

# THE OREGON SCOUT.

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## THE OREGON SCOUT.

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**Lodge Directory.**  
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UNION LODGE, No. 39, 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.**  
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PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Regular church services every Sabbath morning and evening. Prayer meeting each week on Wednesday evening. Sabbath school every Sabbath at 9 a. m. Rev. H. VERNON RICE, Pastor.

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

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Sheriff, A. C. Craig  
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Treasurer, J. B. Eaton  
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Coroner, E. H. Lewis  
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## VICTIMS OF TRICHINOSIS.

How the Weltzel Family Suffer at the Trinity Hospital.

The Weltzel family—father, mother and four children—are still at Trinity Hospital, on Varick street, suffering with trichinosis. They are all very ill, and at least two members of the family are not expected to recover. On Thanksgiving they gave a birthday party at their residence, No. 78 King street. Mrs. Weltzel boiled a ham, and the meat was made up into sandwiches and eaten by most of the thirty people present. The next day some of those who had eaten the ham were taken with violent purging and vomiting; others became sick on the fourth day, and one not until the eighth day. The symptoms were the same in each case—great pain in the region of the stomach and bowels, accompanied by vomiting and purging. Doctors were called in and they pronounced the disease trichinosis. None of these have died and several have almost entirely recovered. Those who were taken sick first suffered the least, while those in whom the disease did not make itself manifest until the fourth day are still very ill. Seventeen persons in all were attacked. Of these eight are in the hospitals, seven at Trinity and one at the New York Hospital.

The disease is very rare in this country. In some parts of Germany the people are in the habit of eating raw pork, chopping it up fine and making it into a sort of salad with spices. There trichinosis is not uncommon. In other parts of Germany the suggestion that a sick person is suffering with the disease is taken as an insult. Trichinosis is caused by eating pork in which trichinae exist, and which has not been sufficiently cooked. The meat must be subjected to a temperature of at least 150° all through to kill the parasite.

The trichina is a little white worm or "wiggler," so small that it can not be seen with the naked eye, and is supposed to originate in the rat, though some medical authorities hold that it is also natural to the hog. However that may be, hogs get the disease and their flesh becomes filled with these parasites. So tenacious to life are the trichinae that they live and flourish so long as the pork is preserved from decomposition. A ham, for instance, which has been smoked too hurriedly and not subjected to a sufficient heat, will preserve them for months. Other animals may be impregnated with the disease by taking into the stomach meat in which the trichinae exist, and it is believed that it is in this way that it is conveyed from the rat to the hog.

The development of trichinosis in the human body furnishes an interesting study, owing to its rarity in this country, and the cases now in the hospital are being carefully watched by medical experts. There are several kinds of trichinae known to exist, but the particular parasite in question is usually found coiled like a snake; hence its full name of trichina spiralis. There are male and female of these and the young are born alive, not being hatched from eggs as is the case with most parasites.

The trichina being taken into the human stomach in insufficiently cooked pork, the meat is digested, leaving the parasites at liberty. They then grow rapidly until they attain a length of from one-sixteenth to one-eighth of an inch, and within three or four days begin to reproduce, each female giving birth to thousands of young. The young trichinae attain their full growth in about seven days, after which they bore through the small intestines in which they are born and lodge themselves in the nearest muscles, whence they spread in time to all the muscles of the body. They find their way into the small muscles of the ear, impairing the hearing or into the muscles of the eye, until the patient is compelled to hold that organ in one position to escape pain. They fill the muscles of the arms and legs until the least tension or movement causes torture, and the patient lies with his legs and arms drawn up to relax the muscles of the heart, but they are frequently found in the muscular tissue of the lungs, where they cause bronchitis. The fatal termination of the disease is usually the result of bronchitis brought about in this way, or of parasites boring their way through the muscles of the entire body.

