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THE OREGON SCOUT.

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UNION LODGE, No. 29, 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.
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St. John's Episcopal Church—Service every Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m.
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THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN.

There were watchers by the bedside, And silence in the room; There was morning light and shadow, From a night of troubled gloom; There were hearts a-kin to breaking; There were souls bowed down with grief; There were drinkings deep from sorrow's cup In moments all too brief.

There were farewells sad and tender, In whispers soft and low; There were waitings for the Messenger Of measured step and slow; There were earthly warfare ending, There was cease from worldly strife; There were mortals made immortal, There was death and endless life.

There were watchers by the bedside, Whose forms we might not see; In sweetest melody chanting, There were mortals made immortal, There was death and endless life.

There were watchers and our dear one Went up the heavenly way.
CLARK W. BRYAN.

HOW KATE WON A MATE.

She came to our far-a-way, quiet, mountain-flanked village in early summer, and, stopping first at the hotel, she registered her name as Kate Burbank, of New York. She might have been 22—not more than that—and was very pretty.

But she did not remain long at the hotel. She brought letters of recommendation to the rector of our parish, and was soon admitted as a member of his family. She was an orphan without brother or sister. She possessed property enough to support her in an humble way, until she could turn her hand to some profitable and pleasant employment.

Toward the end of July the rector's nephew, Arthur Grafton, came on a visit. He had graduated at college, studied law and had been admitted to the bar, and now, before commencing practice, he had come to the mountain village for recreation. He was 24 years of age, tall, strong, and robust, the very picture of manly health.

Certainly Arthur Grafton had never before met a woman to him like this woman. How bright and joyous were the days, how sweet and enjoyable were the evenings! Arthur resolved that he would know his fate. He looked the matter squarely in the face, and made his calculations. In September he was to enter his office in New York and influential friends had promised to assist him in business. He knew he should succeed. Within a year he would be able to support a wife. If Kate would have him and wait a year he would work with a will. He would speak before another night shut in upon him.

Before that night came Arthur and Kate in their rambling boat Charles Dabney, of New York. Dabney had been Arthur's classmate in college. Kate's hand trembled on her companion's arm, and as he advanced to speak with his friend she turned away and waited for him until he came back. "Dear old Charlie!" he said. "We were chums in college. I must run over to the hotel and see him after tea."

After tea Arthur went over to the hotel as he had promised. A brief interchange of fraternal greetings, and then Dabney burst forth: "Look here, old fellow, how in the name of wonder did you manage to get the heiress under wing?" "The heiress?" repeated Arthur wonderingly. "Aye—Miss Cornelissen—the lady you were with this afternoon. She didn't recognize me, though I am sure she knew me."

"Miss Cornelissen!" echoed our hero. "What do you mean, Charlie? You have mistaken the person. The lady you saw in my company this afternoon was Miss Kate Burbank, of New York, an orphan whom friends commended to my uncle, the rector."

Charles Dabney drew a long breath, and then whistled. "Forgive me, Arty. Perhaps I've put my foot in it; but it can't be helped now. I will tell you the truth and you may govern yourself accordingly. It may be well that you should be on your guard. Her mother's maiden name was Burbank. Miss Kate Burbank Cornelissen was the lady I saw upon your arm. Her father was Hendrick Cornelissen, the old East India trader and ship-owner, who died four years ago; leaving his only child heiress to three millions. A year ago she came into full possession, and she has fled to this secluded nook to escape the sycophants and noodies that beset her on every hand. I understand now."

Arthur Grafton returned to the rectory in a daze. He knew that Dabney had told him the truth. On the following morning, as Katie looked out from her chamber window, she saw Arthur walking in the garden. His step was slow and dragging, his head was bent, and his hands were folded behind him. Certainly he looked far from happy. When she came down into the little sitting-room where the piano was she found the rector and his wife there, looking strangely uncomfortable and perplexed.

"Something has happened—we don't know what," said Mr. Edgarton, in answer to her earnest questioning.

"Arthur is going back to New York at once—he says to-day."

