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VOL. II.

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Correspondence from all parts of the county Address all communications to A. K. Jones, Editor Oregon Scout, Union, Or.

Lodge Directory. GRAND RONDE 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 Longs, No. 39, 1, 0, 0, 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.

8, W. Long, N. G. ie lodge. 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. Watson, Pastor. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH-Regular church 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. R. Powell, Rector.

County Officers. A. C. Craig A. L. Saunders B. F. Wilson rer A. F. Benson Superintendent J. L. Hindman

School SuperintendentJ. L. Hindman
Coroner E. Simonis E. H. Lewis COMMISSIONERS.
CoronerE. H. Lewis
COMMISSIONERS.
Geo. Ackles Jno. Stanley
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J. S. Elliott. J. B. Thombson
Jno. Kennedy A. Levy
Recorder M. F. Davis
Marshal E. E. Cates
Treasurer
Street Commissioner L. Eaton
Differ Commissioner

Departure of Trains. Regular east bound trains leave at 9:30 a b. West bound trains leave at 4:20 p. m.

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Office, one door south of J. B. Eaton's store Union, Oregon.

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Physician and Surgeon

A. E. SCOTT, M. D.,

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Has permanently located at North Powder, where he will answer all calls.

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Supreme Court of Oregon, the District, Circuit and Supreme Courts of the United States.
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BILL NYE'S LETTER.

last week, but didn't get around to it owing to circumstances. I went away

happy home. diggin' machine of which I had heard a good deal pro and con, I had the pleasure of riding in one of them sleeping cars that we read so much about.

I am going on tifty years old, and that's the first time I ever slumbered at the rate of forty-five miles per hour, including stops.

I got acquainted with the porter, and he blacked my boots in the night unbeknown to me, while I was engaged in slumber. He must have thought that I was your father, and that we rolled in luxury at home all the time, and that it was a common thing for us to have our boots blackened by menials. When I left the car this porter brushed my clothes till the hot flashes ran up my spinal column, and I told him that he treated me square, and I wrung his hand when he held it out towards me, and I told him that any time he wanted a good, cold drink of buttermilk to just holler through the te'ephone. We had the sociable at our house last week, and when I got home your mother set me right to work borryn' chairs and dishes. She had solicited some cakes and other things. I don't know whether you are on the skedjule by which these socials are run or not. The idea is a novel one

The sisters in our set, onet in so often, turn their houses wrong side out for the purpose of raising \$4.00 to apply on the church debt. When I was a boy we worshiped with less frills than they do now. Now it seems that the debt is a part of the worship.

Well, we had a good time and used up 150 cookies in a short time. Part of these cookies was devoured, and the balance was trod into our all-wool car-

Several of the young people got to playing Copenhagen in the setting room and stepped on the old cat so as to distigure him for life. They also had a disturbance in the front room and knocked off some of the plastering.

So your mother is feeling rather slim and I am not very chipper myself. I hope that you are working hard at your that you will not begin to monkey with with a felon's doom or fill a drunkard's grave. If anybody has got to fill the drunkard's grave let him do it himself. What has the drunkard ever done for you that he should expect you to fill

his grave for him? I expect you to do right as near as possible. You will not do exactly right all the time, but try to strike a good average. I do not expect you to let your studies encroach too much on your polo, but try to unite the two so that you will not break down under the strain. I should feel sad and mortified to have you come home a physical wreck. I think one physical wreck in a family is enough, and I am rapidly getting where I can do the entire physical

wreck business for our neighborhood. I see by your picture that you have got one of them pleated coats with a belt around it and short pants. They make you look as you did when I used to spank you in years gone by, and I feel the same old desire to do it now as I did then. Old and feeble as I am, it seems to me as though I could spank a boy that wears knickerbocker pants buttoned into a Garabaldy waist and a pleated jacket.

If it wasn't for them cute little camel's hair whiskers of yours I would not believe that you had grown up to be a large expensive boy, with thoughts, Some of the thoughts you express in your letters are far beyond your years. Do you think them yourself or is there some boy in school who thinks all the thoughts for the rest?

