

THE OREGON SCOUT.

VOL. II.

UNION, OREGON, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1886.

NO. 42.

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, \$1.00
Six months, .60
Three months, .30

Address all communications to A. K. Jones, Editor Oregon Scout, Union, Or.

Loage Directory.

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C. E. DAVIS, Secretary.
UNION LODGE, No. 36, 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.
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HIBERNATING ANIMALS.

The Almost Complete Cessation of All Signs of Life.

Animals vary much in their power to withstand extremes of heat or cold. I have seen gold fishes frozen up for several days in a solid cake of ice and come out in good condition; and it has been shown that many small forms of crustaceans, etc., are active, and evidently enjoy a life in the frozen sludge of the north. Experiments with the common snail, *Lymnaea stagnalis* show that it can be frozen, but its size and growth are greatly affected by cold, and a race of dwarf snails may be produced by breeding them in water.

In observing the hibernating animal we are impressed with the almost complete resemblance to death. The lowest temperature recorded in the Zigel or *Spermophilus citellus*, that during winter sleep had a temperature of 2 degrees centigrade. This curious animal maintains a temperature in many cases almost exactly like that of the air that surrounds it. Thus in one instance the thermometer gave 2 degrees above zero, and examination showed that this was the actual internal temperature of the animal. In another case the temperature of the room was 9 or 10 degrees, while that of the animal was 2 degrees lower, showing that a warm-blooded animal could become cold-blooded at such times.

Some of the other phenomena relating to hibernators is of more than passing interest. Thus, when an animal is recovering from the sleep or awakening, it would be natural to assume that this is the result of a rising temperature; but experiment has shown that this is not so in some cases. Thus, in the case of a weasel, it came out of the sleep without any change in the temperature of the room, which was 10 degrees centigrade, and what was more curious, the animal was two hours and forty-five minutes in awakening, the body temperature rising more rapidly during the second part of the time than the first. Thus, in the case of the weasel cited, the temperature rose about 6.6 degrees C. in the first hour and twenty-five minutes and 17 degrees in the following fifty minutes. In some experiment made with an English hibernating hedgehog, the animal's backbone was partly removed without awakening it, showing how deep is this strange, sleep-like condition. The bats of southern California are not hibernating as are their allies and cousins of the north, being very common on the foot-hills at night. A long-eared specimen appears to be quite common, resembling somewhat the famous vampire of South America. In the north the bats are among the first to enter upon the winter sleep; the first cold snap that destroys the insect life forces them to betake to hollow trees, etc., and there they hang either singly or in clumps until the following spring or summer. The winter sleep of the bat is remarkable for its resemblance to death. The most delicate instruments used to detect pulsation have failed when applied to them. Air that has surrounded a hibernating bat for hours has upon analysis failed to show evidence of having been breathed, and the little animals have been placed in illuminating gas that, under ordinary circumstances, would be fatal to them in a few seconds, without the least result. In fact, all the functions of life seemed at a standstill, the animal neither eating, digesting, growing, or hardly breathing—a condition but little understood even in this day of investigation.

The bears of southern California, the brown or cinnamon and grizzly, though frequenting the upper peaks of the Sierra Madre, roam about all winter, finding a sufficient food supply. The black and white bears are the familiar hibernators of the east and north. In New York state the former forms a burrow generally under the roots of a tree, in late November or before, and is soon snowed in, remaining all winter without food. When they go in they are fat, as a rule, but in the spring generally come out lean, hungry and savage, showing that they have relied to a certain extent upon their fat. The young of the white bear appear during this imprisonment of the mother, the breath of the latter and the cubs melting the ice of the frozen prison, and enlarging it. Kirby and Spence, English naturalists of the last generation, recorded a case of human hibernation. It was observed in India by an English officer of high rank. He was a skeptic, and had a grave dug in a place of his own selecting, and in it the native was placed, his mouth and nostrils having been closed, and the ground filled in. A guard was placed over it for three months, so the story goes, and at the end of this time the native was taken out, and in a few hours recovered. The numerous cases of long fasts and phenomenal sleepers that are so often reported in the papers would tend to show

that something of the kind might be possible, or at least probable.—*San Francisco Call.*

Mr. Wanamaker's Plan.

The greatest merchant in Philadelphia is Mr. Wanamaker. This is the theory upon which he places his advertising business: "There is always some trading doing, even in the dullest season, and we strive to divert the floating or transient trade to our place. Again, when business ordinarily is dull, people who see our invitations in the newspapers are more apt to read them for the reason that they have more time to read, and there are fewer advertisements then.

"Many merchants who have been in business for a certain number of years will say: 'Oh, we are so well known it is no use for us to advertise.' There never was a greater mistake. We would as soon think of canceling our insurance policies as our advertising contracts. We spend more money with newspapers each year that goes by; there are more people who want goods, and new trade is always coming to the surface.

