

# THE OREGON SCOUT.

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## THE OREGON SCOUT.

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## IN THE MIDST OF MILLIONS.

### Pen Pictures of the Ladies of the Vanderbilt Family.

The death of William H. Vanderbilt naturally brings the women of his family into prominence, especially his widow and daughters and the wives of his sons, the latter of whom now inherit wealth that makes them more powerful than the majority of the crowned heads of Europe. Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt, the widow, while not a small woman, is still rather slight of figure, has dark hair, as yet hardly tinged with gray, dark hazel eyes, and a very sweet and refined expression. Thoroughly domestic in her tastes and devoted to her husband, children and grandchildren, she has never cared for society and it has been only on account of her youngest daughter, Miss Lelia, now Mrs. Seward Webb, that she has entertained at all during the past five years. She is exceedingly simple in her mode of life, rising early, breakfasting with her family, and then devoting several hours to her household duties, afterwards visiting her grandchildren or having them brought to see her. In the afternoon she generally drives in the park, accompanied by one of her daughters or her son George, and after a quiet family dinner, chats with her family and then retires. She is very regular in her attendance at church and very faithful to her church duties. One beautiful trait of her character is her constancy to her friends. She has an especial affection for the friends of her early married life, and at the receptions she has held during the winter cards have been as regularly sent to her old Staten Island acquaintances—many of them farmers—as to her more fashionable city friends. She has always made it her duty to see that her husband's relatives who were in poor circumstances should be well remembered on every festive occasion. Her own immediate relatives are all in comfortable circumstances. While Mrs. Vanderbilt's name does not appear prominently in the list of managers of the leading charities, yet she contributes largely to them in a very quiet manner, always accompanying such contributions with the request that her name be not mentioned. While her circle of formal acquaintances is necessarily a large one, yet comparatively few persons know her intimately; but these speak of her in the highest terms as an exemplary wife, mother and woman.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who will now probably become the head of the family, was Miss Alice Gwinn, a young lady, who, with her sister, occupied a prominent position in Cincinnati society previous to her marriage. Mrs. Vanderbilt is very petite, with rather pretty, but not exactly handsome features. She is also exceedingly domestic in her tastes, and devoted to her family of boys, but until she went into mourning last winter for a relative, was present at all the larger balls of the winter season. Unaffected and simple in manner, she yet has much quiet dignity. She has the best taste in dress of any of the women in the Vanderbilt family. Some of her ball costumes worn in late years were remarkably effective and handsome. She enters into all her husband's charitable work with the most hearty good will. Her residence at the corner of Fifty-seventh street and Fifth avenue is one of the most artistically decorated houses in the city, largely the result of Mrs. Vanderbilt's taste and direction.

A very different type of a woman from her mother-in-law and sister-in-law, is Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, the wife of the second son. She was married to Mr. Vanderbilt in 1875, and was formerly Miss Alvah Smith, a daughter of Mr. Smith, of Mobile, who lived with his family many years in Paris. She and her sisters, Miss Amide, Miss Jenny—now Mrs. Fernando Yznaga—and Miss Mimie Smith, now in Paris, were prominent belles in New York society. She is tall and slight, neither blonde nor brunette, her hair slightly grayish, although still a young woman. She is gifted with very fine conversational powers, being quick at repartee and sarcastic at times, which has had rather the tendency to make her somewhat feared in society, to which she is devoted. She felt her husband's financial reverses, which made it necessary for her to retire for a time from their leading position, very keenly. Her intimacy with Lady Mandeville, formerly Miss Consuela Yznaga, has been of long standing, resulting in the latter's making her a visit of a year lately, during which time, at Lady Mandeville's suggestion, her famous fancy dress ball was given. Mrs. Vanderbilt dresses chiefly in black, which best adorns her face and figure. She has three children, is a good hostess, and delights in entertaining. She is fond of admiration, and is in fact a thorough woman of the world in every particular.

