

# THE OREGON SCOUT.

VOL. II.

UNION, OREGON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1885.

NO. 21.

## 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, \$1.00  
Six months, .60  
Three months, .35  
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 BONDE VALLEY LODGE, No. 56, 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. 38, 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 9 a. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. Rev. A. D. BROWN, 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. L. Saunders  
Clerk, R. F. Wilson  
Treasurer, A. F. Benson  
School Superintendent, J. L. Hindman  
Surveyor, E. Simonis  
Coroner, E. H. Lewis  
COMMISSIONERS: Geo. Ackles, Jno. Stanley, B. B. Rinehart  
REPRESENTATIVES: F. T. Dick, E. E. Taylor

### City Officers.

Mayor, D. B. Rees  
COUNCILMEN: S. A. Pursell, W. D. Hordeman, J. S. Elliott, Willis Skiff, J. B. Eaton, A. A. Thompson  
Recorder, J. B. Thomson  
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.

### 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. Residence, Main street, second house south of court house. Chronic diseases a specialty.

#### O. F. BELL,

#### Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

UNION, OREGON.

Real Estate, Law and Probate Practice will receive special attention. Office on A Street, rear of State Land Office.

#### H. F. BURLEIGH,

#### Attorney at Law, Real Estate and Collecting Agent.

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

JESSE HAIDESTY, J. W. SHELTON

#### SHELTON & HAIDESTY,

#### 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. Mining and Corporation business a specialty. Office in Union, Oregon.

### THE BULGARIAN PROBLEM.

Gravity of the Crisis and Its Many Uncertainties—The Part of Austria in the East—Russia and the San Stefano Treaty.

"No news from Constantinople," sums the situation exactly, writes a London correspondent to *The New York Times*. Until the sultan gives some sign we are all in an Egyptian night of uncertainty. The first bashibazouk who crossed the Maritza would clear up the whole mystery. The world would then know swiftly enough whether Alexander of Battenberg was playing his own game or someone else's; whether Russia planned the movement, or was really surprised and provoked by it. Out of all the mystery it seems possible to extract some few safe inferences. None of the monarchs of the petty states carved out of the old Ottoman empire save Alexander himself knew what was going on, for they are all scurrying southward to their capitals like geese caught in an early snow storm—King George from Gmunden, King Milan from Vienna, King Charles from north Germany. The officials at Berlin and Vienna seemed equally taken by surprise, for the papers which ordinarily speak by the book in the two cities were dumb even as late as Monday out of sheer ignorance as to what to say. That Russia was surprised is not so clear. To be sure, the St. Petersburg papers all insist on it, but that counts for absolutely nothing. Of slightly more weight is the fact, on which as much stress is laid, that Prince Alexander's relations with the Russian court have seemed to be strained of late. Against this may be set the curious readiness with which celebrations were gotten up at Odessa and many other Russian cities the very day on which the tidings were received in a country where news usually travels at snail's pace, and public enthusiasm is slower still to manifest itself. Then, too, there is the great fact that what has been done is precisely what Russia tried to do by the San Stefano treaty. It was Russia's most strenuous demand then, that the Bulgarians should be united, and that the Balkans should be in Slavic, not Turkish possession. In this she was foiled at the time, but she gained the points of naming the prince of Bulgaria and furnishing him all the officers for his new army. Now this prince and these officers have accomplished what Ignatieff strove to effect at San Stefano—nothing more, nothing less—and in a manner far more closely resembling the well-oiled palace revolution of the Russian than the turbulent outbreak of the Slav. It may still be that the czar and M. de Giers were unsuspecting, but it is hard to believe that the Ignatieff party, the Pan-Slavic propaganda of Russia, were not in the scheme. And having played the game thus far, not the czar himself can prevent Russian influence, or even Russian arms, being thrown into the scale to preserve what has been gained. If the Turk tries to overthrow by force the union Prince Alexander and his friends have formed, Russia will come to the aid of Bulgaria. On this point there seems to be no doubt.