"But I thought he was to stay until September."

"So he had planned, but something has changed him."

A great weight sank upon Kate's heart, and a choking was in her throat. She turned away and thought. Arthur had discovered her secret and was afraid of her. But, had she gained his heart? And, if so, should she lose him? Should she, without one struggle, surrender the only promise of joy, true and pure, that had entered her life since her father died?

Arthur Grafton, standing beneath a drooping elm, himself also drooping, felt a light touch upon his arm. He turned and looked into the sweet, earnest face of the beautiful being who had been occupying all his thoughts.

"Arthur, your uncle tells me that you think of leaving us." She spoke with a calmness that cost her a mighty effort.

"Yes," he answered in a voice that sounded hollow and distant. She stood back and looked at him with prayerful earnestness.

"Arthur, will you answer a few questions truly and frankly?"

"Yes."

"If you had not met Charles Dabney yesterday, the thought of leaving us to-day would not have entered your mind?"

He hesitated and considered. Surely it would be honorable to answer with the simple truth.

"It would not," he said.

"Charles Dabney told you who my father was?"

"Yes."

"And that my family name was Cornelissen?"

"Yes."

"And he told you that I was very, very wealthy in the possession of money?"

"Yes."

"Arthur, in the great city I was hunted for my wealth. I grew sick and tired of the dreadful infliction, and resolved to escape into a purer atmosphere, and, if possible, leave all trace of my poor wealth behind me. Good friends, fully appreciating my purpose, assisted me. Dropping my well-known family name, I came hither, recommended chiefly by one who had been your uncle's college mate in other years. And here I found peace and sweet content. By and by you came to share the life with me. Never mind how I discovered it, but the knowledge came to me that you were a true and noble man. And soon—soon—I believed you loved me. My heart bounded with gladness when I thought that a true, strong and generous man had fallen in love with poor, simple Kate Burbank. Can you doubt wither my own heart was tending?"

"Arthur, I love you with my whole heart. If you love me as I had hoped, you shall not go away from me. I will not lose my brightness of life for the lack of a few honest words."

In a moment more she was gathered in the strong, sheltering embrace of a man who could not speak for joy.

Ten Feet of Pure Honey.

From the Portland (Or.) News.

A short time ago Samuel, Asa, and Joe Holady, of Scappoose, took a trip over to the Lewiston River, in order to look into the resources of that region. They found it a most beautiful country, and one that offers many inducements to settlers. The part visited lies off in the direction of Mount St. Helena, and is composed of both timber land and of fine open tracts which abound in game, large and small.

While encamped on the river, they discovered an object that was novel and interesting as it was beautiful and striking. In their rambles through the pine woods they suddenly came upon a fallen tree across the path which, on inspection, they found to be hollow. Through a knot-hole they could see something white and at once began to investigate. They saw into the log and were surprised to find that the whole interior of the log was filled solidly with honey. They at once brought from their camp some of their vessels to fill with this sweetest of all nature's productions. Their buckets and pans were soon filled. Then they sawed off another length of the log and found it still solid with the honey. This they repeated and took from it honey until they had opened up ten feet of pure, lovely honey, which yielded a comb that was in many places four inches thick. Of this find they carried away 180 pounds, which they declared was the finest they ever tasted, being far richer than the tame honey which they produce.

They slowly approached the house, he with a sad, dejected air and she with a scornful look upon her young face. "I cannot imagine, my dear," he said mournfully, as they gained the front door, "what has come over you so suddenly. I should at least know my own offence. I simply asked you if you were romantic, when—" A startled look came over the girl's face. "You asked me what?" she demanded. "I asked you if you were romantic, and—" "Forgive me, George," she exclaimed. "I thought you asked me if I was rheumatic."

The Connecticut River, once a navigable stream for a considerable distance, is said to be drying up because of the destruction of the forests along its watershed.

SUNDERED FRIENDS.

From the Independent.

Oh! was it I, or was it you That broke the subtle chain that ran Between us two, between us two? Oh! was it I, or was it you?