Mrs. Frederick W. Vanderbilt, the wife of the third son, is the youngest of the daughters-in-law. She was a Miss

Anthony, of Rhode Island, a relative of the late Senator Anthony. She first married a nephew of W. H. Vanderbilt's, Mr. Wm. Torrence, from whom she obtained a divorce on the grounds of desertion, after a brief wedded life of six months, and a year after married Mr. Frederick Vanderbilt, much against the wishes of his father and mother, who were not reconciled for sometime to the match. They, however, grew to be very fond of Mrs. Vanderbilt, and three years ago, at the completion of the Fifth avenue palace, the now dead millionaire presented the young couple with his former residence at Fifth avenue and Fortieth street. Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt is fond of society, but her husband's aversion to it does not permit her to go out to any extent.

The eldest of Mr. Vanderbilt's daughters is Mrs. Elliott F. Sheppard, formerly Miss Margaret Vanderbilt. She is tall and dark and, while not handsome, has a very sweet face. She has a large family and inherits her mother's domestic tastes, going into society very little, except to dinners, which her husband's professional position makes necessary. She dresses quietly and in good taste. Mrs. Wm. D. Sloan, formerly Miss Emily Vanderbilt, now the wife of one of the members of the large carpet firm, lives with her husband and family in the upper one of the two Fifth avenue palaces. She was married about twelve years ago and is very happy in her domestic relations, having several young children to whom she is very devoted. She is tall and frail-looking, with light hair, slightly reddish in tinge. Mrs. Sloane's chief diversion is the opera, and she may be seen in her father's box at the Metropolitan Opera House almost every night of the season.

A brunette and of medium height is Mrs. Hamilton McK. Twombly, formerly Miss Florence Vanderbilt, and the wife of Mr. Vanderbilt's favorite son-in-law. By many persons she is considered the handsomest of the women of the family. She was married in 1879 at St. Bartholomew's Church, and the excitement her wedding created is not yet forgotten. With her husband she occupies the house especially built for her by her father at Fifth avenue and Fifty-fourth street. A happy and devoted wife, she inherits all the domestic traits of her family.

The youngest of the daughters is Mrs. Seward Webb, formerly Miss Lelia Vanderbilt, who was married three years ago after a romantic courtship. Her husband, who was a young doctor, and a son of the late Gen. James Webb, was not looked upon with favor by Mr. Vanderbilt on his first suit for the hand of his daughter, and for a time the young couple were separated, but love, as usual conquered, and Mr. Vanderbilt lamented. They were soon afterwards married and are living very happily together. Dr. Webb is now President of the sleeping-car company connected with the New York Central Road, and has abandoned his profession. Mrs. Webb is short and dark and rather a pretty woman. She was very fond of society before her marriage, but is not now often seen at the larger entertainments of the season.—*New York World.*

### The New Year.

She cometh forth in her virgin whiteness,  
This dainty, winsome, glad New Year;  
She smiles in all her golden brightness,  
And promises bountiful hope and cheer.

Her robes are wrought in some fairy palace,  
Fashioned by fingers as nimble as light,  
And set with millions of shining jewels,  
Pearls, and diamonds as Pleiads bright.

Last night the Old Year, stern and hoary,  
Breathed his last on her gentle breast;  
She closed his eyes with her lily fingers,  
And followed him out to his final rest.

At morn she rose in regal beauty  
To reign as queen o'er all the land;  
Her kingdom's a realm unbounded,  
She rules it with a magic wand.

All hail to thee, fair and lovely New Year!  
We own thy charms, thy witching power,  
We feel the spell of thy wondrous presence  
And do thee homage from this hour!  
—*Yelma Caldwell Melville, in St. Louis Magazine.*

### A Wide Difference.

"Father," said a young lady to her paternal friend, "do you not think that we, as a race, are rapidly degenerating?"

"I do, indeed," replied her sire.

"In your opinion, do you think man is now what he used to be?" asked the daughter.

