

THE OREGON SCOUT.

VOL. II.

UNION, OREGON, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1886.

NO. 37.

THE OREGON SCOUT.

An independent weekly journal, issued every Saturday by

JONES & CHANCEY,

Publishers and Proprietors.

A. K. JONES, Editor. B. CHANCEY, Foreman.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One copy, one year, \$1.50
Six months, .75
Three months, .375
Invariably cash in advance.

If by chance subscriptions are not paid till end of year, two dollars will be charged. Rates of advertising made known on application.

Correspondence from all parts of the county solicited. 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 LODGE, No. 29, I. O. O. F.—Regular meetings on Friday evenings of each week at their hall in Union. All brethren in good standing are invited to attend. By order of the lodge. S. W. LONG, N. G. G. A. THOMPSON, Secy.

Church Directory.

M. E. CHURCH—Divine service every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 3 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. Rev. WATSON, Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Regular church services every Sabbath morning and evening. Prayer meeting each week on Wednesday evening. Sabbath school every Sabbath at 10 a. m. Rev. H. VESIGER RICE, Pastor.

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

County Officers.

Judge.....A. C. Cratz
Sheriff.....A. L. Saunders
Treasurer.....B. F. Wilson
School Superintendent.....J. L. Hindman
Surveyor.....E. Simons
Coroner.....E. H. Lewis
COMMISSIONERS.....J. E. Taylor
Geo. Ackles.....Jno. Stanley
State Senator.....L. B. Rinehart
P. T. Dick.....E. E. Taylor

City Officers.

Mayor.....D. B. Rees
COUNCILMEN.....
S. A. Pursell.....W. D. Beldeman
J. S. Elliott.....B. F. Wilson
Jno. Kennedy.....A. Levy
Recorder.....M. F. Davis
Marshal.....E. E. Cates
Treasurer.....J. D. Carroll
Street Commissioner.....L. Eaton

Departure of Trains.

Regular east bound trains leave at 9:30 a. m. West bound trains leave at 4:30 p. m.

PROFESSIONAL.

J. R. CRITES,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Collecting and probate practice specialties. Office, two doors south of Postoffice, Union, Oregon.

R. EAKIN,

Attorney at Law and Notary Public.

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

I. N. CROMWELL, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon

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

A. E. SCOTT, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

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

T. H. CRAWFORD,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Union, Oregon.

D. Y. K. DEERING,

Physician and Surgeon,

Union, Oregon.

Office, Main street, next door to Jones Bros. variety store.
Residence, Main street, second house south of court house.
Chronic diseases a specialty.

D. B. REES,

Notary Public

—AND—
Conveyancer.

OFFICE—State Land Office building, Union, Union County, Oregon.

H. F. BURLEIGH,

Attorney at Law, Real Estate and Collecting Agent.

Land Office Business a Specialty.

Office at Alder, Union Co., Oregon.

JESSE HARDESTY, J. W. SHELTON
SHELTON & HARDESTY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Will practice in Union, Baker, Grant, Umatilla and Morrow Counties, also in the Supreme Court of Oregon, the District, Circuit and Supreme Courts of the United States. Mining and Corporation business a specialty. Office in Union, Oregon.

GOULD'S UNEASY LIFE.

The Railroad Magnate Said To Be Afraid to Ride Over His Own Road.

Private Detectives Constantly in His Employment, One Being Always at His Call.

Why He Is Fond of His Yacht.

A Charleston correspondent of *The New York Times* writes: When Jay Gould recently hurried down here by rail to go on board his yacht for a winter's sail through southern waters he brought, beside his family and his doctor, another guest, a man of retiring manner, who was never seen with the excursionists; but who was, for all that, in Mr. Gould's estimation, an important member of the traveling party. This man of the retiring manner, was a private detective, a doughty, middle-aged fellow of experience, who draws a yearly salary out of Jay Gould's till. He is the employe of a New York detective agency, whose chief patronage is said to come from Gould, who finds ample for a big staff of such officers. They serve him not only in personal matters, but look out as well for certain delicate affairs that it is well for Gould to have clearly in sight in the management of the various corporations where he has large financial interests.

