

# THE OREGON SCOUT.

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## THE OREGON SCOUT.

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### 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.

C. E. DAVIS, Secretary.  
UNION LODGE, No. 21, I. O. O. F.—Regular meetings on Friday evenings of each week at their hall in Union. All brethren in good standing are invited to attend. By order of the lodge. S. W. LONG, N. G. G. A. THOMPSON, Secy.

### Church Directory.

M. E. CHURCH—Divine service every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 3 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6:30. REV. ANDERSON, Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Regular church services every Sabbath morning and evening. Prayer meeting each week on Wednesday evening. Sabbath school every Sabbath at 10 a. m. Rev. H. VERNON RICE, Pastor.

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

### County Officers.

Judge, A. C. Craig  
Sheriff, A. L. Saunders  
Clerk, B. F. Wilson  
Treasurer, A. F. Benson  
School Superintendent, J. L. Hindman  
Surveyor, E. Simons  
Coroner, E. H. Lewis  
COMMISSIONERS, Jno. Stanley, Stanley State Senator, L. B. Rinehart, REPRESENTATIVES, E. E. Taylor, F. T. Dick.

### City Officers.

Mayor, D. B. Rees  
COUNCILMEN, W. D. Heddeman, J. S. Elliott, Willis Skiff, J. H. Eaton, G. 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 4:20 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.

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 HARDESTY, J. W. SHELTON

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

### THEY ALL TALK SHOP.

True Stories by the Truthful and Communicative Tonsoralist.

Have you ever noticed how many people there are who talk shop? No? Well, I have. It's a common failing, and sometimes it isn't pleasant, either. It all comes from selfishness, you know, and selfishness is a miserable sort of thing—in other people. I don't like to hear men talk shop. I never do, and I always discourage them from it as much as possible. But they will do it. The other day there was a man in here, and he hadn't more than got into the chair before we discovered that he was a life insurance agent. Of course, to hear him tell it, he was the Boss life-insurance man of the wild West.

"I'll tell you what I did this summer," he says, in a loud voice, confidentially to everybody in the shop. "I went up to Waukesha for my vacation and while there made my expenses and \$300 besides. How? Just as easy as rolling off a log. I got in solid with the girls and found out who was engaged to who, and promised the engaged ladies silk dresses if they would talk their young men into taking out a policy in my company. No descent young man hesitates to take out a liberal policy to protect his bride should anything happen to him, especially when the bride puts one hand on his shoulder and bends her sylph-like form around and looks up into his face and coaxes for it, you know. No, sirree. For two weeks they kept me busy writing up policies. It was a great snap."

But did you buy any silk dresses for the girls?" I asked.  
"Nary a dress," replied the wretch. "I told them all to be good girls and survive their husbands and they would get enough money to buy a trunk full of dresses. Sleek scheme, wasn't it?"

"That's the way one man talked shop. Maybe he was a liar, but I don't know. Insurance men have enough gall for anything. I know of one who worked a better scheme than that. He and a young doctor chum of his went in cahoots. As the doctor was on his rounds he would go up to men and say: 'Let me listen at your chest.' Then he would put his ear down to the man's ribs and listen until the subject got nervous like when he would straighten up and enquire:

"Got your life insured?"  
"If the frightened victim said 'no,' the doctor solemnly, and apparently with reluctance, advised him to attend to it at once, and recommended his accomplice, saying that though the man's lungs were affected he would see his friend—the insurance man—and fix it so he would get through the examination all right. In this way lots of men with perfectly sound lungs were thus frightened into life insurance, you see, and that's what I call a case of bad methods in a good cause."

"There was an actor in here the other day. Of course he had to talk shop, too. And he talked it so much that an old chap sitting in the next chair got tired and made such a bad break as this:

"Barber," he says to the man who was cutting his hair, "barber," says he, "can you tell me why all actors are durned fools outside a theatre? The way they talk shop makes me sick."

