

THE OREGON SCOUT.

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NO. 26.

THE OREGON SCOUT.

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

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Correspondence from all parts of the county 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.

C. E. DAVIS, Secretary. UNION LODGE, No. 33, 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. VICKSON, 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..... G. B. Wilson
Treasurer..... A. F. Benson
School Superintendent..... J. L. Hindman
Surveyor..... E. Simonis
Coroner..... E. H. Lewis

COMMISSIONERS.

Geo. Aekles..... Jno. Stanley
State Senator..... L. B. Rinehart
REPRESENTATIVES:
F. T. Dick..... E. E. Taylor

City Officers.

Mayor..... D. B. Rees
S. A. Pursell..... W. D. Beldeman
J. S. Elliott..... Willis Skiff
J. H. Eaton..... G. B. Wilson
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.

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Office, Main street, next door to Jones Bros. variety store. Residence, Main street, second house south of court house. Chronic diseases a specialty.

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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.

A PROPHETIC DEATH.

An Aged Man Fulfills a Prediction and Drops Dead—His Autobiography—His Methodical Life—His Will.

Early last spring an aged man walked briskly into the *Enquirer* office, and, with a very brief, preliminary statement that he wished to leave in charge of the editor his autobiography, to be published after his death, which would probably occur some time this fall. He also wished to leave the names of friends to whom papers containing an account of his death were to be sent. The old man was Richard Bissell, a naturalist. His prediction was fulfilled yesterday morning at the Hummel House, where, in the office of the hotel, while walking, he threw up his hands, and, with no other sign, fell to the floor a corpse. He had been exceptionally cheerful all the morning, and at the breakfast table had eaten heartily.

He had confidently predicted that he would die this fall, and, as the orthodox people say, "had his lamp trimmed and burning." In his pocket was found a sealed envelope addressed to the editor of the *Enquirer*, and on it was written, "Drop this letter in the letter box at my death."

The following was found enclosed:—"CINCINNATI, 1885.—DEAR EDITOR—When you get this I'll be dead at the Hummel House. I left in your absence with Mr. — a letter for publication at my death. Please do not forget it, as Mr. — said he would look it up and publish it at the proper time. Yours confidently, RICHARD BISSELL, "Eighty-five years."

The following directions were also found on his person:—"CINCINNATI, September 2, 1885.—N. B.: I have a letter in the hands of the editor of the *Enquirer* for publication. Please call on him and give particulars of my death, etc. I am very feeble in mind and body, and can not live but a short time.

R. BISSELL, 85 years. To Mr. J. Coplock, Esq., Sr.: I have about \$90 in my trunk to pay bond while I live. E. BISSELL. In addition to other arrangements for his last sleep, which will be read further along, this methodical old gentleman recently purchased a handsome monument, paying for the same \$250, and had it all inscribed, even to the year 1885, leaving only in blank the month and the day of the month.

His last will and testament was not forgotten, and here it is:—"CINCINNATI, O., October 15, 1885.—MY DEAR ALICE WHEELER: I send you in another envelope my Pomeroy National Bank stock for \$2,000, and my Norton Iron stock for \$1,000, and my Ohio Machine Company stock for \$750, all of which I present to you as a free gift; also, I give you my house you live in in Middleport, and the money I have placed to your credit in the Pomeroy National Bank, all to be used for the benefit of Sallie, Nellie, Carbon and your self, children of my nephew, Carbon Wheeler, deceased.

I advise you to choose Samuel Bradbury your trustee, to do your business, by all means, and keep under his control, and the whole of my gift as still as possible. Yours confidently, RICHARD BISSELL. The autobiography for which the old gentleman expressed a good deal of solicitude is herewith inserted as it came to the editor's hands:—"AUTOGRAPH OBITUARY. RICHARD BISSELL, NATURALIST OF CINCINNATI, WHO, AS I HAD LIVED, IN LOVE WITH ALL NATURE.

When these lines are read I'll be confided with no tears shed, Because to kid in the West To lay me lonely at rest, Adieu, I've world of sinners; I go where graves are winners.

Pay no young priest to pretend to pray me out of my grave for money. They come and dance the jig of life; away they go like shadows playing before moving objects. Time brings all on a level, the king with the beggar, and all sleep together in the great womb of Nature.

My turn has come when I must join the innumerable throng of billions of dead and sleep with them the sleep that knows no waking in that vast graveyard covering the whole earth. Every step taken on soil presses on what was once vegetable and animal life.

Fall and winter are the right seasons of the year to die, when other things decay and are locked up in the icy embrace of winter, but vernal spring and summer are the right times to live, when birds in early spring their sweetest love songs sing and all nature bursts into new life, and in summer the green earth is covered with gaudy flowers.

The great drawback on dying is that one does not wake up mornings to greet friends and to read the daily papers, thereby losing all that transpires in this live world of ours.

