

THE OREGON SCOUT.

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A. K. JONES, Editor. J. B. CHANCEY, Editor.

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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.

Church Directory.

M. E. Church—Divine service every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 3 p. m.

County Officers.

Judge—A. C. Craig. Sheriff—A. L. Saunders. Clerk—B. F. Wilson.

City Officers.

Mayor—D. B. Rees. Councilman—W. D. Reddeman. J. B. Elliott.

Departure of Trains.

Regular east bound trains leave at 9:20 a. m. West bound trains leave at 4:20 p. m.

PROFESSIONAL.

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

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Attorney at Law and Notary Public.

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

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Will practice in Union, Baker, Grant, Ematilis and Morrow Counties, also in the Supreme Court of Oregon, the District, Circuit and Supreme Courts of the United States.

Honest Henry Horman.

From the Chicago Shoe and Leather Review.

For some time prior to 1874 Henry Horman had a boot and shoe store in Chicago, and he was one of the many who succumbed to the business depression of that period. His failure was for about \$75,000, and his creditors, nearly all of whom lived in the east, readily agreed to a proposed compromise of fifty cents on the dollar.

The composition was ratified by the courts. He assented to the compromise, however, that he would pay them all to the last cent if it should ever be in his power. Similar promises seem to be customary in such cases, so that, although Mr. Horman had a reputation for strict integrity, no creditor had any idea of ever getting another dollar. After the compromise was completed Mr. Horman moved into a small store. He was almost penniless, but his reputation was sufficient to procure him a new stock of goods on credit.

He worked hard, and was largely helped by his sons and sons-in-law. His business progressed satisfactorily, and every year he laid by a sum with which to pay off the old bankruptcy debts to his creditors in the east. After nearly eleven years' waiting the time at last arrived when he was in a position to liquidate the old claims, and a few weeks ago he started east, for the purpose of hunting up the old creditors and paying them off. During these eleven years many changes have taken place. Some creditors had died, and their widows or heirs had to be discovered. Some had dissolved partnership with former partners, and the outgoing partners or their heirs had to be found and paid their proper share.

An Amusing Marriage Ceremony Performed by a Negro.

From the Woodford (Ky.) Sun. Thomas M. Field has written out from memory a description of a colored wedding, under the old regime, which, as said, used to be related with gusto by Major Herman Bowmar: A tall, dignified and clerical-dressed-looking negro (Tom Menzies), officiating, said, in pompous tones:

"Silence in dis' ssembly. Here is a couple who have walked out to-night, wishing to be jined in and thro' love, and wishing all dem dat have anything 'twix dem come forward and speak now; if not, let dem hold der peace now and forever more. I wants every ear to hear and every heart to enjoy.

"Mr. Irvin Johnson, whomsoever stands fastly by your right side, do you take her for your beloved wife, do you wait on her through sickness and through health safe and be safe, loving and believing, holy and be holy; do you love her mother, and do you love her father, do you love her sister, do you love her brothers, and, above all, do you love God de best? Answer, I do.

"Miss Mary Jones, whomsoever stands so fastly by your right side, do you take for your loving husband, do you wait on him through health and through conviction, safe and be safe, holy and be holy; do you love his mother, do you love his father, do you love his master, do you love his mistress; but, above all, do you love God de best? Answer, I do.

"I command you, Mr. Irvin, to hold Miss Mary so fastly by de right hand, and by authority pronounce you both to be man and wife by the commandments of God. What God jines together let no man sunder.

General Condensations.

The increase in the value of property in the business section of Boston during the past fifty years is shown in the recent sale of the United States Court House, at the corner of Tremont and Temple place. The Masons purchased the land in 1830 for \$13,000, and in 1832 the Masonic Temple was completed, making a total cost of land and building of \$30,000.

Trainmen on the Chicago, Vincennes and Cairo Railroad tell a wonderful story concerning the falling of a gigantic meteor in a field near the railroad at New Burnside, Johnson county, Ill. The weight of the meteor is estimated at about a ton and a half, and it was imbedded in the ground several feet.

Recently workmen on the Northern Pacific Railroad, near South Prairie, Washington Territory, came upon a fir log eight feet in diameter fifty-six feet below the surface of the ground. It was in a soft state, but after being exposed to the air for a short time became nearly as hard as a stone. The grain of the fir-wood remains plainly to be seen, but in color it might easily be taken for walnut.

It is reported from London that valuable pictures by Sir Frederick Leighton, Tadema, Millais, John and Thomas Faeds and other celebrated artists, now on exhibition at the Royal Academy, have been cut, scratched and otherwise mutilated. The outrages are supposed to have been prompted by malice, but no clue to the perpetrators has been found.