But even if the Turk does not precipitate a war by entering Roumelia there are still many ugly possibilities of trouble left. If the least important section of the Slavs can thus tear up and defy the treaty of Berlin why should Serbia longer hesitate to seize the territory for which she asked at Berlin? And if there is a Slavic invasion or uprising in Macedonia, then the Greeks and Albanians all over the peninsula must get up and fight for their lives. A war of races would follow as certainly as night succeeds day. King Milan is said to have declared very freely and excitedly, when the news reached him at Vienna, that if there was an uprising in Macedonia he must either march Serbia troops in and seize the country or be deposed by his own people. The Serbians would tolerate no other rule there but Turkish or their own, so he declared over and over again. But the Greeks are just as determined, on the other side, that Macedonia shall never be Serbian or Bulgarian, and they have claims of the sympathy and aid of central Europe which the Slavs do not possess.

It is in the likelihood of a Macedonian outbreak, even more than in the chance of Turkish intervention in Roumelia, that anxious minds find the danger of a European war. It is possible that the western powers may consent to recognize the accomplished fact of Bulgarian unity, to warn the sultan into acquiescence, and to allow Prince Alexander to blossom into a king bestriding the Balkans—trusting to his own pride and ambition to prevent his being too pliant a tool in Russia's hands. But any further Slav encroachments they can not, for very safety, countenance. The terror of the Slavonic bugbear is too great at Berlin, at Vienna, at Rome, at Athens. It is a huge race question which looms here, the greatest since Attila's day. The Europe of Teutonic civilization dreads the Slavic invasion, just as the Europe of Latin civilization dreaded the submerging Gothic wave. The exuberant boast that this century is "the evening of the Latins, the afternoon of the Teutons, the morning of the Slavs," has a sinister meaning and foreboding for every statesman west of the Carpathians and the Vistula. It is the one live, great thing in European politics.

Austria has been pushed southward and eastward by Bismarck solely to serve as a breakwater against this vast incoming tide, and, crippled and humiliated as rulers of Germany, the Hapsburgs have accepted this destiny.

The task is a prodigious one in one sense, a simple one in another. Almost half of the whole number of Austrian subjects (44 per cent.) are Slavs, but the Germans and Hungarians, by superior intellect and energy, are able not only to dominate them, but to keep them quarreling among themselves. The Bohemians, the Croats, the Galicians, and the rest spend their strength for the most part in hating each other; at least they do not unite in a common cause against the non-Slavic elements. To rule over such a wild conglomeration of races seems difficult; in fact, that very lack of homogeneity renders it easy by comparison with Germany, France, or Russia. But it is Austria's new mission, as viewed from Varzin, not only to overshadow and in some way govern the seventeen million Slavs under the flag, but to stand guard on the Danube against Russian aggression and Slavonic consolidation alike.

It is in this capacity that her action in the crisis so abruptly developed becomes of almost as great a vital significance as that of Turkey. All that Austria does she will do with Germany at her back. The two empires have no interest, looking eastward, which is not in common. Long before this letter reaches the other side events may have shown that the second of the acts in the modern drama—or is it tragedy?—of the Slavonic conquest has begun; or, on the other hand, the sultan may have submitted, the sheep-stealers of Macedonia may have kept quiet, and the whole crisis may be smoothed over again. But just how not Bismarck himself can tell what a day may not bring forth.

### The Art of Good Dining.

Let the table, when no one is present but the home circle, be the model of what it should be when surrounded by guests. Lay a piece of thick Canton flannel under your table cloth. Even coarse napery will look a much better quality with a sub-cover than if spread directly over the bare table top.

Avoid the cheap trick of hotels and restaurants in the arrangement of napkins and table utensils. Simplicity is never ridiculous, while pretension usually is. Place the napkin on the left side of the plate with a piece of bread in its folds, the fork on the right hand, next to that the knife with the sharp edge turned from the one who is to use it, beyond this the soup spoon.

At the point of these set the tumbler and individual butter plate. Mats, tablespoons, salt cellars and pepper grinders may be arranged to suit one's taste.

Banish the heavy castor from the center of the table and put there instead a vase of flowers, if it be nothing more ambitious than some bits of ivy or evergreen brightened by a spray of hollyhocks.

At the carver's place spread a white napkin, the point toward the middle of the table, to protect the cloth from splashes of gravy.

Let the soup be served by the mistress and eaten with no accompaniment except a piece of dry bread in the hand. Buttering is only less vulgar than thickening the contents of the plate with crumbs. When this course has been removed the meat and vegetables may be placed on the table.

If there is salad, it should be served separately, in a course by itself.

The heavy part of the dinner eaten, the maid should be summoned and should commence the clearing of the table by carrying out first the meat, then the dishes of vegetables, and after that plates and butter plates, placing one on top of the other and using a tray to transfer everything except the large platters.

