

# THE OREGON SCOUT.

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## THE OREGON SCOUT.

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### Lodge Directory.

GRAND LODGE VALLEY LODGE, No. 56, A. F. and A. M.—Meets on the second and fourth Saturdays of each month.

C. E. DAVIS, Secretary. O. F. BELL, W. M.

UNION LODGE, No. 28, I. 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 9 a. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6:30.

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. VANDON RICH, Pastor.

St. John's—EPISCOPAL CHURCH—Service every Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m.

REV. W. R. POWELL, Rector.

### County Officers.

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Sheriff.....A. L. Saunders  
Clerk.....B. F. Wilson  
Treasurer.....A. F. Benson

School Superintendent.....J. L. Hindman  
Surveyor.....E. Simons  
Coroner.....E. H. Lewis

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State Senator.....L. B. Rinehart

REPRESENTATIVES.....E. E. Taylor  
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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 4:20 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,

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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,

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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.

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## A SHAKER SETTLEMENT.

The Prosperous Society at Canterbury, N. H.

An elderly woman, with fine features, a fresh complexion, gray hair, and a sweet voice, sat beside a young man on a train from Boston which arrived in New York a few days ago. They were chatting, and a magazine article on the Moravian settlement in Pennsylvania introduced the subject of the Canterbury Shakers.

"When I visited the Canterbury settlement in New Hampshire a little over a year ago," said the lady, "I found three families, who live and are governed separately. They worship in one church in summer, but in winter for convenience, occupy halls in their separate buildings. The family I visited was the first or 'church family.' My daughter was with me.

"We arrived in the evening at the society's office. A cheerful-looking woman, who we afterward learned was Sister Elizabeth, opened the door wide to our rather timid knock. She welcomed us kindly to a sitting-room and bade us be at home. Her costume was like that of all of the women. A gray pongee gown, cut with a plain round waist, loosely fitted her figure. The full skirt was plaited in small uniform plaitings. A large white handkerchief was folded about her neck and across her breast in some wonderfully pretty way, which I could never afterward imitate. A close little cap of lace, like a milliner's bonnet frame, covered her blond hair, which was combed straight back and fastened in a flat knot behind.

The Shaker costume, though ugly in itself, made Sister Elizabeth look very sweet. It just suited her quiet eyes, her gentle, smiling mouth and reposed manner.

"The Shaker women wear a hoop of some contrivance which extends the skirt with a straight, gradual slope from waist to hem. It gives them a stately look. The women, with rare exceptions, are thin and pale, with a sober and sometimes severe countenance. We saw no plump, happy faces. Even the children look old and staid, and speak with a something which sets them apart from one's sympathy.

"I spoke of the women first, because they interested me most, and besides they outnumber the men five to one. They are remarkably refined and intellectual for their class. The men, with the exception of the elders and a few others, are inferior to the sisters in all respects. They are, however, extremely kind and courteous to the women. The sisters look after their wants with motherly care, each of the elder sisters having charge of the clothes and general well-being of one or two brothers.

"The Shaker settlement is very prosperous in a worldly sense. There are various buildings belonging to the society—homes, a school-house, a workshop for the men, and also one for the women and another for the children. There are a printing-office, an infirmary presided over by an elder sister, and containing a full equipment of drugs and medicines.

"Of course, the main support of the colony and its income is from the farm, which is large and under a high state of cultivation. It is well stocked with horses and cattle, but they do not raise either. Pigs there are none, and pork is prohibited as unclean food. Some of the horses are fine stock.

"The house in which we were entertained belonged to the first family. It was large and square. The halls and staircases were on opposite sides of the house, one for the men and the other for the women. The floors were of dark wood, stained and polished. The doors and castings were stained a peculiar yellow throughout. Nothing poor or mean was used in either the furniture or decorations. Everything was simple. In our room large, handsome rugs of soft wool, made by the Shakers, lay upon the floor. They resembled Smyrna rugs. In opposite corners were two white beds, and in another corner was a little cast-iron, wood-burning stove, plain and smooth. In it a fire crackled cheerfully. These stoves are in every room. The curtains in all the houses were most dainty and novel, and why they are not used elsewhere for their esthetical value is strange. They were of white linen, suspended by brass rings on a bright brass rod. The curtains were starched stiff, and where every ring was sewed a crease was ironed from top to bottom. When drawn back they formed a flat mass of folds and were tied high up at the side of the side, small-paned windows by a brass fixture like a shepherd's crook. When the curtains were down each side looked like a half-open fan.

"A tall, old-fashioned clock stood at the head of each staircase. The clocks are as old as the house itself—one hundred years. Meals are served to guests

in a room and at a table by themselves. This hardly seemed hospitable, but Sister Elizabeth explained that the Shakers always ate in perfect silence. The brothers and sisters sit on opposite sides of the table.