When they begin to propagate in the stomach or intestines irritation and inflammation follow, causing the vomiting and purging, and this continues, accompanied by intense pain in the abdomen, so long as they remain there. If taken in time they may be driven out by powerful emetics and purgatives, but this must be done within a day or two. Glycerine, or a solution of carbolic acid in glycerine, given in capsules, is considered a successful remedy at this stage of the disease. The trichinae propagate only in the intestines. If not driven out or destroyed there they soon bore through into the

muscles of the back, and it is here that the first muscular pains are felt. Having once entered the muscles they are beyond the reach of medical skill, and any attempt to destroy them would be more likely to kill the patient instead. All that can be done is to relieve the patient, leaving the disease to run its course.

After six or eight weeks of this burrowing the trichina dies, and a little capsule forms about it much like a cocoon about a caterpillar. This is at first a soft, membranous sack, but afterward changes to a chalky cyst. Doctors sometimes find these cysts while dissecting, showing that the persons had trichinosis and recovered.

Dr. Chas. E. Hackley, of No. 63 West Thirty-sixth street, is treating the Weltzel family and carefully watching each stage of the disease. The patients were taken to the hospital last Tuesday, which was over two weeks after they had been taken sick. The trichinae had by that time entered the muscles and were beyond the reach of medicines. Under these circumstances the doctor has confined his treatment entirely to the use of opiates and to reducing the fever. Sleeplessness is one of the most marked symptoms, and opiates are therefore necessary. This sleeplessness is accompanied by high fever and pain, the muscles being swollen and tender to the slightest touch. In most cases the temperature reaches 105°. To reduce the fever Dr. Hackley is using a new remedy, anti-pyrine, a product of coal oil, which so far has proved very successful. This is given internally.

On Friday last the doctor cut from the arm of one of the patients a piece of muscular tissue about the size of a pin's head, and, upon subjecting it to a microscopic examination, found a female trichina contained therein, thus proving that the diagnosis already given is correct. He declined last night to state which members of the family were not likely to recover, as they would be certain to hear of it and the knowledge might have a bad effect. The fever and pain, he says, will undoubtedly continue until the trichinae become encysted or death relieves the sufferers.—New York World.

## Fear in a Dissecting Room.

"Doctor, does it not sicken the students, or do they not lose all feeling and veneration for the dead?" "Some may sicken for a while, but they gradually grow accustomed to it, and then they give it as little thought as you in your daily avocation. I have seen things in a dissecting room that have made me tremble, case-hardened as I am. In my second year of student life, one evening we were all in the dissecting room, waiting for the demonstrator to call our numbers, apportion us in squads of four or five around the room. There were some twenty bodies lying on the tables; some were covered and others were not; there were white and black, male and female, old and young. We were assigned to one of the covered tables, and drew lots for choice of position. I chose the head, and then we uncovered the body; it was that of a girl not more than 17, and she could not have been dead more than a week. Her long blonde hair was clean and in two braids, tied with light blue ribbon. She must have been handled very gently, for the ghouls' hook had left no mark on her fair white skin, and the ribbons in her hair were another proof of that. The boys all paused, I saw a silk band on her neck, and on touching it found a locket, which I opened. In it was an old lady's sweet face, which seemed to chide me with her kindly eyes. On the other side was the inscription: 'May God so deal with them as they deal with you, my child. MOTHER.'

"Well, we did not dissect that night. Nor was that body dissected in our college."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## The Latest Society Whim.

The latest craze which has struck the Washington belle is the carrying of canes. A few weeks ago a young leader in society returned from England and the next day she surprised her friends by appearing on the street with a cane. It wasn't the ordinary dude cane, but a nice little stick with a shepherd's crook of hammered silver. Sometimes she swung it and at other times she struck the ground with a sharp rap. There is no question that this created a sensation, but there is a great deal of difference of opinion as to whether the craze will strike in or not. So far not more than half a dozen girls have mustered up courage enough to appear on the street with canes. The probabilities are that the craze will not extend to that point where it will seriously interfere with the ordinary everyday happiness of the modern dude.—From a Washington Letter.

He sleeps securely who has nothing to lose. After the act, wishing is in vain.