"What did the actor say? I can't tell you. Of course he heard the old chap, and he jumped out of his chair and swung his arms around and spit all the lather off his lip. You want to know what he said? I can't tell you. You couldn't print it if I did, tell you. Did he make any reply at all? Yes, he did, but, as I never say cuss words, you will have to read the answer in the '—'"

"Musicians are great chaps to talk shop, too. They are always at it. They think everybody else is stuck on music just the same as they are. There was one in here the other day, and he started off talking about great composers. He talked of glories, and arias, and symphonies, and orchestrations, and lots of other things, and the barber says 'yep' every once in a while, or 'just so,' or 'right you are,' from the force of habit, I guess. Finally the musician says to the barber: 'Are you fond of Meyerbeer?'  
"Yes, rather," says the barber, innocently, but my favorite is Milwaukee export."

"Greatest time we've had for a coon's age, though, was Wednesday last after dinner. There was a big, rough chap in here, and he was slightly under the 'fluence. He was a hog-sticker from the stock yards, spending a vacation and his loose change in town. He was a bit ugly, too, and didn't seem to be satisfied with his shave. Swore the razor was dull, and that it was a-scratching him."

"If I couldn't keep a better razor'n that I'd quit the biz," says he; 'the knife which I stick hogs with out to the yards is sharper'n your old razor. Don't you think I'm as good as a hog?'"

"I'd rather not talk shop," says the barber, says he, kind o' tart like.  
"You don't want to talk shop, eh? You think you kin insult me 'cause I'm from the stock yards and don't wear kid gloves. Yer whistling to the wrong dog, mister. I want ye to understand that I'm Armour's boss pig-sticker, an' you can't run on me, and I've got my pig knife with me. Look out for yourself!"

"About that time things began to look squally, an' I had some business to attend to out in the street. But my barber didn't scare worth a cent. He pulled a razor an' jumped up in the air; an' followed that pig-sticker all over the shop until he cornered him back of the stove. My barber was mad, he w—"

"If you want to do any cutting I'm your man," he shouted, brandishing his razor. "I'm right with you, my victim. Pull your knife and I'll show you how we stick pigs here in Chicago. I'll cut your infernal pork heart out of you!"

"For God's sake, barber," says the stock yard man tremblingly, "f-f-o! God's sake let's don't talk shop." —Chicago Herald.

### Preserving Unities.

Two newspaper editors of some prominence met last summer, from different sections of the country, and had quite a talk over business matters etc. One of them said the greatest trouble he had was in standing off people who wrote plays, and who wanted him to examine them, read them, and give his opinion of them, and make suggestions as to their improvement. He had written a play once, which was quite successful, and it seemed as though all the young play writers within five hundred miles thought he had nothing to do but examine plays. He said a great many of the writers were girls, who believed their plays were equal to any play ever written and it was hard to criticize a play when a pair of tearful, anxious eyes were looking at you, seeming to yearn for a favorable verdict. He said if he could get out of examining plays he thought he could be happy. The other editor laughed a little at his friend and said:

"Well, may be I can help you. I used to be bothered the same and I have read plays enough to box car, and have given plenty of vice. If I gave honest advice I was, the author of the play mad, invariably so I adopted a new plan. Now when a play is brought to me by an amateur author, I ask for a week to examine it. When the girl comes after the play and the verdict, I take the roll of man script out of the pigeon hole where it has been all the time, and putting on an air of judicial dignity, I say, 'Miss, your ideas are all right, only they are crude. You do not preserve your unities. There is nothing that makes a play so successful as preserving the unities. Until you can preserve the unities, the play can never be a success.' Well, it is wonderful what an effect those words have. Nine times in ten the author will take the play and go away, thanking me for my trouble. The fact that they don't know a unity from a side of sole leather makes it easy. They don't want to give themselves away, and so they go away satisfied that I am an old hand at the business, and have learned to preserve my unities, and have learned to resolve to preserve theirs in the future. I think if you will adopt my plan, and use the crude dodge, and talk to your customers about 'preserving their unities, it will save you a heap of trouble.'"

The two editors separated, and had not seen each other until last week, when they met in the rotunda of a Chicago hotel. At first the one who had been advised about the unity business would not speak to the other, but finally, after being asked what had happened to break up their friendly relations, and what was the cause of the black eye, the troubled editor said: "I took your advice, sir, and I am sorry for it. A young woman came into my office about ten days ago with a play that she wanted me to read. I kept it a week, and when she came back I said just what you told me. I said, 'My dear, your unity is not preserved. It is crude, the worst kind. There is nothing more saddening in this world than to see a girl, endowed by nature with beauty and talent, produce a crude effort, and not maintain her unities. O, my Ge-od, why did you not preserve your unities, girl, instead of frittering them away in this crude manner? There are great possibilities for any girl who has talent for literature, but if she hasn't got the strength of character, the sand, as it were, to maintain her unities, that settles it.'"

