# SCOUT. THE OREGON

UNION, OREGON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1886.

# VOL. II.

1.

-

# THE OREGON SCOUT.

An independent weekly journal, issued eve y Saturday by JONES & CHANCEY.

Publishers and Proprietors

K. JONES, ) Editor.	B. CHANCE
	/ Foreman

### RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One copy, one year Six months \$1 7.0 Three months Invariably cash in advance. Rates of advertising made known on appli-Correspondence from all parts of the county Folicited Address all communications to A. K. Jones, Editor Orcma Scout, Union, Or.

#### Lodge Directory.

GRAND RONDE VALUEY LODGE, NO. 56, A. F. and A. M.-Meets on the second and fourth Saturdays of each month, O. F. BELL, W. M.

O. F. BELL, W. M. C. E. DAVIS, Secretary. USION LODGE, No. 39, I. O. O. F.-Regular meetings on Friday evenings of each week at their hall in Union. All brethern in pool standing are invited to attend. By order of the lodge. S. W. LONG, N. G. G. A. THOMISON, Secy.

### Church Directory.

M. E. CHURCH-Divine service every Sunday at 11 a. m and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 3 p. m. Frayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6:50. Rev. ANDERSON, Pastor. PRESERVITEDIAN CHURCH-Regular church services every Sabbath morning and evening. Prayer meeting e-ch week ou Wednesday evening. Sabbath school every Subtath at 10 a.m. Rev. H. VERNON RICE, Pastor. ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH-Service every sunday at 11 o'clock a.m. HEV. W. 11. FOWELL, Rector.

## County Officers.

Judge	A. C. Craig
Shoriff	A. L. Saunders
CONCESSION AND AND AND AND AND AND AND AND AND AN	The Local Contraction of the Local Contraction of the
Clerk	
Treasurer	
School Superinter	ndentJ. L. Hundman
Sales and the state	E. Simonis
CHINGS OF LEAST COM	
Coroner	E. H. Lewis
	MMISSIONERS.
Geo. Ackles	Jno, Stanley
Stuto Soundor	L. B. Rinelart
REP	*ESENTATIVES.
F. T. Dick.	

### City Officers.

	D. B. Rets
COUNC	ILMEN,
S. A. Pursel	W. D. Beidleman
J.S. Elliott,	Willis Ekiff
J. B. Enton	G. A. Thompson
Recorder	J. B. Thomson
Marshal	J. A. Denney
Trensurer	J. D. Carroll
	L. Eaton

Departure of Trains. Regular cost bound trains leave at 0:30 a . West bound trains leave at 4:30 p. m.

### PROFESSIONAL.

COUSIN JOHN VANDERBILT.

The Queer Old Fellow Who Lives in the Jersey Mountains.

Pigs.

His One Visit to the Late William H. Not forty miles, as the crow flies, from the late home of New York's great millionaire, lives an old man, bowed with the weight of years of toil and exposure, who is given subsistence in the sunset of his days through the charity of his son, who ekes out a living by such menial tasks as he can get. Only this keeps the dread of the poorhouse from his aged parents. A halfday's income of the Vanderbill estate would be a fabulous wealth to him.

John Vanderbilt, or "Old Belt," as he is more familiarly known, says The New York Herald, is a noted character among the residents of the northern or mountainous part of Morris county, New Jersey. He squandered a handsome patrimony and then immured himself in these mountains nearly forty years ago, and has since kept the people of this region in constant wonderment by his feats of physical strength and endurance.