Mr. Edwards Pierpont in a letter lately published acknowledges that the social life of the upper classes of England is "very charming"; their plan of leaving all land to the eldest son has built up vast estates, adorned and dignified by castles and halls filled with art and luxury and refined taste, but—with a sense of justice that does him credit—he recognizes that "all this is at the sacrifice of many human rights."

The idea that "fortunes are made in Florida without sweat of the brow," is justly characterized by the New York Journal of Commerce as "A Fiction of the Speculators"; and the writer believes it could be demonstrated that a good apple orchard pays a larger interest than the best orange grove. The latter produces fruit only at the end of "years of hard work, much money and much impatient waiting."

Professor Newton, of Yale College, computes that 450,000 meteors fall on the surface of the earth each hour. Professor Alex. Herschel has shown that the average weight of a meteor may be taken as five grams, whence it follows that the earth receives hourly not less than 2,250 kilograms, or 4,950 pounds of foreign material deposited upon it from the celestial spaces.

How French Women Dress.

The chief point to note about the dress of a Parisian woman, no matter what her station in life may be, is its appropriateness. She does not wear as costly garments usually as the American of the same social class, but they are always thoroughly suitable to her position and to the occasion on which they are to be worn. A French elegante, for instance, will neither go shopping in a velvet costume nor to a wedding or official reception in a cloth jacket or cashmere gown. She never goes out on foot in superb and showy apparel, or appears at a ball in a dark silk made high in the neck and with long sleeves. Etiquette forbids her receiving even the most intimate of her gentlemen friends in her morning dress, though this rule has been relaxed of late in favor of the very superb morning toilets of brocade and satin and lace, which have been concocted for morning wear by the leading Parisian dressmakers.

These, however, are simply reception toilets for morning instead of for afternoon wear. If she desires to go out on foot she dons the simplest of costumes in dark cloth or cashmere. Her purse or her desires may make it and the same may be said of the dress in which she receives callers on her "at-home" day. Her theater bonnet much more showy and dressy than her visiting one. For street wear she dons a bonnet of very dark velvet or felt. In the matter of gloves and chausseurs she is always irreproachable. For evening dress the satin slippers and silk stockings precisely match the toilet with which they are to be worn.

THE MAIDEN'S SUITORS.

SUITOR NO. 1. Sweet maiden with the face so fair And eyes that like the diamonds shine, Bright maiden with the queenly air,

Oh, do not tease me now I pray; Talk love to me some other day.

SUITOR NO. 2. The reason why I've called to-day Is this—er—well, upon my life, I scarcely know just what to say—

Oh, do not tease me now I pray! I think you'd better speak to pa.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

I wouldn't marry the best man that ever lived!" And she meant it, or, what answers the same purpose, she thought she meant it. After all, how few of us ever really know what we mean?

"I engaged myself once, when a girl, and the simpleton thought he owned me. I soon took that conceit out of him, and sent him away about his business." The voice was now a little sharp. What wonder, with so galling a memory? "No man shall ever tyrannize over me—never! What the mischief do you suppose the matter with this sewing machine?"

"Annoyed at you logic, most likely," said my friend, a bright young matron as she threaded her needle. "My husband is not a tyrant, Miss Kent."

It was quite evident, by the expression of the dressmaker's face that she had formed her own opinion about my friend's husband, and was quite competent to form and express an opinion on any subject. Miss Kent was a little woman, fair as a girl, and plump as a robin. She wasn't ashamed to own that she was forty years old and an old maid. She had earned her own living most of her life and was proud of it.

"What are you going to do when you are old?" persisted the mistress of the establishment. "What other folks do, I suppose." "But you can't work forever." "Can't say that I want to."

"Now, Miss Kent, a husband with means, a kind, intelligent man— I don't want any man. I tell you, Miss Carlisle I wouldn't marry the best man that ever lived, if he was rich as Ceresus, and would die if I'd have him. Now, if you have exhausted the marriage question, I should like to try on your dress."

"There was something behind all this, I knew well. My friend's eyes danced with fun; and as Miss Kent fitted the waist, she threw me a letter from the bureau. "Read that," she said, with a knowing look. "It may amuse you."

"This is what the letter said: My DEAR JENNIE—I shall be delighted to spend a month with you and your husband. There must be, however, one stipulation about my visit—you must say no more about marriage. I shall never be foolish again. Twenty years ago to-day I wrecked my whole life.

"Better embark in a new ship, hadn't he?" put in Jennie, sotto voce. "So unsuitable was this marriage, so utterly and entirely wretched have been its consequences, that I am forced to believe the marriage institution a mistake. So, for the last time, let me assure you that I wouldn't marry the best woman that ever lived, if by so doing I could save her life.

Your old cousin, MARK LANSING." "Rich, isn't he?" said Jennie, and then pointed to the chubby little figure whose back happened to be turned.

"I shook my head and laughed. "You'll see," said the incorrigible. "See what?" inquired Miss Kent, quite unaware of our pantomime.

