THE OREGON SCOUT. An independent weekly journal, issued every Saturday by

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

O. F. Belli, W. M.

C. E. DAVIS, Secretary.

O. F. Bell, W. M.

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.

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. PRESENTERIAN CHURCH-Hegular church services every Sabbath morning and evening. Prayer meeting each week on Wednesday evening. Sabbath school every Sabbathat 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.

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Mining and Corporation business a speicalty. Office in Union, Oregon.

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 ture will be blest, 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. Yet when the silken cord is cut,

And he lays down to rest,
The chaplet fame nor grander is—
He did his level best.

Though humblest soldier in the ranks Promotion does not meet, May shame the man of golden bars,

Win victory from defeat; Though Isid away in shallow trench, Arms folded on his breast, Man's verdict is not history— He did his level best.

God bless the man of lowly lot, Who swetens 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!"

BLUE BUNDLES.

Mrs. Brown stepped on board the train with a tiny blue bundle in her arms, holding it with a careful tenderness which showed what an exceedingly precious little bundle it was.

It was so muffled up in its long blue cloak that not a particle of it was visible, but who saw it knew that it was a baby, the baby of all the world | due. to the fond maternal heart to which it was held so closely.

The car was rather crowded, but near the farther end sat a lady, who together with her baby and various boxes and parcels, occupied two seats, said seats being turned so that they

faced each other. On perceiving Mrs. Brown looking around with an air of perplexity, and taking especial note of the animated bundle, that was the exact counterpart of her own, this lady, whose name was also Brown, moved the parcels on the opposite seat, so as to make room for her, a courtesy that Mrs. Brown number one smilingly acknowledged as she seated herself.

cloaks of the same color and texture.

For the purpose of challenging the admiration of the other and taking mental notes, the two mothers carefully uncovered the heads of their re-

spective treasures.

The little creatures laughed and cooed at each other in their baby fashion, while each mother looked smilingly on her own and then at the

With this bond of sympathy between them the two began to converse, naturally entering upon the apparently inexhaustible field of their maternal

cares and duties. Mrs. Brown number one volunteered

the information that she was going on a visit to her folks, who had never seen "baby," enlarging enthusiastically on the pleasure that "grandpa" "grandma," its "aunties," and "Uncle Bob" would experience on beholding the sweet little cherub.

In return Mrs. Brown number two remarked the fact that she was just returning from a visit to "her folks," and that she expected to meet her husband a few stations beyond.

She dilated upon his paternal rap-tures at again seeing "baby," from whom he had been separated nearly three weeks, growing eloquent on the subject of the marvelous changes and improvements which had taken place in that most remarkable child.

In the meantime the babies fell asleep, and by the two ladies sitting together a couch for both was improvised on the opposite seat.

Both time and cars sped swiftly, and Mrs. Brown number one was in the midst of an interesting recital of the time that baby nearly died with the croup, when the conductor shouted:

"Sterling Center!" With an ejaculation of surprise she sprong to her feet, and taking up one of the blue bundles, hurried out.

She found Bob on the platform waiting for her. As he helped her into the cutter he

offered to take "baby," but the air was keen and frosty, and Mrs. Brown preferred to keep it under her warm cloak. But when she reached the house she surrendered the blue bundle to the

happy and laughing group that gathered eagerly around her. Chilled by her long ride, Mrs. Brown was glad to draw near the blazing fire,

upon which Bob had heaped fresh Then there was the nice hot supper,

for which her long fast had given her a keen appetite, and which was prolonged by the numberless questions that had to be asked and answered. In the meantime "baby" had been carried to "grandma's room"—baby's

great-grandma-to be duly admired and commented on. It now made its appearance in the arms of the old lady, surrounded by a bevy of admiring aunts.

"La, child! I thought you wrote 'twas a boy?" "And so it is, grandma," said Mrs.

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

"Phobe 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 screech she sprang to

"Mercy on us! I took the wrong

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

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 be-yond, 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 clew to her name and whereabouts.

When they reached the station the train wanted some minutes of being 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 "How do you do, Cousin Will?" 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 recol-The two babies were evidently about lected the errand that brought him the same age, and attired in long there. "But the oddest, most unfortunate thing has 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 recog-

nition. 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 by, 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 curious-

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. Beussee, 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 could'nt 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.