"Advertising that is well done is cumulative in its character. It is like the compounding of interest. An advertisement in a daily paper one day will, in all probability, make a good return to the merchant who has the goods the people want at the right prices; each successive advertisement that he puts in gains an impetus and influence from the original one and so it counts up until the name of the firm gets what is equivalent to the 'good will' of a successful business, besides deriving the direct profit from immediate sales caused by the advertising.

"To advertise well, a merchant should give as much care to his newspaper space as he does to any other department of his business. As a general thing a merchant can well afford to spend in newspaper advertising from one-third to one-fifth the amount of all his other total expenses. If a man in business talks as earnestly through his newspaper when he is addressing one or two hundred thousand people, simultaneously, as when he is talking to one customer, he cannot fail to make a success of newspaper advertising."—*Philadelphia News.*

Nautch Girls.

The Nautch girls, or professional dancers of India, form one of the greatest sources of diversion to the natives of that country. They belong to a particular caste, which is held in similar estimation to that accorded snake charmers and jugglers. Selected on account of their personal beauty or unusual gracefulness, these girls are taught their art from childhood, and are forced to go through a severe course of training before they are allowed to appear at entertainments.

Many of them, when in the exercise of their profession, hardly deserve the name of "girls," as they are often seen performing with their grown-up daughters. Dancing girls generally sing as they dance, and are always accompanied by musicians playing on instruments resembling the violin and guitar. Their dances require great attention, as their feet are ornamented with anklets adorned with small bells, which must sound in concert with the music.

In general, the dresses of these Nautch girls may be said to be rich and gorgeous; and sometimes there is such an enormous quantity of colored petticoats and trousers, so many shawls wrapped about their waists, and such a variety of skirts peeping out, one below another, that their figures are almost entirely hidden.

Perfumes, flowers and trinkets all are employed to add further charms to these public favorites.

Nautch girls are paid according to their beauty, fineness of voice and skill in dancing, and are employed at weddings and all great festivities. In the palmy days of the profession, they used to receive incomes as large as those of the ministers at the courts of native kings.

Even in modern times, since their popularity has waned, a girl has been known to refuse a sum equivalent to \$5,000 for performing three nights. At present, however, a dancer of moderate celebrity can be engaged for a comparatively small sum.

A Narrow Escape.

In a suit at Denver a few days ago the defendant in a case was asked by the opposing counsel: "What did you pay for this silver mine originally?" "I gave a revolver and \$25, sir." "Did you take out any ore?" "No, sir; there was none to take out." "And yet you sold it to the plaintiffs (from the East) for \$28,000? Didn't you deliberately intend to swindle them?" "Oh, no, sir. I thought I was letting them get a mighty easy for a couple of men who were going to form a stock company and float out a hundred thousand shares at \$100 each on the counting public."—*Wall Street News.*

JOHN MORGAN'S DEATH.

The Great Rebel Raider Said to Have Been Betrayed.

No less frequently than once a year, writes a Greenville, Tenn., correspondent of *The Louisville Courier-Journal*, some crank in the north will revive the long ago exploded story that John Morgan still lives somewhere in Texas, and while this story is being run down another one is started that Gen. Morgan was killed while making his escape from the Columbus penitentiary. All these stories are received in Greenville with a smile, for there isn't an inhabitant here of mature years who lived here during the war who hasn't ocular proof that the great rebel raider bit the dust on a Sunday morning late in the year 1864 in the door-yard of the old Williams mansion, not a thousand yards from the East Tennessee depot, in Greenville. Morgan had come to Greenville leading possibly seven thousand men. They were all camped in three or four different divisions in the neighborhood of Greenville. Morgan, with two or three members of his staff, had been received as a guest in the old Williams mansion, then the finest and most stately of any in Greene county. There is a tradition current in Greenville that some one under the Williams roof betrayed the presence of the guest by sending word to Gen. Gilliam, who was then with his command at Bull's Gap, now known as Rogersville Junction, eighteen miles south of Greenville. At any rate, between the arrival of Gen. Morgan at the Williams home and the arrival of Gen. Gilliam there was just time for a messenger to go to Bull's Gap and for the union army to reach Greenville by forced marching. Gilliam arrived just before daylight. In discussing the history to-day a man who was a surgeon in Morgan's command said: "When the Yankees came up in the night it seemed for all the world to us that there was a million of 'em, and we just got up and dusted, and afterward learned that their army was smaller than ours."