"That the parties which are chemically attracted will unite. Of course an alkali and an acid. Don't you think this sleeve a little too long, Miss Kent?"

"Not after the seam is off. But what were you saying, Mrs. Carlisle? The other day at Professor Boynton's, I saw some wonderful experiments."

"Did they succeed?" inquired Jennie, demurely. "Beautifully." "So will mine. I never botched a job in my life."

"I don't think I quite understand you," replied Miss Kent, perplexed. "No? I always grow scientific when talking about marriage, my dear."

"Mother!" was all the little woman said, but the tone was much better natured than I expected.

The next week cousin Mark arrived, and I liked him at once. An unhappy marriage would have been the last thing thought of in connection with that gentleman. He had accepted the situation like a man, Jennie told me, and for fifteen years carried a load of misery that few could have endured.

Death came to his relief at last, and now the poor fellow actually believed himself an alien from domestic happiness. Singular as it may appear, Cousin Mark was the embodiment of good health and good nature; fifty, perhaps, though he didn't look it, and as rosy and fresh in his way as the little dressmaker was in hers.

As I looked at him I defied anybody to see one and not be reminded of the other. True, he had more of the polish which comes from travel and adaptation to different classes and individuals, but he was not a whit more intelligent by human nature than the bright little woman whom Jennie determined he should marry.

"I was surprised you should think it necessary to caution me about that, Cousin Mark," cooed the plotter, as she stood by his side, looking out of the window. "The idea of my being so ridiculous!" and in the same breath, with a wink at me. "Come let us go to my sitting room. We are at work there, but it won't make any difference to you, will it?"

"Oh, of course," cooed the plotter, as she stood by his side, looking out of the window. "The idea of my being so ridiculous!" and in the same breath, with a wink at me. "Come let us go to my sitting room. We are at work there, but it won't make any difference to you, will it?"

"Of course Cousin Mark answered 'No,' promptly, as innocent as a dove about the trap being laid for him.

"This is my cousin—Mr. Lansing, Miss Kent," and Mr. Lansing bowed politely, and Miss Kent arose, dropped her scissors, blushed, and sat down again. Cousin Mark picked up the refractory implements, and then Mrs. Jennie proceeded with rare caution and tact to her labor of love.

Cousin Mark, at her request, read aloud an article from the Popular Science Monthly, drawing Miss Kent into the discussion as deftly as was ever fly drawn into the web of the spider.

"Who was that lady, Jennie?" Cousin Mark inquired in the evening. "You mean Miss Kent?" said Jennie looking up from her paper. "Oh, she is a lady I have known for a long time. She is making some dresses for me now. Why?"

"She seemed uncommonly well posted for a woman." Under any other circumstances, Mrs. Carlisle would have resented this, but now she only quired, "Do you think so?" and that ended it.

Two or three invitations to the sewing room were quiet sufficient to make Cousin Mark perfectly at home there, and after a week, he became as familiar as this:

"If you are not too busy, I should like to read you this article," and this is what Miss Kent would say: "Oh, I am never too busy to be read to. Sit down by the window in this comfortable chair and let's hear it."

After a couple of weeks, when the gentleman came in, hoarse with a sudden cold, Miss Kent bustled about, her voice full of sympathy, and brewed him a dose which he declared he should never forget to his dying day; but one dose cured. After this, Miss Kent was a really wonderful woman.

Altho' an arch-plotter. She let them skirmish about, but not onced she gave them a chance to be alone together—her plans were not to be destroyed by premature confidences—until the very evening preceding Cousin Mark's departure for California. Then Miss Kent was very demurely asked to remain and keep an eye on Master Carlisle whom the fond mother did not like to leave quite alone with his nurse.

"We are compelled to begone a couple of hours but Cousin Mark will read to you, won't you, cousin?" "Certainly, if Miss Kent would like it," replied the gentleman.

The infant Carlisle, thanks to good management, was never awake in the evening, so the victims of this matrimonial speculation would have plenty of time. The back parlor was the room most in use during the evening, and out of this room was a large closet with a large blind ventilator, and out of this closet a door leading to the back stoop and garden. Imagine my surprise when I was told that Mr. Carlisle was going to the lodge, and that we, after profuse warnings about the baby, and promises not to begone too long, were to proceed to this closet overlooking the back parlor, via the back gate and garden. In vain I protested.

"Why, you little goose," laughed Jennie, "there'll be fun enough to last a lifetime. John wanted to come awfully, but I knew he'd make an awful noise and spoil everything, so I wouldn't let him."

The wily schemer took the precaution to lock the closet door from the outside, so there was no fear of detection. On a high bench, still as two mice, we awaited results.

Cousin Mark (as if arousing from a protracted reverie): "Would you like to have me read?" "Miss Kent: "Oh, I am not particular."