Upon an elevation near the Denmark pond Uncle John built himself an unpretentious little house of two stories, not more than 18x12 feet in size, boardcd straight up and down and unpainted. His wife, still a mild, pleasant-faced and well-spoken old lady, despite the fifty-five years of wedded life she has spent with rough old John, followed him loyally to his lonely habitation. In the patches between the rocks they raised potatoes and the few other things that would grow, and a cow and a yoke of oxen found pasture on the marsh lands at the verge of the pond. Beyond this the subsistence for the large family was obtained by Uncle John's skill as a fisher. His early experience as a shad fisher with his father in the Hudson river stood him well and enabled him to make his own nets. The Denmark pond, with its muddy bottom, is a prime resort for catfish, and they haunt it in great numbers. Every morning for de-

ed the roost in Hudson county in them cach other much. But we allers kep'

trainin' in the Bergen woods." grandsons of John Vanderbilt. Their an' 'twas 'stonishin' how he'd git along. wages range from \$1.15 to \$1.50 per He was allus sober, hard-workin' friend-

augh at it and pass it by with goodnatured balinage

mark clearing and the abiding place of John, about throwing the bull off the Uncle John Vanderbilt and his wife is bridge?" At this the old man's face reached. The old man is filling a large corn basket with the wood which he has chopped in front of the door. When the object of the to him unusual intrusion is should in his ear, he responds, "Yes I've heerd William II, is dead. A man who came up from Doon 'tother day told us he dropped dead in the bull off the bridge. Whenever he'd git street. Go right in, and I'll come, too, as soon as I've filled this 'ere basket." A moment later he lifts the heavy burden, which he carries quite easily for one of his great age.

August and the ole woman will be 74 but I knew that I could do anything on the 1st of next March. We was that he could and would if I ever got married when she was 18, so ye kin fig- the chance. Bimeby ther chance cum ger it out for yerself how long we've ter me. I was goin ter Newark Neek been hitched. As near as I kin tell the one day, and as I kem ter the Hackenfust ones of the name that cum here from furrin parts was Jake an' John, comin' across it. I thought of big Jim they sot 'emselves down on Staten lot either he or I is got ter island, near what they used ter end they called the commodore. John was made a grab fer him ter wunst an' got my graa'father, an' they called me af- him by the tail. He started right off, ter him. Jake was a shoemaker an' John | but I had as good a holt as he had, an' was a blacksmith. Each of 'em owned I fetched him to a standstill. Then I garden patch. I kin 'member ole Jake him over by the rail. Thinks I, it's now very well, but my gran'father died long or never, ole feller, an' I kin do it if afore I was thought of.

cades "Old Belt" raised his nets from the bottom and found them filled with these delicious little fish. From these

days till the ole man went an' cleaned up the quaintance, an' every once in a know what effect the death of the great out the hull passel of 'em at a gener'l while I'd go ter see him. He had the railway magnate would have upon this Vanderbilt knack of making money,

Ex. Proud of His Strength and His Three Little day only, but they appear contented by, an' sice. He used to tell me be'd do and happy when they receive it. The suthin fer me, but I think William IL passed Hibernia, where are located the other miners chaif them upon their put it oven his head by tellin' him that great mines of the Glendon and Andovkinship to the millionaires, and the |1 was a drinkin' man. But I never ask- er Iron companies. Near the works a larger money they will receive by di- ed him fer any of his money an' I wasn't man is laboring at the broken whittlerection of the will, but the young men dis pinted when I didn't get it.

The old man's narrative would seldom end, however, without someone After a wearying journey, the Den- asking "What was that story, Uncle

would invariable wreathe in smiles. "Well, ve see, I was a young man then an' didn't like ter take the wash of any other foller's boat. But there was a big buffer over at Hackensack, on the Passale river, who was sternally braggin' bout bein' the man who throwed the out at a party, at a dance where there was girls, or anywhere clse, he'd allus bawl out 'Hurrah for the man what throwed the bull off in the bridge.' This allus riled me, for he said it so big, like,

In response to a query Uncle John He wasn't a fightin' chap, so I couldn't sack bridge there was a drove of cattle Jim Van Houten kin. So I got a hitch