Newspapers down here, as elsewhere, within the last few years, have frequently reported Jay Gould when for a time leaving New York as off on a tour over his southern and southwestern roads. The truth is that Jay Gould for years has not dared to make such a journey. There are miles and miles of railroad governed by Gould over which he could not be tempted to ride. His life would be in danger there, and he knows it. He knows where he is safe and when he is safe; it is to tell him this that he spends thousands of dollars yearly upon private detectives whose reports are made to him weekly in the same concise form that he requires from the bookkeeper who attends to his personal balance sheet.

Gould it is said, began to employ private detectives extensively a half dozen years ago, when by some means he discovered a plot that had been made by dissatisfied spirits on the line of the Wabash railroad to wreck a special train on which he was preparing to make an inspection trip with Russell Sage. A man who knows Gould well says that his detectives cost him more than the clerks in his New York offices. He never makes a journey, even the shortest, nowadays without first sending his scouts on ahead to discover if any obstacles are likely to be encountered. A corps of these detectives are kept constantly traveling up and down such lines as the Wabash, Missouri Pacific, Texas Pacific, and the Missouri, Kansas and Texas. No criticisms are openly uttered, no threats made, no organizations formed that are not promptly reported to him. Twice within the past year and a half Gould made ready to run his special car over his remoter roads, but in each instance, it is said, he was advised by his agents not to attempt the experiment, and in deference to the opinions of these detectives he both times abandoned his purpose.

People at the north who have been startled and angered at his open and notorious purchase of legislatures and courts of justice are still without adequate idea of the hatred borne this man along the distant lines of railroads whose policy he dictates and whose employes he rules. Mutterings of discontent have been heard, and the vengeance vowed by hundreds of men is still their purpose. It isn't idle talk to say that the wickedest deed against even the life of Gould would be excused, and even justified, by multitudes who see in him only a sordid and cruel taskmaker, sounding armies of men to death for his own gain. The reports of the detectives have been startling information to Gould. For a time, it is said he disbelieved even the news they sent him, but other men dispatched to the same territory furnished him precisely the same tidings, and he was perforce obliged to recognize the truth of how deadly a hate was borne him. Month by month the same story has been sent to him. If he has ever done anything to bring about a change in the sentiments of these people who are his own enemies, nobody has ever heard any hint of it. The bad feeling along his roads has increased continually instead of lessening. Dispatches were lately sent from this city representing that he had changed his plans so far for this winter as to decide to give up his yachting trip and go on an inspection tour over the Southern Pacific lines. For the very reasons that have been indicated already this report was untrue. He had no thought of making a Southern Pacific trip. The statement that he had was used only

for a peg to hang a stock-jobbing scheme upon.

An entertaining story is told of how on one occasion Gould overreached himself in a rather embarrassing fashion in his use of private detectives. A man well known in Wall street had incurred Gould's enmity, and the unscrupulous magnate was determined to break that man down. Plans were laid carefully, but for some reason they miscarried. The man marked for financial extermination discovered what was going on before the end of the game, and prepared to defend himself. Anxious to know just how far the campaign against him had progressed, he applied to a private detective agency for a reliable man to make certain investigations. The man was supplied—one of the very men actively engaged in serving Jay Gould in this very case. This was a little moral lapse not remarkable in the history of some private detective agencies. Gould of course was promptly notified of the new move, and naturally he was delighted at the spectacle of having his enemy placed so readily within his grasp. Gould, it is believed, practically wrote the reports which the detective made to the new client, and the prettiest sort of a trap was set for him. Little by little circumstances were arranged to lead up to the grand denouement, and all was in readiness for the slaughter, when one day the detective called upon the victim with an explanation of how he could badly embarrass Gould by a certain stock speculating transaction. It was a pretty story; it bore all the evidences of fact; Gould, so the detective said he had discovered, had suddenly become a big customer of a well-known Wall street firm, and was so placed that he could be badly squeezed if one or two hundred thousand dollars should be plunged into the market all at once against him. So thorough had been the detective's investigation, he explained, that he had even been able to get into his possession the originals of the orders sent by Gould to his brokers.