### A BATTLE-SCARRED VETERAN.

The Terrible Experience of a Galen Soldier on the Gettysburg Battlefield.

While a few veterans of the late war have been removed from their places, there are a number left. One who is still employed in the treasury, writes a Washington correspondent to *The Cleveland Leader*, is C. H. Smith, better known among his friends as "Charlie" Smith. He has just been granted a leave of absence. He has the distinction of having been one of the worst wounded men in the late war. So badly was he injured that no one who saw him when first shot down ever thought he would survive, and his case is recorded in the "Medical and Surgical History of the War" as one of the most remarkable of any there described. Early on the morning of the first day at Gettysburg he entered the fight with his regiment, the 76th New York, and was one of the first shot down, a minie ball passing clean through his chest close to the body. He lay where the battle raged fiercest, and hardly was he down before another bullet struck him in the left groin and came out behind the right hip joint, passing in its course very near several important blood vessels and nerves, and going directly through the bladder; the third missile passed right through the abdominal cavity from front to back, and emerged near the lower part of the spine, the bones of which were partially shattered. All these wounds were received within a space of fifteen minutes. Then, as the wounded man lay prone on his face, a shell burst directly over him and very close to his body, the explosion raising him violently from the ground while the ragged iron tore away masses of flesh from the lower part of the body. He was rendered senseless, and during the four days and nights he lay upon the field without food, drink, or shelter, exposed to the glaring sun and chilling dews. He had very little idea of time. Dozens of dead bodies were lying all about him while prowlers and thieves of the battle-ground robbed the wounded and the dead. He was for a great part of the time within the lines of the enemy by reason of the advance of the rebels, and as he lay upon his face he found it necessary to call out whenever he heard anyone approaching, for fear it might be some marauder who was plundering the slain. In such cases the visitor struck his bayonet into the body of the dead man to turn him over, and Smith called out for the purpose of indicating that he was alive. He was not anxious for a rebel bayonet in addition to the injury he had already received; therefore, when alive he would invariably answer without delay. They robbed him of his canteen of water and all the clothing they could remove from him except that which was soiled and stained with blood from his wounds. He lay in a cornfield, and he found that he had strength enough to burrow a little in the earth so as to bury his face in the damp soil, and this somewhat revived him, and enabled him to keep alive. On the fifth day a relief party picked him up, rolled him in a blanket, and laid him in a cow-shed, the only shelter near, where for two days he was almost immersed in cow-ooze. Then he was removed to an old house, where for seventeen days he lay upon his back on a hard board plank. As the surgeons never expected him to get well his wounds were never probed or dressed, nor was anything in the shape of medicine given him. The urine passed out by way of the wound in the groin, while the contents of the bowels made their exit through the glistening wound through the spine. This condition of things lasted for months. The wound near the spine has never healed. Whenever there are any signs of it the sufferer becomes sick. It is necessary to make three or four dressings each day. "Charlie" is to-day one of the healthiest looking men in the treasury, notwithstanding the terrible experience he underwent, and the suffering he underwent daily, and though not above medium height he weighs 175 pounds.

### Phenomena of Autumn Tints.

Besides being unusually rich and brilliant in autumn tints this season, writes a Honesdale, Pa., correspondent to *The New York Sun*, many of the trees in this vicinity exhibit numerous old markings and fantastic freaks of color. These are particularly noticeable on maples and elms. One large maple in a field on the Delaney farm in an adjoining township is as green as it was in June, except on the south side. There patches of light red and a semicircular splash of yellow have appeared. The red patches are so distributed as to form the eyes, nose, and mouth of a human face, and so like like are the lines, curves, and shadings of the features that at a distance the effect is startling. The sprays of yellow curl around the face, above the eyes, and give a striking resemblance to a headress of blonde hair, adding to the startling effect.

Not far from the tree is another maple. A band of scarlet three feet wide encircles it at the lower branches. Above this belt the leaves are green all around the tree for about the same width as the scarlet. Above the green is a similar circle, of bright yellow, and the rounded top of the tree is a solid body of scarlet, resting on the banded beauty of the whole like a dome of fire.

