

THE OREGON SCOUT.

VOL. II.

UNION, OREGON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1885.

NO. 20.

THE OREGON SCOUT.

An independent weekly journal, issued every Saturday by

JONES & CHANCEY,

Publishers and Proprietors.
A. K. JONES, Editor.
J. B. CHANCEY, Foreman.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One copy, one year, \$1.50
Six months, .90
Three months, .50
Invariably cash in advance.

Rates of advertising made known on application.
Correspondence from all parts of the country solicited.
Address all communications to A. K. Jones, Editor Oregon Scout, Union, Or.

Lodge Directory.

GRAND LODGE VALLEY LODGE, No. 56, A. F. and A. M.—Meets on the second and fourth Saturdays of each month. O. F. BELL, W. M.
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Church Directory.

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

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Sheriff, A. L. Saunders
Clerk, R. F. Wilson
Treasurer, A. F. Benson
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Surveyor, J. L. Hindman
Coroner, E. Simons
COMMISSIONERS: Geo. A. Aukley, Jno. Stanley
State Senator, L. B. Hinchard
REPRESENTATIVES: E. E. Taylor
F. T. Dick.

City Officers.

Mayor, D. B. Rees
COUNCILMEN: S. A. Pursell, W. D. Boldeman, J. S. Elliott, Willis Skiff, J. H. Eaton, A. H. Thompson, Recorder, J. B. Thomson, Marshal, J. A. Donney, Treasurer, J. D. Carroll, Street Commissioner, H. Eaton.

Departure of Trains.

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

PROFESSIONAL.

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THE WRECK'S RESULT.

Gathering Up the Debris from the Ferdinand Ward and Hell Gate Explosions.

And Patiently Waiting for the Final Disposition of the Shattered Remains.

Three Years Required to Clean Out North River—How Long to Safely Land Ward.

Special Correspondence.

New York, Oct. 14th, 1885.

The principal topics of conversation in Gotham for the past few days have been first, the Ferdinand Ward statement, and next the great explosion of Hell Gate in North River. The Ward statement creates the greatest and most lasting excitement, however, in this special community, since it furnishes a partial and very unsatisfactory answer to the problem of the day, viz: "Where did the millions go?" "Who has got them?" and "How are we going to get them back again?" These questions it was hoped would be fully answered in the confession of Ward, but they were not, and the painful impression still prevails that the young Napoleon of Wall Street, the wrecker of high standing banks and well known reputations, hasn't told more than half the story, and moreover that the half left untold is by far the most interesting. Consequently the community, and especially the bitten part of the community, and this part includes almost every prominent bank and broker in New York, is still in a state of suspense regarding the whereabouts of the money they lost, and the best way to get at what remains of it.

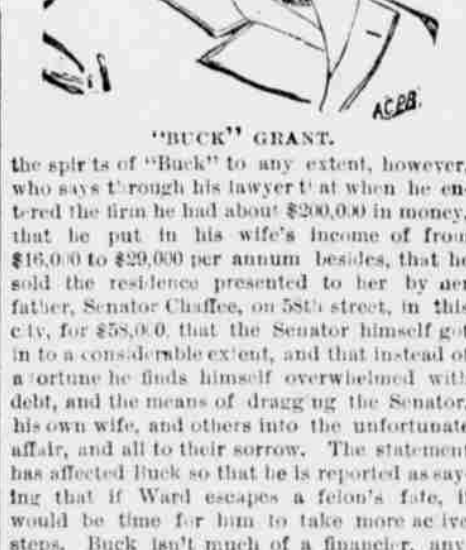
Ever since May, 1884, Ward has been promising to give away a great many people who was supposed to be profited by his financing and the great failure. He has held a sledge hammer over a can of dynamite, as it were, and kept the public in suspense as to what

didn't get any profits, and who are ready to sue anybody from the Devil up if there is any hope of collecting anything from them. It will be therefore seen that our Mayor's position is to say the least a trying one. Elected as a reform mayor, on a reform platform, pledged to give no quarter to any official rogues, he stands liable to be sued by the city over which he is mayor for profits made in his dealings with a gigantic swindler, who swindled the city out of an immense sum, as well as numerous individuals. Nobody thinks that our reform Mayor had any underhand deal with Ward, but it does not alter the fact that he is liable to be sued for supposed profits made in his dealings with Ward. His position was trying enough before Ward's last statement, but when Ward openly accuses him of trying to become a member of the firm of Grant & Ward, this indeed was a cruel blow, and it is no wonder that our mayor is in a state of mind which argues ill for the office-seeker who crosses his path, and which keeps our city officials walking the historical chalk-line for the present.