It was a decided temptation. Two or three hundred thousand dollars was a big lot of money, the greater part of this man's fortune—but surely there could be little danger, he argued, so confident was he that he was receiving correct and trustworthy information. And there was Jay Gould's own handwriting on his own note-heads; what stronger or better evidence could be asked? There was only one thing that bothered him. The brokerage firm named as Gould's representatives he had never supposed were mixed up with Gould in any way, for one of the partners was his victim's nephew or cousin. But the detective went away to carry news to his millionaire employer that the device had taken and that success was sure. Of course, the speculator, elated by the prospect, hastened to complete his plan, and instead of doing what he had been represented as doing he put out a big line of stocks directly on the opposite side of the market, so that as soon as the victim made his first nibble at the bait he could be landed high and dry on the shore of bankruptcy. But the victim went to see his cousin, for he couldn't find it in his heart to hurt his relative while he was punishing Gould. The cousin surprised him, enlightened him—told him that the detective had been deliberately lying to him, old Gould had not then and never had an account in that brokerage office. The victim said nothing. There was a hole in the millstone, and he saw through it. Gould was outwitted. The victim declined to be victimized. The snare that had been set had caught no game save that on its rebound it caught the very man who had set it, and Jay Gould lost a big pile of money by his over-smartness. Yet but that an accidental naming of the wrong firm led to his punishment, his game with the help of the private detective's service would have worked to his heart's content.

Wanted Him.

The general superintendent of a great railroad was sitting in his office when a well dressed man entered.
"This the superintendent?"
"Yes."
"Glad to see you, sir. My name is Balkers and I want a job."
"In what department?"
"Want a position as conductor of a passenger train."
"Do you understand your business?"
"Try me once."
"I suppose you would turn in every cent that belonged to the company?"
"No, sir, but I'd whack up."
"About how much would you take per day?"
"Owing to business."
"You'd always make it a point to bring in some little money, wouldn't you?"
"Well, I'd help myself first and then—"
"My friend," said the superintendent, "I want you. You have told me the first truth that I have heard for years."

THE TWIN NATIONS.

Proposed Measures for Closer Relations Between Canada and the United States.

The Advantages To Be Derived from Commercial Union and Identical Tariffs.

Mutual Interests.

The Toronto Week says: In place of a reciprocity treaty, Mr. Wharton Barker proposes the larger and more stable measure of commercial union on the footing of a common tariff for both countries, and a division of the receipts from customs on the basis of population, or any other basis that might be deemed equitable. Should the arrangements seem likely to be attended with loss of revenue to Canada, he would propose to guarantee to her a sum equal to her present receipts for a certain number of years. Entire freedom of trade with mutual services and benefits would then prevail through this northern continent. The fisheries question, now the puzzle and plague of diplomacy, would be at once and forever solved. The admission of Canadian shipping to the American coasting trade would, as Mr. Barker suggests, naturally follow; and as the people of the southern states do not take much to the sea, the maritime provinces of Canada would be likely to supply shipping both for the coasting trade and for that trade with the West Indies which is now largely transacted in European bottoms. To the special industry of the maritime provinces a great stimulus could not fail to be given.

Commercial union would, of course, involve equalization of tariffs; but in this there would be no great difficulty, the Canadian tariff being what it now is, and the disposition in the United States, as the necessity for revenue decreases with the national debt, being toward gradual reduction. It would also be necessary to equalize the excise; otherwise, the custom-house line being removed, there would be contraband exportation from the country in which the excise was lower to the country in which it was higher. But the difference between the Canadian and American excise, again, is not so great as to present a serious obstacle to adjustment.

That it would be an immense benefit to the people of Canada to be freed admitted to the markets of their own continent, freely to share its resources, to have its capital freely circulating among them, and freely to participate in its commercial life, will hardly be denied by anybody who has not some personal interest, real or fancied, in maintaining the contrary. Certainly it can not be denied by any Canadian statesman who has had a hand in reciprocity. In their present state of commercial isolation the people of Canada can never enjoy the fair earnings of their labor, any more than could the people of any other territory destined by nature to form part of an economical whole with the adjacent territory, if it were cut off by a customs line from the rest. As a district of England or France, with a population of 4,500,000, would be if severed from the country to which it belongs, so is Canada commercially severed from her own continent. We have already a monetary union with the States; for every purpose except payments to government the American currency passes here as freely as it does on the other side of the line. The image and superscription on the coin were appealed to as the test of political jurisdiction and they are a proof not less conclusive of economical connection.

