

THE OREGON SCOUT.

VOL. II.

UNION, OREGON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1885.

NO. 7.

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, \$1.00
Six months, .60
Three months, .35
Invariably cash in advance.

Rates of advertising made known on application. Correspondence from all parts of the country 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. 39, 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. E. CHURCH—Divine service every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 9 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6:30. Rev. ANDREW S. PASTER.

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. R. POWELL, Rector.

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Sheriff.....A. L. Saunders
Clerk.....B. F. Wilson
Treasurer.....J. L. Benson
School Superintendent.....J. L. Hindman
Surveyor.....E. Simons
Coroner.....E. H. Lewis

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State Senator.....L. B. Rimhart
Representatives.....E. E. Taylor

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Councilmen.....W. D. Boddeman
S. A. Pursell.....W. H. Skiff
J. B. Eaton.....G. A. Thompson
Recorder.....J. B. Thomson
Marshal.....J. A. Denney
Treasurer.....J. D. Carroll
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Attorney at Law.

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

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.

A. E. SCOTT, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.

Has permanently located at North Powder, where he will answer all calls.

J. W. SHELTON,
Attorney at Law.

Union, Oregon.

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Attorney at Law.

Union, Oregon.

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Union, Oregon.

Office, Main street, next door to Jones Bros' variety store.

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J. M. CARROLL,
Notary Public and Collecting Agent.

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

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Lead Office Business a Specialty.

Office at Alder, Union Co., Oregon.

Geo. Wright, President. W. T. Wright, Cashier.

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—OF—
UNION, OREGON.

Does a General Banking Business. Buys and sells exchange, and discounts commercial paper.

Collections carefully attended to, and promptly reported.

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JOHN S. ELLIOTT, PROPRIETOR.

Having furnished this old and popular livery with ample room, plenty of feed, good hostlers and new buggies, is better prepared than ever to accommodate customers. My terms are reasonable.

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ADAM CROSSMAN, PROPRIETOR.

Has now on hand and for sale the best of HARNESS, LADIGO, UPPER and LACE LEATHER, SHEEP SKINS, ETC.

PORTLAND PRICES

Paid for Hides and Pelts.

WALLA WALLA BEER DEPOT.

Corner Main and A Streets, Union.

E. MILLER, PROPRIETOR.

Keeps always on hand the finest brands of WINES, LIQUORS, and CIGARS.

The very best Lager and Beck Beer in the market, at 25 cents a quart. Beer and lunch 25 cents.

A fine billiard table for the accommodation of customers. Drop in and be sociable.

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Near the Court House.

A. F. BENSON, PROPRIETOR.

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Fine turnouts and first-class rigs for the accommodation of the public generally. Conveyances for commercial men a specialty.

The accommodations for feed cannot be excelled in the valley. Terms reasonable.

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Brewery and Beer Hall.

Main Street, Union, Oregon.

HENRY STRIKER, PROPRIETOR.

Orders from any part of the valley will receive prompt attention. I have on hand some very fine BECK BEER. Drop in and sample it.

NORTH POWDER

Restaurant.

PONY STEVENS, PROP.

The traveling public will please take notice that, in addition to my saloon in North Powder, I have opened a first-class RESTAURANT, and respectfully solicit a share of the public patronage. The tables will always be supplied with the

BEST THE MARKET AFFORDS, and no pains will be spared to make my patrons comfortable.

Call on me, eat, drink and be happy.

Tonsorial Rooms

Two doors south of Jones Bros' store, Union, Oregon.

J. M. JOHNSON, PROPRIETOR.

Hair cutting, shaving and shampooing done neatly and in the best style.

CITY MEAT MARKET

Main Street, Union, Oregon.

EDMUND & BENSON, PROPRIETORS.

Keep constantly on hand BEEF, PORK, VEAL, MUTTON, SAUSAGE, HAMS, LARD, ETC.

CENTENNIAL HOTEL.

Union, Oregon.

DAN F. MOORE, PROPRIETOR.

A well stocked bar in connection with the house, and none but the best brands of liquors and cigars kept.

LARGE SAMPLE ROOMS for the accommodation of commercial travelers.

A South Carolina man found a preserved frog in a molasses barrel.

LIFE ON A RANCH.

An Old Lawyer Signs for the Free Life of the Prairie.

