

THE OREGON SCOUT.

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THE OREGON SCOUT.

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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 ROUDE VALLEY LODGE, No. 50, 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 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. B. POWELL, Rector.

County Officers.

Judge, A. C. Craig
Sheriff, A. L. Saunders
Clerk, E. F. Wilson
Treasurer, A. F. Benson
School Superintendent, J. L. Hindman
Surveyor, E. Simons
Coroner, E. H. Lewis

COMMISSIONERS, Jno. Stanley
State Senator, L. B. Rimelhart
REPRESENTATIVES, J. A. Denney
F. T. Dick, E. E. Taylor

City Officers.

Mayor, D. B. Rees
COUNCILMEMS, W. D. Belderman
S. A. Pursell, Willis Skiff
J. B. Eaton, G. A. Thompson
Recorder, J. B. Thompson
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,

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Union, Oregon.

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Office, Main street, next door to Jones Bros. Variety store.
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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, near 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.

J. W. 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.

The Terror.

A burly form—a thick neck—face covered with bristles—hands covered with hair—a voice like the bellow of a bull—a natural swagger to his gait—eyes like a mad dog's—mouth no cleaner than a hog's—a blustering, roaring, malicious brute.

Such was the Terror. A mile from the little town he halted his horse and braced his courage with half a pint of whisky. It was a fluid which would have killed a dog; he smacked his lips over it. He pulled out his revolvers and saw that they were loaded and in order. He drew his bowie-knife from its sheath and tried the keen edge.

He was going to capture the town and run it.

This thick-necked human brute, this swaggering, drunken, boasting, fighting beast, proposed to intimidate, overawe, shoot, slay and kill. The people had never seen him; he would show himself off. Some of them had never heard of him; he would see that they remembered his name and the date of his visit.

In the town men were at work on the streets—in shops. Women sat in their doors or passed to and fro. From the open windows of the school house came the voices of the children as lessons were recited. It was an hour of peace.

"Yi! Yi! Yi! Shoot! Crack! Bang!"

The Terror had struck the town. In five minutes he had captured it. Two men lay dead in front of the store—another at the door of the blacksmith shop—two more were groaning with grievous wounds.

"Whoop! waugh! Come out, ye skulls! I'm the only and original Terror! Hundreds imitate me—no one equals my style! Who owns this bloody town? Whar hav yer 'lightin' men hid way? Whoop! Heven't ye got a woman in this town who can aim a gun? Waugh! ye set of babies!"

There was a woman. Her husband was the first man shot, and her eyes were upon him as he fell. She did not scream out nor faint away. Her face turned whiter than chalk—she gasped for breath two or three times, and then her teeth shut hard. The sewing fell from her hand, and she rose up, walked into the bedroom, and was back in a moment with a rifle. Kneeling down at the window she pushed the barrel over the sill, aimed straight at the Terror's head, and pulled the trigger.

"Whoop! Waugh! They call me the Terror! Come out and see me and shake—"

He threw up his arms as the rifle cracked, and lurched out of the saddle to the ground, the bullet raking his skull. Three or four men ran to him at once, and finding that he was wounded and stunned they tied him stout and fast.

"Say, men," he called as his senses came back, "what does this mean! Come, untie me! I was only in fun, you know. I'm the best hearted fellow in the world; wouldn't harm a chick—"

"You must die!"
It was the voice of the woman who had fired the shot, and she still held the rifle in her hand. Twenty feet away was the lifeless body of her husband. She did not even look at it.

"You don't mean it!" gasped the Terror. "You wouldn't murder me for my little joke!"

"Get a rope!"

The voice of the woman had the ring of steel in it and her eyes had such a stony, merciless look that men retreated a step. A rope was brought.

"For God's sake! don't murder me!" whined the Terror. "Oh! you won't—you can't—you don't dare to! I'm sorry I took your town—won't never do such a thing again! Say! you may have my horse and shooters!"

The woman made a noose with her own hands.

"Throw the free end over that limb!" she commanded.

"Oh! have mercy! I'm an innocent man. This woman is crazy—keep her away!"

With her own hands she placed the noose over his head, and then stepped back and said:

"Every one take hold!"

"Oh! you musn't! I'm a bad man! I want time to repent! I can't die this—"

"Pull him up!"

