

THE OREGON SCOUT.

VOL. II.

UNION, OREGON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1885.

NO. 17.

THE OREGON SCOUT.

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

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Rates of advertising made known on application. Correspondence from all parts of the county solicited.

Address all communications to A. K. Jones, Editor Oregon Scout, Union, Or.

Lodge Directory.

GRAND RONDE VALLEY LODGE, No. 56, A. F. and A. M.—Meets on the second and fourth Saturdays of each month.

C. E. DAVIS, Secretary. O. F. BELL, W. M. UPRON LODGE, No. 38, I. O. O. F.—Regular meetings on Friday evenings of each week at their hall in Union.

Church Directory.

M. E. CHURCH—Divine service every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 9 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6:30.

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.

County Officers.

Judge.....A. C. Craig. Sheriff.....A. I. Sanders. Clerk.....A. F. Benson. Treasurer.....J. L. Hindman.

City Officers.

Mayor.....D. B. Rees. City Councilmen: S. A. Pursel, W. D. Holdeman, J. B. Eaton, G. A. Thompson, J. L. Hindman, J. A. Donney, J. B. Carroll.

Departure of Trains.

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

PROFESSIONAL.

J. R. CRITES.

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

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

R. EAKIN,

Attorney at Law and Notary Public.

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

I. N. CROMWELL, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon

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

A. E. SCOTT, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Has permanently located at North Powder, where he will answer all calls.

T. H. CRAWFORD,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Union, Oregon.

D. Y. K. DEERING,

Physician and Surgeon,

Union, Oregon. Office, Main street, next door to Jones Bros' variety store.

O. F. BELL,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Notary Public and Conveyancer. Office, 11 street, two doors east of Jones Bros' variety store, Union, Oregon.

H. F. BURLEIGH,

Attorney at Law, Real Estate and Collecting Agent.

Land Office Business a Specialty. Office at Alder, Union Co., Oregon.

JESSE HARDESTY,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

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.

WILLIAM SHELTON,

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HE DID HIS LEVEL BEST.

No matter if his skin be black, Or if his skin be white, He is a man of honest heart, Provided he is right.

Though lowly be his task on earth, His future will be bright, While others reached to highest aim He did his level best.

No civic honors may attend The tiller of the soil, No grand ambition win him from The paths of common toil.

Though humblest soldier in the ranks Promotion does not meet, May shame the man of golden bars, Win victory from defeat.

Though laid away in shallow trench, Man's verdict is not history— He did his level best!

God bless the man of lowly lot, Who sweats life with toil, Who eats the bread that's honest won Amid the great turmoil.

No poet pen may sing his praise When he is laid to rest; An epitaph more worthy is, "He did his level best!"

Brown, from whom "baby" was hidden by the faces that surrounded.

"Phoebe Jane! what air you talkin' about?" exclaimed the indignant old lady. "Do you think that I've raised fourteen of 'em an' never lost one and don't know a boy from a gal baby?"

Here the astonished mother caught a glimpse of the little creature, who, clad in its night-dress, was staring wonderingly around.

With a sudden scream she sprang to her feet. "Mercy on us! I took the wrong baby!"

It was some time before Mrs. Brown's excitement and agitation would allow her to give a coherent and intelligible explanation of these mysterious words.

When she did, Bob was dispatched at once to the depot. The train had gone of course; neither was any expected from either way until morning.

So all he could do was to telegraph to the different stations beyond, and to "baby's" father. As might be expected, the poor mother was nearly frantic, and would have been quite so had it not been for the consoling idea, so earnestly dwelt upon by her sympathizing friends, "that the lady must have found out the mistake ere this, and was probably as anxious to get her baby back as she was to get hers."

The early morning train brought Mr. Brown, if less agitated, quite as much distressed at heart as his wife. After a hasty consultation the two determined to take the baby and start out in the same direction taken by the strange lady, hoping to find some clue to her name and whereabouts.

When they reached the station the train wanted some minutes of being due. Mrs. Brown went into the "ladies' room," but her husband remained outside, walking restlessly up and down the platform.

