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THE OREGON SCOUT.

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Lodge Directory.

GRAND LODGE VALLEY LODGE, No. 54, 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. 22, 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 3 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6:30. 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. VERNON RICE, Pastor.

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

County Officers.

Judge.....A. C. Craig
Sheriff.....A. C. Craig
Clerk.....B. F. Wilson
Treasurer.....A. F. Benson
School Superintendent.....J. A. Hindman
Surveyor.....E. S. Smith
Coroner.....E. H. Lewis
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Geo. Ackles.....Jno. Stanley
State Senator.....L. B. Rinehart
F. T. Dick.....E. E. Taylor

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COUNCILMEN.
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J. S. Elliott.....Willie Skiff
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Marshal.....J. A. Denney
Treasurer.....J. D. Carroll
Street Commissioner.....L. Eaton

Departure of Trains.

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

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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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Physician and Surgeon

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Will practice in Union, Baker, Grant, Umatilla and Morrow Counties, also in the Supreme Court of Oregon, the District, Circuit and Supreme Courts of the United States.
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WHIPPING A MAD BULL.

Farmer Post's Successful Fight With his Valuable Beast.

Correspondence of the New York Times.

Eldersville, Pa., August 22.—Abram Post, of this township, owns a blooded bull, which has long been an object of terror to all employed on the farm, owing to its fierce and aggressive disposition. This bull had always been under the control of its owner, who declared that, so long as any one stood up boldly against the animal, no fear of its attacking him need be entertained. He urged this upon his hired help, but he never could employ any man who would not put himself in a safe place as soon as the bull assumed a belligerent attitude, and Post's wife frequently appealed to him to have the animal killed, believing that, sooner or later, it would rebel against the authority of her husband, and attack him. The beast was too valuable an animal to be sacrificed, and Post, ridiculing the idea that the bull could master him, refused to part with it.

On Thursday evening Post had finished milking a cow in the barnyard, and was returning to the house when he noticed that the bull, which was in the yard, shook its head savagely as he passed by it, and had an unusually vicious look in its eyes. Post passed on, paying no attention to the animal. He had gone only a short distance when he heard a quick step behind him and a low bellowing which he knew was made by the bull. He turned quickly and saw the animal bearing down upon him. He grasped the bull with one hand by the horns hoping to prevent it from going him, and the next instant he was tossed in the air. He fell on the bull's head and neck, and was tossed the second time, this time being thrown to the opposite side of the barnyard fence. He was badly bruised and his clothing was torn by the rough handling he had received, but believing that if he allowed the bull to remain master of the field its usefulness would be gone and its killing a necessity, Post determined to assume the offensive himself and use every effort to conquer the savage animal. He is a large and muscular man, and arming himself with a heavy club, he jumped over the fence and advanced boldly upon the bull, which was pawing the ground and bellowing furiously. The moment it saw Post in the yard it plunged at him with horns lowered. Post met the bull with a terrific blow with the heavy club across the forehead. The heavy wood was broken to pieces, but the blow had no effect on the animal except to increase its fury. The bull pressed upon the farmer, who jumped aside and caught it by one horn and one ear, and endeavored to keep its head turned away. He was thrown from side to side and his hold broken. The bull caught him in its horns and once more tossed him in the air, this time throwing him over the fence into an adjoining field. The maddened animal charged against the fence and endeavored to knock down the barrier between it and the object of its rage.

Still the farmer was undismayed, and, entering his barn, he armed himself with a heavy three-tined pitchfork and returned once more to the barnyard. The bull rushed again to the attack. Post stood his ground and thrust the sharp tines of the fork into the bull's nose, supposing the acute pain caused by the stabbing would force the animal to turn back and make it more cautious. In this he was mistaken. The animal rushed on, and was forcing him against the fence, where he would have been crushed to death in a moment. To prevent this Post threw himself forward, and the bull's head being lowered to the ground, jumped astride the animal's neck. A few plunges by the bull threw him from that position, and he fell on the ground close by. Fortunately he retained his hold on the fork, and, raising quickly to his feet, he thrust the tines again and again into the animal's side and neck. The blood spurted from every wound made by the fork, and the bull bellowed with pain and redoubled its efforts to catch the farmer on its horns, but his desperate situation had served him to greater activity, and the beast failed in all its efforts. Post continued his assaults with the pitchfork as he jumped from side to side to avoid the charges of the bull until both sides of the animal were dripping blood from neck to flanks. The bull continued the contest for a few minutes, and then turned and ran to the other side of the barnyard, bellowing with pain. Post did not move away for some time, and then went to his house. He was covered with blood, almost naked and dripping with perspiration. He washed himself, rested a moment and then, against the earnest protest of his wife, went back to the barnyard. He found the bull standing in one corner of the yard. Post walked briskly up to the animal, and it cowed at his approach and stood trembling in fear. The beast was completely mastered, and walked sullenly into the barn at Post's command. On the farmer's return to the house he found that he had supposed, and he is now confined to his bed under a doctor's care.