"If I was a young man," said Henry C. Townsend, the well-known lawyer, yesterday, "I would go to Colorado and try my success at cattle-raising. But I am too old to change my habits, and a frontiersman life is one of exposure and privations. I have just received a letter from my son, who is located on a ranch in Mesa county, Colorado, giving a glowing picture of life on a cattle ranch in the far west. Mesa county is located about the middle of the western tier of counties in Colorado, on the western slope of the Rocky mountains. Its principal trading point is Grand Junction, a lively western town on the Denver and Rio Grande railway, where the Grand River empties into the Gunnison. The cattle ranch, or "Grove Creek Range," as the boys call it, is located on the Grand Mesa, sixty miles northwest from Grand Junction, in the Grand river valley. By locating alternate sections along Plateau creek, a tributary of Grand river, the company of which my son is a member have virtual control of a tract of fine grazing land, covering in extent nearly thirty thousand acres. Spurs of the Rocky mountains ledge this tract on two sides, and a fence line on the third limits the wanderings of the cattle. Besides the Plateau river the other streams cross the tract, affording unlimited water privileges. The range forms a portion of the old Ute reservation from which the Indians were removed in 1879 to their present hunting-grounds in Ouray, some two hundred miles further south. Shortly after the departure of the Utes the land was taken up in alternate sections by Frederick S. Rockwell and William C. Needles for stock-raising purposes.

"In 1881 these adventurous frontiersmen were joined by Frank Walworth Smith, son of ex-Gov. Smith, of Vermont, and J. Trowbridge Bailey, son of Joseph F. Bailey, of Bailey, Banks, & Biddle, of this city. One year later my son, Lawrence Townsend, went out to Colorado and joined the enterprise. These five, with George H. Cowles, of Osceola, Iowa, are the proprietors of the claim.

"Young Bailey and my son are Philadelphians born and graduates of the University of Pennsylvania, while Smith was, I think, educated at Yale. Rockwell and Needles are ranchmen and cattle buyers of long experience. From a small beginning, with a few hundred head four years ago, their herds have grown until now they number some seven thousand head, together with a number of bulls of the Hereford, polled Angus, and other recognized line bloods. Every spring two or more of the partners make a trip into Utah and purchase additions to their herds from the Mormons, and drive them to the corral on the Grand Mesa. During the summer months the cattle range far up the mountain side and penetrate to the headwaters of the mountain streams which cross the valley, until the blasts of November drive them for shelter and supplies to the plateau below. During the winter months, even, the cattle feed upon the grasses upon the plateau, for the snowfall is very light and the mountain ranges protect them from wintry storms.

"To manage and care for this huge army of beef on foot a force of from fifteen to twenty cowboys is a necessity. They are located at the camp, in very nearly the center of the range, under the charge of Capt. John Durant, the superintendent, who is quite a character.

"A soldier of the late war, he has since developed into the frontiersman and cattle-ranger, whose stories of wild adventures on the plains would fill a volume. But my story is concerning our Philadelphia ranchmen who live in their little cabin near the lower end of the plateau, where the fence line forms their boundary from the open plains. The plateau itself is elevated 6,500 feet above the sea level, while the surrounding mountains, lifting their heads five thousand feet toward the clouds, form on the north and west a perpetual barrier to the storms of winter. During the summer months the thermometer in this lovely valley registers from 80 to 40 degrees at night to 75 or 80 degrees by day, while in winter the mercury rarely falls to zero. The security of the range allows our ranchmen opportunity to try their skill with the rifle, while the mountain slopes teem with elk, deer, wildcats, and occasional bears. During the winter one or both of the boys come home for a few weeks' recreation, and tell wonderful tales of their adventures in the wild west that would match the best performance of Buffalo Bill.

"My story simply shows what the Philadelphia boys are doing in the west, and I think they are entitled to great credit for their pluck and self-denial in separating themselves from home and friends to lead the rough and adventurous life of frontiersmen. And yet, as I said to you in the first place, if I were younger and not so strongly wedded to my creature comfort, I would go out with the boys and try western ranch life for a change."

A petrified hickory log, four feet long and nine inches in diameter, was dug up on July 12, about eleven feet below the surface, by the hands who were digging the cistern near the Baptist church of Greenborough, N. C.

Fresco county, California, will produce 100,000 bushels of wheat this season.

A South Carolina man found a preserved frog in a molasses barrel.

Lincoln's Second Inauguration Ball.