Not very strong the chain at best, Not quite complete from span to span; I never thought 'twould stand the test Of settled commonplace, at best.

But oh! how sweet, how sweet you were, When things were at their first and best, And we were friends without demur, Shut out from all the sound and stir.

The little, pretty, worldly race! Why couldn't we have stood the test— The little test of commonplace— And kept the glory and the grace.

Oh! that sweet time when first we met? Oh! was it I, or was it you? That dropped the golden links and let The little rite, and doubt and fret

Creep in and break that subtle chain? Oh! was it I, or was it you? Still ever yet and yet again, Old parted friends will ask with pain.

COALS OF FIRE.

I loved my wife. Who would not have loved her? Arose brimming with sunbeams, the blind felt her beauty and turned to breathe its fragrance.

Never, from the moment I first saw her, has she ever heard an ungentle word from me. I come of a cold, silent family; but in her presence my heart turned into fire and my tongue into music.

What a strange thing is the light of beauty! In youth, how much stronger than the light of truth! There are fishes in the depths of the ocean whose only light is phosphorescence. The sunbeams turn black before they reach so deep. So unreal but so beautiful is the light in which lovers move!

I met Alice in the White Mountains, and one would search far to find a more ideal mountain maiden. A form light and graceful as the mist! A breath and voice as fragrant and musical as the mountain pine! A glance that, like the wing of the eagle, bore the soul to the stars!

I had become betrothed to her in a romantic spot—on the summit of the "Maiden's Leap," a low peak among the White Mountains, around which tosses a sea of giant, rocky billows.

We lived in New York, and the first year of my married life knew no cloud except that which the art of fancy sometimes conjures up in a sunny sky, to tame the excess of light. Alice had many friends of both sexes who admired her beauty and versatile conversation. I had but little love for society, but I was proud of her success and encouraged her to become a leader of our little set. Among our intimate friends was a young lawyer, John Manwaring, rich, handsome and talented. No thought of jealousy in connection with him ever entered my head; indeed, my wife was jealous of my love for him, and often used to say, pettishly, that she believed I cared more for him than for her. She often quarreled with him on pretenses so frivolous that I was ashamed of her, and had to apologize for her rudeness.

One day Alice and I were going to walk in Central Park. I had stopped a moment to talk to a policeman, and Alice was a few rods before me. As I was hastening to overtake her, a rickshaw broker whom I had met in Wall street touched me on the shoulder and, nodding his head toward my wife, said, with a pleasant smile: "No chance for you there, Schuyler; Manwaring has got ahead of you."

There are some words that carry a collateral conviction to the heart that all direct arguments would fail to secure.

A moment before this jest I would have staked my life on Alice's truth; but as the poisonous words bit into my heart, I knew that from the beginning I had been betrayed.

I said nothing to Alice—I was, perhaps, a little more polite. I remember looking at her wedding ring and whispering softly: "Alice, you have never had this ring off your finger?"

At which she blushed and cast down her eyes.

That same week Manwaring was to visit Cuba.

I told him that I would go with him, that I wanted his opinion in the purchase of cigars, and that his society was always so agreeable to me.

Why could he not read my heart? Sword to sword, knife to knife, hand to hand, I was wild to find myself in some country where lives pay for wrongs.

Manwaring was in a strange humor during the voyage. Twice we were caught in a storm. Despite the captain's warning, on both these occasions Manwaring insisted on remaining on deck. In the height of each tempest, I stole beside him and looked into his face. He trembled. A touch, and I could have hurled him into the black and seething whirlpool, and no one the wiser. But I felt no temptation to play a treacherous part. That I left to baser natures. He should have fair play to the smallest chance.

When we reached the harbor of Havana, we were detained a day by the health officers. Manwaring, to pass the time, insisted on taking a swim. The captain tried to prevent him. "Sailors," he said, "were forbidden to go into the water for fear of

sharks." But Manwaring had grown still more nervous. He was now never at rest, and the captain's reasons failed to dissuade him. At length a yawl was manned; we stepped on board, and Manwaring undressed and dove into the water. He swam but a few yards from the boat, and had been in the water but five minutes, when one of the sailors shouted, "Shark!"