Twenty strong arms walked away with the rope, and the Terror was pulled. He kicked—struggled—whirled 'round and 'round and died the death of a dog.

Not until all was over did the woman's stony gaze leave his face. When the body hung limp and lifeless she turned away, walked over to that of her husband, and sinking down beside it she mourned and wept and could not be comforted. She was a woman again.

Half a mile below town is a head-

board beside the highway: On it is engraved:

"THE TERROR"
"Humbled to the Dust by a Woman."
And you have the story just as they told it to me.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Playful Duties of a Journalist.

The following picture (the last half of it, that is) of the light and pleasing situation offered to a city editor on a provincial daily is not only graphic and moving, but frigidly truthful, as the editor can attest, having been a mother himself:

The genial editor of the ——— has been in this city for two days trying to engage a city editor for his paper. The sole qualification he requires is sobriety. There was a time when he required brains, but that time is past. He only looks for an editor who can look upon the cup that cheers and likewise inebriates, and yet be in condition to hustle for news and write it up when he gets it. According to him, there is something peculiarly intoxicating either in employment on the ——— or in city beer. For the last two years the ——— has been edited by a procession of inebriates passing through the office. Man after man was tried with no success. The new man would take hold at noon, get his instructions and lay of the land, and no more would be seen of him until he came in at 3 a. m. the next day, gloriously oblivious of everything. This is Mr. ———'s side of the question, but a journalist who has just returned from a short sojourn upon his paper tells a different tale. He says that he landed there a few months ago, and was engaged as city editor. He asked what time the staff reported for duty, and found to his horror that he was the staff, and that he was required to get up each day the bagatelle of something like sixteen to twenty-four columns of matter. "You will report," said Mr. ———, "at 7:30 to-morrow morning. The Amalgamated Society of Baggage-Smashers holds its annual convention. It will last till noon. Cut it short. Don't make more than three columns of it. At noon the Methodist ministers hold a meeting in the First Methodist church. Do 'em up in about a column. You know how to do board of trade and the markets, of course—the usual amount. Then at 3 o'clock take a run around the hotels, and bring in a couple of columns of interviews and the personals. There's a meeting of merchants at ———'s Opera House at 5, and the police stations and hospitals will have to be covered. Dash off a column of pungent editorial squibs for the fourth page, and drop into the theatres at night. When you get back at 11 o'clock you can set up the markets and read proof till press time. Take a hand at the press and make yourself useful folding papers. The circulator will give you a route to deliver in the river district. That will keep you busy till 7."

"But," said the new editor, "I won't have anything to do for a whole half-hour."

"Lemme see," said the proprietor. "That's so. Well, you can wash rollers during that time."—*Chicago News.*

Lesson of a Dream.

John Wesley was once troubled in regard to the disposition of the various sects, and the chances of each in reference to future happiness or punishment. A dream, one night, transported him, in its uncertain wanderings, to the gates of hell.

"Are there any Roman Catholics here?" asked the thoughtful Wesley.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Any Episcopalians?" "Yes."

"Any Presbyterians?" "Yes."

"Any Congregationalists?" "Yes," again was the answer.

"Any Baptists?" "Yes."

"Any Methodists?" by way of a clincher, asked the pious Wesley.

"Yes," to his great indignation, was answered.

In the mystic way of dreams, a sudden transition—and he stood before the gates of heaven. Improving his opportunity, he again inquired:

"Are there any Roman Catholics here?" "No," was replied.

"Any Episcopalians?" "No."

"Any Presbyterians?" "No."

"Any Congregationalists?" "No."

"Any Baptists?" "No."

"Any Methodists?" "No."

"Well then," he asked, lost in wonder, "who are they inside?" "Christians!" was the jubilant answer.—*Selected.*

Ineffective.

"Why don't you try the cold water cure for your rheumatism?"

"Cold water, is it? Arrah, man, yer foolin' wid me. Didn't I tumble into the cold river last summer, an' wasn't I nearly drowned in the cold water, as ye call it, an' wasn't I hangin' upside down on a meathook for an hour, beside bein' rowled on barrels, an' divil a bit o' good did it do me!"—*Puck.*

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 " Meerschaum 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 Roude Drug Store,

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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

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Variety and Fancy Goods,
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.

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