"The Shaker schools must be elegant, but we did not visit them. The children are well advanced in reading, arithmetic, and particularly in music and singing. Even the smaller children read music readily. The proficiency in music is owing to the fact that the teachers themselves have obtained the best possible instruction. The whole family, at a time, when the farm work is light, drill in singing for two half hours daily. All sing, and it is remarkable how many fine voices there are. Their religious hymns and anthems have been written entirely by Shakers, and are therefore peculiar. Most of the hymns are choral, and are sung with great spirit. Like the Moravian sacred songs, there is much repetition of words and music.

"The Shakers show wonderful physical strength when they sing. They sit and sing, march and sing, and they kneel and sing endless verses, the last note always as clear and strong as the first. There is a ring of triumph and victory about the hymns, though many are tender and sweet. Singing is indeed worship with the Shaker. We attended Sunday service. In closing they united in a hymn, repeating one verse many times; then, kneeling, still singing, they repeat it yet again. At last, closing their eyes as in prayer, they sang it for the last time very softly. These were the words:

Watching and praying find you,  
Oh, my beloved, my own!  
Trusting a Father's rich promise,  
I will not leave you alone—  
I will not leave you alone—  
Through the desert I lead,  
Or apart in the mountain ye pray  
For strength in the hour of need,  
I never will answer ye nay—  
I never will answer ye nay.

"I shall never forget the looks of exaltation in the pale faces of the women, or the strange feeling of awe that came over me as I held my breath to catch the last faint lines of the hymn.

"The service, which had consisted of a short scripture reading, a brief address by the minister, Elder Henry, and remarks by several members, was mostly composed of singing. Elder Henry Blinn had a frank and noble face, and was the spiritual head of the family. He was very agreeable and cultivated, and an entertaining conversationalist. The women attended services bare-headed, except for the little lace cap, leaving their bonnets outside. They marched in, and all remained standing through the first part of the service. After the sermon they marched about in a sort of figure, singing and waving, or 'shaking' their hands with up-turned, palms. There was nothing indecorous or undignified about the movement, as I had anticipated there would be. Their fervor seemed like true exaltation of spirit and found true expression in their singing and in their faces."—New York Star.

## Interesting Mortality Statistics.

The registrar general has lately issued an interesting report based on the census returns, in which he gives an account of the varying mortality among males engaged in different occupations; though the comparison is necessarily modified by the fact that some industries require greater physical strength than others. Of all occupations, that of clergyman enjoys by far the lowest death rate; it is most nearly approached by the agricultural laborer, the mortality of the legal profession being set at a much higher figure. Still higher again is the death rate of the medical profession, which closely approximates that of slate and quarry men. The mere fact of having to do with horses and carriages, and the consequent liability to exposure, does not cause a high rate of mortality among grooms and private coachmen. On the other hand, the mortality of men directly connected in the liquor trade is said to be appalling, especially with regard to inn and hotel servants. Chimney-sweeping also seems to be a very unhealthy occupation, though the death rate in this branch is decreasing. In a very large proportion of occupations we are told that of late years the death rate between the ages of 25 and 45 has considerably fallen, while it has risen for those between 45 and 65 years. The death rates of coal miners are stated to be exceedingly low. The rate is highest in Monmouthshire; but even there, if deaths from accident are omitted, the mortality of miners is below that of the general male population. Probably they are picked men.—St. James's Gazette.

The word "pulpit," like "ferry-boat" and "outstanding women," occurs once in the Bible. It was Ezra that was in the pulpit.

Portland, Me., houses two hundred men possessing from \$100,000 to \$1,000,000 each.

## HOW IT HAPPENED.

BY LIZZIE BRADLEY CORNISH.

Effie Ford with tear-stained face sat amid a pile of formidable documents. She was in deep mourning. Only one week before, she had laid away the remains of her only surviving relative, in the shadow of the cross-crowned church over the hill. It was a dismal prospect for a girl of seventeen, and one who was absolutely ignorant of business. The Fords had always lived in luxury. But on his death-bed Mr. Ford called Effie to him; his articulation was imperfect, but she caught: "Bad investments, mortgage bonds. Poor! Poor \* \* \* Barker will tell you." A few gasps and it was over.

All day she had tried to bring order out of chaos. At last with a sigh she tossed the golden fringes from her forehead, as if even their light weight was an oppression.

"It is useless," she murmured, "I can make nothing of anything." Then suddenly she remembered, "Barker will tell you." The memory came with a sigh of relief.

A servant answered the bell.

"Take this to Mr. Barker," she ordered, "and wait for an answer."

It came in less than an hour.

"Mr. Barker will wait upon Miss Ford at five." She glanced at the clock. It lacked five minutes of the hour.