At the farther end a man was standing talking to a lady in a carriage, whose dress only was visible. As he regarded him more attentively he sprang forward.

"Why, Cousin John, is that really you?" The sober face of the man addressed brightened into a smile as he turned round. "How do you do, Cousin John?" he responded, with a hearty shake of the hand. "I didn't know you lived at Sterling?"

"I don't. My wife's people live here; and she's here on a visit. I thought you lived in Boston?" "So I do," replied Mr. John Brown, his countenance sobering as he recollected the errand that brought him there. "But the oddest, most unfortunate thing has happened. We've lost our baby. My wife lost it on the train yesterday."

Here the lady in the carriage, who had a blue bundle in her arms, thrust her head forward. Just then Mrs. Brown made her appearance on the platform, she also having a blue bundle.

There was a simultaneous recognition. The two mothers rushed toward each other, and in the twinkling of an eye the blue bundles changed hands.

This was followed by an outburst of joy, ejaculations, and endearments from both parties, and which was finally broken upon by the two cousins, who, joining in a laugh of mingled relief and merriment at the turn affairs had taken, now stepped forward to introduce their respective wives.

The result was that Mr. and Mrs. John Brown went home with their newly discovered cousins, where they spent the day, and which was none the less happy because of the fright and trouble from which it so curiously sprang.

All parties appeared to be well satisfied, with the exception of Bob, who, turning up his nose, inquired what all the fuss was about?—and if one baby wasn't as good as another—adding, that for his part he could never see any difference in them.

Upon which the indignant mothers joined in the mutual declaration that if Bob was once married, and was so fortunate as to own a real live baby (which he didn't deserve by no manner of means), he would be able to see the difference.

An opinion to which many lady readers will give a hearty concurrence.—New York Daily News.

A Georgia Samson. Perhaps the strongest man in the State is Mr. Beusese, the blacksmith at Mr. T. E. Birchmore's shop, Maxeys. He is about six feet ten inches high, stands erect, and his muscles prominent. He stands and with one hand raises a hundred and twenty pound anvil out straight for a minute, and takes a large cart wheel in one hand by one spoke and holds it out horizontally at arm's length. On hearing of his wonderful muscular power we went over to witness some of this modern Samson's strength, and when we asked him about it—"Yes," says he, "I think I am as strong as any man in this country. I can take this anvil and throw it from here to that wagon (a distance of fifty yards) I use the hammer with my right hand, but I believe I am stronger in my left. Here, feel of this arm and the muscles; measure it if you want to. When I used to shoe horses I never encountered one that I couldn't manage. I could hold them even if they were wild. I have never found a man that was as stout in the arms as I am."—Lexington Echo.

GOTRAN'S LOVELY LASSIES.

And Why Fifty Thousand Bachelors are Afraid to Tackle Them.

Visions of Loveliness Returning from the Seaside and the Mountains.

Once More Bewildering the Broadway Dudes and Smiling Sweetly on the Boys.

Who Say they are "Elegant to Call Upon, Tip-Top to go the Theatre With."

First-Class to Spend Money On.—But—How Can We Marry Them and Still Live?

New York, Sept. 25, 1885. "Hello, Cholly, how are you? See you get ack from the beauties of Saratoga, Catalina, etc., right & up with care."

"Yes, Sports, got back. Hang Saratoga and be balanced. I'm tired of it all. It's an infernal bore, all the whole business, and I'm broke up."

"I've got it, and there's where the trouble comes in. If I hadn't got it, and knew I couldn't get consent, it wouldn't be so bad. You see I can't possibly marry, couldn't think of it for a minute on my income, and there's no prospect of an increase that I can see, so I'm in a fix."

"What is your income?" "Well, about \$2,500 per annum, at present."

"Marry the girl!" "What? You really mean to advise a man to marry on such an income! Why, it wouldn't pay rent for the apartments my wife would want to live in. Do you know that it costs to get married and live in New York in any sort of shape, and with any sort of a stylish girl. It can't be done on less than \$5,000 a year, and if you haven't got that much at least, the old man wouldn't think of it, even if the girl would, which is very doubtful."