## SMART WOMEN DETECTIVES.

Clever Work Which They Do in This and Other Cities Where a Man Would Fail.

The manager of a well-known detective agency was asked yesterday by a reporter for the *Mail and Express* if he ever employed women to do any work and whether they made good detectives. He said he had occasionally employed women. The reporter found a women's detective agency, located down town. It is managed by a woman who has been in the detective business for about twelve years. She is well known to many lawyers and her reputation for first-class work is excellent. She is of middle age, of rather stout build, and has a pleasant, attractive face. She was dressed in black.

"I called to get a reply from you to the information that women do not amount to much as detectives," said the reporter to her.

"I have no reply to make," she said. "I do not seek notoriety of any kind. I do my work as well and as carefully as I know how, and my customers appear to be satisfied. I have done work for some of the best known lawyers of this city and have had some important cases, but it would be unprofessional for me to tell you about them. I am not afraid to take hold of any work in my line, and have done most all kinds of it except that connected with divorce cases; such kind of work I will have nothing to do with. Do I employ women to act as detectives? Yes, several; though as a rule I do the most of it myself. When you want work done most to your own satisfaction you must do it yourself. To-day there was a man in court who was arrested through the work of this office, and I have an important case on hand of which I shall be glad to give you particulars at the proper time, but more than this I do not care to tell you about my work or myself."

"The woman whom I will speak of had an important case that involved the finding of a mother and her child who had gone West. The parties who wanted to find the woman and child employed her to discover their whereabouts. It was very necessary to learn this in a suit that was pending. The opponents to the suit knew where they had gone to and had as their counsel to

of the leading lawyers of Brooklyn. The woman detective decided to take the bull by the horns, as the saying is. She arrayed herself in deep mourning and called on one of these lawyers, representing herself as the widowed sister of the woman who had left for parts unknown. She told them that she had important papers to send to her sister, and talked so plausibly to the counselor that he gave the whole thing away, telling her the place to which the woman and child had gone and all about his side of the case. No sooner had our detective got out of sight of this lawyer's office than she started in all haste to find the woman, not even going home to change her apparel. She sent a telegram to her husband that she was obliged to go out of town and started for Indiana (I believe that was the State) on the very next train. She found the woman and child in the place she went to and thus accomplished her task most successfully. Another bright operation of hers was in obtaining information from or about a household which could only be obtained by a person inside the house. She affected the Irish brogue and made application at the house to be engaged as cook. Her services as such were accepted and she remained in the household several days, long enough to obtain all the information that was desired. Then she quit, telling the people that she found the work too hard for her.—New York Mail and Express.

## Somewhat Indefinite.

"Have any troops pasted this way?" said an officer who headed the pursuit, as he rode up to a cabin in the South during the war, and addressed a sharp-nosed woman who stood in the doorway, with her jaws tied up.

"No," said the woman, in a painful drawl; "I ain't seen no sech. What be you uns goin'?"

"You don't mean to say that you haven't seen any soldiers going this way?"

"Oh, yes, I've seen sengers, and quite a passel of 'em too. They went by real part. I reckon you uns ain't got no doctor along with ye, have ye? I'm jest about ready to drop with jumpin' toothache."

"Yes, there's two or three surgeons coming up in the rear."

"In the which?"

"In the rear."

"What's that?"

"The tail end of the column."

"Well, now, for the land's sake! And be they ridin' back'ards?"

"Who?"

"Them doctors."

## THE FESTIVE FLAPJACK.

How Cooked Before Your Eyes, and Eaten by the Thousand.

"Revolutions sweep o'er earth like troubled visions o'er the brow of dreaming sorrow," writes a man of genius. This is poetical. There is nothing poetical, however, in the revolution which the writer proposes to discuss. There is no poetry attaching to the pancake either in contemplation thereof, in contact therewith, or in its mastication or digestion. The pancake has figured in poems, but is not in itself poetic. It has also been known to figure in domestic broils, although broiling is out of its line. It is generally baked. But the pancake of to-day is not the pancake of a decade ago. There has been a revolution in the manufacture and consumption of the succulent flapjack. Everybody remembers the old-time pancake. It was prepared mysteriously below stairs, and the diner at cafes and lunch rooms didn't know whether it was whittled out or cast in a mold.

