

THE OREGON SCOUT.

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NO. 8

THE OREGON SCOUT.

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Lodge Directory.

GRAND RONDE 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 10 a. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30. REV. ANDERSON, Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Regular church services every Sabbath morning and evening. Prayer meeting each week on Wednesday evening. Sabbath school every Sabbath at 10 a. m. Rev. H. YERSON RICE, Pastor.

ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH—Service every Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. REV. W. K. POWELL, Rector.

County Officers.

Judge.....A. C. Craig
Sheriff.....A. L. Sanders
Clerk.....B. F. Wilson
Treasurer.....A. E. Benson
School Superintendent.....J. L. Hindman
Surveyor.....E. Simons
Coroner.....E. H. Lewis
COMMISSIONERS.
Geo. A. Kiehl, Jno. Stanley
State Senator.....L. B. Rinehart
REPRESENTATIVES.
F. T. Dick, E. K. Taylor

City Officers.

Mayor.....D. B. Rees
COUNCILMEN.
S. A. Pursell, W. D. Beldeman
J. S. Elliott, Willis Skiff
J. B. Eaton, G. A. Thompson
Recorder.....G. A. Thompson
Marshal.....J. A. Denney
Treasurer.....J. D. Carroll
Street Commissioner.....L. Eaton

Department of Trains.

Regular east bound trains leave at 9:30 a. m. West bound trains leave at 4:30 p. m.

PROFESSIONAL.

J. R. CRITES,

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, JESSE HARDESTY,
SHELTON & HARDESTY,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Union, Oregon.

T. H. CRAWFORD,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Union, Oregon.

D. Y. K. DEERING,

Physician and Surgeon.

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

O. F. BELL,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

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

J. M. CARROLL,

Notary Public and Collecting Agent.

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

H. F. BURLEIGH,

Attorney at Law, Real Estate and Collecting Agent.

Land Office Business a Specialty.

Office at Alder, Union Co., Oregon.

GEO. WRIGHT, President. W. T. WRIGHT, Cashier.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

UNION, OREGON.

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

Collections carefully attended to, and promptly reported.

COMMERCIAL.

Livery and Feed Stable.

OPPOSITE CENTENNIAL HOTEL.

JOHN S. ELLIOTT, PROPRIETOR.

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

COVE TANNERY.

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 Bock 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.

RAILROAD

FEED AND LIVERY STABLE

Near the Court House.

A. F. BENSON, Proprietor.

Union, Oregon.

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.

BLUE MOUNTAIN

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 BOCK 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.

ROBINS & 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 STRING OF BIRD SONGS.

Who knows Hebrew? Who knows Greek? Who the tongue the birds speak!

Here's a set of meanings, and records on a psalmist.

What is meant by all these freaks? Blueish blotches, brownish speckles!

These are words, in cipher printed on each egg-shell faintly tinted;

Useless laws the birds must heed. What if I should try to read!

On the Oriole's scratched and soiled, This to trace I did not mind;

"Brewed bright as trumpet-sower; Builder of a swinging bowler, Airiest dweller ever seen,

In the elm-tree's branches green; Careless cavalier, shall be The little bird that sleeps in me!"

On the Blue Jay's greenish-gray, Botting's line would seem to say:

"Chattering bragart, crested thief, Jesler to the woods in chief, Dandy gay in brilliant blue,

Crucial gration, coward too; Screaming, gleaming rogue shall be The little bird that sleeps in me!"

On Bob Lincoln's, brownish-white, This is it, if I read right:

"Gallant lover in the clover, With his gladness bubbling over; Waltz r. warbling liquid notes,— Yes, and one that has two coils!

Simble, waltz, and blithe shall be The little bird that sleeps in me!"

On the King-bird's, creamy-hued, Runs this line: "Staky, rude,

Tiny tyrant, winged with black, Big of head and gray of tuck; Teaser of the hawk and crow,

And if flies the deadly foe; Short and sharp of note shall be The little bird that sleeps in me!"

On the Mock-bird's, bluish-green, In spot and blot these words are seen

"Prince of singers, sober-clang, Wildly merry, wildly sad; Mocking all the feathered throng;

Bettering still each bird's own song; Madcap masker he shall be, The little bird that sleeps in me!"

—Helen Gray Con, in St. Nicholas for August.

LORD SUMNER.