A high hill in Texas township is cleared of timber from bottom to top with the exception of four large trees that stand close together on the summit. Two of the trees are maples. The other two are elms. Each tree is

the corner of a square. They stand about a rod apart. One of the maples has a large circular spot of bright red leaves on the side facing one of the elms. All the rest of the tree is still unchanged, from the summer green. The leaves of the elm this maple faces have turned to a rich golden hue, with the exception of a circular spot of lively green, almost the exact size of the red spot on the maple, and immediately opposite it. Diagonally across the second maple from bottom to top, extends a wide and regular strip of leaves of solid green. All but this verdant streak is a flaming red. The elm opposite this maple has a strip running in the same direction across it. It corresponds in width with the strip on the maple, but is of a soft golden color. Every other leaf on the tree is still green.

A water lily on the border of Middle creek displays, among its otherwise uniform array of yellow leaves, lines of green leaves that form a huge and perfect human hand.

A particularly striking effect caused by autumn foliage is given by two tall hemlock trees that grow on a side hill along the Hawley turnpike near this village. A wild ivy vine has wound its way up one of the trees and has crept among the branches in all directions. The leaves of this vine have changed to a most intense crimson, and gleam here and there in the midst of the dark and never-changing green of the hemlock-like radiant flowers. A wild grapevine has entwined itself about the trunk and up around the branches of the other hemlock. The leaves of this vine have become a rich and waxy yellow, and stand out against the cold color of the tree like fantastic fashionings of gold. The trees in this region began to turn on autumn tints in August. The leaves of an apple tree in an orchard on the outskirts of this village turned in July and fell to the ground, leaving the tree as bare as it was in the winter. Soon after the leaves fell the tree budded, and was in a short time covered with a new crop of leaves. These are now turning with those of the other trees. There was no frost hereabout until long after the maples and other trees were far advanced in the transition from the green of summer to the varied hues that comes with fall, which would seem to disprove the long-forded theory that the turning of the leaf is due to the frost.

### How Husted Used the Gavel.

*Syracuse (N. Y.) Standard*: "I make no secret of acknowledging just where I learned to use the gavel," Gen. Husted went on to say. "It was in the Masonic lodge. I divulge no un-revealed mystery of the order when I say that the gavel is nowhere so supreme as in the Grand lodge. It is supremacy itself. To it the delegates bend as quickly as privates in a great army, as the members of every parliamentary or deliberative body should. I remember an incident in my career at Albany which is timely here. It is customary when the exigencies of business—as in the case of the election of regents of the university of the state of New York or United States senators—call the senate and assembly into joint session, for the lower to receive the upper house in its chamber. The courtesies and customs of these sessions demand that on the entrance of the senate the assembly shall rise. On several occasions before I first became speaker of the assembly, I had witnessed those ceremonies. I recalled the fact that in each case the speaker, when the senate was at the door, requested the assembly to rise. To my notion this was exceedingly undignified and reflected on the department of the assembly, who ought to know their duty as well as its presiding officer. Think how a gentleman would feel walking into a drawing-room to be told that he must spit on the floor. I resolved that if ever I became speaker, and I am free to confess I had no doubt of it, things would be differently done. During my first term a joint session became necessary. The looked-for opportunity was at hand. On the day fixed and at the hour the sergeant-at-arms announced the arrival of the senate in the usual form. During the pause which followed I raised my gavel, and looking calmly at the house brought it down three times in succession. The next moment seventy-five men were on their feet, and naturally those who did not respond at once arose by inspiration. A single blow later on, when the senate was received, brought the whole assembly to a sitting posture. After adjournment an ex-speaker came to me to find out how it happened that the assembly arose without the usual request. 'I asked the members to rise,' I said. 'No,' my inquisitive predecessor said, 'you didn't, for not a word was said.' 'But,' I added, 'I made the usual request with my gavel. You heard the three blows?' 'Is that a Masonic sign?' he asked curiously. 'I did not say so,' was my response. The gavel at any rate had done the talking."

### The Matrimonial Question.

Man was not wholly unselfish a hundred years ago, nor wholly pure; marriages were not always the result of honest affection; courtly bearing and ceremonious politeness did not always cover a kindly man or a sensible and earnest woman, a loving wife or a devoted husband. The rakes, the dandies, the money-grubbers, or the pleasure-seekers do not dominate the life of a people; and beyond them to-day, as in the last century, only more powerfully felt now, is a great and lofty love for the home life, a firm belief in its ennobling tendencies, and a longing desire to keep the hearth-side sacred.—*Providence Journal*.