There are those who, not perhaps without a political bias, contend that our natural trade is "lateral," or along the parallels of latitude. Whether they are right or not will be seen when both courses are alike open. Freedom of trade with the United States will not prevent our exportation of grain and cattle to England. If the best price for the wheat of the northwest is to be got by sending it to England along the north shore of Lake Superior to England and along the north shore of Lake Superior it will continue to be sent.

Between the different provinces of the Dominion there is scarcely any natural trade. All hopes of commercial advantage to be derived from confederation from the people of the maritime provinces have been disappointed. The attempt to force Ontario to burn Nova Scotia coal by laying a tax on her supply from the States has failed. Between old Canada and the northwest such trade as exists is not natural, but forced by means of a tariff constructed, like everything else connected with the administration of the northwest, for a political purpose, and not for the material benefit of the people; nor is this artificial arrangement likely to endure beyond the political patronage of the

provinces which are its victims. That political railroads, run through a line of territories which have no interest in common, fail to produce commercial unity, the intercolonial road bears melancholy witness. Troops may be conveyed along such lines, or munitions may be forwarded to imperial wars on the Pacific, but commerce takes little heed of their existence. Of the four entirely separate territories of which the Dominion is made up—that is to say, the maritime provinces, Canada, French and British, the Northwest, and British Columbia—each is commercially connected, not with its political partners, but with the adjoining states of the union; and squander the earnings of the people in resisting nature as you will, her ordinance will at last prevail.

It is unnecessary here to debate the question between free trade and protection. There may be a rational difference of opinion as to the respective advantages of the two systems in the case of a country like the United States, which is in fact a continent, reaching from regions almost arctic to regions almost tropical, embracing in itself almost every variety of production, and inhabited by fifty or sixty millions. There can be no rational difference of opinion as to the inexpediency of applying protection to the country situated entirely in a high latitude, with a very limited range of production, and a population under 5,000,000. Forcing manufactures into existence in a district devoid of coal, within easy range of districts abounding in coal and provided with all industrial advantages, is a policy the results of which might have been easily foreseen. We know now that it was pressed upon the government by the political influence of the manufacturing interest, rather than adopted on commercial grounds. The effect is manifest. Canada, instead of being cheap, is fast becoming a dear country to live in, and will presently be shunned by people of moderate means. That there is a perpetual exodus into the States is certain, whether the statistics have been accurately taken or not.

Some things there are, such as first-rate printing presses, which a country affording but a small market for very expensive articles is unable to produce for itself. It is, perhaps, not a matter of first-rate importance, but it is indicative of our false commercial position, that a good book store can with difficulty exist in this country, the bookseller being unable himself to keep all the new books in stock, and being cut off by the customs line from his natural center of distribution at New York.

Unwise as many of us think was the policy of the government in artificially stimulating the growth of manufactures here, the interest thus created by the act of the state has a title to equitable consideration. Behind a tariff adjusted to that of the United States, and supported by the cognate interest among the Americans, Canadian manufacturers would still be sheltered from European competition; and, considering the fatal hollowiness of the ground on which they at present stand, and their liability to lose all by a sudden change in the balance of parties, they would surely be gainers by the arrangement. Protectionism, as I believe, is not destined anywhere to live forever; it will be in great peril as soon as the workman clearly perceives that what he gains in the nominal rates of wages is more than lost in their purchasing power; but its longest respite from death seems likely to be under the tariff of the United States, because it is there that, from the vastness of the territory and the variety of its productions, the evils of the system are least felt.