"Ole Jake he had a son Cornelius, under him, an' put all my strength in a that was the commodore's father, and big boost, an' over the rail he went, John had a son Aaron, who was my kusplosh inter the river. He swum father, an' they was a right smart team | down the river a bit and waded ashore of youngsters, an' got along well. in Van Wagner's medder. Van Wag- family name generally. When told They was brung up together, too. Yer ner seed the full purceedin' an' cum up see, ole John died when my ole man an' asked what I did that fur, an' I told did not contain mention of his branch audience on intemperence, confessed was a little shaver, an' left him all alone him. After that everybody called me of the family, he simply remarked. "I

A feeling of curiosity, a desire to humble branch of the Vanderbilt family, led the writer to seek Uncle John Vanderbilt among the lonely mountains of Denmark. On the way from Doon is tree of a wagon. He is introduced as John L. Vanderbilt, a son of Uncle John, and a teamster in the employ of the Andover company. He formerly worked in the mine, but illness compelled him to give it up, and he was forced to find outside work. He laughed at the idea of receiving anything from the Vanderbilt estate, but there was the slightest tinge of auxiety in the tones of his voice when he asked if a will had been made. When informed that such was the case and that his family was not mentioned, he quietly remarked: "Well, it would not hurt them, I think, to spare the little that would make the old man comfortable."

At the office of the Andover company, a little further on, the miners were marching up to receive their monthly said: "I was 77 on the 19th of last take the consate out'n him in that way, pay, and in the line are several stalwart

"The last time I seen him was about a year before he died. He used me real kindly and asked me to cam an' sea him agin, for he said our days was gitin' short an' we couldn't 'sociate together much more. After he died I heerd he'd each end, placed there by the board of left me suthin', and I went ter Will- health. two brothers. They was Low Dutch, Van Houten right away, and says I jam's office ter see about it. A feller or suthin' of that stripe, I guess, an' to myself, if there's a bull in that what cum out went in and cum out agin, and he said that William wasn't go inter the Hackensack river. at hum, but he brought me a \$20 bill. Toad's Hill in them days. Jake was When I got in among em, there sure I didn't thank him much fer it an' I the gran'father of Cornelius-him that enough, was a fine 2-year old bull. I made up my mind when folks gits to

cuttin' up so I'd better leave 'em alone. "How much did William leave?" asked the old man. When told that the estate reached the large proportions of a little house an' enough ground for a give him a smart twist like an' brought \$200,000,000 he said: "That's a purty penny, aint it?" and he chuckled to himself as if pleased that it was so. In fact, he has always felt a family pride in the ability of the New York Vanderbilts to make money, and has never envied them their enormous wealth which he believed reflected credit upon the that the will had been made and that it farmer, while addressing a school-house

# NO, 32.

### FACTS AND FANCIES.

Wyoming county, West Virginia, is without a physician.

A witty Scotchman calls the "Sunday sickness" which keeps people from the house of God, but interrupts no weekday work, morbis Sabbaticus.

The clergy, you may have noticed, are much more foreibly reminded of the 'uncertainty of life" when a millionaire dies suddenly than when a poor man drops dead.

Up in Canada they say cockney Englishmen just over are the only ones who call it "tobogganing." The natives cail it "sliding," and the toboggan is called a traincau.

"Booze," money, and butter were among the answers of the congregation of New York newsboys to a clergyman who ask them: "What is the most powerful thing on earth."

The colored people of Charleston, S. C., have formed a mutual protective aution to assist them in securing justice in the courts of that state, which they feel is sometimes denied them.

A Philadelphia dime museum has on exhibition a "human volcano," whose breath is of such high temperature that it sets fire to a piece of paper held before t. The fellow came from Kentucky.

Contagious diseases have excited the people of Fairbayen, Mass., to such a degree that the horse cars carry two bags of camphor as disinfectants, one at

The people of Atlanta, Ga., sunk \$26,000 in an artesian well 2,000 feet deep, only to learn, from a professor of the state university, that the city stood on granite rock-the bedrock of the continent.