The ball on the evening of Mr. Lincoln's re-inauguration, writes Ben Perley Poore to *The Boston Budget*, was held in a large hall of the department of the interior, which had just been completed. It was brilliantly lighted and dressed with flags. Mr. Lincoln and Speaker Colfax entered together, followed by Mrs. Lincoln on the arm of Charles Sumner. Mr. Lincoln wore a full black suit, with white kid gloves, and Mrs. Lincoln was attired in white silk, with a splendid overdress of rich lace, point lace bertha and puffs of silk, white fan, and gloves. Her hair was brushed back smoothly, falling in curls upon the neck, while a wreath of jasmines and violets encircled her head. Her ornaments were of pearl.

Having pronounced the entire length of the room, they mounted the few steps leading to the seat placed for them upon the dais, while the crowd gathered densely in front of them.

The army and navy were well represented, adding greatly to the beauty of the scene in the bright uniforms that everywhere flashed before the eyes. Admiral Farragut, Sen. Banks, and Gen. Hooker shone conspicuously, as did also Gen. Halleck, who stood, smiling and happy, to receive greeting from his friends. The members of the cabinet assumed the seats upon the dais reserved for them, and up to 12 o'clock the crowd continued to pour into the room.

At 12 o'clock the door was opened for supper, and the crowd which had been gathered about it for half an hour rushed forward. Such a crush and scramble as there was! Little screams, broken exclamations, and smiling and happy, to receive greeting from his friends. The members of the cabinet assumed the seats upon the dais reserved for them, and up to 12 o'clock the crowd continued to pour into the room.

That supper scene was one never to be forgotten. Aside from its luxury and splendor, there was so much that was ridiculously laughable connected with it in kept amusement. The tables were being instantly filled up, all the spaces between the glass cases containing the office property were soon crowded to their utmost capacity. Many a fair creature dropped upon the benches with exclamations of delight, while their attendants sought to supply them from the table, to which they could not get their way. Those who had not yet seats stood around in groups, or sank down upon the floor in utter abandonment from fatigue.

It was curious to sit and watch the crowd; to hear the gay laugh, the busy hum of conversation, and the jingle of plates, spoons, and glasses; to see hands uplifted, bearing aloft huge dishes of salads and creams, loaves of cake, and stores of candies, not infrequently losing plentiful portions on the way. Many an elegant dress received its donation of cream, many a tiny slipper bore away crushed sweets and meats, and lay among fragments of glass and plates upon the floor.

Ancient and Modern Shipbuilding.

There seems to be a wide difference of opinion concerning the cost of the steamship Great Eastern, and her size as compared with Noah's ark. The cost of building and launching the Great Eastern was \$3,650,000, and this broke the original company. A new company was formed which spent \$600,000 in fitting and furnishing her. Then this company failed and a new one was organized with a capital of \$200,000. At the close of 1880 this company sunk \$26,715 upon the vessel, thus making her total cost \$7,313,675. Nothing ever built can stand comparison with the Great Eastern excepting Noah's Ark, and even this vessel could not match her. The length of the ark was 300 cubits, her breadth fifty cubits, and her height thirty cubits. The cubic of the scriptures, according to Bishop Wilkins, was 21,65,100 inches, and computed into English measurement the ark was 547 feet long, ninety-one feet beam, fifty-four and seven-tenths feet depth, and 21,762 tons. The Great Eastern is 680 feet long, eighty-three feet beam, fifty-six feet depth, and 28,093 tons measurement. So Noah's ark is quite overshadowed by the Great Eastern.—*New York Tribune.*

Human Skulls as Drinking Cups.

A writer in *Longman's Magazine* has some grave suspicions about the drinking cups used by paleolithic men. It is pretty clear, he says, that the earliest drinking vessels used in Europe were neither bowls of earthenware nor shells of fruits, for the cold climate of interglacial times did not permit the growth in northern latitudes of such large natural vessels as gourds, calabashes, bamboos, or cocoanuts. In all probability the horns of the aurochs and the wild cattle and the spacious skull of the fellow-man whose bones he had just picked at his case for his cannibal supper formed the aboriginal goblets of the old black European savage. A curious verbal relic of the use of horns as drinking cups survives, indeed, down to almost modern times in the Greek word *keramic*, still commonly applied to the art of pottery, and derived, of course, from *keras*, a horn; while as to skulls, not only were they frequently used as drinking cups by our Scandinavian ancestors, but still exists a very singular intermediate vessel in which the clay has actually been molded on a human skull as a model, just as other vessels have been molded on calabash or other suitable vegetable shapes.

DOMESTIC HINTS.

ORANGE STUFFLE.

