THE OREGON SCOUT.

UNION, OREGON, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1885.

NO. 2,

VOL. II. THE OREGON SCOUT. An independent weekly [fournal, issued every Saturday by JONES & CHANCEY. Publishers and Proprietors 5 B. CHANCEY. RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION: " Six months 1 00 " Three months 75 Invariably cash in advance. Rates of advertising made known on appli-Correspondence from all parts of the county Address all communications to A. K. Jones, Editor Oregon Scout, Union, Or. Lodge Directory. GRAND RENDE VALLEY LODGE, No. 58, A. F. and A. M.—Meets on the second and fourth Saturdays Ceach month. O. F. Bell, W. M. C. E. DAVIS, Secretary. C. E. DAVIS, Secretary. UNION LODGE, NO. 39, J. 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 ledge. S. W. LONG, N. G. G. A. THOMPSON, Secy. Church Directory. M. E. Gerrach—Divine service every Sunday at II a. mand 7 p. m. Sunday school at 3 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6:50. Rev. Anderson, Pastor. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH-Services morning and evening on the first and third Sundays of each mouth. Sunday school every Sunday at each mounts 10 a.m. St. John's Episcopal Chesch-Service every Sunday at 11 o'clock a.m. REV. W. R. POWELL, Rector, County Officers. A. C. Craig A. L. Saunders B. F. Wilson A. F. Benson J. L. Hindman School Superintendent.... Surveyor..... Coroner.... COMMISSIONERS. Geo. Ackles ... Jno. Stanley L. B. Rinchart F. T. Dick. E. E. Taylor City Officers. G. A. Thompson J. S. Elliott. J. B. Eaton. Street Commissioner Departure of Trains. Regular east bound trains leave at 9:30 a. a. West bound trains leave at 4:20 p. m.

PROFESSIONAL.

J. R. CRITES,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

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

R. EAKIN.

Attorney at Law and Notary Public.

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

I. N. CROMWELL, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon

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

J. W. SHELTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

- - - Oregon. T. H. CRAWFORD,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Union,

D. Y. K. DEERING,

Physician and Surgeon,

Union, Oregon.

Office, Main street, next door to Jones Bros.

variety store.
Residence, Main street, second house south Chronic diseases a specialty.

Q. F. BELL.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

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

J. M. CARROLL,

Notary Public and Cellecting Agent.

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

H. F. BURLEIGH,

Attorney at Law. Real Estate and Collecting Agent.

Land Office Business a Specialty.

Office at Alder, Union Co., Oregon.

LIFE, DEATH AND ETERNITY.

And what is Life? I pray you tell; A sluggard's paradise,
Where fools and idlers flourish well
And troubled winds ne er rise?
Ab, no, my child! A battle-field
Where each must take a side;
And 'midst the strife a sabre wield

And to the vanguard ride, Then what is Death? I beg you tell;

Then what is Death? I beg you tell;
A pall, a shroud, a bier,
A sudden dirge, a funeral knell
And friends who watch and fear?
Ah, no, my child! This but a night
Of quiet, peaceful sleep;
When morning brings the golden light,
Sad watchers cease to keep.

Eternity! Say, what is it?
A cold and darkened temb,
Where hope is vain and hopers sit
And wait long years their doom?
Ah, no, my child! One common breath
Will waft you to its share—

SHE UNDERSTOOD.

There sickness, sorrow, pain and death Are felt and feared no more,

The last Chapter of a Story.

BY EVELYN THORPE. For the New York Mercury.

