

THE OREGON SCOUT.

VOL. II.

UNION, OREGON, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1886.

NO. 45.

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, .50
Three months, .25
Invariably cash in advance.

If by any 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.

Local 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. LORAN, S. 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 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. VERNON RICE, Pastor.

ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH—Service every Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m.

REV. W. R. POWELL, Rector.

County Officers.

Judge, A. C. Craig
Sheriff, A. L. Saunders
Clerk, B. F. Wilson
Treasurer, A. F. Benson
School Superintendent, E. E. Allen
Surveyor, E. Simons
Coroner, E. H. Lewis
Commissioners, J. H. Hinehart, L. B. Rinehart, E. E. Taylor

City Officers.

Mayor, D. B. Rees
Councilmen, W. D. Beldeman, J. S. Elliott, J. B. Thompson, Jno. Kennedy, A. Levy, Recorder, M. F. Davis, Marshal, E. E. Allen, 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.

M. BAKER, J. F. BAKER,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,

AND REAL ESTATE AGENTS.

LA GRANDE, OREGON.

D. B. REES,

Notary Public

AND

Conveyancer.

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

H. F. BURLIEGH,

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.

J. W. STRANGE,

DENTIST

OFFICE—Corner Main and A Streets, Union, Oregon.

All work strictly first-class. Charges reasonable.

A. L. COBB, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Having permanently located in Alder, Union county, Oregon, will be found ready to attend to calls in all the various towns and settlements of the Willowa valley.

Chronic Diseases a Specialty.

My motto is: "Live and let live."

DEPOT HOTEL.

A. C. CRAIG, Proprietor.

(Union Depot, Oregon.)

Splendid accommodations for commercial men. Tables always supplied with the best market affords.

Hot and Cold Mineral Baths

KENTUCKY LIQUOR STORE

AND SODA FACTORY.

Cor. Main and I Sts., Union, Oregon.

SHEPHERD & BAILEY, Props.

Manufacturers and dealers in Soda Water, Sarsaparilla, Ginger Ale, Cream Soda and Champagne Cider, Syrups, etc. Orders promptly filled.

Daily Stage Line

From Union to the Cove.

J. S. ELLIOTT, Proprietor

Leaves Union at 10:30 a. m., and returns at 2:30 p. m. every day except Sunday

Fare from depot to Cove, 75

Round trip, \$1.25

Passengers will be taken from the depot through to Cove via Union.

JOHNSON & WILSON,

CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS

Main Street, Union, Oregon.

Plans and Specifications for Dwellings, Barns and Bridges furnished FREE OF CHARGE.

Bridge Building a Specialty.

All kinds of Cabinet Work neatly executed. Repairing done on short notice.

None but the best workmen employed, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Call and interview us.

FRUIT AND SHADE

TREES

APPLE, PEAR, PLUM, PRUNE, PEACH,

APRICOT, CRABAPPLE, CHERRY.

SHRUBBERY AND SHADE TREES

Of well known varieties, suitable for this climate. Can also furnish foreign sorts at one-third the price asked for eastern canvassers. I desire to sell trees at prices that people can afford to buy.

DR. VAN IS THE MOST SUCCESSFUL CATARRH, Lung and Throat Doctor in America. He will tell you your trouble without asking you a single question, and WARRANTS PERMANENT CURE in the following cases: NERVOUS DEBILITY, Spermatorrhea, Seminal Losses, Sexual Decay, Falling Memory, Weak Eyes, Stunted Development, Lack of Energy, Impoverished Blood, Pimples, Impediment to Marriage, also Blood and Skin Diseases, Syphilis, Eruptions, Hair Falling, Bone Pains, Swellings, Sore Throat, Ulcers, Effects of Mercury, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Weak Back, Burning Urine, Incontinence, Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Stricture, receives searching treatment, prompt relief and cure for life.

NERVOUS Diseases (with or without dreams), Discharges cured promptly without hindrance to business.

BOTH SEXES consult confidentially. If in trouble call or write. Delays are dangerous.

Diseases of the Eye or Ear, Ulceration or Catarrh, internal or external, Deafness or Paralysis, Singing or Roaring Noises, Thickened Drum, etc., permanently cured. LOST MANHOOD perfectly restored.

CANCERS AND TUMORS permanently removed without the knife or caustic.

Medicine compounded and furnished to all patients at office—strictly pure and vegetable. Guarantee of permanent cures in all cases undertaken. Consultation free and strictly confidential. All correspondence promptly attended to; medicine sent by express to any address free from exposure. Call or address Private Dispensary, Nos. 132-134 Third St., Portland, Oregon. Terms strictly cash. Office hours 8 a. m. to 8 p. m.

