royal masthead found a mirror for itself. On the morning of the 15th of May our last boat load of onions, potatoes and vegetables of all kinds was hoisted on board, our anchor weighed, sail after sail was crowded on the ship and, before a fine breeze, the "Clara Belle Lee" sailed gracefully out of the harbor of Bermuda. I stood on the quarter deck coiling up ropes on the belaying pins, and surveyed the shore of the harbor, and the numerous islands sliding softly by the ship, and for the first time since leaving home a feeling of homesickness came over me, and I longed to be at home on Nantucket with my mother.

How could my mother have given her consent to my going to sea? I grumbled in my homesickness. A still small voice whispered to me that she had not given it, it was wrested from her by siege by her boy—loving, well-meaning, but wildly romantic, standing on the ship's deck and gazing on the fast receding shore of Bermuda. The picture of my mother, standing with a forced expression of cheerfulness, over my sea chest, stowing away my clothes and outfit in it for the voyage. I was proud of my sea chest during the few days it was in the house, in spite of the sorrow I felt at the silent tears, which, when my mother

knew not that I was regarding her, she fell upon it. How carefully my mother scrutinized and adjusted the little outfit, which told such a tale of coming separation. Her boy, was he to wear those scarlet shirts and duck trousers in that chest. I saw ships and continents and oceans, but she saw only the tomb of all the past; the baby that she rocked in the cradle, the little boy that she had dressed for school, he that had been a part of the house; that had flung his red mittens on the table; that had warmed his soft hands at the grate; that had caressed the yellow kitten; that had rolled marbles on the floor; that had played ball in the back yard,—was he now to be ever lost across the threshold of domestic life, so far that a mother's arm could not reach him, nor a voice call him back? I was interrupted in my reverie by the hoarse voice of Mr. Chadwick.

"You, Chase, there. What are you star-gazing for in the day time? Lay out to the main yard and overhaul the buntlines."

"Aye, aye, sir," and I quickly disappeared up the main rigging to escape another hazing, and my fit of homesickness also disappeared.

My name is Chase, Tom Chase, seventeen years old and cousin to Clara Belle Lee. Charles Lee and my mother are brother and sister. My father is dead—he was a brother to Reuben Chase. Reuben Chase was the son of Stephen and Dinah Chase. He was born at Nantucket, June 23, 1754 and died there February 15, 1824. Reuben Chase was a midshipman on the Bon Homme Richard in her famous sea fight with the Serapis, and became, under the magic pen of James Fenimore Cooper, the Long Tom Coffin in the famous novel of "The Pilot."

Cooper and Chase were midshipmen together on the same United States man-of-war, the first ensign on the seas bearing the stars and stripes arranged as they now are on all American flags, was hoisted on the Bon Homme Richard by Reuben Chase.

When the Bon Homme Richard was sunk in her famous fight with the Serapis, Reuben Chase, under a heavy fire from the enemy, rescued the flag and afterwards raised it on the American ship Alliance, and it is still in existence in Trenton, N. J.

Before I was aware of it we were out of sight of Bermuda, and our ship was scudding through it, with all three royals set, stunsails out aloft and aloft, storming through it at a rate that showed she was a very fast sailor.

How the spray flew from the bow as she glided gracefully along; how the braces became taut and the main sheet tugged at its blocks. And yet how easy was every motion of the noble ship. More than one old sailor numbered his satisfaction.

"If the old man don't take in them 'ryals' he'll stretch them new backstays 'til he carries the 'ryal' mast out of her," growled old Bill Francis.

"The old man is in a hurry to arrive on the Western ground, Bill, where the whales all are," said Mr. Hussey.

"It seems to me, sir, that it is very good whaling around Bermuda and the edge of the Gulf stream. Four hundred blbs. of sperm and only three weeks from home is very hard to beat," said Bill.

"Yes, that is so," answered Mr. Hussey, "but I think we will make a great voyage wherever we go. I have an impression that the 'Clara Belle Lee' is a lucky ship; at any rate Captain Coffin is a great man for carrying sail."

In the first dog watch, however, we took in the stemsails and royals, and, soon after the wind increased, put the ship under single reef topsails, and carried topgallant sails over our single reefs.

We found out later on that this was a favorite way of carrying sail with Captain Coffin.

And thus through that May night the "Clara Belle Lee" kept steadily on, the masts creaking with the swing of sails; the fore topmast staysail slatting as it was becalmed by the other canvas; the topsails pulled with a mighty strength, and the main topgallant sail, away up against the clear sky, looked beautifully white in the beams of the moon.

The next day we passed several merchant ships, and one of them, a magnificent clipper, came to the wind and hauled down her light sails, hauled her main yard aback, and laid hove to, waiting for us to speak her. But Captain Coffin was in a hurry and would not stop, until the merchantman hoisted his flag, Union down,—a signal of distress which no true sailor ever disregards,—we brought our ship to the wind with everything flying, and lowered a boat and went on board to see what relief was wanted. We found that they were out of oil. They had been in darkness for two weeks, steering by the stars in the night, as they could not see the compass in the binnacle.