"Well, you idiot, what did she say?" asked the other editor, looking at the black eye.  
"Oh, she didn't say much. What could she say? She just snatched the manuscript, called me an old fool, and went out. In about an hour her brother came in and said he understood I had been lying about his sister's play, and calling her names, and before I could explain he hit me on the eye, and took me by the collar and mopped the floor with me. That settles it with me. I shall read no more plays, and you can have your crude unities back, as I have no further use for them," and the two play critics went into the hotel saloon and opened a small bottle.—Pock's Sun.

**Getting Even With Phillips Brooks.**  
I suppose if any one was to ask "Who is the largest man in Boston?" the universal answer would be, "Phillips Brooks"—the biggest man mentally, morally and physically. Few, however, ever experience his size by being alone in the room with him. It is a be-littling experience. The *Honu Journal* says a well known Boston business man once had occasion to call upon him and was shown upon his study. On the entrance of Mr. Brooks his height and over-powering largeness quite overcame his caller, who was something of a wag. With no wasted words the clergyman went directly to the business in hand. Hardly had he started however, when his caller put his hand beside his mouth and laughingly called out, "Wait one moment, sir; I always insist on a platform of equality," upon which he leaped into a chair and retained his station during the entire interview.—Boston Traveler.

## Oh! For the Holidays.

# HIGGINSON & ROGERS

## La Grande.

We are again to the front with the finest assortment of DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES and CHRISTMAS GOODS ever seen in the Valley.

Every person buying ONE DOLLAR'S worth of Goods from us during the month of December will receive a chance in the following beautiful and valuable presents:

- 1st Prize---Plush Celluloid Dressing-case.
- 2d " Heavy Silver-Plated Cake Basket.
- 3d " Large Wax Doll, over 4 feet high.
- 4th " Cigar Stand.
- 5th " Meerscham Cigar Holder.
- 6th " Photograph Album, Bronze and Plush.
- 7th " Handsome Whisp Broom in Holder.
- 8th " Perfumery Set.
- 9th " Bisque Statue.
- 10th " Large Scrap-Book.

These Prizes will be drawn for on DECEMBER 31st, at SEVEN O'CLOCK.

We have an elegant stock of

Christmas Cards, Celluloid Goods, Choice Perfumery, Dolls and Toys,  
Scrap Books, Photo Albums, Autograph Albums, Cups and Saucers.

Our stock is too large to mention everything, but come and see for yourselves!

# Grande Roudre Drug Store,

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La Grande, - - - - - Oregon.

## SANTA CLAUS' HEADQUARTERS

This Year are at

# JONES BROS.

## And Everybody is invited to call and examine their complete and elegant assortment of CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Rare Chance for Holiday Shoppers.

### READ OUR OFFER:

For every dollar's worth of goods bought of us during the month of December, our patrons will receive a ticket which will give them a chance to secure any or all of the following beautiful presents:

## DRAWING TO TAKE PLACE DEC. 30, AT 7 O'CLOCK.

- 1st Prize. Elegant Decorated Tea Set, 44 pieces.
- 2d Prize. Large Photograph Album.
- 3d Prize. Velvet Wall Pocket.
- 4th Prize. Splendid Oil Painting, size 24x30 inches.
- 5th Prize. Decorated Toilet Set.
- 6th Prize. Large Parlor Lamp.
- 7th Prize. Heavy Silver Plated Pickle Dish.
- 8th Prize. Walnut Paper Holder.
- 9th Prize. Silver Plated Vase.
- 10th Prize. Large Scrap Album.

DO NOT MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY TO GET A VALUABLE ARTICLE FOR NOTHING.

Besides our immense assortment of Holiday Goods, we keep constantly on hand the

## Choicest Family Groceries, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Variety and Fancy Goods, Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.

# JONES BROS., Cor. Main and C Sts., Union.