CHAPTER I.

Judge Grafney, although he professed great love for American institutions,

was a snob. The sound of a title was music to his soul. He spent a season in England, and, during the time, became perfectly enchanted with British manners and especially with British aristocracy.

The judge's daughter, Rose, was strikingly handsome; a trifle scornful, perhaps, but still wonderfully attractive. She had been taught that nothing in America was good enough for her. One day, just after she had attained her eighteenth year the judge said to her:

"Rose, have you ever thought about getting married?"

"Not very seriously, father."

"You have had a great deal of company, and I didn't know but that some one of your many admirers had succeeded in impressing you."

"No, I have never been very deeply impressed. There is plenty of time for me to think of getting married. I am not in a hurry, for at best I look upon marriage as a sort of surrender."

"Yes, but all women should marry. She may be a slave in marriage but without marriage she is nothing. I am proud of you, Rose."

"Thank you, sir."

"Not at all. Ever since your mother died—I have had almost the entire care of you; so we have cause to be doubly attached to each other. Do you know what I have long hoped for? I have hoped that you may marry an English lord."

"You are not rich enough, father, to render me so attractive."

"Yes, but your beauty is rich enough. Come now don't blush. If I can get together enough money next spring I shall go to England again and take you with me, and I wager that you'll catch one of the finest lords of the realm."

"Perhaps I might not love him, father."

"What! not love a peer? Nonsense. Your aim must be to compel him to love you."

"I have sometimes thought that I can never love anybody."

"That's what every woman says."

In society Rose was, in consequence of her father's snobbishness, at a disadvantage. Nearly every one knew of her father's ambitious scheme, and not a few people were mean enough to slyly tell the girl.

One evening a rather distinguished man stopped at the village hotel and wrote the following on the register:

"George Alfonso Sumner, London, England." The characteristic signature was shortly afterward viewed by a score of idlers. One of them remarked:

"I'll bet that's the judge's lord, come over to claim his own."

"I shouldn't wonder," the clerk rejoined. "Somebody ought to go and tell him."

Shortly afterwards, the judge entered the hotel.

"Judge," said a mischievous fellow, "do you see that man standing over there?"

"Who, that tall, fine looking fellow?"

"Yes. Who do you suppose he is?"

"I have no idea."

"I'll tell you. He is Lord George Alfonso Sumner, of London. It is hinted that he has come over in the interest of his government, to see about certain railroad bonds."

"That so?" the judge with great concern asked.

"That's what they tell me. It is a kind of secret mission, I understand. He does not want any one to know that he is a lord."

"Are you acquainted with him?"

"No."

"I was in hopes you were. I would like to receive an introduction to him."

The judge was determined that nothing should prevent him from becoming acquainted with Lord Sumner.

So, when he thought that no one was watching him, he approached the stranger, who had taken a seat on the balcony, and said:

"How do you do, sir?"

The man looked searchingly at the judge and then replied:

"Very well, I thank you. Won't you sit down?" inclining his head toward a chair.

"Thank you, I will sit down. First let me introduce myself. I am Judge Grafney."

"My name is Sumner," replied the man. They cordially shook hands.

"You are a stranger here, I believe, Mr. Sumner?"

"Yes, sir, I have just arrived."

"How do you like our little town?"

"I am very well pleased with what I have seen of it."

"I am very glad to hear it, sir, indeed, but I am very sorry that our hotel doesn't afford better accommodations."

"Yes, that is very unfortunate."

"How long do you expect to remain in this out-of-the-way place, Mr. Sumner?"

"I hardly know. I dislike very much to think that I'll be compelled to put up with this hotel for any length of time, especially as my only object in coming here is to seek rest, away from the busy world, in whose grinding turmoil I have been so ruthlessly whirled."

"Ah!" mused the judge, "he talks like a lord." "You are from London, I believe?"

"Yes."

"Are you related to Lord Sumner?"

The man smiled and said that he was not. The judge declared to himself that it was a sly trick to conceal his identity.

"Mr. Sumner, you spoke of the hotel. How would you like to remain at my house during your stay here?"

"I should not like to put any one to trouble."

"No trouble at all, I assure you, sir. I have a large house, plenty of room and I live at home, sir; live at home. Come, go with me now, and I will send a negro after your luggage."

Nothing could have tempted the judge to have used the American term, "baggage."