Some of your thoughts are so deep that your mother and I can hardly grapple with them. One of them es pecially was so full of foreign stuff that you had got out of a bill of fare that we will have to wait till you come home before we can take it in. I can talk a little Chippewa, but that is all the foreign language I am familiar with. When I was young we had to get our foreign languages the best we could, so I studied Chippewa, without a master. A Chippewa chief took me into his camp and kept me there for some time, while I acquired his language. He became so much attached to me that I had

great difficulty in coming away. I wish you would write the United States dialect as much as possible, and not try to paralize your parents with imported expressions that come too

high for poor people. Remember that you are the only boy your sake. For us the day is wearing out and it is now along into the sbank of the evening. All we ask of you is improve on the old people. You can see where I fooled myself, and you can do better. Read and write and sifer and polo and get nollege, and try not to be ashamed of your uncultivated par-

When you get that checkered little sawed-off coat on, that pair of knee panties and that pocker dot necktie, and the college's secret archives. the sassy little boys holler "rats" when you pass by and your heart is bowed down, remember that no matter how foolish you may look, your parents will never sour on you. YOUR FATHER. never sour on you.

WICKED STUDENTS.

My Dear Son:-I tried to write you | Moldy Records That Disclose the Iniquities of Harvard Boys.

Forty years ago, says The Boston on a little business tower for a few days | Journal, there disappeared from the seon the cars, and then when I got home | cret archives of Harvard college one of the sociable broke loose in our once those ponderous volumes which contained the private record of the doings While on my commercial tower down of the parietal committee, that large the Omehaw railroad, byin' a new well- governing board which in these days had so much to do in shaping the course of the college, and which even to-day has no slight weight in restraining the unlawful actions of the students. It may be surmised that some mischievous, reckless collegian purloined the volume, but however that may be the college faculty knew not where it went, nor do they know to-day where it is. By the permission of the possessor excerpts have been made, giving an idea of the unique and strict system of the carly college days of this century.

> We find old customs prevailing at the university in the years 1827-30, as given in this book. For instance, we find the parietal committee voting "that Babcock, senior, be sent to the president for wearing an illegal brown surtout; also that notice be given to freshmen that cloaks do not officially cover illegal garments." But "Babcock, saulor" did not commit half so heinous an offense as "Page, sophomore," for, as we find recorded: "Sept. 2, 1829, raet in 20 Hy., Dr. Popkin in the chair voted, that Page, sophomore, be directed to discontinue his nankin pantaloons." Those classmates of Page who are alive to-day may, perhaps, remember whether the prescribed nether garments were "discontinued" or not. Charles Sumner, afterward the great statesman, while at Harvard, fell under the ban for a serious misdemeanor. On the 5th of September, 1829, the record shows the parietal committee to have voted that Sumner "be directed to leave off wearing a dark red cravat.

To what depths of wickedness the student of those days descended! The freaks of to-day are the mildest virtues compared with them. What college man of to-day would expect this admonition: "Voted, That Rutter and Draper, freshmen, be spoken to by Mr. Curtis for splitting wood" (!) or "Voted, That the secretaries be ordered to books so that you will be an ornament report to the faculty [names of six to society. Society is needing some ornaments very much. I sincerely hope bath." Another student is admonished for smoking, another for firing a pistol, rum. I should hate to have you meet | and still a third for embellishing his daily conversation with profane lan-

Again, we find it recorded in this saered book: "Dec. 17, 1828, Voted, That Mr. Brown speak to two dogs, towit, one black dog and one pie-bald dog, for intruding into the college yard. Record fails to show whether or not the plebeian dogs who thus trespassed the sanctity of the college precincts restrained from their wicked course after Mr. Brown did "speak" to them. In the year 1823 there seems to have been a wholesale spirit of unrighteousness in the college in one respect, for the parietal committee found it necessary to vote that all the classes "be officially informed that all persons who toast bread in College hall will be liable to publick admonition." To what baseness had Harvard men fallen that they should toast bread to such an extent as to require this notice from the grayhaired professors. But these worthy veterans had studied carefully the needs and the practices of their pupils. As an example of this we notice that at a certain meeting where the question of "noting" or of "speaking" to student was discussed one member, "after speaking at length on the various reasons why they should rather note than speak to him [a student], ended with the following peroration: 'So long as you continue to speak to them, so long will they continue to transgress and to apply the principles of permutations and combinations, to see how long they may offend without being punished. "This was philosophy and mathematics worthy of Pythagoras.