If life was a thing to buy, the rich would live and the poor would die at once. But life is like a "snowflake on the river"—a moment white, then gone forever. It brings a pang to know life comes not again to the same individual, but out of its sad decay other creations of lives arise spontaneously, as matter never dies, but lives on in other forms, like the leadets that fall to the ground all serene and brown ere long mingle with the soil and buds arise, giving births to new-born flowers. The elements of bones and feathers are in the new-born egg, and the nature, too, making the strutting flowery peacock.

Life is a struggle full of care and trouble; its greatest pleasures are of shortest duration. Yet if I was asked what I most desired I would say give me back my youth.

It should be considered a sin and a disgrace to die prematurely, proving violations of natural laws, but to die with old age should be regarded as the most honorable of all deaths.

My philosophical religion enabled me to live alone with myself and to die alone without a murmur. I am not like the Irishman, who, when he thought he was dying, became alarmed and sent for his priest, who said: "Pat, I hope you are not afraid of your God?"

"No, your Holiness; it is the other gentleman I'm afraid of."

As I have none here to linger by my grave, I invite passing friends to call at my lot, No. 141, section 110, Spring Grove Cemetery, where I can be found at home by my monument at all times, since none move out of the city of the lamented dead of over 40,000 inhabitants.

SKETCH OF MY LIFE.

I made my first yell in my mother's bed-room without a shirt on January 1, 1801. Life left me—1885.

I have lived in Cincinnati since 1860. I grew up on a farm in Connecticut. I am of French-Huguenot stock and English origin. My ancestors came over 235 years ago and settled on a farm in Massachusetts. I never had a doctor nor took any drug store poisons in my life, and thereby died a natural death in my 85th year. I was self-raised and educated from 4 years old, when I was left on the stormy sea of life without compass or rudder to steer through a long voyage.

At 17 I was a school teacher and taught boys of 18 years how to think properly. Subsequently I practiced the humbuggery of medicine, which is experimenting and guess-work, like a half-blind man going out to shoot birds or rats. I refer to doctors, not surgeons.

Then I was a traveler and stood upon the banks of the Rio Grande; visited the tombs of the Presidents and saw some of the renowned people of our country and the nobility within the tropics.

I have now gone where lodgings are free, into my house the grave-digger made for me; to play hermit for my own amusement, till Gabriel calls for saints and sinners to arise and put on their running clothes.

Thus ends my eventful life in my 85th year; yet my evil deeds will live in voices, while my virtues will be written in sand. I gave my assets to relative orphans and otherwise before my death. I have many distant relatives living in New England and New York State, but my near ones have gone to kingdom come, or where the "woodbine twineeth." RICHARD BISSELL, Naturalist.

Coroner Carriek held an inquest on the body of the eccentric and prophetic old gentleman and found that death was from exhaustion consequent on old age.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Symptoms of Brain Weariness.

Patients who suffer from brain weariness are usually very fanciful, and easily given to imagine that they are the subjects of organic disease of the brain, such as softening or tumor. People who consult medical men about their mental or cerebral condition are seldom diseased, although I am bound to confess that long-continued brain excitement or debility might end in something serious.

There is however, usually a marked deviation from the straight road of health, of which the patient is himself perfectly conscious, whether his friends be so or not. He does not feel his "old self," he experiences greater nervousness, he can not settle so long and so well to business as he used to do, he can not grasp calculations so well, he loses taste for any kind of work, whether intellectual or otherwise, which necessitates the least degree of thought. He would fain work as of yore, and tries hard to do so; but the power to continue at it does not really exist in the brain, and he is vexed and worried, and rendered worse in consequence.

His memory assuredly fails to a great extent, and his intellectual powers are reduced to a lower ebb than formerly, or they but flare out occasionally and die away again. There is, to use homely language, "no stay" in the nervous power. Sleep, if it can be obtained for an hour or two, tends greatly to refresh people suffering thus. They awake and arise more hopeful and more full of strength; but, alas! the first excitement blows it all away.—*Cassell's Family Magazine*.

A SURE THING OF IT.

"What interest can you have in reading the list of prizes in the Havana lottery? You never buy any tickets," asked Kosciusko Murphy, on seeing Col. Yeger pursuing a paper. "I know that I never buy a ticket, but I have more real enjoyment than if I did," replied Col. Yeger. "How is that?" "You see, I pick out a number. If it wins I am as much tickled as a man can be, and go on a tear. If my number don't win, then I have saved the price of the ticket, and I celebrate my escape with the money I've saved. I am bound to win either way. I can't be beat."—*Texas Stiftings*.

A Quick Response.

A New London boy, with a milk picher in hand, fell headlong down the back stairs. He had regained his feet and was brushing the dirt from his clothes when his mother appeared at the head of the stairs and asked: "Did you break the picher?" "No, I didn't; but I will," was the quick response. And he did.—*Hartford Times*.

Nathaniel Hawthorne never found it necessary to use an italics d word.

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 " Meerschmum 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 Roudé Drug Store, HIGGINSON & ROGERS, Props., 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.