Next to Mayor Grace the most disgusted person in Gotham is probably "Buck Grant," better known to fame as Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., and from Ward's statement the original and first member of the Grant family who engaged with him in the financing business away back in July, 1880, when "Buck," Fish and Ward clasped hands and joined fortunes in a trinity partnership. According to Ward's figures "Buck" made quite a fortune in a short time, and could have retired with a fortune of over a million made in less than two years and a half if the firm hadn't busted when it did. This wonderful statement hasn't rejuvenate

the spirits of "Buck" to any extent, however, who says through his lawyer that when he entered the firm he had about \$200,000 in money, that he put in his wife's income of from \$15,000 to \$20,000 per annum besides, that he had the residence presented to her by her father, Senator Claflie, on 58th street, in this city, for \$58,000, that the Senator himself got in to a considerable extent, and that instead of a fortune he finds himself overwhelmed with debt, and the means of dragging the Senator, his own wife, and others into the unfortunate affair, and all to their sorrow. The statement has affected Buck so that he is reported as saying that if Ward escapes a felon's fate, it would be time for him to take more active steps. Buck isn't much of a financier, any how, and has quit trying to solve the riddle "how can a man put all his eggs and all his friends' money into an institution, and come out without it in three years, get into the hands of a receiver, and still have made over a million in the interval?" This problem would stagger a more brilliant mind than Buck's and he gives it up in disgust.

Now that Ferdinand Ward's trial is drawing near he is evidently growing very desperate, since he knows that his chances for escaping the convict's fate are very small indeed, no matter how much money he may have to the him over under ordinary circumstances. He has brought too much disgrace upon others to permit his escape, and he realizes it fully now. He went it with a very high hand in



WARD LETS DRIVE. The effect would be when he let it fall, and as so who was going to suffer by the explosion. It has fallen, figures most astonishing have lanced in all conceivable shapes before the eyes of the public, who have been mystified with the vast amounts which Ward talks of as so suddenly as he gathered them in the days of yore. Success in the past with individuals has led him into this dazzling display for the general public, and the general public, like he individuals, appear to have been only half taken into his confidence. There is one effect that his broadside had, and this was to get everybody except the calm W. S. Warner into an immediate and fierce state of explanation and denial. If the gentleman named was away himself, then his son, or his clerk, or his wife, or the chambermaid forthwith entered a protest, and vehemently and vociferously proclaimed that Ward was an awful liar, and that the spirits of Bill Tweed and Amasa had both taken possession of him, that they had always lost instead of gaining by his assistance, and that while it might look as though they were ahead, they really were behind in their transactions with this modern Mephistopheles. This is the case especially with our truly good and pious Mayor, William B. Grace, who has it is said been in a perpetual state of swear ever since Ferdinand made his extraordinary statement that not only had our reform Mayor profited by his dealings with Grant & Ward to the extent of \$75,000, and sold their obligations to the tune of nearly \$70,000 more, but that he also had actually endeavored to become a member of the firm. This accusation is the last straw which broke our Mayor's equilibrium, and between surprise, indignation, and general indignation,



deed for several years, and a friend of the writer who called at his home only a few days before the failure, came back to New York from her trip to the Brooklyn home of the Wards with a glowing account of several plaques Ward had just purchased, and which had cost the snug sum of \$125 each, although they were comparatively small and inexpensive looking, and she thought if she only were as happy and as rich as Mrs. Ferdinand Ward, how bright the world would seem. About two weeks later I called again, and her husband was figuring up that if he only had the money that he had invested with Grant & Ward, how many handsome plaques she could have, and Mrs. Ward, her handsome Brooklyn home, her elegant furniture, and immense wealth were no longer hers, for her home was in the hands of the sheriff, her husband was in custody, her mother was prostrated by the shock, and the whole country was ringing with the disgraceful actions of the young financier. I met there a young lady who had been visiting at Ward's home when the crash came, and who when the house was taken possession of by the officers found it a difficult thing to even get her trunk away, as the diligent detectives thought it might be the property of Ward. Evidently there was not much to create envy of the position of the Ward family.