Cousin Mark: "Here is an excellent article on elective affinities. How would you like that?" Jennie's elbow in my side almost took away my breath.

Miss Kent: "Who is it by?" Jennie (clear in my ear): "That's to gain time; see if it ain't."

Cousin Mark: "It's by a prominent French writer, I believe." Miss Kent: "I don't think I care for a translation to-night."

Cousin Mark: "Nor I; nor reading of any kind. This is my last evening in New York, Miss Kent."

Miss Kent: "I hope you have enjoyed your visit." Jennie (into my very head this time): "She's as shy as a three-year-old cat."

Cousin Mark: "I didn't think I should feel so bad about leaving." Jennie: "He is the wreck, you remember."

A low pause. Miss Kent: "I think I hear the baby."

Cousin Mark: "Oh, no. You are fond of babies are you not, Miss Kent?" No answer from Miss Kent.

Cousin Mark: "I have been a very lonely man, Miss Kent, but I never realized how lonely the rest of my life must be until I came to this house."

Jennie: "Oh, how lonely!" Cousin Mark: "Now I must return to my business and my boarding-house—boarding-house for a man so fond of domestic life as I am, Miss Kent."

Just then we very distinctly heard a little kind of a purr, which sounded very like a note of intense sympathy from Miss Kent.

Cousin Mark: "I have friends in San Francisco of course, but no fireside like this, nobody to care for me if I am ill, nobody to feel very badly if I die."

Jennie: "That'll fetch her." Miss Kent (voice a little quivering): "I wish I lived in San Francisco. You could always call upon me if you needed anything."

(Jennie in convulsions.) Cousin Mark (abruptly): "If you will go to California with me, Miss Kent, I'll wait another week."

Miss Kent: "Why, Mr. Lansing, what do you mean? What would folks say?" Cousin Mark: "We don't care for folks, Miss Kent. If you'll go, we will have a house as pleasant as money can make it. You shall have birds and flowers and horses, and all the scientific monthlies you want—dressed if you shan't—and you shall never sew another stitch for anybody but me. Will you be my wife?"

Just then Jennie and I stepped up another peg, and there was that little old maid, who wouldn't marry the best man that ever lived, hugged close to the man's breast, who wouldn't marry the best woman that ever lived, not even to save her life. We came away then, but it's my opinion that they remained in just that position till we rang the bell half an hour later.

"How did you know?" I asked of Jennie.

"My dear," she answered, "my whole reliance was upon human nature; and let me tell you gossie, whatever else may fail, that never does."

"Why, Miss Kent, what makes your face so red?" inquired Jennie, upon entering; "and Cousin Mark, how strangely you look! your hair is all mussed up."

"And I hope to have it mussed often," said Cousin Mark boldly. "Miss Kent and I are to be married this week."

Jennie laughed till her face was purple, and when I went up stairs, Miss Kent was pounding her back.

Things Compressed.

Turner Hill (Ill.) Labor Advocate: Since I commenced running this office every expedient has been resorted to run me out of this place, by ridicule, defaming and every other way they could devise, but Monday morning as I came to the office I found on the door the infamous initials, K. K. K., with a skull and cross bones depicted thereon with the word "warning" underneath and in another place written "a word to the wise," which is going one step too far, and I wish it distinctly understood that the mob that waits on me with any kluksu designs I will see that subjects for six funerals are prepared from out of the mob, for this editor don't scare worth a damn.

Walter C. Whipple, a son of Adjutant-General Whipple, of General Hancock's staff, aged 24 years, a student at the University Medical College in New York, fatally shot himself at his boarding house, in East Twenty-third street. He was about firing a third shot when Mrs. Bregemann, who keeps the house, rushed in and wrested the weapon from his hand. He fell to the floor, and his broken conversation showed him to be insane. When asked why he did it, he said: "Ask Christ, Christ loves me; it's all right. Ask me—not in mournful numbers—" He soon died.

A great curiosity in the way of watches was recently exhibited in Geneva. This wonder is nothing less than a watch with one wheel, manufactured in Paris in the last century. This wheel which gives the watch its name occupies the bottom of the case and the center of the plate; it has sixty teeth, and is 33 mm. in diameter. Its axis carries two pinions, one of which receives the motive force from a barrel, and the other carries the minute work. The function of this great wheel is quadruple. First, it acts on a lift, then on a lever operating on another destined to lower the axis of the watch, and lastly on a third lever, the latter serving to return power to the great wheel at the moment when the action relets by the risk of the axis.

They had been to a swell party the night before, where champagne prevailed. She—"I am sick of this frivolity—sick to the utmost." He—"Why, what is the matter?" She—"Oh, it is all vanity and thoughtlessness. Just to think of the people we met last night—hollow, hollow, hollow." He—"Hollow? Not much hollow, I should say. Everybody I saw was full, and, from the way my head feels, I don't think I escaped entirely."—Commercial Traveler.