Mr. Tom A. Baker, a marble-dealer of Morristown, Tenn., who lived in Greenville when Morgan was killed, told your correspondent to-day that on the fatal Sunday morning, while it was yet dark, he heard the firing, and, boy-like he hurried over to the Williams home not two minutes after Morgan fell. He said that the federals had stolen up to the house and surrounded it, when Morgan discovered their presence, and without the ceremony of dressing, but arrayed simply in shirt and drawers, made a dash for the street and the stable opposite where his horse was feeding. Through the darkness the federal soldiers could see the something in white fleeing, and a dozer shot was fired, one ball only hitting him, and that one pierced his heart. Said Mr. Baker: "I saw the dead man a moment after, and while the blood yet flowed from the gaping wound.

"I know when and where and how John Morgan died. His body was afterward thrown across a mule and carried up to Bristol, where it was buried and where it rested until the war closed, when Morgan's relatives moved it to Kentucky. The story that dignities or insults were offered the remains is all bosh."

It is related that old Rachel Foster, who lived near Greenville, and who was to the confederates what Mollie Pitcher was to the British, came trooping into Greenville, mounted on a mule, an hour after Morgan was dead, yelling like a savage and swearing in a way that would have made an apprenticed pirate envious: "Where is that ——— Morgan? I heard he's dead. Let me see his corpse. I'll not believe we'll not have to fight the d—d second year more till I look into his dead face." The folks of Greenville knew Rachel and made way for her to be satisfied. She looked into the dead face, ceased her blasphemy, remounted her mule and disappeared.

The English Rose.

Several years ago a beautiful English girl was married in Montreal to one of the handsomest Spanish gentlemen who had ever been in that city. After two years spent abroad the lady for some cause obtained a divorce, returned to America, and until very recently gave lessons in embroidery and water colors, and lived with an old family servant in rooms on Tremont street. Two months ago she was left nearly \$50,000 by the death of an uncle in Montreal, where she now is. As she brought letters to some of our best-known society ladies, she was able to earn plenty of money for her retired mode of life. It is safe to say that no handsomer face could be found in Boston than that of the "English Rose," as she was once called.—*Boston Beacon.*

Old fashioned red sealing wafers have come into use again, and already may be said to cover a multitude of correspondence.

Cattle Raising on the Plains.

During the winter of 1871 and 1872 I engaged in the handling of Texas cattle in the semi-arid belt of Kansas. I had provided no food for my stock. I knew that cattle could and did winter on the plains far north and west of where I was; but I did not know that there was a difference in the nutritious qualities of the different prairie grasses. I did not understand the peculiarities of the climate of the semi-arid belt, nor the effects of rain falling on dead grass. Stupid of me, of course, but I had plenty of company. My neighbors were bright Germans, intelligent Englishmen, and keen Americans from almost every State in the Union. We were a hopeful band, young, strong, and eager. When we gathered into our wretched hovels of nights, and the pipes were glowing, our talk was of cattle, cattle, cattle. The sales of steers off the range at six cents per pound, live weight, made the previous spring, were strongly dwelt upon. I was repeatedly assured that the Kansas winters were so mild that I would not need a coat. The height the new prairie grass would surely be on the 1st of March was measured on table legs by out-stretched and dirty index fingers for my instruction and encouragement. There was not one of all the band of eager men who rode the Kansas plains in those days who did not firmly believe that our fortunes were made. The country was full of cattle. November came in with a blizzard, and, with slight interruptions, kindly allowed by Nature for the purpose of affording us opportunities to skin dead cattle, the blizzard lasted until March, and the cold, stormy weather for two months longer. There was no new grass until the middle of May. In all the Texas herds held in Kansas the losses were heavy. Hardly a herd lost less than 50 per cent, and 60, 70, and 80 per cent losses were common. By spring we learned that great herds of heavy beef cattle, held on the Smoky, Cottonwood, and Arkansas rivers, had been frozen on the range, and that the Texans had saddled their horses and gone home. The creeks were dammed with the decaying carcasses of cattle. The air was heavy with the stench of decaying animals. The cruelties of the business of starving cattle to death were vividly impressed on me. Every wagon sent from the cattle ranges to the railroad towns was loaded with hides. The next summer, bankruptcy stalked over the Kansas plains and struck men down. Our trouble was that none of us knew that the tall blue-joint grass was worthless for winter feed unless it were made into hay, none of us knew that the fall rains had washed the nutriment out of it, and none of us knew that about once in ten years there is a hard winter in the far West, during which the mercury modestly retires into the bulb of the thermometer, and blizzard chases blizzard over the plains in quick succession. Some of us learned the lesson at once; others, who claimed that the cattle needed protection, not food, erected sheds, which proved to be death-traps, the cattle "stacking" under them during cold weather, and tried it again, and went into bankruptcy promptly after the second venture. As it was in Kansas, so it is, in a less degree, in the so-called "cattle country." A wet autumn, followed by a hard winter, kills the cattle held on the Northern ranges by the thousand.—*Frank Wilkinson in Harper's Magazine.*

A Matrimonial Discussion.