"No, there is a great difference between the two, for he used to be a boy."

Religion in Chicago is graded in prices. Fashionable religion is quoted as active and in good demand by rich, aristocratic invalids. Second-class religion, with a sufficiency of pie-crust morality, trimmed with an abundance of deception, is excessively active, and bring good prices. The wicked cry for it, if they have no collaterals to purchase it with. First-class religion is in demand. Faith, honesty, virtue and honesty are the only collaterals accepted for it.—*National Weekly.*

## APACHE CRUELTY.

### How a Heroic Indian Boy Saved His Own and His Brothers' Lives.

The following story of unparalleled heroism on the part of three little Indian children comes from a correspondent at Fort Apache, A. T., who, writing on November 24, tells of the exciting life that is there led on account of the constant expectation of attack from the dreadful Apache:

This is the home of the Apache—a home which is indeed beautiful, with its multitude of running streams, its noble forests and gigantic mountains. Its rivers are stocked with the most delicious of mountain trout, and its woods are alive with game, from the deer to the wild turkey. It is indeed a country worthy of the habitation of man; but through the depredations of these ruthless Indians it is but a home for the wild beast, and the savage, who is on a par with the lowest of the animal creation. Over these wilds, the Apache roams, ready to scalp and to steal, with his cunning black eyes ever watchful for the opportunity of directing him on the camp of friend or foe, for the Territory has scattered over its extent many an encampment of civilized Indians, who raise flourishing crops of barley, as well as possess horses and stock. Their industry is of benefit, not alone to themselves, but to the Government, which buys of them, at liberal prices, their sheep and their cattle, besides all the grain and hay they can bring.

If it were not for the Apache, Arizona would be covered with thriving colonies and would attract to it an immigration that would soon make the Territory immensely wealthy. But as it is now not a day passes that news is not brought into camp of some outrage, either on the encampment of white settlers or friendly Indians, which serves to keep the various posts always on the tip-toe of excitement.

Yesterday news was brought in our camp that the two men who were herding the post's cattle some ten or twelve miles distant had been attacked and brutally killed by the Indians. At once the peaceful character of the camp was changed. The ambulance and a strong guard was ordered out and immediately dispatched to the scene of the outrage. The sad news was soon confirmed, for when the detail found the bodies of the unfortunate one of the men had no less than seven bullets and the other had two. Carefully taking up the bodies the soldiers wrapped about them their blankets, and placing them in the ambulance brought their corpses to the post, where they were put in the deadhouse and buried on Thanksgiving Day. The men were oldtimers and had always been prepared against sudden attack, but it is supposed that they were murdered when asleep.

### DESPERATE FIGHTERS.

Following close upon this intelligence came the news that the hostiles and scouts were engaged in hot battle some few miles distant; and the camp was again astir with the sound of martial preparation, and strong detachments were at present sent to the assistance of the scouts. Prior to this an Indian scout arrived in camp with a hostile's head dangling from his belt by the hair. He made the brief announcement that there had been a hard fight in the vicinity, in which six Indians had been killed. Out of this fight he had secured this head as a trophy of his victory. When asked about the fight he told the following story: It was on November 30 that the hostiles attacked a camp of peaceable Indians, situated quite near Camp Apache. There was no warning given of attack. The poor Indians were totally unprepared, when suddenly like the bursting of a thundercloud the Apaches swarmed in upon them and commenced an indiscriminate slaughter. Men, women and children were ruthlessly shot down. There was no mercy shown or expected. Not till the entire camp was exterminated did the Apaches pause to review the dreadful work. From fifteen to twenty women and as many men weltered in their blood, and did any of them show the faintest symptoms of life, they were hacked and hewed at till death took them from out of the power of their tormentors.