GOTHAM'S LOVELY LASSIES.

ind Why Fifty Thousand Bachelors are Afraid to Tackle Them.

lisions of Loveliness Returning from the Seaside and the Mountains,

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

The Say they are "Elegant to Call Upon, Tip-Top to go the Tacatre With,"

First-Class to Spend Money On, --- But-How Can We Marry Thom and Still Live?

Ipecial Correspondence,

"Hello, Cholly, how are your See you got ack from the beauties of Saratoga, Catakill, te., right side up with care."
"Yes, Spirto, got back. Hang Saratoga and be balance. I'm treat of it all. It's an inernal bore, all the whole business, and I'm Il broke up."

Il broke up."
"Lost your heart, ev dently, this season. Tho's the fair one! Might as well confess."
"Yes, lost it again, and this time for keeps,

ad my head and peace of mind as well."
"What's the rowf Can't you get the lady's "I've got it, and there's where the trouble omes in. If I hadn't got it, and knew I ouldn't get consent, it woulin't be so had. fou see I can't possibly marry, couldn't think f it for a minute on my income, and there's prospect of an increase that I can see, so in in a fix." eart in return?"

"Walt is your income?"
"Well, about \$2,500 per anum, at present."
"Marry the girl."

"Marry the girl."

"Whai! Do you really mean to advise a man o marry on such an income! Why, it wouldn't sore than pay rent for the apartments my irl would want to live in. Do you know that it costs to get married and live in New fork in any sort of shape, and with any sort of a sylish girl. It can't be done on less than 15,000 a year, and if you havn't got that much t least, the old man wouldn't think of it, yen if the girl would, which is very doubtful. To siee, no marry for me on \$2,500 per year, sot if I konw it. Now if you really want to



something about the geography of marded life in New York City just look around among your friends and see how few of the soys get married, and the number is decreasing wery year, too. I tell you it is a dangerous hing to marry nowadays in this city, and the soys know it by heart. There's at least fifty housand of them that havn't married and never expect to, in this city alone, and I am me of the unhappy band. So long, there's diss Carrie R., just retunned from Newport, and I want to see her. See you later."

And as Miss Carrie R., connected with some of the best revolutionary blood of Gotham, nowed sweetly, he joined her and they walked



MISS CARRIE R. dylish and handsome young lady, and as they raiked away I couldn't help thinking of the traceful swing she gave her body, and the leat fitting dress which she managed with so much finesse that it seemed born a part of her. alted backward and forward, swung from side o side, clung lovingly round her aristocratic raist, and jealously hid from sight everything put the tips of her evidently eight or ten dol-

Ar boots.

What did her get-up cost! How much did her guardian angel, otherwise her well-to-do mele, lay out on that swing of her dress! Evidently it was gained only through a long 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 peason. That swing slove is avidence of an 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 esti-mate, and six in a season is none too many. All gloves run shout four pairs per month. Dresses, well, heaven and the wearer only knows what they cost, to say nothing of the numerous unmentionables not visible to the outward gaze but nevertheless there, and protably coatly, provided one could judge the losted from the out. And so a voung 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 waltzer, 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 badn't.

badn't.

Can it be possible that there are fifty thousand bachelors in New York City—bachelors of marriageable age who expect to remain so through life. It is undoubtedly so, and this, too, in spite of the fact that the ladies outnumber the men two to one at almost all the summer resorts, and that our streets are fairly crowded and jammed every Saturday after-

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 apariment building affective and the styling and styling and the s for apartment building fitted up exclusively for men, and no ladles 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 "bachall have their suits of rooms known as "bach-elor apar ments," and well filled with jolly single gentlemen of marrisges he age who havn't any more idea of marrying in this lire 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 sale.

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 cellbacy through what?

Through the generally believed and growing opinion that a man without considerable money to back up the experiment has no business to marry and attempt to live in New York city—that the man who does do so puts a millstone around his neck that will eventually sink him in the slough of despond, hold his sink him in the slough of despond, hold his nose 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 sur-

roundings.
"Sam, why is it that you have never mar-

ried?" Sam Thaxman, a jolly bachelor of some forty well spent winters, a member of the Lotus Ciub, and who is abundantly able now Lotts Ciub, 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.

in the city, since all was 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 nose just suited me."

"Pshaw, 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 many many than the same thing that we have the same thing."