The number of inhabitants of some of the principal cities of Europe in 1786 was: London 1,000,000; Paris, 800,000; Marseilles, 200,000; Dublin, 200,000; Rome, 157,000.

A BROTHER IS HANDY.

Loren B. Sessions Describes a Tight Fix he was in Once While Electioneering.

Senator Warner Miller, with his wife and daughter, and Secretary J. W. Vrooman of the Republican State Committee and his wife have been passing a few days at the Chautauqua assembly, and the Senator was in Jamestown on his way to Titusville and a trip through the oil regions, under the pilotage of Dr. W. B. Roberts of oil well torpedo fame. On the trip down Chautauqua Lake there was a party of twelve or fourteen on board the steam yacht, one of whom was Loren B. Sessions.

The members of the party told stories, and Mr. Sessions' story was this:

"You never know how handy it is to have a brother until you are in a fix and want some one to stand for you. I remember when I was nominated for the senate I had never gone into Cattaraugus county, and as the democrats there that year, were as lively as a cheese in July, I concluded I would run over. So I put on a clean choker, and made my way to the home of an old deacon, who volunteered to show me the school districts in his vicinity. Hitching up his old mare into a three-spring, the deacon drove me to his nearest republican neighbor, and calling him out to the wagon, introduced us.

"Well, you needn't give us a knock-down to each other," said our friend who was beaming on me. "I met Mr. Sessions at Chautauqua this summer. I am glad to see you, and how is the good work going on up there? How is my Sunday school class?"

"I managed to make a reply that satisfied my questioner and our mutual friend, and, after a little talk about politics, in which my Sunday school acquaintance promised me his support, we said good day and drove on to Horse Corners, so called because of the unusual degree of interest taken in that locality in all things pertaining to horses.

"Now it chanced that while I was in Buffalo a few days before, I found time hanging heavily, and did an unusual thing with me—went to the races. In the grand stand I saw a countryman who had pool checks in his hand. Let me see what horse you are betting on," I said, and then told him that he was wrong, and had better hedge, as the horse he held for a favorite would get beat. He followed my advice, and by the merest good luck that meant 'Maybe I didn't know what horse was slated to win, and maybe I did' the horse I named came in first. The man had put up his last dollar and made a purseful. He wanted to hug me in the presence of the crowd, but I told him we would defer that luxury.

"Well, to return to my drive through Cattaraugus county with the deacon, who had become a firmer friend than ever since he had heard of my zeal in the Chautauqua Sunday school. At Horse Corners, who should be the first person I saw but my quondam friend of the race course. However much I would have liked to avoid him at that time, I had nothing else to do but to sail in and trust to good fortune to save my character from being wrecked. The deacon stopped and said, 'Mr. Blank, this is Mr. Sessions of Chautauqua county, our candidate for the Senate.'

"I reckon you can't tell me who he is," I said to my horse friend. "How are you, Mr. Sessions? Didn't we scoop those fellows out of a slick sum at the Buffalo races? There ain't anything too rich for you about here. If you don't see what you want, ask for it."

"The deacon's face blanched, and a letter of withdrawal danced before me, but an inspiration came, and I replied as readily as I could: 'I'm glad you had good luck at Buffalo, but you are mistaken in the party. It was my brother Walter whom you met there.' It was a mighty narrow escape. I want you to understand, and I told Walter when I got home that he would ruin my character if he didn't look out. I was elected, though if it hadn't been for my Chautauqua experience and for Walter, I guess a democrat with my pretensions to being pious would have got there."

A striking proof of the necessity of a uniform measure of time is furnished by the diversity existing in the countries bordering on the Lake of Constance, there being no less than five different systems. The Austrians compute by Prague time, the Bavarians by Munich, the Wurtembergers by Stuttgart, the Badenians by Karlsruhe, and the Swiss by Bern time. The latter as compared with Austrian time is twenty-eight minutes late.