Dr. Irving was in some respects a peculiar man. Other men were not always sure that they liked him. With women it was generally different. They did like him. There was no possible doubt of that. They maintained that he was handsome; a statement which never failed to call forth from their husbands or levers an emphatic protest: and they still more vehemently affirmed that his manner in a sickroom, the stimulating magnetism of his presence, the soothing influence of his strong yet gentle touch, were unique and unrivaled and more than sufficiently accounted for his extraordinary suscess in his profession-at which the husbands would again, below their breath,

pish and pshaw. Dr. Irving was thirty-nine and still unmarried. It could be said of him, as in the case of sundry young women, that this was not from lack of chance. To those to whom he ever spoke on the subject he would laughingly assert that his profession was his mistress, and that he should never marry at all. But there were very few persons indeed to whom Dr. Irving unburdened himself ly, but when he appeared she as to his inmost thoughts. Perhaps would shrink back with a shyness there were none at all. He was not a new to her. At times she had passioneummunicative man. Some of his lady ate outbreaks of temper which considerably startled the old housekeeper, him and the sound of wheels had died patients were sure he had a history; who had always known her "as quiet as away. Then she crept up slowly, as there was something mysterious about a mouse;" at other times she would shut one who walks in his sleep, to her own him, the more imaginative would aver, herself in her room all day, and the room, and closed and locked the door. Had Dr. Irving known of these things he would have been amused; but they never came to his ears. His brougham, with the superb pair of grays, now As his key turned in the lock a shad-

drew up before his door and he came in for his dinner and evening office hours. ow passed across the curtain that veiled the lighted interior from the passer-by, and a small, slight, dark, pale girl, scarcely more than a child, pressed close against him the moment the door after that many times. He called in opened.

"Well, Nita," he said kindly, and bent down to kiss her on her forehead. The girl had his hand tightly clasped in both her own narrow, slim ones, and was looking up at him with the dumb, pathetic eyes of a faithful dog. She had no beauty save her eyes. Those were large, black, full, luminous, with an intensity of expression that sometimes half-startled and half-amused strangers who chanced to see her. The rest of the face, with its swarthy skin, you its irregular features, was quite plain. She was a singular little thing, this no more ward of the doctor's, whom he had brought to his home twelve years before, after an absence of some time in Europe, a fatherless and motherless hild, the daughter of Italian parents. People understood that Dr. Irving had taken the weird little foreign girl under his protection to fulfill the last wishes of a dead friend, and then they well nigh forgother existence. She was so quiet, so mirthless and almost speechless at all times, so unlike other children in every way, that it was not dif-ficult to do so. And so Nita had grown up to the threshold of womanhood, and had had few or no companions of her own age, but spent the long days in the quiet house on Lexington avenue in the company of the doctor's old housekeeper, all rolled up in a ball on the lounge in the library with a book

on her knees. Something in her face that night as she sat opposite to him at the dinner table, perhaps the fact that her cheeks had a flush of color unusual to them, which brightening her skin, made her look for the moment almost pretty, causing the fdoctor to look attentively at her an instant and then to say laugh-

"Why, Nita, you're getting to be a woman, and a nice looking little woman too. We shall have to be hunting up a husband for you very soon."

The girl dropped her fork, opened her lips as if to speak, auddenly got up, and, without uttering a word, rushed from

the room. Doctor Irving looked after her in considerable surprise for a moment. Nita had always been odd; but she had never done anything of this sort before. It was Edwin Irving's way always to look for the cause of things. He went on quietly with his dinner, but he pondered various subjects in his mind

ed and Nita came back to her seat as he eyes with one keen, searching glance. thin The color in Nita's cheeks was all gone his and the heavy eyebrows were drawn toquite old and hard.

After his office hours, as Dr. Irving was preparing to start on his night came, still with the same look in her

"Nita," he said, "I want you to explain your rather extraordinary conduct. What on earth is the matter, child? You don't suppose I want to marry you off to any one you don't care for,

"I do not want to marry any one," said the girl, brusquely and fiercely. "Upon second thought, I doubt whether any one would want to marry you,' remarked the doctor draly, taking up his hat. Nita stood sullenly, with drawn brows, until he had reached the door, then she suddenly flew after him and

caught him by the arm. "Oh, don't-don't-don't be unkind to me!" she cried. There was a sharp sound of pain in her voice which caused Doctor Irving to look at her attentively. Then he said, gently and kindly, as he always spoke to her.

"My dear little girl, you are nervous and irritable. Go to bed, sleep soundly, and wake up on the morning yourself again."