The general benefits of commercial union to both countries especially to ours, can hardly be called in question. What is there to be said on the other side? Nothing, except that commercial union might bring with it political annexation. I believe, and rejoice in the belief, that the schism between the two portions of the English-speaking population of this continent, which I regard as the greatest misfortune of our race, will some day be entirely healed, and they will again become one people, united in kindly feeling toward the historic parent of us all, who will herself, as I am firmly convinced, be a great gainer by exchanging the nominal possession of a distant dependency, which can give her no military help and does not even afford her an open market, for a cordial alliance with the whole continent and the friendly vote of Canada in its councils. This I frankly avow, and my conviction is daily strengthened by what I see on the one hand, of our increasing connection, social and commercial, with the United States, and, on the other, of the difficulties of amalgamating French with British Canada, and blending this straggling line of provinces in a nation. But it has always appeared to me that the political and commercial questions were perfectly

distinct, nor can I see why any change in political relations should necessarily follow from the mere abolition of the customs line. A nationality would, indeed be weak, and its life would be worth scarcely a twelve months' purchase if a customs line were the sole security for its existence. Reciprocity did not weaken the political barrier; why then, should commercial union, which is merely a complete measure of reciprocity, break it down? If anything, commercial union, by removing the obstacles to material prosperity, and thus rendering the people content with the present political system, seems likely to diminish the temptation to change. Canada would remain absolutely mistress of her own political destinies. How can a nation, if it is true to itself, desire more?

Living a Century.

Polly Wilcox, of Hope Valley, R. I., has just celebrated her centennial birthday.

Harrisonville, N. J., boasts of two centenarians, Bartholomew Coles and Michael Potter.

Christopher Mann, of Independence, Mo., died recently aged 111 years. He was born in Virginia in 1774.

Benjamin W. Bowditch, old slave, Nathan, died recently at his home in Talbot county, Mississippi, aged 107 years.

After living a century, Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas was killed recently while walking on the railroad track at Reading, Pa.

William Waterman, aged 109, lives at Oshkosh. He is a Methodist. He uses liquor and tobacco, and finds no fault with this world.

Among the celebrants of the one hundredth birthday of Jane Wilson, of Edgeworth, Me., were her sister, aged 94, and her three daughters, the eldest 81 years of age.

Probably the oldest minister in the world is Thomas Tenant, of Vineyard township, Arkansas. He was born in 1771. He is an itinerant Methodist preacher.

At Wilson Creek, N. C., Mrs. Susan Phillips died recently just as she was closing a century of life. She had thirteen children, sixty-three grandchildren, and sixty great-grandchildren.

One of the most forcible and effective shouters in the Methodist church of Brown's bridge, Forsyth county, Ga., is old Auntie Scroggins, who has enjoyed religion for 94 years, and is now 104 years old.

Rosalinda Caruso, an actress of Verona, has just completed a century of life. At the one hundredth anniversary of her birth she offered to recite at an actor's benefit performance. She reads as well as ever without spectacles.

Sarcastic Washingtonians.

Sartirists are poking sharp aticks at the hangers-on to Washington society for having announced that they had postponed dinners, receptions or tea parties on account of the death of "poor, dear Miss Bayard." Some of those who gave notice in the papers that their entertainments were postponed have never crossed the Bayard threshold, either here or at Wilmington, and others, who only enjoyed a bowing acquaintance with the deceased, made ridiculous displays of their grief. One lady, who is somewhat famed for her bad English and her good punch, is said to have remarked at her last reception: "Try a glass of punch, my dear. It's only claret to-day, without any rum in it—the Bayards, you know."—Ben: Perley Poore in Boston Budget.

A Slight Oversight.

"See here," said the managing editor to a head liner employed on the paper, "haven't you made a mistake in the heading to that article?"

"How so?" inquired the youth anxiously.

"You say that the members of congress will attend a 'horse circus.' The word 'horse' is superfluous, is it not? All circuses are horse circuses, I believe."

"You think, sir, it would have been better to have omitted the word 'horse'?"

"Decidedly."

"It would have been all right then?"

"O yes."

"But the proof reader is to blame. I wrote it 'house caucus.'"

"Oh!"—Drake's Traveler's Magazine

No Harm Done.

Mrs. Fogg—I declare! it's outrageous! Mr. Spread, the editor of *The Clarion*, says he is going to have your picture in his paper to-morrow morning, with your biography. It's an outrage, that's what I call it—an outrage!

Mr. Fogg—Oh, don't get excited, my dear. Nobody'll ever recognize the picture as my portrait.

Mrs. Fogg—But they'll know it is yours when they read the biography.

Mr. Fogg—People who know how to read never bother themselves over illustrated newspaper articles.—Boston Transcript.