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What did her get-up cost? How much did her guardian angel otherwise her well-to-do uncle, lay out on that swing of her dress? Evidently it was a good one, though along series of seasons at different watering places, and high-priced ones, as you don't find just that peculiar undulation at any second rate hotels, and it cannot be learned in a single season. That swing alone is evidence of an expenditure of at least five thousand dollars at high priced watering places. Her hat must have cost something like \$25, at a low estimate, and six in a season is none too many. All gloves run about four pairs per month. Dresses, well, heaven and the wearer only knows what they cost, so say nothing of the sumptuous unmentionables, not visible to the outward gaze but nevertheless there, and probably costly, provided one could judge the inside from the out. And so a young man with an income of \$500 per year couldn't think of marrying a lady brought up in this way, and she wouldn't think of marrying him.

First class to talk to, splendid waiter, just the sort of a fellow to meet at a summer resort where young men were scarce, nice to talk sentiment to under the summer stars—but to marry?—what an idea, and the old uncle would swear in seven languages if he thought his ward had any such intention, but—she hadn't.

noon, especially Broadway and Fifth Avenue, with throngs of the most stylish, good looking and generally admitted heart breakers in the land. What is the matter with the boys? Why is it that there is apartment building after apartment building fitted up exclusively for men, and no ladies admitted, while every prominent flat building in the city, like the Dakota, the Chelsea, the Valencia, etc., etc., all have their suits of rooms known as "bachelor apartments," and well filled with jolly single gentlemen of marriageable age who haven't any more idea of marrying in this life than they have of swinging golden harps in the next—men who enjoy life for all there is in it—generally men who have made their pile, and have enough to marry on if they so desired—men who belong to the Union League and other clubs, and men who have become wedded to a life of celibacy through what?

Through the generally believed and growing opinion that it is unwise, unconsiderate money to back up the experiment has no business to marry and attempt to live in New York City—that the man who does so puts a millstone around his neck that will eventually sink him in the slough of despond, hold him out to the grindstone through the balance of life, dress the woman he loves in shabby clothes, and bring up his children in pinched circumstances and among unfavorable surroundings.

"Saw, my wife is it that you have never married?" "Saw Thaxman, a jolly bachelor of some forty well spent winters, a member of the Lotus Club, and who is abundantly able now to marry, having grown grey in the service of the ladies of his acquaintance, had stopped in front of me on the corner of Twenty-Third street and Broadway, in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, the general loafing place of the swell dandies who wish to ogle the ladies as they pass, for here Broadway crosses Fifth Avenue, and if a man will only linger there long enough he will meet all the friends he has in the city, since all who are able to walk pass this spot at least once a week.

"That's a funny question and demands a serious answer. I never found a girl whose now just suited me."

"Phaw. What is the reason, seriously speaking?" "Well, seriously speaking, the same thing that keeps the boys generally from marrying—a wholesome fear of the hereafter."

"Explain yourself." "Stand here with me a minute, watch the ladies that pass by, and listen to what I have to say to some of them whom I know. You know I am a privileged character, and they won't take offense if I ask questions. You see that lady coming across the Avenue, I mean that elderly maiden lady, with the enormous hat and military looking suit. That's the lady I rent my apartments from. She belongs to the past tense, as the boys say, and will never see the sunny side of forty again. She's as prim as they make 'em, and as proud as Lucifer before she fell like the snowflake. Here she is, and I'm going to astonish her."

"Bing Jure, Mufam Juvce. May I ask you a question on an important matter for the benefit of my friend?" "Hon Jour, Meestair Thaxman. Certainlee, certaintlee."

"Matam Juvce, what would you require in a husband?"