Ward has but few friends left in the hour of his disgrace, and many who knew him well and were wined and dined at his expense in

the days of his seeming prosperity, have nothing but contemptuous remarks for him now, and almost with one accord consign his memory to holes and himself to the penitentiary in the same breath. Probably no man ever fell from so high a social position, and carried with him the good wishes of so few as Ward has done. His wife, however, still clung to him in spite of all, bravely set her face against the world, believed him more sinned against than sinning, and called regularly to see him in Ludlow street jail, not a very elegant place, truly, for an aristocratic lady born and bred to look upon such things with horror.

Among the general wreck the survivors alone seem perfectly contented at the prospect of interminable lawsuits with enormous fees, and the probability is that as much as is lost in the future will be spent in the next generation in trying to recover that which is gone. No one thing perhaps has so embroiled prominent people in law, and the prospects of law, as this failure. The city of New York, having lost a million dollars by it, will in all probability keep suing Ward and everybody concerned for years.

One of the saddest things connected with the crash is the deaths which were either caused or hastened by it. Colonel Fred Grant claims that the General was prematurely brought to the grave through the trouble brought upon him by this failure, and this is believed by the physicians. Then J. Nelson Tappan, the city official, through whose speculation this city lost a million, and who it is said was himself ruined financially, he took it is confidently stated from the effects, and other deaths are reported, of those interested, which it is claimed can be traced directly or indirectly to the embarrassment arising from the wreck, and among these is that of Richard G. Smith, a broker who held so much of the firm's paper that it ruined his firm, and he died from the effects. It was a wide spread calamity, and Ward has more to answer for than his trial will probably develop, in the way of ruined homes, ruined reputations, and blasted lives.

The second explosion of the last few days, that of Flood Rock, at Hell Gate, appears to have been very successful, and divers report that the immense rock has been driven completely by the immense blast, and that fissures extend all through it underneath the water, large enough to admit a man's body.



This is cheering intelligence for Major General John Newton, who has planned so faithfully for this result during the past few years. Your correspondent stood upon a schooner directly opposite the rocky island, and much nearer to it than any of the excursion boats or even the government tug, and watched the waters rise majestically skyward when little Mary Newton touched the bottom of the battery. One of the employees evidently didn't fear the result, for after landing on the island in a little row boat and adjusting something, he pulled off to a distance certainly not to exceed sixty yards, and quietly waited on his own for the blast to explode. This rare confidence to some of our party, who were over a hundred yards further away, and one or two third ones returned to the schooner after watching this man take it so coolly and appear so unconcerned. The sight was a grand one, and it was comforting to know that it was under water, since Gen. Newton stated that if of the same amount of explosives had been fired in the open air, it would not have left a living thing on Manhattan Island, or probably a whole building standing in New York or immediate vicinity. As it was New York had quite a jar, and towns a hundred miles away felt the shock, while the number of liars all over the Eastern states who were knocked down, jumped on, gorroled, and generally maltreated by the blast, is something fearful to think of. One of the lamp posts in New Haven it is said jumped up, skipped around the town, and cleaned out half a dozen households before it finally got back into its original place, and similar experiences are coming in from surrounding towns. However that may be, Flood Rock is settling every day deeper and deeper into the stream, which shows that it is completely undermined, and will be no longer a terror to sea captains. It was among these rocks that the British vessel, the frigate Huzzar, sank away back during the Revolution, laden with treasure brought over to pay the British soldiers. She struck on rocks, went down, and never has been heard of since, although several companies have obtained charters to dredge for her, and have sunk a fortune in endeavoring to find her whereabouts. Not a penny has been found, and like Captain Kidd's treasures, it lies very much buried in the past.

Still later than Ella Wheeler Wilcox's latest novel comes another impassioned romance, in which the fair and well known authoress is said to appear as the heroine. The work has not yet seen the light of day, but will soon be brought forth by a New York publishing house, and as the characters are drawn from metropolitan Bohemia, among whose circles the fair authoress is well known, it promises to be as well as impassioned, and the boys of the press are looking forward to it with expectancy.