Barker was a lawyer in the same town. She had always known him, and she remembered that he had been with her father frequently before she went to school for the last time.

As he entered, Effie started. She had thought of him as rather elderly, but the man who stood before her was extremely handsome, and perhaps double her seventeen years.

"You are kind, Mr. Barker, to respond so promptly. I did not know what to do, to whom to turn. I can make nothing of papa's papers," she sighed wearily.

"Of course. What can you know about law?" and together they turned to the perplexing pile.

Barker ran his eye over paper after paper, and a startled look came into his eyes, keen lawyer's though they were.

"Are these all?" he asked.

"I believe so. Papa kept his papers in that secretary; and, Mr. Barker, I know from what he said, that there were losses—that I shall not be very well off. I do not mind," she said quickly, "other people are poor, why not I?"

"Some losses! Not as well off as she had been!" He regarded her queerly. Poor child! Did she know that house, lands, even the costly furniture was covered with mortgages? No, and he determined she never should know. He had no living relatives, and why should he do for this helpless girl what he would have liked some one to do for sister or wife of his?

"There will be something left after the debts are paid, will there not?"

The pretty pathetic eye looked squarely into his. He could not answer this child-woman with evasion. "If you will trust to me, Miss Ford, I will do my best. Your father trusted me upon several occasions." (he did not add, if that father had been guided by his judgment his daughter would not now be penniless) "and I am confident I know more of the business than anyone else." He waited her reply.

"Oh, yes, and thank you, Mr. Barker." With a childish, trustful motion, she slipped her hand in his. Barker's experience with women was bounded by aggressive little widows, and soul-terrifying Sally Brasses', and there was a queer little flutter in his manner as he hid her good-night.

Mr. Ford's affairs were in a hopeless tangle. Ruin was inevitable. Such was Barker's verdict after a perusal of the Ford papers. "Poor little thing!" he whispered to himself, "she shall never know if I can help it."

Out of these deeds and mortgages seemed to start the vision of a home—Eden, where certain eyes looked into his with bewildering love. Bah! What have sentimental love-dreams in common with an austere lawyer's office?

A puzzled face appeared at the office of Barker & Hawkins one day, not long after.

"I am sorry to worry you; but see here!" Effie produced a slip of paper which she held toward him. It stated the existence of a note, covering ten thousand dollars, principal and interest, held by one Isaacs & Tobias, brokers in a neighboring city.

"When did you receive this?" He avoided looking at the captivating face as much as possible.

"To-day; and, Mr. Barker, it must be paid. The ten thousand you saved for me will just cover it. Will you do it for me?"

"Yes, Miss Ford. It is fortunate,

however, that I changed the investment. By the new arrangement it has doubled. You can pay this bill and retain the same amount."

"I can? How nice! I thought I would have to go out as nurse maid or—something. Mr. Barker, when is your client coming, who owns the house? I feel as if I were an intruder, somehow."

"You are not. The favor is to him. I have his word for it."

She still lingered. "Mr. Barker, you have been so kind and good. I wish I could do something for you. If I can ever, will you let me?"

"Yes, Miss Ford."

Effie left the office with a queer dissatisfied feeling at her heart. Down the drowsing street, filled with lazy shadows, she strolled. As she turned a corner she collided with a rakish-looking youth. He recovered himself with an apology. There was such a frank look in his bright, blue eyes, that Effie took to him at once. He accompanied her as far as the gate, opened it, and, with a bow, turned toward the open plaza. "What a very, very nice, accommodating boy," was Effie's mental comment.

She met the "very nice boy" frequently after this. He was eighteen, and quite idle. He obtained a conventional introduction—Bert Gwynne was his name—and he constituted himself Effie's veritable double. On the street, at church, Mr. Bert Gwynne was always present, and he assumed the attitude with such an of-course-it-is-agreeable-to-you air, that Effie became incensed, and determined to give him a piece of her mind.

One day he commenced to poke fun at "Old Gabe Barker." Then the dynamite exploded.

"He's not old," she flashed.

"Forty if he's an hour," insisted the provoking.

"I say he is not," declared the frank little lady. "Anyhow he's not a presuming boy;" great acrimony in the last words.

"He'll make you marry him after a while; now you see. He bought up every one of those notes," cried the badly-conducted.

"What notes? Tell me!" Effie was aflame.

"Your father's. Who do you suppose paid the debts? Why, Gabe Barker, out of his own pocket. This very house belongs to him," continued he.

"You are a wicked person, and I don't believe one word you say," burst out Effie.

"It isn't such a mighty thing after all. I'd do ever so much more, Effie, if you'd let me. But you called me presuming, and it made me angry."

"So you are. I hate you, and I'm going this minute to Mr. Barker." She flung on her hat.