Stockton Wife—Our ideas of correcting children are really foolish. You whip them for small trifles and let great faults go unpunished.
Husband—That's right; talk away. It seems to amuse you, and don't hurt me. The next thing you say will probably be that you knew that I was a fool when you married me, and that you wouldn't have taken me if you could have gotten anybody else.
Wife—Oh, no; you are mistaken. I didn't know you were a fool when I married you.
Husband—Why is it that you didn't happen to see through me so clearly then as you do now?
Wife—Because the fool was not then a parent.—*Pacific Jester.*

Reaching His Grandmother's Heart.

"Gran'ma," said a boy of nine years, "how old are you?"
"About sixty-six," said the grandmother.
"You'll die soon, won't you, gran'ma?"
"Yes, dear, I expect to."
"And when I die, gran'ma, can I be buried 'side of you?"
"Yes, dear," said she, as her heart warmed towards the little one, whom she folded closer in her arms.
"Gran'ma," softly whispered the little rouse, "gimme 10 cents."—*Clinton Bugle.*

The Loss of the Oregon.

In the loss of the steamship *Oregon* the Cunard Line sustained its first grave mishap, and suffered the break of a record that has been singular for its freedom from accidents. Since its start the Cunard Line has been exceptionally fortunate in ocean travel, and those who are inclined to be superstitious may find something significant in the fact that the lost vessel was the first of this line of steamers with a name that did not end with the letter A. But the good luck of this old line seems even now to have stood it in good stead, inasmuch as the wreck was not attended by a single loss of life, a circumstance that attests the admirable discipline of the ship's crew and the excellence of the general management.

It was probably another fortunate chance that the *Oregon* did not have its full quota of passengers. Very rarely indeed does it happen that a Cunard steamer crosses the Atlantic with so small a burden of human freight as the *Oregon* carried, the rule being that all available space is taken, whereas the *Oregon* had less than two-thirds the number of people it was able to accommodate. This no doubt proved an advantage to the officers and men when the life-saving work began, as another four hundred of passengers would have added greatly to the confusion and so much increased the risks that it might have been impossible to avoid some loss of life.

Considering the vast travel back and forth across the Atlantic there are comparatively few disasters, and the loss of life does not begin to equal that occasioned by railroad catastrophes, even taking into account the great difference in the passenger traffic of the two systems. Though there are certain dangers that can not be escaped, now that travel is continuous throughout all seasons of the year, ocean voyaging has been reduced to practical safety by the various operating lines, vessels being better built and more competently manned than formerly, and the competitive spirit is more judiciously regulated. There are twenty-five steamship lines plying between European ports and New York, and the nature of their service may be determined from the fact that during the year 1885 they landed in New York 281,170 steerage and 55,160 cabin passengers.

The Central Line is, as is pretty generally known, the most favored by first-class passengers, because of the reputation for reliability and concern for its patrons it has always enjoyed. It carried 4,000 more cabin passengers than any other line last year. The North-German Lloyd, the Hamburg-American, the White Star, the Inman, and the Red Star lines are foremost in steerage passengers, the first named from Bremen, being far in the lead. Its steerage list last year numbers 68,395. The Hamburg line carried 38,943, and the Carr line also starting from Hamburg, 11,137 steerage passengers. The six lines, which include the Cunard, starting from Liverpool, carried 82,849 steerage. The two Glasgow lines carried 19,078. The line from Harve carried 11,551. These figures, which represent a very fair annual average, are given simply as indicating the principal sources and volume of immigration to this country from Europe, and the importance of the respective carriers.

The great considerations with people who pass back and forth for business or pleasure are comfort, convenience and speed, safety probably being the last thing the majority of travelers take into account in booking passage. There is, of course, a great rivalry between the chief passenger lines in these several particulars, and in recent years ocean steamers have become marvels of elegance and completeness in all possible directions. In the matter of speed the Cunard Line, with the steamer *Etruria*, leads the record, having made the trip from Queenstown to New York in six days, five hours, and forty-four minutes. The America, of the National Line, made the next best time, being but ten hours short of the *Etruria*'s record. Eight days is now thought to be rather slow time. The reference made above to the great excess of railroad accidents over those of ocean travel may be better appreciated when it is known that from 1873 to the end of ten months of 1885 there were killed by railroad accidents—not including accidents by walking on or crossing tracks, or falling from trains in motion—3,879 persons, and 15,997 were injured, a rather formidable showing when it is remembered how elaborate is the system now in operation for the avoidance of accidents.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

A Persian law says that a woman may marry at any time between the ages of one and thirty years. Evidently even the makers of laws as immutable as those of the Moslems and Persians knew that it was no use to oppose a woman when she gets the matrimonial idea into her head.