New York is becoming a city of flats, and it is estimated that fifty thousand people live so high in the air that they are out of the reach of creditors, fire escapes and religion. When you think of a family living up thirteen stories in the air, and it isn't fashionable unless you can get up at least eight, some idea of this craze can be obtained.

His First Experience in Bee-keeping.

A. P. Abbott writes Western Rural: It was a hot, sultry morning in the middle of June. The fog which at daybreak wrapped the earth in its misty folds soon began rising and floating away in huge fleecy clouds, leaving every now and then an opening through which the sun drove its early cut fiery rays. And as the birds' songs came floating out from the thickly dressed trees, they seemed half drowned in the laden atmosphere.

"If this fog clears away without rain, you may look for ten swarms today. I wish I did not have to go away, for I'm afraid you can't live them all."

To explain the above quotation: we were keeping about fifty swarms of bees, and to-day father was obliged to go to town, and I was the only one he could leave to attend to the bees. And you who are familiar with bee-keeping, know it is no small job for one man to take care of an apiary of that size, at that time of the year, for it is then that the bees are in the midst of swarming time. So after father had eaten his breakfast and given me a short lecture on a few of the bees' private tricks, and how to get them into the hive, he took his departure, leaving me to my fate.

Everything went on lovely till about nine o'clock, when the sun rolled out from behind a dense cloud, nearly wilting things with its heating rays. This was more than the bees could stand. And soon a swarm began coming out at a fearful rate. It seemed to me as though there were a bushel of them, and that there would be none left in the hive. And after they had gone through with the general ceremonies in the air, they lit on a limb but a few feet from the ground; thus making it easy to get them down. The first thing was to prepare myself to have them. First, I put on a veil to keep them out of my face, then crowded a wool hat down on my head to keep them out of my hair; then putting on a good warm pair of mittens, I proceeded to have them. I will let the reader imagine how comfortable I felt. I first produced a blanket and spread it out beneath them, then placing my hive on it, I gave the swarm a quick, hard jerk which brought them down in front of the hive all in a heap. I then watched closely for the queen bee, for strange as it may seem, the entire swarm is governed by this one bee. Soon they began running into the hive like a flock of sheep, by which I knew the queen had gone in. And just as I was thinking about getting into the shade to cool off, my sister, whom I left to watch, informed me that another swarm had started.

This one seemed to be more 'high flown' than the preceding one; for instead of lighting down where it would be easy getting them, they lit up a maple about thirty feet from the ground, and now comes the most interesting part of my story; and some of the readers may deem it somewhat humorous, but I realized nothing of that sort. I had by this time come to the conclusion that I'd rather run the risk of getting stung than to wear a thick pair of mittens when the mercury stood ninety above; so dropping them I commenced preparing to get down the swarm. And getting a large rope and a saw I tried my hand, or rather, my shins, in climbing the tree. And after a great deal of puffing and scratching I reached the desired limb; and after stopping to breathe a few minutes, I commenced hitching out astride the limb in order to tie my rope in the desired place. I had scarcely done this when crack! went the limb up close to the body of the tree, and I started, as I supposed, for the ground; but fortunately it broke but half way off and left me hanging head downward. It took me but a short time to change ends and get back to the trunk. But the worst of it all was, my shirt had, in the fall, got pulled above my pants, and a bee had taken advantage of the situation, and was crawling upon my ribs. I had read that an Indian could lie still while a caterpillar made his way slowly over his body; but to let an angry bee go buzzing along on the bare skin, took more nerve than I possessed. So quick as thought, in fact quicker than thought, for if I had stopped to think I would not have done it. I gave him an unfriendly slap which of course ended in our coming out about even; for though I took his life he left his sting over my fifth rib.