The latter-day idea, however, throws all the light possible upon the preparation of the pancake. At nearly every restaurant window the familiar figure of a white jacketed, white aproned and white capped cake baker is seen facing his griddle with his pancake turner in his hand, and watching with eyes of a connoisseur the sizzling circles of white batter. This idea of baking your pancakes before your very eyes grew up in the last few years. The first griddle out in a restaurant window, as this historian is informed, was located in a Clark street bakery lunch room, near Adams street. It attracted large audiences throughout the day, and it was necessary to install a colored gentleman as engineer of this apparatus in order to hide his blushes at the attention which he attracted.

Rival caterers were not slow to acknowledge the popularity of the venture. It pleased the public. For it abolished secrecy. It showed that the utmost cleanliness was observed in the making of cakes, and the celerity with which an order was filled was also gratifying. So the gas heated griddle made its appearance all round town, and the lining public commenced to eat cakes at noon and at night as well as in the morning. The original griddle soon became inadequate, and another was rigged and manned in the establishment where the griddles are now only equal to the demand made upon them.

This has been the history of the pancake in all the cafes and lunch-rooms about town. Where one order was given three or four years ago fully two hundred are now prepared. This seems phenomenal, but it is vouched for by a restaurateur who knows whereof he speaks, and whose jingling money-bags certify that his remarks are worthy of the fullest credence. His name is H. H. Kohlsaat. In four lunch-rooms managed by himself and his brother in the business district, a rough estimate puts the number of cake orders filled in a day at 1,600, which make the number of cakes baked nearly five thousand. Buckwheat leads in popularity, with wheat, corn and rice cakes following in the order named.

Some of the lunch-rooms influence masculinity in favor of cakes by placing before their customers a petite little female figure, prettily dressed and of surpassing good looks, as the wielder of the baton at the griddle. The prettier the girl the better the cakes taste, of course, and her nimble fingers are kept constantly busy in filling orders for "plate of wheats," or "one of buckwheats, and have 'em well done," as showered upon her by the hurrying waiters.

The first institution to do any cooking in the same room with their patrons was a well-known oyster house in the neighborhood of Clark and Madison streets. Here all orders were filled in the room, in plain sight of guests. It was an innovation and didn't particularly recommend itself to restaurant men, who were slow to take it up. It involved too much cleanliness and care for appearances. But it caught the public, and others adopted it. Then followed the window pancake-baking scheme, the growth of which has been extraordinary. It is hardly necessary that the largely increased consumption of pancakes has thoroughly exploded the long-cherished idea that this article of food was unhealthy and deranging to the digestive organs.—Chicago Mail.

## The Right of Way.

"Bobby, you musn't play so hard with your little sister," mamma was saying reprovingly, after little Ethel had been picked out of the mud-hole.

"Trains got to run on time, ain't they? When I'm playing train, an' my train's got right o' way, it ain't goin' to stand around for any second-hand freight, and the freight is going to get down from the track, that's all."

A slipper had the right of way across Bobby in a minute or two after.

## Senate Furniture.

The senate is rather luxurious in the line of furniture. Of course the country likes to have the members of the senate made comfortable, and the senators evidently intend they shall be, for they lay aside \$10,000 of the people's money for furniture alone. The furniture can not be in very bad condition for it had \$7,000 expended upon it last year. In order that the great and general public shall have the benefit of the printed eloquence of the senators, \$2,500 is appropriated for the mere matter of folding their speeches. That is only for the manual labor, but for paste and paper it takes \$4,500 additional. The bills of the special and select committees of the senate who have been passing pleasant summer vacations at the expense of the Government under the guise of investigating this or that topic, have not all been handed in. There are \$25,000 ready and waiting, however, and it is not probable that much, if any of it will go a begging.—Wash. Cor. Boston Traveller.