Nita said nothing; but her arms crept higher and clasped the doctor's neck. "You are not angry? You will for-give me?" she insisted, piteously, all the rebelliousness gone, and with the

peculiar pathetic look in her eyes again. The doctor stooped and kissing her, said, "Yes, of course, dear child," and went out; and the girl, as the door closed behind him, threw herself face downward on the lounge and burst into a passion of tears.

After that night life did not go on hold. There was a difference. Nita hat. had ceased suddenly, through some mysterious process, to be the weird, curious, elf-like child she had been; she seemed to have developed into a woman. If possible the was more silent, more reticent than before. Her eves, in her small, haggard face, looked more intense than ever. Her manner toward the doctor had changed a little. She watched for his coming just as eagerhousekeeper, listening at her door outside, would Rear the sound of muffled

Dr. Irving apparently took no note of any of these things. But he had a way of seeing and studying much without giving any sign of having done so. He came in one night bringing with him to dinner a young man. The latter made himself rather agreeable to Nita and seemed bent upon producing a favorable impression. He returned the evening while the doctor was making his rounds, and when the dector found him there he discreetly disappeared after a few pleasant words and left his ward to entertain her visite, unmolested. Nita neither expressed pleasure nor the reverse at this new state of things, and thus a few months

passed. Quite abruptly one day the doctor

"Nita, Henry Payton has proposed for

"Yes, I know," said Nita, and said "Well," continued Dr. Irving with

one of the rare, peculiar smiles his lady patients found so fascinating, "what answer are you going to give the poor fellow?"

Instead of replying Nita looked steadily at her guardian a moment. "Do you want me to accept him?" she asked,

"If you think you might be happy with him-it might be a good thing, said Dr. Irving in a quiet matter-of

The girl turned brusquely away. Dr. Irving took up his newspaper and feigned not to see that she was fighting against one of the passions of sobs and tears that had become almost habitual with her of late.

"Payton," he went on in the same tone, "is a very fine fellow; he is extremely fond of you; he is well enough off to give you a most desirable home. I, my dear child, shall in all probability, not live forever. In ten years time, when you will be still, as things go now, counted as a young lady, I shall be-well, probably, a stoutish, florid, prosaic old fellow with a look of more or less comfortable middle age stamped all over me and plenty of gray hairs in my head. If anything happened to me you would be quite alone in the world. Moreover, I might marry myself some day, and then I could not give you the same care I have hitherto always been

too happy to bestow on you-" Dr. Irving was a very clever man; he had had a set purpose in his mind as he talked, but he had for once made a mistake; he had overdone his part; he had gone too far. With a cry like that of a

and grasped his arm. "Don't say that"-the words came

while doing so. When the door open- one! Do you hear? You shall not! The fierce Italian blood blazed in her was eating his dessert, he raised his great burning eyes and her small fingers closed over arm like a vice. "You now; they were paler even than usual, shall not hurt me so! You have no heart, no pity, no mercy-oh!" her gether in a way that made the face hands relaxed their hold suddenly and she threw them over her face. 'What have you made me say," she moaned; "oh, forget it, forget it! For rounds, he called the girl to him. She the merciful beaven's sake-I am not well-I don't know what I said-"

Dr. Irving had stood motionless all through the scene. He looked down at the cowering figure of the girl one moment and came to a decision.

Firmly, almost sternly, he took her by the arm, and leading her to a chair, made her sit down. He waited one instant, standing erect in front of her, then he said:

"Once-years ago-I loved a woman. Are you listening to me? I have not spoken of her for twelve years. I would not now but that I want you to understand. She was the wife of another man, and she had a child. She was beautiful. I loved her the first time my eyes rested on her. I loved her till she died -only one short year after—as I never loved before, never have loved since and never shall love as long as there is breath in my mortal body. I told you she was married. Well, she loved me. She left her husband. She fled in the dead of night. She expiated her sin. In a few weeks, or months, she began to sicken. Remorse killed her at the last. It was all wrong. I have expiated, too. My life has been lonely, ever will be. The skeleton in my closet peers at me day after day, night after night. I thrust it back, but it is there.' He stopped; his face was very pale. Well, shortly after her death her husband died, too-died of a broken heart. The child was left alone in the world. I took it. I swore to myself that I would be father and mother to it. The woman was your mother, Nita.