The grinding of the erown-glass disk of the immense lens of Lick observatory, California, is well under way at Cambridge, Mass., yet a whole year's work remains to be done before it can be finished.

Under the Oregon law, a person who loses money at the gaming tables is entitled to recover double the amount. and a Portland party who deposited \$125 in a faro bank has recovered judgment for \$250.

An honest but rather illiterate old that he had been a drinking man. But, my friends," he said. "I nevel drank to success." "Did you attend church, my daughter?" "Yes, papa." "How did you like the sermon?" "Well, the minister stuck to his text, and I must say delivered a very cheerful though somewhat unseasonable discourse." "What was the text?" "Many are cold but few are frozen." The mad-dog eraze in New Jersey and New York is becoming laughable. The superintendent of the New York dog pound testifies to its foolishness. "People come here almost every day and ask us to take away mad dogs. When we get there the dog is no more mad than the people." Minister's wife (rather trying at times): "How much did you get for performing that marriage ceremony this morning?" Minister: "Two dollars." Wife: "Only \$2!" Minister: "Yes. The poor fellow said he had been married before, and I hadn't the heart to charge him more than that." Among the relies of the late war stowed away in the United States. ordnance muscum is a saber fully tive feet long, which was found on the baitlefield of Manassas. A Virginian who visited the museum recognized the saber as one that had been used by a giant Virginia cavalryman in "Jeb" Stuart's command. "The cavalryman in question," said the Virginian, "was nearly seven feet high and broad in proportion. He had that big saber made by a crossroads horseshoer, and promised to hew his way through the Yankee lines with it and enter Washington, but, poor fellow, he was shot at Manassas before ha could carry out his rash purpose." " A short time since a gentleman who lived in a small town not far from Buffalo went the way of all flesh, and the burial ceremonies to be performed over his remains were committed to the care of a local undertaker. The funeral was quite an important one, for the gentleman was prominent in his own town, and a numbor of his friends from the city were present, The services were held in the church, but just as the time arrived for taking the remains to the cemetery a severe thunder storm came up, and it was considered best not to start until the worst of the storm was over. The wait was rather an embarrassing one, but the undertaker was equal to the emergency. Standing on the chancel steps, he shouted so as to be heard in the choir loft at the other end of the building: "The organist will please give us a little music to while away the time." Even the mourners smiled.

# 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 cormangably located at North Powder, where he will fastwer all calls.

T. H. CRAWFORD,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Union, - - - Oregon.

## D. Y. K. DEERING,

### Physician and Surgcon,

Union, Oregon. Office, Main street, next door to Jones Bros." Fiety store. Res degee, Main street, second house south of court house. Chron c discuses a specialty.

O. F. BELL,

#### and Counsellor at Law At GPLE7 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,

# SHELTON & HARDESTY. ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

J. W. SHELTON

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 & spe-

Office in Union, Oregon.

back in their element the smaller ones. knowing full well he would take them again when they grew larger. "I guess I've ketched every catlish in that 'ere pond a dozen times," he would say, "an' I guess they'll come to know me arter awhile."

> With all her household cares Mrs. Vanderbilt yet found time to assist her husband in his fishing operations. After a catch she would skin and clean the little fish-the hardest in the world to clean and skin-while John would

> he would cull the nicest and then put

start off with his yoke of oxen to neighboring towns like Dover and Rockaway, to sell his fish and bring back groceries and other necessaries. In cleaning fish, Mrs. Vanderbilt was so expert that sportsmen have oftimes visited the little house, ostensibly for the purpose of having a chat with the pleasant old lady. but in reality to witness for themselves her far-famed skill in dressing cattish. Seated in her chair, with a bushel basket filled with cattish beside her, she would converse freely and rapidly without her work being ever interrupted. In the estimation of old John this was one of his wife's greatest accomplishments. "Skin catfish!" he would ex-

claim, when broached on the subject, "I guess she kin! She can peel the overcoat off"n a catlish every three minutes an' never get tired.