"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 eiderly maiden lady, with the enormous hat and military looking suit. That's the lady I rent my apariments from. She belong 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 pront as Lucifer before he fell like the snowflake. Here she is, and Pm going to astonish her.
"Bung Jure, Mudam Juvee. May I ask you

a question on an emportant matter for the ben-effi of my friend?" "Bon Jour, Meestair Thaxman. Certainlee,



"MON DIEU! MEESTAIRE THAXMAN," "Mon Dieu, Mistaire Thaxman. Tell youwh

frien' zat I wouldna' marroe ze bes' man zat leeves in ze worri." And with a sarcastle glance at me she passed by like an insulted tornado.

"Whew, good heavens, she thought you wanted to marry her and refused. Ha, ha, ha, that's a good one, a'n't it. Ha, hs, ha, ha, and he laughed until I could have forsworn his friendship forever.

frientship forever.

"Well, the next one you tackle, just leave me out, if you please, and perhaps you will get more information and have less sport at

my expense."
"Pil do it, and here comes the very lady we want to see. She's as winning and pretty as can be found in Gotham, spent this summer in the Adirondacks, and will break your heart in three evenings, if she wants to. What she will have to say about wedded bijss will be entertaining." "Why, Mr Thaxman, how do you do. I havn't seen you for an age. I thought you promised to come up in the mountains before

"So I did, Miss Catiin, but the fact is that I "So I did, Miss Catlin, but the fact is that I am no longer a free man, and havn't been since spring. I'm engaged."
"Eegaged, Mr. Thaxman: Why didn't you give me a chance. Who is it? I'm dying to know who's going to get married. Havn't had an invitation to a wedding this summer."



"WHO IS IT? I'M DYING TO KNOW." "Why don't you get up one on your own ac-

count, 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 fiances quarrels with you and then fall back on you, after all," with a roguish twinkle in her eyes. "What kind of a man do you want, Miss Catlin, anyhow, and what do you expect to merry him for, if I may ask!"

"For love, Mr. Thaxman, pure, unadulters ted love, and I want a man that I can really

ove, and waste my affect'on on. A reat, live man, too. None of your Jim dandles that loaf about street corners, carry silver headed caues, and look like golden calves or brazen

mages."

"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 sould love a poor man. Come up to-merrow evening and tell me all about your engagement, won't you; and now farewell till I see you acain." and with the sweetest of smiles the 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 the 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.

erable money, but I guess most of it is spent, or soon will be, for he's a risks speculator, and has made some bad breaks in the market latehas 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 organist, or rather has been an organist and is now a music leacher. If she got away for two weeks this summer, and took it out at Asabury Park, it s probably all the vacation she had. Just for turiosity I myself would like to know what her ideas of matrimony are."

"Good morning, Miss Linton. I haven't ween 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, why I've had an elegant time at Saratora, Newport, and in August we went to Cape Mry,—but—my name isn't M'ss Linton. I've shanged it, you see."



"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 fornish 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."

on your marriage; but it surely cannot be George Devlin, the retired merchant, that is your husband."

"It just is, though, and we would I'ke 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 thing 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 victously with his rattan cane as he waiked.

Pondering deeply on what had passed, I walked slowly kome and met Kitty Wayland just entering the door. Kitty is a nicee 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."

"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."



TO PROPOSE!" "No. Kitty, not to-day. But what do you know about proposing, anyway!"
"Well, I just know this much, that the man who proposes to me and expects to get me will have to have a pretty solid bank account, for Pm going to live in one of the handsomest flats in this city when P marry, and keep up with the best of them."

with the best of them."

"Wouldn't you marry a poor man if you loved him, Kity, and be satisfied with a small apariment over in Jersey City!"

"I wouldn't marry the best man living if he hadn't money, and I wouldn't live in Jersey City if they'd give me the whole place. You don't think I'm going to marry and be a maid of all work, do you, just to please some

"Kitty, are those your irrevocable sentiments?"

"They certainly are, so if you've got an poor young man picked out for me, bring him around and I'li give him the grand bounce to night before it goes anylfarther. I believe it nipping these things in the bud. Ta, ta, and don't forget to bring him around soon," and she skipped up stairs.

The problem of making the back-lors and the maldens still remains unsolved.

BYENTO GENTIL.