There was a dead silence in the room for the space of several seconds. Then quite as before in the doctor's house- Dr. Irving moved, and took up his

> "Now you understand," he said, "You understand why you can never be anything to me but a daughter, Nita, although as a daughter dearly loved." He hesitated a moment, and came over to her. The girl stood up and putcher hand in his.

> "Yes, I understand," she said, in a voice that sounded unlike her own. She bent over his hand and kissed it softly. Her lips were cold.

Dr. Irving went out. Nita watched at the window, hidden behind the cur-

The next morning Nita was not at her accustomed place at the breakfast table. After waiting a few moments the doctor sent to her room to know if she were not well. The servant came down with a white, scared face. The door was fast locked, she said. And there had been no answer, and no sound, when she

knocked. Dr. Irving stood at the bedroom door the next moment. With a mighty strain of his powerful shoulders he burst the door open. There lay the girl on her bed, stark and rigid, with her tangled, black hair falling over the small, weird face. On the table beside the bed was a bottle, labeled chloroform. It was empty.

And this closed the last chapter of Dr. Irving's story.

The Age of Some Charming Women.

From The New York Citizen. A charming woman has no age. His-

tory is filled with the adventures of women whose age, if not their conduct, was respectable. Helen of Troy was over forty when that famous elopement took place. Ten years after, when the fortunes of war restored her to Menelaus, he received her with love and gratitude. Cleopatra was past thirty when she made the conquest of Antony, and Diane de Poictiers at thirty-six, and for many years after, was considered the most beautiful woman at the court of Henry II. of France. Mme. de Main tenon was forty-three when she married Louis XIV., and Ninon de l'Enclos received a declaration of love on her eightieth birthday. The names of many other aucient society ladies might be added to the list.

A Young Lady's Advice. From the Witness, Belfast, Ireland.

A young lady at a party at Bebington the other night gave the following advice to a young man in reference to the use of big words: In promulgating your esoteric cogitations, or articulating your superficial sentimentalities, and philosophical, psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let possess a rarified conciseness, a compact comprehensibleness, a coalescent consistency and a concatenated cogency. Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity and jejune babblements. Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility, psittaceous bacinity, ventriloquial verbosity, and vaniloquent rapidity. Shun double entendres, pestiferous wounded animal the girl sprang to him | profanity, obscurant or apparent. In other words, talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly, truthfully, purely, thick and indistinct between short Say what you mean, mean what you gaspa-"you shall not marry! No-no | say, and don't use big words.

DOCTORS AND DOCTORING.

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

From the London Truth.

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 over crowded. Physic is hugely overdone. Half the complaints people—especially idle peoplesuffer from are imaginary. I do not deny that men and women get il!, 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 author.

ity 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 thee sections. To one I gave the regulation dispensary medicine in 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 obstrusive 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 jest 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 "doseist," as Artemus Ward would say, has theories about what is the matter with you he physics according to his theory, and then physica to correct his theory. This he calls "changing the treatment." Wrong again! Try back; alter diet; then physic away at the new diet. Wrong again! Patient gets worse. Perhaps it is change of air, not change of food he wants-bright idea! Send 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: "I told you so; change of 'air-that's what you wanted." What he really wanted was to be let 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 whereout doctors do suck no small advantage. If you call the doctor in for every little ailment, you will get into an artificial 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 physics to my more slow, but more sure and more healthy, recuperative power. Take physic-I strike

Not only do we often begin too soon but we go on too long with the doctor. He calls and calls again; he refines his prescriptions until its gradations of efficacy are quite imperceptible, but they are just enough to keep nature in leading-strings and to make each step de-

pendent upon the therapeutic art. Of course, I admit that there are many cases to which these remarks are wholly your conversational communications inapplicable. Bronchitis, incipient cancer and others, both functional and organis-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 specifies. Who can not realize Dr. Livingstone's gloomy death warrant when he determined to go forward after losing his medicine-chest of quinine in the dismal river?