"Talkin' about strength," he would say to his intimates, over a jug of "biled cider;" "why, there wasn't a man livin' in them days as could put my ole dad-that was Aaron Vanderbilt-off'n his pins, or lift the heft he could. In them days the best man was the man as could hoe the biggest row in a scrimmage, an' at town meetin's an' sich like the old man used ter sweep the green fur twenty mile around. When I was young I was a pooty tough saplin' myself-an' am vit if I do say it-but I wasn't a sucumstance to the ole man. 1 recollec' once, when we was on Bergen Pint, thet a feller with a load o' rider got stuck in the mud, an' ole Dan'l Crane said he wouldn't mind buyin' a barrel of it if he could only get it to the store. I told him I'd git it thar, and when he'd bought it I got it in my arms and toted Bimeby to the store. it my ole man come in, an' ole Daniel

set of Greenleafs that thought they rul- an' I was at Bergen, and we didn't set

an' purty poor off. But old Jake had a the man what throwed the ball off" a the heart in him as big as a pumpkin, an' bridge, an' they believed it, too, 'cause and as the force of his own humor he tuk the lettle feller in outen the Van Wagner told all 'round that he cold. But ole Jake's wife wasn't just seed me do it "

like him, an' I've offen heerd the ole But with all his faults old John had man say she used him purty tough, redeeming features even in his roughest makin' him do all the rough jobs an' days. He was god-natured, kind-heartgivin' him to eat what the rest wouldn't. ed, and in his way mindful of the wants But the ole' man was tougher than a of his family. After selling his fish he young bear an' he squeezed through would first purchase the things necesan' cum out all right. Mebee it done, sary for his household, and then dissihim good-kinder sharped him up like pair with the surplus. So this strange to hoe his own row better when he got life went on till quite recently. Even bigger. in the coldest weather the rugged old

"The ole man dickered in a good man would go to the pond, cut holes in many things outside of fishin' an' made the ice, and raise his nets for the fish. money hand over fist. When he cum Aycar ago, however, he caught cold out in Jersey an' bought the big farm one bitter day, which resulted in inat Denville he owned some good prop- flamation of the lungs. The physician erty on Jersey City heights besides, au' who penetrated the mountains to athed lots of money out in use. His sis- tend him finally gave up hope and said ters done well, too. Katie, she mar- he could not live; but even then the ried a man well off; an' Isabella she tenacious, gritty old man rallied and married a rich sea captain. But while | tinally recovered. He bids fair to live they was gittin' along so well ole Jake some time yet, but his wonderful phys--their Uncle, ye know, who was so ique is broken at last. His frame is kind to them when they was lectlegreatly bent, and he has become very was driftin' back'ards. Bimeby the deaf. About a year ago his youngest shurff got hold of his hull kit an' cargo child, an unmarried son who bears the an' was goin' to sell him out. name of William H. Vanderbilt, took his "There wasn't any railroads in them aged parents to an unpretentious but

days, an' so ole Jake, who was nigh ou- more comfortable dwelling which he had ter 80 years by this time, boofed it all rented about a quarter of a mile away the way out to Denville, an' ses to the from their old home, where he earns a old man, 'Aaron.' ses he, 'I'm goin' to living for them by cutting hoop-poles be sold out nex' week by the shurff an' in the mountains. Here the old man put out on the road.' 'No, ye ain't,' see lives in quiet contentment and hears but the ole man, 'I'll be thar an' fix things very little of what the world at large straight fer ye." An' he was there an' does in reference to the Vanderbilt esbought in the hull kit an' ketollick. tate. To his credit it must also be said Then he told ole Jake he could stay in that he changed his methods of life bethe propity as long's he lived for the fore his severe illness, and for several payin' of the taxes. But when ole Jake years has abstained from his long formdied there was a rumpus, I kin tell ye. ed habits of dissipation. He has even The ole man couldn't never quite forgit taken to the consideration of religious how ole Jake's wife hed used him, an' things, and expresses himself ready to he didn't seem ter want ter, either, meet his end with serenity. When he heerd ole Jake was dead, he Of the ten children born to Uncle went right down, an' 'Aunt Isabel, 'says John and his wife five are dead. It is he, 'yer recollec how you used me when noticeable that the name William H. is I was a leetle boy? I'm goin' ter sell