Manwaring, though an expert swimmer, seemed paralyzed by the word. Already half his short minute of salvation was gone. "Quick, or you are lost!" shouted the boatswain. He was sinking from terror.

"Hal!" I thought, grimly, "this exploit has been planned to impress me with your courage; it has miscarried."

Then an inspiration of revenge seized me. I caught a rope in one hand and leaped into the water. In a few seconds I had clasped Manwaring around the waist the sailors pulled bravely. I was just in time, for, as I was lifted last from the water, a huge man-eater snapped indignantly at my legs. I do not think I am a coward; but I fainted away.

"You owe your life to your friend," I heard the boatswain say to Manwaring as I was returning to consciousness.

I looked at the latter's face. A strange revulsion had taken place in my feelings. I no longer wished to kill him; I would prolong his life for centuries. I had risked my life and saved his; it was the ecstasy of revenge. I knew that whatever agony I had suffered was now transferred to the heart of my enemy.

My mission was over. The next morning I bade Manwaring good-bye. His face already showed the conflict of emotions that had begun to rack his soul. He offered me his hand in parting; but I did not see it, and bowed and left him.

I took the next steamer to New York. I reached the city on the third day of June, and at once proposed to my wife to join a party of friends in a trip to the White Mountains. In two days we were seated on the very spot of our betrothal.

I told her slowly of my adventure in Havana. I uttered no charge against her; but her face grew paler and paler, as she felt herself growing powerless in the unseen coils of a god-like revenge. For myself, I felt the triumph of the old gladiator with the net and trident. Calmly I thrust the iron into her soul.

"Alice, why did you marry me?" I asked at length, as I finished.

"One must sacrifice something to appearances," she replied, in a cold, metallic voice. "Every prudent woman secures a husband. You served as well as another."

Then a terrible look of agony that belied her forced words passed over her face.

"I have never spoken a harsh word to you, Alice, nor will I now. May Heaven forgive you!"

I have not seen her since; I shall never see her again.—William Washburn, in John Swinton's Paper.

The late street car riot in Chicago grew out of the summary discharge of a number of conductors by a subordinate official. During the troubles, Mr. J. Russell Jones, the President of the railway company promised to investigate the cases. Thus far the charges in several of the cases have been found to have been insufficient to justify dismissal, and the employes have been reinstated. Mr. Jones is determined that hereafter all the employes of the company are to be treated fairly and generously, and the policy of the company's management in the future shall be not only just to all the employes, but magnanimous and satisfactory to the patrons of its cars.

This is something like bolting the stable door after the horses have been stolen. Why could not Mr. J. Russell Jones have thought of this act of justice to his employes before the gigantic mischief resulting from his neglect had been brought about.

The Philadelphia Times points out that during the two decades of their existence instead of turning out farmers the agricultural colleges have graduated as large a proportion of lawyers, doctors, ministers and commercial men as the other and older colleges with which they have come into competition. In no instance that now can be recalled have they produced a man, whether professor or student, who has made any valuable contribution to practical agriculture, or who has done any work which fitted him to rank higher than the average professor or tutor in other colleges.

Caroline Healy Dall, a veteran advocate of woman's suffrage, declares that she has seen for a long time "that the feeling of more highly educated people is less favorable to an extension of suffrage than it was twenty years ago," and that the consummation which she desires and anticipates "has been set back at least another generation by the indiscretion and shortsightedness which has accompanied this agitation." The obstacle to woman's suffrage is not man's selfishness, she thinks, but woman's reluctance.

The state census of New Jersey, which is now practically finished, is reported to show an increase of more than 100,000 inhabitants since 1880, which is nearly 10 per centum, the population then having been 1,181,116.

AT THE YARD-ARM.

Recollections of a Witness of the Exemplary Execution of the Brig Somers in 1842.