The following is a new technical description of the new "immediate delivery" postage stamp: A line engraving on steel, oblong in form; dimensions 1-3/16x1 7/16 inches; color, dark blue; design on the left, an arched panel bearing the figure of a mail messenger boy on a run, and surmounted by the words "United States;" on the right, an oblong tablet, ornamented with a wreath of oak and laurel surrounding the words, "Secures immediate delivery at a special delivery office." Across the top of the tablet is the legend, "Special postal delivery," and at the bottom the words, "Ten cents," separated by a small shield bearing the numeral "10."

KATIE'S RIVAL.

"Maud, I wish you would not say that again. I tell you, once for all, Mr. Lee is, and cannot be anything more to me than a friend; so if you respect my wishes in the least you will not mention his name to me again."

And Katie Lane flung back her bright brown curls as she spoke, a little disdainfully, perhaps, and bent a little lower over the piece of crocheting she held in her hands.

I will not stop to tell you that she, my heroine, was handsome; suffice it to say that she was the belle of the pretty village of M—; and, as a matter of course, was sought after and admired by all the young men of the place, not only because she was witty and accomplished, but because old Guy Lane was the wealthiest man in the place, and would one day leave his all in the hands of Katie, as the only legal heir.

Maud Anthony laughed low and triumphantly as she returned:

"Really, Katie, you need not speak so angrily. Everybody thinks you are going to marry him, and for my part, I think he will make some one a kind husband."

"Well, if you see so many good qualities about him why don't you marry him? When I see fit to get married I shall take whom I please, despite what everybody says."

The curls flew again, and the sparkling eyes glanced saucily at the finished coquette opposite her.

"Oh, ho! so my pretty young lady is getting angry, eh? If that's the case I must flee. Only remember I have done my duty. I thought you ought to know how people are talking."

"You need not trouble yourself Miss Anthony, to look after my affairs; you must have enough of your own to look after. When I need your advice I will surely let you know. So I bid you good afternoon."

The queenly little head rose proudly erect at this, and with a scornful expression on her lips Katie walked quickly away into the shadow of the shrubbery of the garden.

As she walked hastily on a footstep on the other side of the hedge checked her flight, and in a moment Wilkes Lee, the subject of the little conversation under the elms, scrambled up into sight, without seeming to have seen Katie, and hastened away.

The strange little heart of Katie gave a sudden start as she recognized her old friend and—lover, and she paused, murmuring:

"I wonder if he heard what we said? I wouldn't have had him for all the world. A plague on Maud Anthony! She forced me to say it. I suppose she is glad, too; for now she thinks I don't care for him."

For a moment Katie was silent as she worked nervously at the pretty diamond ring that encircled that chubby forefinger. It was a gift from Wilkes, a betrothal ring.

"I don't care!" Katie at last broke out, pouting. "Now that I've said it, I'll show Miss Anthony I mean it. There!" she said, as she drew the diamond from her finger and cast it away into the bushes, "there, lie there and rust, for all I care. Much good may it do you, Maud, too. You can catch him, I know, but what do I care?"

More than you think, my pretty heroine; we shall see.

A moment Katie stood there looking in the direction of the hedge; then clapping her hands to her face she burst into a quiet shower of tears.

On the other side of the hedge Wilkes Lee strode quickly away, saying sheepishly:

"Well, well, a pretty scrape you came near getting into, my boy. Didn't mean to be an eavesdropper, certainly; accidents will happen, you know. So she don't care for you, eh? Well, see. I'll warrant she don't know her own heart now. I think I'll run away a few days, and let her get over her fit."

And the young man disappeared in the underbrush that lined the road, leaped over the fence, and was soon lost to view in the distance.

Katie waited patiently for many days for the visit of her once ardent lover, and then, concluding that he had not only overheard what she said that day in the garden, but had taken her at her word, commenced not to look alone, but to mourn him as lost to her, indeed.