In a Reading-Room.

I suppose there is an immense amount of misery in some lives. There is some in all. The other day, early in the morning, a friend of mine went into the reading-room of the free library to look at a paper. It was engaged. He went back to work, and worked on until lunch time, when he walked into the library once more. The same man sat there reading the same paper. He thought was curious, but he did not disturb him. He went in again at 3 o'clock. The same man sat in the same place reading the same paper. He walked up behind him and took a look. The paper was upside down. There is a chance for speculation over what condition that man's mind was in. The successful man of business would naturally say that he was lazy and lacked energy, and would despise him. It is so easy to believe because you make money easily, everybody ought to be able to do it. ○ I am a believer in luck. I have seen a great many men whose abilities were far beyoud the average, whose energy was unceasing, struggle, and fight, and work, and-fall. I have seen men in seedy clothes, poor and hungry, starving half the time, upon whom their successful fellows looked with contempt, who were purely the victims of bad luck. They are men who never complain. If you meet a man who whines over his condition and his luck you may set him down as entirely at fault himself. But the charity of this world takes no account of temperament, of physical conditions, or of mental eccentricities. Some people are broken all to pieces by shocks that would hardly affect others. Some people will break where others only bend. There are good Samiritans to-day, as 2, 000 years ago, but the good Samaritians of this age are very apt to pick up the wrong man, and there are many lying by the wayside.

Who is to say what misery this man who sat for seven hours with the paper upside down was enduring? Who can say what he was thinking about-how many accusations he was making against himself-how grateful he was even for the convenience that readingroom afforded him to be quiet and hidden? There are many men wandering through San Francisco. They are kicked from bar-room to bar-room; they are driven from post to pillar. They are called bummers and loafers. Many of them have gone too far to be drawn back to respectability. But somehow the worst of them can offer some excuse for his downfall. A wise dispensation of Providence has deadened their sense of shame and made them torget the life of brightness, of manhood, they once led. And nobody is so hard on them as those wno helped them to their ruin-nobody so kind to them as those who have endured poverty and hunger themselves. - San Francisco Chronicle.

Cooking in a Normal School.

At the next meeting of the board of public education, says The Philadel-phia Ledger, a plan will probably be reported by a committee, and pressed for final action, for the introduction of cooking as one of the branches of study in the girls' normal school. It has been found and so stated in the official reports to the board that the time given to sewing in that school, which was taken from the time formerly devoted to other studies, has not lowered the standard in those studies, and that, on the contrary, the change of employment has reacted beneficially upon them. Prof. George W. Fetter, principal of the normal school, is of the opinion that cooking may be added by slightly modifying the curriculum, with results equally advantageous to the school. Fetter considers that two or three hours a week, after the actual instruction in cooking begins, will be sufficient time to devote to this subject. He thinks that the expense of such a school would amount only to the pay of a teacher and to the outlay for the necessary fixtures, as there are four or five rooms with ranges, exit upon the street, etc., in the basement, which are not used as class rooms, and which are admirably adapted to this purpose; and he says, as the food can be readily disposed of at cost to the large number of girls who attend the school and who would no doubt prefer those well-prepared hot meals to the cold lunches which they now bring with them. This consumption of food is not opened to the objection raised by all educators to production as an end in industrial education.

False Prophets in Egypt.

London letter to Toronto Globe: is related that when the prophet Mahommed lay dying an angel ap-peared to him with the cheering in-telligence of the assassination of his rival and enemy Alhala, called Al Aswad, and that upon the founder of Islam predicted that, ere the day of judgment, the world would be troubled by thirty other impostors, and that not until after the rising and setting of all these should the true Mahdi proclaim himself. Since that day so many pretenders have arisen that Mahommed Ahmed, of the Soudan. may reasonably assert that the field is by this time open, and that the prophecy rather supports than opnor his declaration that he is indeed the man who is to lead the whole universe to a knowledge of the teachings of Islam' and whose enemies shall, in the near future, be east from the narrow bridge Al Sirat, into the bottom