The parietal committee did not find it always plain sailing, for we find their secretary dolefully recording, under date of Oct. 6, 1830, "Would have met at H. 21, but the door was locked against us." Evidently some mischlevous student had been there ahead of them. But the dignified sages made up for their discomfiture at a subsequent meeting, when they "met at Mr. Me-Kean's room, Hy. No. 3. Mr. Brigham in the chair," by voting "that a barrel of apples be provided for the parietal committee." How little they then thought that their secret misappropriation of the college funds to satisfy the cravings of their inordinate appetite for that seductive fruit which tempted our earliest ancestors would in after years be disclosed as it now is. Their secretary was faithful in his duty of recordwe have got, and we are only going ing, and thus we find: "Nov. 19, met through the motions of living here for at Mr. Allen Putnam's room, Meeting called to order, Mr. Putnam in the chair. Voted to adjourn. Sir George Putnam was disappointed, having determined to make a point on any subject, having prepared himself for the strong and pathetic by a proper ad-mixture of the tough and tender loin at dinner." Poor Sir George's disappointment thus stands on record, and the secretary's touch of humor is not lost in the dust of years upon the shelves of

> The Mississippi house of representatives voted not to accept any railroad passes, and then, borrified at its own virtue, carried a motion to reconsider the vote.

The Closing Speech.

In the year 1872, at a little village in sontheastern Kansas, a saloon keeper by the name of "Joe" Smith was arrested for selling liquor without a county license. The arrest was caused by the temperance alliance, an organization effected for the purpose of stopping the

sale of intoxicating liquors. Joe was brought to the county seat and tried for the offense before a justice | nothing stuck up about those governof the peace; and one of his attorneys, a long, lean lank, hungry ex-Missourian, torian, in the homely but vigorous lanelad in jeans, and from a gash in whose attractive visage (called by courtesy a mouth) there trickled or rather overflowed a vast amount of tobacco juice, and whose knowledge of law and the English language were alike deficient, had the closing speech to the jury. The writer was unfortunately a member of the jury. While the trial was in progress the attorney above referred to was constantly objecting to the questions asked the witnesses, and expressed his objections in the following lan-"May it please the court, I guage: object to this question as regular, irrelimportunate, and without probable bearing upon this cause.'

His objections in every instance were overruled by the court, and when he came to deliver the closing speech to the jury he spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen of the jury: What's the cause of all this hoorar down at C-It is caused by this here d -d temperance reliance; it's nothing more or less than a condemned abortion of my friend, Joe Smith.

Gentlemen of the jury, you know that throughout this entire trial not one of

my injections have been sustained. It has always been an incoherent principle of mine, from my youth up, to take the weaker side of a question, and to aid and lift up those who were weak and suppressed; and now, gentlemen of the jury, you behold in me the coadjutator and paramour of the prisoner who stands before you, charged with a crime of which, it is needless for me to say, he is not guilty.

Gentlemen of the jury, if you have a single bowel of compassion in your soul you will clear this man of the foul, envenomed aspirations and clouded paradoxes cast upon his mental and moral horizon.

The evidence brought before you by this here temperance reliance is of no force, no effect, and proves naught, but shows the malice and calumny, the vituperous conglomerations, that mankind may work up and nurse in their breasts against those who are supplantme them.

Gentlemen of the jury, I pause for words to express my contemptuous hared of those who have vented the gall of their spleens, to try and compass the verthrow of my friend, Joe Smith.

Has it been proven he sold whiskey? las it been proven he sold beer? No! A thousand times No!!!!

Give my distressed friend a favorable erdict, and it will go thundering down he dark ages, as an adamantine momunent to justice. Should your judgment e so warped by the false, inalienable and fiduciary testimony that has been forced in your unwilling ears, that you hould find him guilty, then may God ave mercy upon your sinful souls, and may you never know peace or quietude while my client rests under your most inretributive sentence.

He closed his speech as follows: "Gentlemen of the jury: Gaze on my honest friend. Will you doom him to be feloniously incarcerated in a prison cell? Gentlemen of the jury, by your looks, I guess not!"-Lanton, in Peck's Sun.

How He Worked.

Several years ago a little boy lived in Brooklyn who was very fond of music; his mother, a wise woman, decided that he should have every advantage for the study of music that was in her power to give him. She worked and saved to pay the best teacher. Years passed away and the little boy became a big boy who loved his piano next to his selfsacrificing mother. Means were found to send the boy to Europe to study, where he worked to improve every opportunity. The boy returned a young nan, and recently he played for the first time in public in the city where he grew up. In the audience were many eople who knew of the struggles of ooth the mother and son, and it was a lelight to listen to the music that was he result of those years of toil and tudy. In the audience was the mother, cappy in seeing her dreams and hopes realized. At the close of the concert the leader presented the mother with the baton he used in leading the orches-

It is quite certain that the mother of this young man did not have to urge him to practice. This conversation, it is probable, was never heard in that home:

"Paul, come, it is time for you to practice. "No, it wants ave minutes of the time.