And Maud Anthony, to whom all this was due, rejoiced that Wilkes seemed to have suddenly ceased to visit the Lanes, and strove with renewed efforts to entangle the handsome young fellow—for Wilkes Lee was considered the best catch the village afforded. But with all the pleasing ways she could effect, Wilkes seemed impregnable to her attempts. Indeed, no one knew that he even noticed her, save Katie, who looked on with jealousy, thinking she could no longer hold a place by her side. In Katie's presence alone did Wilkes seem to care in the least for the flirt. After a while he cast even her off, and disappeared entirely. Ah, Katie! the battle was more than half fought when you cast the love of a man, pure and undivided, from you. This was only a little struggle before the actual defeat.

There was a great ball at the Anthony's; positively the affair of the season, those said who ought to know. Of course all the fashionable people would be there; no one would miss

such a chance to show themselves as this ball masque afforded. The Lane carriage was in attendance, and Katie was there looking prettier than ever; a trifle paler than usual, no doubt, though for the world she would not have had the slightest gossip surmise the real cause.

The ball was in full blast when the close carriage of the Lees was whirled up to the door, and the occupants on costume, announced. No one doubted, even for a moment, that that tall, distinguished looking fellow, with a lady leaning heavily on his arm, was Wilkes Lee; but who was his companion—who was she? This was all the theme of wonder; none the less with Katie than with the coquette Maud Anthony. Some said 'twas his wife; perhaps he had married in a foreign land. Some said no; Mrs. Lee had said only to-day that Wilkes was coming home unmarried.

And so, while all wondered, no one knew. Katie's wandering little heart sank still lower as she saw what care and attention the young man bestowed upon his companion. 'Twas well her face was concealed beneath the simple milk-maid's dress; otherwise some might have said she still cared for him.

And, think you, this verdict would have been wrong? I very much surmise it would not.

The mask seemed not to have any eyes or ears for anything save the lady beside him. And lower and lower sank Katie's poor little heart as the evening wore on, and still Wilkes made no effort to distinguish her from among the crowd. At last, when she could constrain herself no longer, she quietly slipped away from the throng and went out into the moonlit garden and wept alone in a seat under the trees.

A long time she sat thus, when, with the thought that she would be missed, she started up.

A hand was laid gently on her arm. "Stay a moment, Katie. I want to speak with you a moment."

'Twas Wilkes Lee's voice, and Katie struggled to get from the grasp that detained her.

"Katie, I heard what you said that day under the elms; did you mean it?"

His warm breath touched her face. "No, Wilkes, I did not, I was provoked," came faltering, hesitatingly, from Katie's rosy lips. What if, after all, he had been true to her? She could not help thinking of it.

"And you love me still?"

"I have always loved you, Wilkes."

"When you own up that you are defeated, Katie?"

"But what of that lady who is with you? She is your—"

"Mother, my darling; and you are to be my wife?"

Suffice to say a few days after there was a wedding somewhere, and some one, which means Katie, was married to some one, which means Wilkes Lee, the one who so unwillingly became once a participator in Katie's defeat.

Photographing a Cyclone.

What would make a finer panorama than a series of pictures of a Kansas town struck by a cyclone, showing it, first, in its ordinary state; second, with the big black cloud which presaged the storm in the background; third, with the inhabitants fleeing for shelter to their cyclone pits; fourth, with the buildings hurled wildly through the air and the few inhabitants who did not reach cover in time mixed up among the flying debris; and last, with the houses and stores mostly in ruins, and the people cautiously crawling out of the pits to view the wreck? If, instead of five, 500 views should be taken in a few seconds apart, the whole could be arranged, on the same principle as a well-known children's toy, in a swiftly revolving series, so as to represent the whole scene just as it occurred. The only difficulty in making sets of views like these would be to have the photographer ready with his camera and a set of plates just at the right moment, and to prevent him and his machine from blowing away with the rest of the things. But surely modern science can easily solve such a trivial difficulty as this. The possibilities of instantaneous photography are just beginning to be developed.—New York Mail and Express.

A Wonderful Hog.

From the Elberton (Ga.) Leader.

It is truly wonderful to note the degree of intelligence often elicited by the hog. I heard a man remark the other day that he had noticed that hogs will go all the spring while there is nothing in the fields for them to eat and make no attempt to get in, but just as soon as the corn began to ripen they began to look for places to break in. I heard another man not long since say he had an old sow which would steal into the field at night and come out before day. This may sound rather wonderful, but a more remarkable case than this has just lately fallen under my notice. This is of some hogs which will go into a watermelon patch, carefully select the ripe melons and leave the green, efface their tracks, and substitute others in the exact shape and appearance of human tracks, leave no rooted places or munched pieces of rind, as hogs generally do; but off in the bushes at some distance may be discovered a pile of rinds cut in regular pieces just as if they had been done with a knife

Benton's Brag.