As the Apaches turned to depart from their work of devastation their attention was attracted to three children who had escaped the general massacre. Their ages were 11, 4 and 2 years. What should be done with them was the question that arose. It was their first impulse to kill them, but kinder counsels prevailed, and finally it was determined to take the children along. The children were well treated, and soon began to evince a fondness for their captors. But the brutal instincts of the Apaches were only for a time dormant. Soon murmurs were heard as to the foolishness of carrying about children and impeding the rapidity of travel with such incumbrances. Again weapons

were pointed at them, and again turned aside by friendly interposition.

"Abandon them," was the demand, "and let them find their way home, or where they wish to go. They can not live long. They will soon become a prey to wild beasts." And in the midst of the lone wilderness these three young children were abandoned to, perhaps, a still more cruel fate than death at the hands of an Apache. Night was approaching when the resolve was taken, and so, without food or clothing, these three unfortunates were left on the desert to be preyed upon by wild beasts or die of hunger. Covering with fright and cold the three children huddled together—too young to know the danger to which they were exposed—too young to realize the fiendish nature of the crime that had been committed against them. But one thought was in their minds, and that was to reach the post where the white man dwelt, and which they knew was near their home, in the direction where the sun sank at night.

### AN ACT OF HEROISM.

Ere they had dried their tears and looked about them the band of Apaches had disappeared. Before them, in the direction of home, arose a rampart of mountains, with its bleak and dismal gorges and caverns inhabited by bears and wolves. Through these, past countless dangers, lay the track which would lead them to the camp of the merciful white man. Then all the bravery of the eldest boy came to his aid. He cheered his younger brothers with soothing words, told them that there beyond the bleak mountains were the men who would give them something to eat and to drink, and let them play and be merry. His noble example fortified the little ones, and giving him their confidence they started for the mountains. For four or five miles the two trotted beside him, till at last, weary, hungry and footsore, the 2-year-old child threw himself on the earth and said he could walk no more. Entreaties were in vain. He showed his blistered feet—an answer which admitted of no reply. Then, with the aid his brother, the older boy managed to drag the tired boy on his back, and pursued for a few hundred yards his wearisome journey. He could walk but a few yards at a time. He, too, was hungry, weak and footsore, and the rests he had to make were many. Still he would not hesitate. Home was before him—home, with all its comforts and happiness. He would not let his courage flag, nor permit that of his younger brothers to fail.

When the mountains were reached, the three took refuge in an abandoned cave, and there passed the night, to await the dawn of day. Again the journey was undertaken under yet more distressful circumstances. They ate of the wild berries that they found, and breaking off the tender twigs chewed them to procure some nourishment. But not once did determination desert the little hero. He persuaded and threatened, alternately carried and made his little charges walk, until, after forty-eight hours of almost superhuman exertion and forty-five miles of travel, the post was reached.

Once there, everything was done to make the little ones forget the dangers through which they had passed; food was given them, their wounds were dressed and clothes supplied them. And now no three happier children can be seen in all Arizona.

There is but one feeling in the post regarding these children, and that is that the Government should take them as its wards, educate them and train them, for the heroism which they have already shown gives the promise that if turned in the right direction there is in all three the stuff of which heroes are made.—*San Francisco Call.*

### Slandering Public Men.

We see that old William D. Kelley and Mr. Stuart Robson, the comedian, have been renewing old acquaintances. Robson was a page in the Thirty-first Congress and Kelley was a member. Kelley used to send Robson with notes to pretty girls in the gallery those days, and as Robson (who was a precocious child) had the presence of mind to keep verbatim or literal copies of many of these billets-doux, it is quite natural that Kelley should be glad to meet him again after this long lapse of years. Mr. William H. Crane does not figure in this affair, for the simple reason that when Robson was earning \$1 a day at carrying notes for old Kelley, Crane was devoting the most of his time and attention to the business end of a nursing bottle.—*Chicago News.*

### Nemesis.

"Don't be a fool, my dear," remonstrated a husband to his wife, who was letting her jaw swing loose in the breeze. "I won't Mr. Jenkins, I won't," she answered; "people wouldn't know us apart if I did."