"I shall avail myself, judge, of your kind offer; and, let me now remark that if you should come to London, you will find me most hearty in returning the courtesy."

CHAPTER II.

The judge's house was large and airy. Lord Sumner declared that he was delighted with the place. He first met Rose at the supper table. "Her beauty made him glad." When she unconsciously smiled at him, he was thrilled. After supper Rose and Lord Sumner repaired to the richly furnished parlor. Rose, who by any other name would have possessed just as sweet a voice, sang a pathetic song. Lord Sumner said that it reminded him very much of a song he once heard an American lady sing in Paris.

"Have you lived all your life in this charming place?"

"Yes, sir. I have never been away but once and that was when I accompanied my father to Europe, several years ago."

"I own an old house in Devonshire. It is larger than this, but I don't think that it is so pleasant."

"Is it an old castle?"

"Well, hardly."

"The castles are all owned by the aristocrats, I suppose."

"Yes, most of them."

"Do you belong to the aristocracy?"

"No, I am only an ordinary citizen."

Rose knew better. She could see that he was a lord. The judge, who, standing out on the porch, overheard the remark, chuckled. "Ah," he mused, "we understand you better than you imagine we do."

"How long do you expect to remain in America?" Rose asked.

"I hardly know. The fact is, I am suffering from overwork, and that an extended sojourn in this invigorating neighborhood will benefit me."

"I am glad you have come. Father likes company."

"How about yourself?"

"Oh, I don't object to company. I am very homesick at times."

The next day Lord and Lady Sumner strolled through the woods. The judge was glad to see them together. "I think it is a fair way to obtain our object," he mused. "But what if he should visit Rose's lady and then turn out to be a pretender? Let confound it, he does not pretend to be a lord. Oh, but he is, though. He must be. I can tell Lord the moment I set my eyes on him."

Rose had already fallen in love with the fascinating stranger.

CHAPTER III.

Lord Sumner had remained during several weeks at the judge's house. At first the village people were much amused, but after awhile they began to feel concerned. Rose was, after all, a good girl, they said, and why should she throw herself away on a man who was doubtless a worthless character? The man who had told the credulous judge, was no longer in town, and the hotel clerk, who was not very friendly toward the judge, refused to explain the joke that had been played. A kind hearted old minister, desiring to save his friend's daughter from a disgraceful alliance, went to the judge one day, and suddenly breaking off from a skillfully designed introductory conversation, said:

"By the way, judge, how is your visitor getting along?"

"First rate, I thank you."

"I have understood that he is a lord."

"Oh, yes."

"How do you know?"

"How do I know? Why, sir, I have been in England. I know a lord when I see one."

"Judge, read this."

The minister produced a newspaper clipping, describing a man who was going about the country, pretending to be first one lord and then another. The writer had very well described Lord Sumner.

"What do you think of it, judge?" the minister asked when the jurist had finished reading the paragraph.

"I think, sir, that the writer may be correct, but that he cannot mean Lord Sumner."

"Judge, I am sorry to see that you are so blind."

"Blind, the deuce, sir! It is you who are blind. You are blinded by prejudice."

"Well, I see it is useless to talk to you."

"Quite so, sir."

"One of these days, I fear that you'll have cause to regret your lack of consideration."

"That's all right. I'll take care of my affairs."

CHAPTER IV.

Rose and Lord Sumner sat in the parlor. Evening had come and the "chatterjacks" were singing.

"The girl looked up. Lord Sumner took her hands. 'I used to think I could never love again, but I love you.'"

"Love again?" the girl gasped. "Did you ever love before?"

"Yes, I was once married. My wife died two years ago. Since then I have been a wanderer."

"Why you said that you came here because you were overworked."

"Yes, trouble imposed great labor upon me; but let all that go. I am entering upon a new life."

The girl remained silent. He fondly gazed upon her. "Rose, you are dearer to me than all the world. If it were possible, I would in a new way tell you of my love, but all forms have been employed. I can only say that I love you and that I want you to be my wife."

"I will," she said.

Just then the judge entered the room. The situation was explained to him. "I willingly give my consent, my lord, or rather Mr. Sumner. My daughter, I am confident, has never before cared for any one."

The people of the village were shocked when they heard that Rose was engaged. An old lady, prominent in society, called upon the girl.