From the Youth's Companion.

Fifty years ago strangers, on entering the United States senate chamber, asked that Clay, Webster, Calhoun and Benton might be pointed out to them. They were the four leading statesmen of the day, and the personal appearance of each one justified the gaze of his admiring partisans.

But neither of the first three, not even Webster, was more striking in figure, face, or head than Benton. He was conspicuous physically, dressed neatly, bore himself with dignity, save when irritated, and delivered instructive and edifying speeches upon such subjects as he investigated.

His senatorial brethren used to dislike his dictatorial manner, and the people thought him pompous and egotistical. Mr. Benton's bearing was not conciliatory. He was as dogmatic toward his colleagues as if they were pigmies and he a giant. In addressing a popular assembly, he threw modesty aside and spoke boastingly of himself and his deeds.

Though fond of talking about himself, prompted by a strange freak of modesty, he rarely used the personal pronoun "I," employing the third person instead, as "Benton said this," or "Benton did that."

"Citizens," said he once, in a public address,—he rarely said "fellow-citizens."—"no man since the days of Cicero has been abused as has Benton. What Cicero was to Catiline, the Roman conspirator, Benton has been to John Caldwell Calhoun, the South Carolina nullifier. Cicero fulminating his philippics against Catiline in the Roman forum; Benton denouncing John Caldwell Calhoun on the floor of the American senate. Cicero against Catiline; Benton against Calhoun."

"Colonel, I believe you have made an impression on these people," said a friend to him, after he had ended his speech.

"Always the case, sir," replied the egotistical but sincere man; "always the case, sir. No one opposes Benton but a few black-jack prairie lawyers; fellows who aspire to the ambition of cheating some honest farmer out of a heifer in a suit before a justice of the peace, sir; these are the only opponents of Benton. Benton and the people, Benton and democracy are one and the same, sir—synonymous term, sir, synonymous terms, sir."

Two of Benton's active political opponents were Jones a statesman and Birch, a judge of the supreme court. They followed him in his canvassing, and replied to his speeches.

"Citizens," said the amazed statesman, "I have been dogged all over this state by such men as Claude Jones and Jim Birch. Pericles was once so dogged. He called a servant, made him light a lamp, and show the man who had dogged him the way home."

"But it could not be expected of me, citizens, that I should ask any servant of mine, either white or black, or any free negro, to perform an office of such humiliating degradation as gallop home such men as Claude Jones and Jim Birch, and that with a lamp, citizens, that passers-by might see what kind of company my servants kept."

A Very Tough Story.

From the San Francisco Post.

A very tough story which is vouched for, after a fashion, is going the rounds and given for what it is worth. It is related that Mr. S—M— was sitting in his back yard talking to some friends when his attention was called to a hen with a brood of young chickens and a large rat that had emerged from its hole and was quietly regarding the young chickens with the prospect of a meal in view. As the rat came from his hole the house cat awoke from her afternoon nap and caught sight of the rat. Crouching low she awaited developments, and stood prepared to spring on his rathpish. At the appearance of his ancient enemy, the cat, a Scotch terrier, which had been sunning itself in the wood-shed, pricked up its ears and quietly made for the place where the cat stood. At this moment a boy came upon the scene. The chickens were not cognizant of being watched by the rat, nor did the rat see the cat, nor the feline the dog, who had not noticed the coming of the boy. A little chick wandered too nigh and he was seized by the rat, which was in turn pounced upon by the cat, and the dog was caught in the mouth of the cat. The rat would not cease his hold on the chicken, and the cat, in spite of the shaking she was getting from the dog, did not let go the rat. It was fun for the boy, and in high glee he watched the contest and the struggle of each of the victims. It seemed to him that the rat was about to escape after a time, and getting a stone, he hurled it at the rodent. The aim was not good, and the stone struck the dog right between the eyes. The terrier released its grip on the cat and fell over dead. It had breathed its last before the cat in turn let go the rat and turned over and died. The rat did not long survive the enemy, and beside the already dead chicken he laid himself down and gave up the ghost. The owner of the dog was so angry at his death that it is said to have come near making the story complete by killing the boy that killed the dog that shook the cat that caught the rat that bit the chicken in the yard on—street.