Peel and slice six oranges, put in a glass dish a layer of oranges, then one of sugar, and so on until all the oranges are used, and let stand two hours; make a soft-boiled custard of yolks of three eggs, a pint of milk, sugar to taste, with grating of orange peel for flavor, and pour over the oranges when cool enough not to break the dish. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, sweeten to taste and pour over the top. Serve cold.

ITALIAN ORANGE ICE CREAM.

One pint and a half best cream, twelve ounces of white pulverized sugar, the juice of six oranges, two teaspoonfuls of orange extract, the yolks of eight eggs and a pinch of salt. Mix in a porcelain-lined basin and stir over the fire until it begins to thicken; strain through a hair sieve into the freezer and finish.

ORANGE AND COCOANUT.

Three peeled oranges. Make alternate layers of orange slices, sugar and grated coconut until a glass dish is filled, having grated coconut on top; pour orange juice over the top to run through the layers.

COCOANUT MACAROONS.

One pound of sugar, three-fourths pound of flour, one-half pound of butter, two grated cocoanuts, whites of five eggs. Drop on buttered paper in tins, and sprinkle with sugar; bake in a quick oven.

FRIED MEAT Cakes.

Chop lean raw meat as you would for sausage; any meat may be used, but beef is best. Season with salt, pepper and onions; shape into flat cakes, dip the cakes, in egg and bread crumbs, and fry in dripping. Drain on a strainer; have ready a dish of nicely mashed potatoes, on which put your meat cakes and serve.

FRENCH ROLLS.

One and one-half pints of milk, one-half pint of yeast, one-quarter of a pint of warm water, one-half ounce of salt, two ounces of butter, flour enough to make a thick batter. Manner of mixing: Take the milk and let it get quite warm, but not hot; stir into it the yeast, and add enough flour to make a thick batter. Put it into a pan, covering it over, and keep it in a warm place. When it has risen as high as it will, add the warm water, butter, salt, and enough flour to make your dough not too stiff. Let it stand for three-quarters of an hour and it will be ready to make into rolls. Let the rolls stand awhile covered over with a clean cloth, and then bake in a quick oven.

ESCALLOPED SWEET POTATOES.

Slice enough cold boiled sweet potatoes to make three pints, and sprinkle with a teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper. Butter a large shallow dish and spread the potatoes in it, making a layer not over an inch thick. Melt forth of a cupful of boiling water, and after sprinkling a quarter of this liquid over the potatoes, put them into a hot oven. In ten minutes sprinkle another quarter of the liquid over them; and repeat the act twice more at intervals of ten minutes. After the final sprinkling let the dish bake ten minutes longer, or forty minutes in all. This is a nice entree for dinner, and is also appropriate for breakfast. It may be made much richer by using more butter and no water for the basting. Sometimes a tablespoonful of sugar is mixed with the butter and water, but it is doubtful if an improvement is thus made.

PARSONS' STUFF.

Three slices of salt pork, boil one hour and a half; scrape five large parsnips, cut in quarters lengthwise, add to the pork, and let boil one-half hour; then add a few potatoes, and let all boil together until the potatoes are soft; the fluid in the kettle should be about a cupful when ready to take off.

Workmen's Wages in 1880.

In the great cities unskilled workmen were hired by the day, bought their own food and found their own lodging. But in the country, on the farms, or wherever a hand was employed on some public work, they were fed and lodged by the employer and given a few dollars a month. On the Pennsylvania canals the diggers ate the coarsest diet, were housed in the rudest sheds, and paid \$6 a month from May to November and \$5 a month from November to May. Hod-carriers and mortar-mixers, diggers and choppers, who from 1793 to 1800 labored on the public buildings and cut the streets and avenues of Washington City, received \$70 a year, or, if they wished, \$60 for all the work they could perform from March 1 to December 20. The hours of work were invariably from sunrise to sunset. Wages at Albany and New York were three shillings, or, as money then went, forty cents a day; at Lancaster, \$8 to \$10 a month; elsewhere in Pennsylvania workmen were content with \$6 in summer and \$5 in winter. At Baltimore men were glad to be hired at eighteen pence a day. None, by the month, asked more than \$6. At Fredericksburg the price of labor was from \$5 to \$7. In Virginia white men, employed by the year, were given 110 currency slaves, when hired, were clothed and their masters paid 1/2 a month. Around Virginia a pound was, in Federal money, \$1.33. The average rate of wages the land over was, therefore, \$6 a year, with food and perhaps lodging. Out of this small sum the workman must, with his wife's help, maintain his family.