"I wouldn't. Let it alone. He's well able to do it if he wishes." Bert thought he had never seen Effie so desirable, as with that angry pout and the infinite air of scorn with which she regarded him.

"Mr. Barker, is it so? Tell me. I will know," with tear-flashed face she raided in upon him. "They say that papa died—insolvent, and—and you bought up his no-otes, and—tell me!" she implored passionately.

"Effie, don't! you will be ill. Who told you such cruel things?" He shuffled his papers in agitation.

"Bert Gwynne; he says it is the talk of the place, and—"

Heavens! What has she almost said: "He'll make you marry him after a while." He marry her! such an insignificant nobody.

"Effie, listen; I am not going to deny what I have done."

"Then you did! oh!" She went down by the stiff old client's chair in a heap, and hid her face in her hands.

"Child, what could I do? The creditors threatened. There was nothing to pay them, and you looked so little and helpless. Besides, it is only discharging an old obligation. Your father was very kind to me when I was a poor lad. Effie, don't be angry."

(Sob, sob from the rounds of the chair.)

"Is the house yours too?"

"By heavens, Effie, if you ask me anything more I'll deny everything," desperately.

"Is it, I say?" tempestuously.

"Yes."

Gabriel Barker was as abashed as if he had been confronted with selling illegal whisky.

"Do you hold those notes?"

"Confound that meddlesome Gwynne boy; I'll thrash him to-morrow, if I live). Yes, Effie, but they are yours. I have left them to you in my will. Here they are," laying a bundle in her lap.

"Take them away. I will not have them," she said excitedly. "Unless—Mr. Barker—you tell me how—I can pay—you."

"Will you, if I tell you, Effie?"

He opened his arms, and she crept close to his heart, whispering: "Yes, Gabriel."

"How could you afford it? Didn't it take quantities of money?"

"You remember an uncle who died in California a year ago? He left me a hundred thousand dollars. I have saved twenty-five thousand and the house; so you won't be quite destitute, sweet-heart."

"Destitute? Sheba's queen was not as wealthy. She didn't own my Gabriel."

They were married in the morning. That evening, as they sat together in the library (for they took no wedding journey), he leaned toward his white-robed treasure.

"Effie, will you burn those notes for me?"

He kindled a bright blaze on the wide hearth, and Effie took the fat bundle and commenced, woman-like, to untie it.

"No, no!" he objected, "burn it so."

"But it will burn quicker." The willful little fingers tugged at the strings.

"I desire you not to open it, Effie."

"But, Gabriel, I will." Out dropped a sealed letter, directed to "Miss Effie Ford." Underneath was scrawled, "To be delivered in case of my death." The despoiling fingers closed upon it greedily.

"No, Effie," he pleaded.

"Gabriel," solemnly, "listen, my idol, and believe me; I shall never be really happy unless I read this letter."

## The Grocer's New Boy.

A Michigan avenue grocer took on a new boy the other day, and when it came noon he catechised the lad as to the price of butter, sugar, eggs, clothespins and other articles which might be called for and went home to dinner feeling that the boy was all right. When he returned, after an hour, he missed a barrel of flour and asked what had become of it.

"Sold it!" was the proud reply.

"For cash?"

"No; the man said he had an account here."

"The infernal dead-beat! He took advantage of you!"

"Oh, no he didn't. He said he couldn't wait for us to deliver it, and he rolled it out the back way and went after a wagon to take it off. Oh, no—he didn't beat us any."

"But the flour is gone."

"Yes, but while this fellow was after a wagon another man came along and stole the barrel and got away with it! I'd like to see anybody take advantage of me!"—Detroit Free Press.

## Legal Phraseology.

If a man would, according to law, give to another an orange, instead of saying: "I give you that orange," which one would think would be what is called in legal phraseology "an absolute conveyance of all right and title therein," the phrase would run thus: "I give you all and singular my estate and interest, right, title and claim, and advantage of, all in and to that orange, with all its rind, skin, juice, pulp and pips, and all right and advantage therein, with full power to bite, cut, suck and otherwise eat the same, or give the same away as fully and effectually as I, said A. B., am now entitled to bite, cut, suck or otherwise eat the same orange, or give the same away with or without its rind, juice, pulp and pips, anything heretofore or hereafter, or in any other deeds, instrument or instruments of what nature or kind soever to the contrary in anywise notwithstanding."—Hall's Journal of Health.

## Sulphuric Butterine.

It is anything but reassuring to learn that during the last two months 10,000,000 pounds of lard have been used at Chicago in the manufacture of butterine. Sulphuric acid is used to neutralize the flavor, and just enough pure butter is mixed with it to make it pass muster. In the manufacture of oleomargarine, according to the testimony of a New York chemist, sugar of lead, sulphuric acid and boracic acid prominently figure among the sixty ingredients used. And yet it makes claim that it is a harmless compound.