He went right down town.—*Merchant Traveler.*

## THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE.

### A Review of the New Appointments by States Shows a Fair Geographical Distribution.

A Washington correspondent of *The Louisville Courier-Journal* writes: Since the inauguration of President Cleveland there have been 124 changes in the diplomatic and consular service, and a review of the list will show how these appointments have been apportioned among the states. Secretary Bayard, who, of course, has selected the country's representations at foreign courts, has made the appointments after careful consideration, and the charge of partiality made against him in recommending persons for appointment is not sustained when the facts are looked up. First, the diplomatic service requires some special knowledge of international law and diplomatic etiquette; and although there are thousands of men who are familiar with international law, there are few who can associate this knowledge with the more difficult task of fathoming state secrets and interpreting the intrigue of some of the foreign premiers in a delicate and statesmanlike way. Then, a man's social standing must be of the best, and it is essential that he have some knowledge of the country to which he is going, as well as of the one which he represents. The course of the secretary has been exemplary in assigning diplomatic and consular offices, recognizing, as he has done, merit and character as the two chief essentials, as well as party allegiance. Mr. Bayard has endeavored to select the very best men obtainable for the foreign service, and in this he has been eminently successful.

The facts seem to bear out this assertion. Out of the 124 appointments New York has 20, the most important of which is the Turkish mission, which Sumner secured, and which pays \$10,000. The second is the Chilean mission worth \$10,000, and which William R. Roberts now fills. John E. W. Thompson, who gets \$5,000 as minister resident and consul general at Hayti and charge d'affaires at Santo Domingo, is one of the best colored democrats in New York, and is especially fitted for the mission which of late years has been filled by a colored man. These are the only three missions credited to New York, and the other appointments are made up of consul generals, consuls, commercial agents, and secretaries of legations. The three ministers were appointed in recognition of their fitness for the places, and there is no doubt that the United States is well represented at Constantinople, Santiago, and Hayti.

The other appointments credited to New York are as follows: William L. Alden, as consul general at Rome; G. Steadman Williams, as commercial agent at Nottingham; James M. Rosse, as consul at Three Rivers; Henry McGilbert, as consul at Trieste; Lewis G. Reed, as consul at Barbadoes; Otto E. Reimer, at Santiago de Cuba; James Murray, as consul at St. John, N. B.; Albert Loering, as consul at Bremen; John M. Strong, as consul at Belleville; Alex. Bertrand, at St. Johns, Quebec; Ferdinand F. Dupois, at Havre; Arthur B. Wood, at Dundee; Alex. H. Simpley, at Auckland; James Whelan, at Fort Erie; Thomas W. Hotchkiss, at Ottawa; Augustus Jay, second secretary to legation at Paris; Christian M. Seibert, secretary of legation at Santiago, and E. H. Strobel secretary to legation at Madrid.

Ohio comes next for the first-class missions, having secured the Berlin legation for ex-Senator George H. Pendleton, and that at Rome for John B. Stallo, a prominent German democrat. The former pays 17,500 and the latter \$12,000. Besides these two, Ohio has secured six other positions.

Kentucky is represented by Charles W. Hack as minister to Peru; Boyd Winchester, minister to Switzerland, and Charles D. Jacob, minister to the United States of Columbia. Besides these, the state has one consul general and one prominent consulate.

Indiana has three missions—that to China, filled by Charles Denby; to Sweden and Norway, by Rufus Magee, and to the Argentine Republic, by Bayless W. Hanna. In addition to these the state has a consul general, a consul, and a secretary of legation.

Every state in the union might be taken and the appointments therefrom examined, so far as the diplomatic service was concerned, and it would be found that each had been treated with exact justice. Then take all the appointments made by Mr. Bayard and classify them by sections of country, and it would be found that the geographical proportions had been observed.

A too-ready sub-inspector of police in Guadalajara, Mexico, hung a woman up by the thumbs in order to extort a confession from her. Bystanders interfered and released the woman.