We sold her a barrel of oil and she went on her way rejoicing.

She was the clipper ship "Sea Witch" Captain Robert S. Waterman, from Hong Kong, bound to New York, at which port she arrived safely.

The year before she made the quickest passage on record; Captain Waterman walked from his vessel in the Astor House and reported himself just 74 days from Hong Kong. Some of his compeers questioned the truth of this remarkable passage, which had never been performed by any sailing craft. But the sturdy old commander settled all doubts by producing newspapers published in Hong Kong on the day he sailed.

In 1850 the United States flag was prominent on every ocean, and our country excelled all other nations on the sea. The "Baltimore Clipper" was the champion of the world. But in late years—thanks to numerous tenth-rate congressmen, so thick-headed and stupid that they would not pass laws to protect American shipping—England has conquered the world in shipping, except the coast bordering the U. S., and God grant—in the name of Winthrop, Washington and Monroe, in the name of patriotism—that we may preserve this heirloom.

We arrived on the Western ground safely, and for two or three weeks were capturing whales about as fast as we could try them out. We were in an immense streak of luck and everybody was happy and contented. On the morning of the 15th day of June we were through cleaning up the ship and stowing away our oil from our last whale. Some of the officers were aft, grouped together, talking, smoking and laughing.

"How much oil have we, Mr. Swain?" said Captain Coffin.

"I make it 830 barrels, sir," said our first officer, who had been figuring on a slate.

"Well, I don't doubt it, for it has been oil, oil, oil, ever since we left Nantucket. In my thirty years in the whaling service I have never met with and secured so many whales before, or heard of any other ship doing so, have you?"

"Yes," spoke up the cooper, "that's so, but it was not all luck, Captain Coffin. You will allow that some of your officers are good whalers, and that it is owing to their ability that the whales were secured after having been raised."

"Not some of them Cooper, but all of my officers are good whalers. I am well satisfied with you all boys and will advance your interests with the owners when we go—"

"There is something down to leeward, sir, that looks like a wreck," was sung out from aloft.

We swung our ship off and headed for the wreck and it was soon in sight from our ship's deck. A large ship floating buoyantly on the water, with no masts standing—nothing but the stumps left. We brought our ship to the wind, lowered our larboard boat, and proceeded to board her. When we arrived close to her we discovered a thin column of smoke rising from the stovepipe on the cook's galley. And as it was the first sign of life we had noticed about the wreck, we laid back on our oars manfully, and soon dashed under the bow of the ship and climbed on board. I, being young and spry, was the first to steal softly around the galley, and peering in through a narrow crack in the sliding door, the sight I saw fairly paralyzed me with astonishment, and I staggered back, faint and weak with excitement for the moment. There was a cheerful fire snapping and crackling in the stove; the teakettle singing merrily away; potatoes boiling in an iron pot; the aroma from the boiling coffee wafting appetizingly to my nostrils, and standing over the stove, on this wrecked ship, in the middle of the Atlantic ocean, with a pale, careworn look on her beautiful countenance, stood my favorite cousin whom I thought safe at home on Nantucket—Clara Belle Lee.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Presbyterian Church.

Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sabbath school at 10 a. m.; Christian Endeavor Society, Tuesday at 7 p. m. All are cordially invited to attend. We urge parents to bring their children to church that they may be nurtured in morality and piety.

W. J. HUBBS, Pastor.

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. 12-44-f.

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 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 attorneys' fees, thirty and twenty one hundredths dollars for costs and disbursements of this action, and decreeing 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 fourteen (114) 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 at Union, Oregon, on Friday, the 8th day of February, 1891, at 2 o'clock p. m. of said day, all the right, title and interest of, 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. T. BOLLES,

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 Granite mining district, Union county, Oregon, as will appear by certificate filed November 10, 1890, and recorded in Book E of quartz claims, page 223, in the office of the recorder of said county, in order to hold said premises under the provisions of section 2324 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.

11-13-91 GEORGE W. PERKINS.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT

we, Squire K. Thomas and J. H. Delaney, have this day dissolved by mutual consent the partnership business heretofore existing between us, and J. H. Delaney is hereby authorized and undertakes to pay all debts of the firm and collect all accounts due.

Dated at Union Oregon this 30th day of December 1890.

SQUIRE K. THOMAS,

J. H. DELANEY.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

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.

J. W. HILL,

F. J. HOLMES.

DELINQUENT TAX NOTICE.

The delinquent tax rolls for the years 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887, 1888 and 1889 are now in my hands with warrants to enforce the immediate payment, by levy and sale. The names of all delinquents will be published in the county papers as soon as the list can be prepared, and all unpaid taxes for years above mentioned will be immediately collected with all costs added.

