

# THE OREGON SCOUT.

VOL. II.

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NO. 13.

## THE OREGON SCOUT.

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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.  
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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 akin 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,  
There was morning light upbreking  
Into Everlasting Day,  
When the watchers and our dear one  
Went up the heavenly way.  
CLARK W. BRYAN.

## HOW KATE WON A MATE.

She came to our far-away, 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 recom-  
mendation to the rector of our parish,  
and was soon admitted as a member  
of his family. She was an orphan with-  
out brother or sister. She pos-  
sessed property enough to sup-  
port her in a 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 compan-  
ion'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 in-  
terchange 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 wonder-  
ingly.

"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 after-  
noon was Miss Kate Burbank, of New  
York, an orphan whom friends com-  
mended 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 help-  
ed 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 es-  
cape the sycophants and noodles that  
beset her on every hand. I under-  
stand now."

Arthur Grafton returned to the rec-  
tory in a daze. He knew that Dabney  
had told him the truth. On the fol-  
lowing 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 uncom-  
fortable and perplexed.

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

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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 a choking was in her throat?  
Should she, without one struggle, sur-  
render 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 droop-  
ing, 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 ques-  
tions 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 Cor-  
nelissen?"

"Yes."

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

"Yes."

"Arthur, in the great city I was hun-  
ted for my wealth. I grew sick and  
tired of the dreadful infliction, and re-  
solved to escape into a purer atmos-  
phere, 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, recom-  
mended 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 knowl-  
edge 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 with-  
out your own heart was tender?"

"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 re-  
gion. They found it a most beautiful  
country, and one that offers many in-  
ducements to settlers. The part visit-  
ed lies off in the direction of Mount St.  
Helena, and is composed of both tim-  
ber land and of fine open tracts which  
abound in game, large and small.

While encamped on the river, they dis-  
covered an object that was novel and  
interesting as it was beautiful and strik-  
ing. In their rambles through the pine  
woods they suddenly came upon a fall-  
ing tree across the path which, on in-  
spection, 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 solid-  
ly 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 ex-  
claimed. "I thought you asked me if  
I was rheumatic."

The Connecticut River, once a nav-  
igable stream for a considerable dis-  
tance, 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 't would 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 demer,  
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.

NORA PERCY.

## 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 mu-  
sical 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 ad-  
mired her beauty and versatile con-  
versation. I had but little love so-  
ciety, but I was proud of her success  
and encouraged her to become a leader  
of our little set. Among our inti-  
mate friends was a young lawyer,  
John Manwaring, rich, hand-  
some 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 rival  
brother whom I had met in Wall street  
touched me on the shoulder and, nod-  
ding 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 se-  
cure.

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 begin-  
ning I had been betrayed.

I said nothing to Alice—I was, per-  
haps, a little more polite. I remember  
looking at her wedding ring and whisper-  
ing 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 pur-  
chase 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 cap-  
tain's warning, on both these oc-  
casions Manwaring insisted on remain-  
ing 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 small-  
est 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 for-  
bidden 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 swim-  
mer, seemed paralyzed by the word.  
Already half his short minute of sal-  
vation was gone. "Quick, or you are  
lost!" shouted the boatswain. He was  
sinking from terror.

"Hal!" I thought, grimly, "this ex-  
ploit 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 sec-  
onds 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 Man-  
waring as I was returning to conscious-  
ness.

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 cen-  
turies. I had risked my life and saved  
his; it was the ecstasy of revenge. I  
knew that whatever agony I had suf-  
fered 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 ap-  
pearances," she replied, in a cold, me-  
tallie 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 Wash-  
burn, 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 subordi-  
nate official. During the troubles,  
Mr. J. Russell Jones, the President of  
the railway company promised to in-  
vestigate 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 em-  
ployes of the company are to be treat-  
ed fairly and generously, and the pol-  
icy 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 jus-  
tice to his employes before the giant  
mischiefs 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 farm-  
ers the agricultural colleges have gradu-  
ated as large a proportion of lawyers,  
doctors, ministers and commercial  
men as the other and older colleges  
with which they have come into com-  
petition. In no instance that now  
can be recalled have they produced a  
man, whether professor or student,  
who has made any valuable contribu-  
tion 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 ad-  
vocate 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 exten-  
sion of suffrage than it was twenty  
years ago," and that the consumma-  
tion which she desires and anticipates  
"has been set back at least another gen-  
eration by the indiscretion and short-  
sightedness 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 re-  
ported 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 Ex-  
emplary 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 be-  
fore 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 sud-  
denly seized one day, put in double  
irons, and kept a prisoner in close con-  
finement. Two other men, the boat-  
swain's mate, who was acting as boat-  
swain, and whose name was Cromwell,  
and a seaman, named Small, were ar-  
rested a day or two afterward, follow-  
ed 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 execu-  
tive 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