At last I got them down and into the hive, and as I did so, I flung myself on the ground in the shade of some neighboring trees, but my stay in that position was brief. For it seemed that I had hardly touched the ground before I was on my feet again, nor did I seem as Milton has said, "and in his rising he seemed a pillow of salt." For I arose more like a dancing Jack than a "pillow" of any sort. It seems there were several bees (I did not stop to count the number), collected at just the right position on the seat of my pants to be where I could aid them in stinging me when I sat down. They had undoubtedly been somewhat roiled when the limb broke, and now were going to pay me for my trouble. I had said while living the latter swarm, that I would not have another one if they all went off. But at this last performance I became somewhat roiled myself, and vowed they would all go into a hive if I persisted in the attempt to put them there. And nine of the ten swarms

father had predicted swarmed, and I fulfilled my declaration. It will without doubt be useless for me to add that I did not do much sitting down for a few days.

A NEW VIEW OF AMERICANS

Our Barbarous Selves Seen as Through a Complimentary Sir Hubert's Glasses.

Lord Ronald Gower's Reminiscences.

"Not being a personage, and not caring to appear in a white tie and fine linen every evening, and having wished to see the social life in the American city not as a guest but as a traveler, I think I can more impartially judge of what would be the impression made on a cosmopolitan than had I traded on being an Englishman with a handle attached to my name, as probably most Britishers with such an impediment would do. I mixed with all classes, in the street car or omnibus (which in its American form is as superior to our London bus as is a Parisian victoria to a 'growler'), in the Union Club—the 'Travelers' of New York—and in a palatial steamer and to which river we have nothing to compare in the Old World. Wherever I went I found all classes of the Americans not only civil, but highly civilized, as compared with the class with the English; not only amiable, but, as a rule kind and courteous, and with rare exceptions, well-informed, well bred, and having more refinement of manner than any other people I have ever come amongst. What struck me especially in New York was the invariable civility shown by all classes of men to women, whether the women rustle in silk or wore linsley-wolsey or homespun; however crowded the car or the footway, room was at once made for a lady. Does not this somewhat contrast with the surly, grumpy incivility that is shown to the fair sex in our public carriages and streets? This politeness is not, as in a neighboring country to ours, mere lip and eye civility, but arises, I believe, from a mutual and intuitive good breeding from which, as I said before, the Americans of every class are endowed.

"For instance, if one entered a room in a club or hotel, one was not met by those assembled with a 'Who the Dash is this person whom none of us know? and what the Dash does he here?' sort of look; nor, if one entered into conversation with some one in a railroad car or steamer, was one greeted with that truly British stare which in this country of insular prejudice and arrogant assumption, conveys as plainly as words the question, 'What the mischief do you mean by speaking to me without an introduction?'

"My experience has been in America that if you ask a service from a stranger it is accorded readily, without condescension or fuss; that among them is little of the snubbish wish to appear to those we do not know as greater people than we really are, little of that disgusting patronage of manner that prevails in this country among the richer classes, and none of the no less disgusting cringiness of manner which as greatly prevails among our tradespeople, and which makes me for one hesitate before asking my way in the streets of a well-dressed man, or entering a shop where one will (if known as 'a good customer') be received by a mealy-mouthed mortal all smiles and grimaces, who will think that he will more readily secure a purchaser by showing some article ordered by my Lord This or my Lady That. On the contrary, the New York tradesman or shopkeeper receives you with civility, but without any of that cringiness of manner which seems to me little less insulting than actual insolence; he will allow you to look as long as you like at any of the articles his shop may contain, and will be equally civil if you purchase or if you do not; but he will not rub his hands and contract his features into a leer, and if you were to show him your superiority of position by affecting to look down on him as being 'only a tradesman,' he would probably show you that there is something more in being a citizen of a great Republic than mere sound, and that although you may fancy yourself a superior being from not being a republican or a shopman, he might be able to prove to you that one man is as good as another.

"I mixed thus with all classes, and spoke to all with whom I came into contact, and in no single instance did I meet with anything but perfect civility—the civility of equals, which is, after all, the truest. I admire with all my heart this people, our brothers, who, although we have for so many years presumed to treat them as poor relations, are in some forms of common courtesy and general politeness far superior to ourselves.

"I grant that the Americans we meet on the Continent of Europe are often offensive in manner and give a very unfavorable impression of their country both to foreigners and to Englishmen; but, believe me, these are the exceptions."

The Boston Commercial Bulletin contained an interesting article on the foreign apple trade of this country, from which it is learned that last year Boston exported more apples than any other American port, shipping 309,896 bbls, against 256,332 bbls from New York and 130,164 bbls from all ports in the British provinces.