### Poor Pay.

Those who have applied for office, and not got any, will appreciate the following little story: A Texas school-teacher, out of curiosity, put the question to the scholars, "What is nothing?" A pause ensued until an urchin, whose proclivities for earning a dime were well known among his school-fellows, got up and replied: "It's when a man asks you to hold his horse, and says 'Thank you.'"—*Texas Siftings*.

### PERPETUAL MOTION.

A Long Life Spent in Seeking It—Lacking One Wheel of Moving the World.

In almost any village of the country can be found at least one person who may be designated as a "character," which rather uncertain title usually describes one who is distinguished from his neighbors by some striking peculiarity of disposition, manner or occupation—in fact, one who is "a little odd." Irwin is no exception to the rule. Upon a steep bluff, 200 feet above the red water of Brush Creek, and commanding a most extensive and charming view, stands a small two-story frame stable. Part of this was once used by its owner as a harness-room and office, and is lighted by a small window. In this, through the courtesy of the proprietor, has resided for several years an aged man who has spent the greater part of his life in a vain effort to demonstrate an idea, which has before received the attention of many another, and, unfortunately, often wrecked both means and mind. An idea that always mocks its followers with a seeming promise of success, only to flit and leave them in the condition referred to by the poet.

He by a train's lantern led. This man began to work upon his pet idea when a mere boy, and seems to have followed it up closely at intervals until a number of years ago, since which time his entire attention has been given to it. He eats and sleeps in his rude work room, and a curtain across the window shuts off the interior from the gaze of the curious. Yet he is willing to show his model to most persons, and the visitor is kindly received and entertained. In the half light of the room, as one looks at the too's, and wheels and balls, and sees the stooping figure and the face almost hidden by a beard, which is unshorn and hangs over his bosom in a mass of gray, while the eyes gleam with a new light as the certainty of success is told, "as soon as one more wheel is added," one can almost fancy himself in the presence of an alchemist of old, and that he is treading the threshold of untold mystery. But that one wheel has been lacking these many years. Often do we see the old man hovering about founderies and shops, or walking up the steep street to his room with wheels and rods in his hands, but he "has not quite finished." Five years ago he was so certain that he had attained his object that he sought out a young man who had but a while before returned from an European tour, and desired him to go over again in the interest of his invention. He said he had no money to pay any expenses, but the invention would bring countless millions of dollars to both. It is needless to say that although the young man would do much for "sweet charity's sake," yet he declined this request, and the old man went away wondering why any one would throw away such an opportunity.

Thus he works away in his retreat through winter's snows and summer's suns, he apparently regardless of the beautiful things which Nature in her onward march is scattering so lavishly about him, knowing but the daytime for work and the night for rest; rarely meeting his fellow men, and seeking but few, and then only when he sallies forth to purchase material for his machine or food for his body; taking no recreation now, but ever looking forward to that time when in the completion of his wonderful work—

The night shall be filled with music,  
And the cares that infest the day  
Shall fold up their tents like the Arabs,  
And silently steal away.

The writer saw him a few evenings since returning from his purchase of food. The air was cool, the sky was filled with great masses of gray clouds, and darkness was gathering fast. Under the shadow of a long line of arching maples he came with stealthy, catlike steps, and disappeared in the gloom. Thoughts came of the lonely life, the all-engrossing idea, and the resulting separation which rose like a wall between him and other men; and it was wondered whether, after all, there were not some who aspired to the position of leaders among men who allowed love of wealth and honor and power to shut them out of the hearts of their fellows, as well as the old man who has devoted his life to unraveling the mystery of perpetual motion.—*Pittsburg Telegraph*.

Man was not wholly unselfish a hundred years ago, nor wholly pure; marriages were not always the result of honest affection; courtly bearing and ceremonious politeness did not always cover a kindly man or a sensible and earnest woman, a loving wife or a devoted husband. The rakes, the dandies, the money-grubbers, or the pleasure-seekers do not dominate the life of a people; and beyond them to-day, as in the last century, only more powerfully felt now, is a great and lofty love for the home life, a firm belief in its ennobling tendencies, and a longing desire to keep the hearth-side sacred.—*Providence Journal*.

### Poor Pay.

Those who have applied for office, and not got any, will appreciate the following little story: A Texas school-teacher, out of curiosity, put the question to the scholars, "What is nothing?" A pause ensued until an urchin, whose proclivities for earning a dime were well known among his school-fellows, got up and replied: "It's when a man asks you to hold his horse, and says 'Thank you.'"—*Texas Siftings*.