the old place right under your feet. an' man named Silvey. "Ole Jake had a son Cornelius, who

kep' the Grand tavern at Quarantine an was the father of young Cornelius, whe liam H. Vanderbilt, particularly so in was afterward called the commodore. begun braggin' on what I'd done. Old Cornelius laid a pretty nice nest-egg derlips. The sons of Uncle John are "What's that?" ses the ole man, an' he in the Grand tavern, fer young Corne John L., Anthony Z., and William H. picks up the bar'l by the chimes with the lius, who kept on keepin' the place fer a Anthony is of much greater stature ends of his fingers, an' sets it on the while arter his father died, an' then be than his father, and, as he inherits the counter. Why, there wasn't a man gun to speckilate outside. Me an' young physical powers of his sire, is a veritmade outir clay that could handle ole Cornelius kinder drifted apart arter we Aaron Vanderbilt. There used to be a growed up, fer he was at Quarantine inches in height, and it is said of him

guess they must have forgotten me, struck him he broke out in a laugh. Then he said: "Well, I've got plenty to eat and drink, an' plenty of beddin' and clothes, such as they are, an' l guess I'll git along."

Coming out of this humble home. three little white pigs are burying their noses in the mud of the road in front. As we drive away, old John Vanderbilt points to them triumphantly and says; "There's a nice lot of meat gittin' a good start for next year, anyhow."

> The Fan. Love never was a hidden god, And spite of what the ancients say 'Twas he who sought to see the maid; He told me so-believe who may!

Eros loved Psyche; while she slept, Spying the virgin he admired, At sight of such loveliness, His heart was thrilled, his senses fired.

And as he bent, in rapture lost, The oil fell on her where she lay: Startled, she nwoke; and seeing Love, At once took wing and flew away.

Vainly since then the love-lora boy Has sought the maid with azure wings; No form of such soft beauty came To cheer him in his wanderings.

At length one day, as sad he strode, By paths made sweet with April dew. He spied a butterfly that paused On a large rosebud, full in view.

"'Tis Psyche !" said he; "surely this Must be the wings that went and came About her shoulder, when she fled With flush of rosy-colored shame!"

"Could I but seize it !" and he sprang Like a rash lover, and his lip-With the wild ectasy of love-Closed on its fluttering azure tip

And as he held the broken limb. And wondered to what purpose coy He now should turn the beauteous thing; "I'll make of it fair woman's toy!"

So fashioning quick, with dexterous art, At once her shield and yataghan; "Go, flutter now forevermore !" Said Eros-and he made the Fan. -Jlan Alcard

# Knew When to Call.

In the ante-room of a Minister of State.

"Is the Under-Secretary of State in his office?"

"Yes, sir, but when he is in he doesn't receive anybody."

"All right; I'll come some day when he isn't in."

No Reason for Metempsychosis. Two philosophers:

"See her. I believe in metempsychosis. I am convinced that after my death my soul will inhabit the body of a beast."

"You needn't die for that."

able giant in strength. He is 6 feet 3 that he can lift a half ton of dead weight.

to be found in each family. All the offspring are sturdy, honest, industrious ye'll have to pick up yer traps an' git people, and, although invariably poor somewhar else.' And sell it he did to a and uneducated, are of good habits. In them the people of the neighborhood fancy they see strong facial resemblances to the portraits of the late Wil-

their well rounded cheeks and full un-