Then, fifteen minutes later: "Paul, go at once to the piano. I shall listen to see that you keep time, and practice all the time." "I think it's awfully mean to make a fellow practice all the whole time-boo

-hoo-ooo!" If he practiced in this spirit he would never have stood before the music lovers of two big cities, conscious of a power and a gift that would enable him to repay to the fullest the love and sac-rifice of his mother, and give hours of happiness to thousands.

It takes a rapid reader to keep up with the mass of magazine literature every month.

A Long Time Between Drinks.

A great many years ago the governor of North Carolina received a friendly visit from the governor of South Carolina. After a real North Carolina dinner of bacon and yams, the two governors lit pipes and sat in the shade of the back veranda with a demijohn of real North Carolina corn whisky, copper distilled, within easy reach. "There was ors," says a North Carolina state hisguage of his section. There they sot and smoked, and sot and smoked, every once and awhile taking a mutual pull at the demijohn with the aid of the gourd, which they used as a democratic goblet. The conversation between the two governors was on the subject of turpentine and rice, the staples of their respective states, and the further they got into the subject the lower down they got into the jug, and the lower down they got into the jug the dryer the governor of South Carolina got, who was a square drinker and a warm man, with about a million pores to every square inch of his hide, which enabled him to histe in a likely share of corn juice or other beverage, and keep his carcass at the same time well ventilated, and generally always ready for more, while the governor of North Carolina was a more cautious drinker, but was mighty sure to strike bottom at about the twelfth drink, like as if nature had measured him by the gourdful. Well, they sot and smoked and argued, and the governor of North Carolina was as hospitable as any real southern gentleman could be, for he ladled out the whisky in the most liberal manner, being particular to give his distinguished guest three drinks to his one and gauging his own drinks with great care, for fear that if he didn't he might lose the thread of his argument and the demijohn might run dry before the governor of South Carolina should be ready to dust out for home, in which case it would look like he had not properly observed the laws of hospitality, which would have been a self-inflicted thorn in his side for years to come, and no amount of apology could ease his mind or enable him to feel warranted in showing his countenance to his fellow men, especially in his home district, where for generations it had been a main point with every gentleman to keep his visitor well supplied with creature comforts and to hand him a good gourdful as a stirrupcup when about to make his departure or the bosom of his family. Singular to relate, the cautiousness manifested by the governor of North Carolina was of no avail, for at one and the same time the jug went dry, and the governor of North Carolina, much to his subsequent mortification, when he learned the fact afterward, dropped off into a quiet sleep, while the governor of South 'arolina continued to keep on with his argument, keeping the empty gourd in his hand in close contiguousness to the demijohn, and wondering at the apparent absent-mindedness of his hitherto attentive host to whom, after a minute and a half of painful silence, he made use of but one remark: "Governor, don't you think it's a long time between drinks!" The remark was overheard by George, body servant of the governor of North Carolina, who, knowing that there was something wrong, took to the woods, where he remained in seclusion for three days; but the governor of South Carolina, receiving no reply from the governor of North Carolina, mounted his horse and rode sadly homeward with an irrepressible feeling at his heart that there was coming to be a hollowness in friendship, and that human nature was in danger of drifting into a condition of chaotic mockery."-Rich-

BRIGHT EYES OF WOMEN.

mond Reformer.

The bright eyes of women Entrancingly shine.

Entrancingly shine.

Like sapphires from heaven
With justre divine.

So full of deep yearning
And heavenly thought;

Bright stars ever burning,

Reicht stars ever burning. Bright stars ever sought.

The comfort of sadness, Our hope from above,
All beaming with gladness
And infinite love.
The source of compassion, Of sighs and of tears; The cup of concession

In long after years.

Oh, then let us cherish The eyes we adore, Too soon may they perish On Lethe's dark shore. 'Tis then all the pleasure Of life will depart, When men lose the treasure
They love from their heart.

— Philade'phia News

A Gay Deceiver. In love she fell, My shy bluebell, With a strolling bumble-bee; Ie whispered low, I love you so! Sweet, give your heart to me!

"I love but you,
And I'll be frue;
O, give me your heart, I pray!"
She bent her head;
"I will," she said,
When lot he flew away!
—Margaret Deland.