"MY NAME ISN'T MISS LINTON." "Yes, Mr. Thaxman, married, and Mr. and Mrs. Devlin will be pleased to see you at the—

You see, George, that's Mr. D., is building a new house on the Avenue, and it is so very elegant that it will take several months to complete it. We're going to furnish it from Paris direct, and quite up to the latest designs."

"Allow me to congratulate you, Mrs. Devlin, on your marriage; but it surely cannot be George Devlin, the retired merchant, that is your husband."

"It just is, though, and we would like to see you very much. Call when you can, Mr. Thaxman, and good-bye!" and the visitor vanished up Broadway.

"Well, well, well. So poor old Devlin, who retired so long ago that the street has forgotten him completely, has married this young lady of twenty five or six. Why, he must be at least seventy-five or eighty, and I haven't heard of him before in five years. Got lots of money, though. Do you wonder that I am single after this, and that I don't marry? I've seen this kind of money, position, blood, ancestry, and "pure, unadulterated love" for twenty years, and it is getting worse every year. I tell you the reason I never married and never will marry can be summed up in a few words: I never found a girl with a nose just to suit me. Good morning," and he passed away, striking the ground viciously with his rattan cane as he walked.

Pondering deeply on what had passed, I walked slowly home as Mrs. Kitty Wayland just entering the door. Kitty is a niece of the lady of the house, and a great favorite with the boarders. She was just returning from a trip to the country. Fresh air would give her fresh ideas, perhaps, and besides she wasn't over sixteen.

"Kitty, what is your idea of married life? Give a serious answer, for I'm puzzled." "Good gracious, you aren't going to propose I hope?"

"Why, Mr. Thaxman, how do you do. I haven't seen you for an age. I thought you promised to come up in the mountains before we left."

"So I did, Miss Catlin, but the fact is that I am no longer a free man, and haven't been since spring. I'm engaged."

"Engaged, Mr. Thaxman? Why didn't you give me a chance. Who is it? I'm bound to know who's going to get married. Haven't had an invitation to a wedding this summer."

"Who is it? I'M DYING TO KNOW." "Why don't you get up on your own account, Miss Catlin! Can't you find the right one?"

"Oh, my, yes. I found a dozen of the right ones this summer, but I couldn't marry all of them you know, and so here I am, still in the market, and autumn is here, too. Well, I suppose I'll have to wait till your fiancé quarrels with you and then fall back on you, after all," with a roguish twinkle in her eye.

"What kind of a man do you want, Miss Catlin, anyhow, and what do you expect to marry him for, if I may ask?" "For love, Mr. Thaxman, pure, unadulterated love, and I want a man that I can really love, and waste my affection on. A rent, five man, too. None of your Jim dandies that loaf about street corners, carry silver headed canes, and look like broken calves or broken images."

"So you really would marry for love alone." "Yes. Every time."

"But, suppose the gentleman was poor?" "My dear Mr. Thaxman, I'm certainly going to marry for love if I ever marry at all, but—well—to be candid with you I don't think I could love a poor man. Come up to-morrow evening and tell me all about your engagement, won't you, and now farewell till I see you again," and with the sweetest smiles she tripped gaily away up the Avenue.

"She's right. She's no business to marry a poor man. She'd break her heart in a year if he couldn't have what she wanted, and that's the trouble with most of them," said Sam. "Her father is a broker who once had considerable money, but I guess most of it is spent, or soon will be, for he's a risky speculator, and has made some bad breaks in the market lately. However, here comes a young lady of a different stamp. I'll explain before she arrives that this girl is an orphan, or rather has been an orphan and is now a music teacher. If she got away for two weeks this summer, and took it out at Asbury Park, it's probably all the vacation she had. Just for curiosity I myself would like to know what her ideas of matrimony are."

"Good morning, Miss Linton. I haven't seen you all summer. Where have you been putting in the time, may I inquire?" "Mr. Thaxman, good morning. Real glad to see you. As to putting in time this summer, my I've had an elegant time at Saratoga, Newport, and in August we went to Cape May,—but—my name isn't Miss Linton. I've changed it, you see."

"Married, Miss Linton, or Mrs.?"



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