Wilted Ambitions.

One day, in winter, I think it was in the blood-curdling month of January, I conceived a bright idea. It struck me suddenly in the middle of the afternoon—and I set about it at once. I went through all the antique dictionaries, heathen mythology and ancient spelling books in the public libraries, and after careful research, in such books as "Mother Goose" and "The House that Jack Built," I felt that I had paid proper respect to the names, had counted them long enough to sit down and be inspired, and I was, for I determined to spring a pet goat upon my publishers. I began to work liberally, bursting with wonder and admiration at my own genius. I went on with my work, swelling with pride and egotism, as in my mind's eye I could see Mark Twain, Josh Billings, and all the other noted humorists knocked out of time and retiring to private life, green with envy. Surely this goat would render me immortal; I could see him galloping down to posterity at the rate of forty knots an hour. My pet goat (I spelled it with a big G) had just laid out his purchaser, Mr. Broadside, and was just preparing to pay the same delicate attention to Mrs. Broadside, when I was compelled to lay down my pen and luxuriate in nostalgic mirth; I could see the great reading public all over the country, convulsed with laughter over the playful idiosyncrasies of Mr. Broadside's pet goat, and with all the impatience of genius, and yet with the unbridled thirst of youth, linked to age, for applause, I seized my pen and plunged into the vortex of my joke. The goat telescoped Mrs. Broadside and affably scuttled the balance of the family; I then wrote *Wilted Ambitions*, then laid down my pen with a chuckle of supreme satisfaction.

In the first flush of triumph, over the completion of my article, I pronounced it perfect; but, after a careful perusal, I discovered a few errors in the technique and some physiological inaccuracies, not enough periods and too many hyphens. After carefully revising, remodeling and re-vamping, it was ready for the press.

I rose up gaily in the morning of the day, when I intended to send it off to the lucky publishers, singing snatches of old biblical songs while parting my hair in the middle. I gathered round my family board and met my nearest relations at an early breakfast. All went merry as a marriage bell until the arrival of the postman; among the numerous papers, which he left, I opened a *Sittings*, and with distended eye and paralyzed comprehension, I beheld a goat holding high carnival with an old gentleman and what there was left of the trousers of a small boy; I leaned back, literally gasping for breath; then in a dazed manner, I opened a *Washington Hotel*, and—O horrors! staring me in the face was a goat, rampant and occupying all the available space around him, and what appeared to be the wreck of a second-hand clothing store. Half-maddened, I clutched the third paper and with trembling hands, laid it open upon the table, and again the ubiquitous goat came to the front playing leap frog and toss and catch with the best boy, whose father and mother, in the background, were in the act of scrambling to their feet to fly to the rescue of their imperiled innocent.

I could bear no more; with a gasping sigh I fell forward on my face; when I came to I was assisted from the breakfast room a wiper but madder man, the victim of blasted hopes and shriveled ambition.

A year and a half has elapsed since then. The wound has healed, but the scar still remains. I have had Mr. Broadside and his pet goat on my hands ever since. Will some kind-hearted editor tell me what to do with him.—*Oliver Ophir, in Chicago Sun.*

Recruits Wanted. U. S. Army.

"Recruits Wanted. U. S. Army," said the sign, and in front of the office stood a fine-looking soldier in a new uniform.

"How is the recruiting business?" I asked.

"Poor enough. We are not averaging five recruits a week."

"Then your efforts at obtaining accessions to Uncle Sam's army are not very successful?"

"Successful? Why? I do my best to keep people from enlisting," was the startling response.

"That's scarcely consistent with your position," I replied.

"But it is with my conscience. It is a cat-and-dog's life, and to any likely-looking young fellow that wants to join I say, 'Keep away, if you don't want life of slavery.' If it wasn't for liquor I should be in a better business myself."

I walked on, and pondered the strange anomaly of a recruiting soldier who did his best to prevent the hiring of recruits.—*New York Star.*

A Doctor Using Carrier Pigeons.

Dr. Ege has adopted a novel plan to communicate with his patients outside of the city. He has several trained carrier pigeons. These he takes with him and when he has a severe case leaves one, with instructions in case he is wanted quickly all the friends have to do is to tie a note to one of the pigeons' legs and let it fly. In this way he frequently receives messages from his sick patients as to their condition. Yesterday one of the birds came home from a point near Kutztown, bearing the following message: "Mother is better, but come anyhow." The doctor left heading at once.—*Evening Eagle.*