Hammering the Desk to Pieces.

At the beginning of every session of Congress a new pine top has to be placed on the Speaker's desk. Pine in used because the ivory gavel produces a louder sound upon it than upon some tougher wood. Oak was once tried but the occupant of the chair complained that a sharp blow produced a stinging sensation in the hand, consequently pine has been used ever since.

NEEDLES.

The Manufacture of a Very Necessary

Article. A contributor to The Aurania News

writes: The world produced in 1885 an average of 60,000,000 needles per week. Redditch, a town of twenty thousand people, seventeen miles from Birmingham, England, has fourteen needle factories, and produces 50,000,000 weekly, while Germany has two producing 10,-600,000 per week. The two principal houses in Redditch are Henry Malward & Sons, who produce 10,000,000, and Alfred Shrimpton & Sons, who produce 8,000,000, and the other twelve factories produce 32,000,000 weekly. The wire, which is of the finest spring steel, is received in packets from the wire-drawers at Sheffield, is first tested to find if the quality is perfect. It is then cut by means of a huge automatic shears and guaged to the length of two needles; those pieces are then straightened by a rolling process; they are then heated on large iron plates, and when the proper heat has been attained they are thrown into a large basin of oil, which produces the elastic temper necessary to all first-class needles. They are then washed with soap and water and dried in sawdust, and thence go to the pointing-machine, which consists of a large grindstone, with a concave surface, revolving at a high rate of speed, and a wheel revolving at a low rate of speed at right angles to the stone, and shaped to fit the stone on this wheel is a belt called the saddle, which holds the needles as they revolve in passing over the stone, thereby getting a uniform taper to the point, they are then re-versed, and the other end pointed in like manner. They then go to the stamping machine, where the two eyes are stamped, grooves put in, and the wire is almost cut in two between the eyes, they are then threaded on two wires and the burr caused by the stamp filed off the sides, then broken between the eyes, which is easily done, as they are already almost cut in two; then while they are still on the wires the heads are filed and dressed, they are then held fast while the wires are made to revolve and pass to an fro through them, carrying on it a solution for pol-ishing the inside of the eye and removing all burr from it. They are then placed in packages of several thickness of canvas, and mixed with oil and powdered stone, all lying lengthwise; they are rolled up and corded like a roll of pudding, then placed on a steel platform, while another form above is let down on them, the upper one moves to and fro rocking the packages, and in this way they are scoured bright and all crooked ones broken. They are then washed with soap and water, then tossed in sawdust till dry, then passed by hand over a buff wheel by which that exquisite polish is attained which is found on all perfect needles. The needles are put into large pans, and by a certain way of tossing them they are t rown into neat rows in the side of the pan, then placed on a table in rows and all turned points one way; this is done by having a cloth on the first finger and striking the side of the pile; the points stick in the cloth and are deftly whipped over. They are then placed on a strap, and the ends of the strap turned together makes it a band whereby the points can all be turned up, and as the points are too fine to see they from a black surface, from which a broken point or an imperfeet one can be seen at a glance and picked out. Then they go to the sticking table, where they are arranged in rows of separate sizes and a woman gathers them in twenty-five times faster than could be imagined and sticks them through the cloth, which has been 'stretched on a machine made for the purpose. An expert girl can stick forty thousand needles per day. The needles are papered and wrapped in packages of one thousand and five thousand, and in that way go to all parts of the world.

Manners.

Manners are of more importance than laws. Upon these, in a great measure, the laws depend. The law teaches us but here and there, now and then. Manners are what vex or soothe, or corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us, by constant, steady, uniforms insensible operation like that of the air we breathe in. They give their whole form and color to our lives. According to their quality they aid morals, they supply laws, or they totally destroy them. - Edmund Burke.

Grown Wise.

It was on the eve of the 25th anniversary of their marriage. Said she: "I do hope if anybody is going to give us anything it will be in money. When we were married we were ignorant, and we didn't find out immediately that seven sugar spoons and thirteen ice pitchers were not essential to marital bliss; but I think we have been married long enough by this time to know how to pick out our own presents." - Poughkeepsie Eagle.

Professional Courtesy.

Two Texas doctors met on the street. "I feel sorry for you You ought not to be out in this kind of weather. You are a sick man," said Dr. Blister.
"I am not feeling very well," replied

"What doctor is treating you!"
"I am prescribing for myself."
"You shouldn't do that. You are li-

able to be arrested for attempted sui-ide." - Texas Siftings.