Dated at Union this 15th day of January, 1891.

Sheriff and Ex-officio Tax Collector.

By W. R. USHER, Deputy. 1-22.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT

the co-partnership heretofore existing between A. K. Jones and B. Chancey, in the business of THE OREGON SCOUT, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Mr. Jones will retire and Mr. Chancey will continue the business. Either one will receive for moneys due. All back accounts must be settled without delay.

Dated this 15th day of January, 1891.

A. K. JONES,

B. CHANCEY.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that there was taken up by C. A. Gray, on Clover creek in the precinct of North Powder, Union county, Oregon, and posted below the undersigned a justice of the peace for the above precinct one dark iron gray horse, supposed to be 12 years old, 16½ hands high, branded with a capital D (script) on the left shoulder.

Appraised at \$35 this January 3, 1891.

1-8-91 JOHN EDWARDS,

Justice of the Peace.

NOTICE TO SETTLE.

All persons indebted to the undersigned, by note, book account or otherwise, are expected to settle their accounts without further notice. I am compelled to adopt this course on account of my losses by the recent fire in Cornucopia.

12-18-90 J. L. ALBERSON.

ON SALE TO ALL

PRINCIPAL POINTS

EAST, WEST,

NORTH and SOUTH

UNION, OREGON.

A. E. ELLIS, Ticket Agent.

TIME TABLE.

Trains depart from Union daily as follows:

EAST BOUND.

Overland Flyer, No 2 11:30 A. M.

WEST BOUND.

Overland Flyer, No 1 7:00 P. M.

Main Line, Nos. 1 and 2. "The Overland Flyer," carry through Pullman Sleepers, Colonist Sleepers, Free Chair Cars and Coaches, between Portland and Denver, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, St. Paul, or Chicago.

Main Line, Nos. 3 and 4. "The Limited Fast Mail," carry Pullman Dining and Sleeping Cars between Portland and Chicago.

OCEAN DIVISION.

The Union Pacific will dispatch Steamers between San Francisco and Portland, as follows:

FROM PORTLAND. AT 10 P. M.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO. AT 10 A. M.

State, Nov 29 Oregon, Nov 28

Oregon, Dec 2 Columbia, Dec 1

Columbia, State, 2

Oregon, Oregon, 4

Columbia, State, 10

Oregon, Oregon, 13

State, Oregon, 19

Oregon, Columbia, 19

Columbia, State, 22

State, Oregon, 25

Oregon, Columbia, 29

The company reserves the right to change steamers or sailing days.

RATES OF PASSAGE:

Cabin, \$16.00 Steerage, \$5.00

Round Trip Tickets, Unlimited, \$30.00

Children, under 12 years, Half Fare

5 years, Free

Including Meals and Berths.

C. S. MELLETT, T. W. LEE,

Gen'l Traffic Manager, Gen'l Ticket Agt.

A. E. ELLIS, Agent, Union.

O. & W. T. R. R.

"The Hunt Line."

In Connection with the

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD

Form the

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Between Eastern Oregon and Washington

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FREE SECOND CLASS SLEEPERS

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Making close connection at Hunt's Junction with Northern Pacific trains for Tacoma, Seattle, Victoria, B. C., Ellensburg, North Yakima, Pasco, Sprague, Cheney, Davenport, Spokane Falls, Butte, Helena, St. Paul, Minneapolis.

AND ALL POINTS EAST.

Passenger Train, making above connections leaves Pendleton daily, at 7:40 p. m.

Through Tickets Sold to all Points East at the Lowest Rates.

W. F. WAMBLEY,

Gen'l Frt and Pass Agt.

G. W. HUNT,

President and Gen'l Manager.

H. L. DEACON, Ticket Agent, Union, Or

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PERFUMERY, PAINTS,

OILS, GLASS, PUTTY, Etc.

A Complete and Varied Stock of Wall Paper on hand.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded Day or Night.

A full supply of school books constantly on hand.

WIND

Thomson & Purler are agents for the celebrated Cyclone Windmill, and as the prices on them have been greatly reduced they are now within the reach of all. Sample mill to be seen at their planer in North Union. Call and examine it.

MILLI

Stage Line to Cove.

Leaves Union daily at 2 p. m., arrives at Cove at 3:30 p. m.

Leaves Cove at 8 a. m., arrives at Union at 9:30 a. m.

Connections made with Elliott's coaches running to the depot, carrying passengers for east and west bound trains.

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(Opposite the Court house.)

L. J. Boothe, Proprietor.

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Meals 25 Cents.

Beds 25 Cents.

Give me a call. 9-11-90

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Quickest and Cheapest

Route to the Pine Creek

Mines.

RATES:

Union to Park, \$1.50 3/4 c

Sauver, 3.00 1 1/2 c

Cornucopia, 6.00 2 1/2 c

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5-30