From the Philadelphia Times.

"I was a boy in the United States navy on the brig Somers, in '42, when those three men were hung that were referred to in the 'Lookout' column of the Times some time ago," said John W. Davis, on Chestnut street, the other day. "The sight of those three men hanging at the yard-arm, and their burial in the sea at night, has haunted me all my life. It often comes up before me when I'm walking along the street. I can never forget it. I knew Spencer, the midshipman, well. He was a wild, dare-devil sort of a fellow, about 19 years old; but good natured, and not maliciously inclined. I think the execution of all the men was a grave mistake; and in looking back at it now I believe that it was a foul murder."

"We sailed from New York on the 13th of September, '42, for the coast of Africa, but first began cruising in the West Indies. In the latter part of November, before we reached St. Thomas, Midshipman Spencer, who was the son of the Secretary of War, was suddenly seized one day, put in double irons, and kept a prisoner in close confinement. Two other men, the boatswain's mate, who was acting as boatswain, and whose name was Cromwell, and a seaman, named Small, were arrested a day or two afterward, followed by the arrest of four others. All were put in double irons. We had no marine guard on board. The officers appeared to be frightened to death about something and the men of the ship's company were afraid to be seen talking to each other. After Spencer's arrest it was noised around decks that he had formed a plot to seize the ship along with a few of the ship's crew, and turn it into a piratical craft. Among others he communicated his plan to the purser's steward, who got a list of the conspirators and told the whole story to Lieut. McIntosh, the executive officer."

"Two or three days after the arrests a number of officers met in the ward-room and called in a number of the ship's crew and examined them. The statements and even the opinions of each witness was taken down, but the accused men were not allowed to face their accusers, were not told what the charges were in detail and were not granted any opportunity for explanation or defense. On the 1st of December, four days after Spencer's arrest, he, along with Cromwell and Small, were told to get ready to die; that they were going to swing at the yard-arm at once. Spencer and the captain of the top acknowledged their guilt and were willing to die, but the acting boatswain protested his innocence to the last, and Spencer declared, also, that he, Cromwell, had nothing to do with the plot. 'Call all hands to witness execution,' said the first lieutenant. The ship's company sullenly ranged themselves on the quarter-deck and at other points, while the officers of the ship stood around with drawn and sharpened swords to cut down any one who faltered in inflicting the awful penalty. When everything was ready Spencer and his two companions were allowed to bid their friends good-bye, then Capt. Mackenzie gave the signal, a gun was fired, the colors were hoisted and at the same time the three men, with caps over their faces, were swung out on the main yard-arm. It was a horrible sight to look at. All of the men died game. Commander Mackenzie then made a speech to us about the necessity of discipline and the awful crime of mutiny. At night funeral services were read by the light of the battle-lanterns and the bodies were put on the 'tilting board' and dropped overboard into the sea. It was a solemn scene, I assure you, and it made an impression on my youthful mind that can never be eradicated. In a day or two we ran into St. Thomas and then set sail for New York, arriving there on the 14th of December."

There was a good deal of excitement when the news of the mutiny and the hanging got noised around and hundreds of people came down to the ship to see us. All of the others arrested were dismissed from custody. Commander Mackenzie was court-martialed about a month afterwards and the court sat for forty days, but acquitted him. It was composed of his brother officers. Mackenzie was not liked by the men. He was a brutal martinet, anyhow. Flogging was allowed in the navy in those days and he was very fond of administering the 'cat' for trivial offenses. The friends of the executed men tried to have Mackenzie indicted in New York for murder, but the Judge decided that the civil law was not applicable to his case."

Goldsmith Maid, at the height of her glory, for a joke was taken from her quarters through a back street, led to a public place and put up at auction, the spectators bidding in good faith until the price was run up to \$34, when some one connected with the stable bid \$35, the hammer fell and she was led away.

President McCosh of Princeton is credited with the statement that the age of nine or ten years is the best at which to attempt to acquire a knowledge of languages. He maintains that a child of that age can learn more easily than a man of 26.