Dr. Van Monciscar

132-134 Third Street, Portland, Oregon

IS a regular graduate in medicine; has been longer engaged in the special treatment of all Venereal, Sexual and Chronic Diseases than any other physician in the West, as city papers show, and old residents know; \$1,000 reward for any case which he fails to cure, coming under his treatment, by following his directions.

DR. VAN is the most successful Catarrh, Lung and Throat Doctor in America. He will tell you your trouble without asking you a single question, and WARRANTS PERMANENT CURE in the following cases: NERVOUS DEBILITY, Spermatorrhea, Seminal Losses, Sexual Decay, Falling Memory, Weak Eyes, Stunted Development, Lack of Energy, Impoverished Blood, Pimples, Impediment to Marriage, also Blood and Skin Diseases, Syphilis, Eruptions, Hair Falling, Bone Pains, Swellings, Sore Throat, Ulcers, Effects of Mercury, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Weak Back, Burning Urine, Incontinence, Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Stricture, receives searching treatment, prompt relief and cure for life.

NERVOUS Diseases (with or without dreams), Discharges cured promptly without hindrance to business.

BOTH SEXES consult confidentially. If in trouble call or write. Delays are dangerous.

Diseases of the Eye or Ear, Ulceration or Catarrh, internal or external, Deafness or Paralysis, Singing or Roaring Noises, Thickened Drum, etc., permanently cured. LOST MANHOOD perfectly restored.

CANCERS AND TUMORS permanently removed without the knife or caustic.

Medicine compounded and furnished to all patients at office—strictly pure and vegetable. Guarantee of permanent cures in all cases undertaken. Consultation free and strictly confidential. All correspondence promptly attended to; medicine sent by express to any address free from exposure. Call or address Private Dispensary, Nos. 132-134 Third St., Portland, Oregon. Terms strictly cash. Office hours 8 a. m. to 8 p. m.

GREELEY AND BROWN.

The Circumstances in Which the two Met for the First Time.

It will perhaps surprise many to learn that Horace Greeley and Gratz Brown never met but once. They did not know each other when they were nominated, and their only chat or conference was at the house of Dr. Steele in Bond Street, where Mr. Brown was a guest after his return from New Haven, where he had gone to attend the commencement exercises. Maj. James Haggerty, who has since made such a successful canvass as an independent Tammany candidate for re-election to the assembly, of which he has been a member for the last three years, was then a staunch Republican. He held a position in the custom house secured through the influence of Mr. Greeley, of whom he was a great admirer, and whose personal friendship he enjoyed. He determined to follow him in his change of politics and resign his position in order to take the stump for the liberal ticket. Maj. Haggerty was present at the interview between the two men and talked to me the other day about the incidents of their meeting.

"It was on a Sunday afternoon, shortly after the nominations were made, that Mr. Greeley sent for me," said Maj. Haggerty, "to meet him at his hotel. He said, on my arrival: 'Mr. Brown is in town, and it is time I called upon him.' We went to the house of Dr. Steele, in Bond Street, where Mr. Brown was a guest. After the introductions were over Mr. Brown began, with some testiness of manner: 'You were not in any great hurry to call upon me.'"

"I didn't know whether you were quite ready to receive me," was Mr. Greeley's reply, and, after some further conversation in a jocose vein, Mr. Brown put the query abruptly, but pleasantly: 'Greeley, how much are you worth?'"

"Well," said Mr. Greeley, in his peculiar way, "if I could sell all I have of Tribune stock and farm stock at a fair valuation I ought to realize at least \$100,000." Mr. Brown seemed somewhat surprised at the reply, and Mr. Greeley laughed heartily and then asked: 'By the way, Mr. Brown, how much are you worth? How much have you made out of journalism?'"

"Mr. Brown's face assumed an expression of seriousness, which quickly changed to indignation as he replied: 'Nothing.'"

"But, Mr. Brown," rejoined Mr. Greeley, "ain't you pretty well fixed?'"

"Yes, I am pretty well fixed, and I'll tell you how I came to be so. I found myself with a young wife when I was sent flying out of the editorship of the Missouri Democrat. I still felt myself a great man, but somehow the faces of the leading men of St. Louis had taken on a new expression toward me. There were dinners given to which I was not invited, receptions at which my presence was not deemed important. Then I began to feel the squeeze of poverty and I thought I would start a new journal. Of course I went to the men I had helped to charter, to power, and position. They no longer addressed me as 'My dear Brown.' It was 'My dear fellow.' I was no longer the editor, but a beggar."

"Well, Mr. Greeley, I concluded to go to Jefferson City, and instead of getting a charter for somebody else I resolved to get one for myself, and I obtained one for a street railroad in St. Louis." I think, though I am not clear," said the Major, "that he built the first horse-railroad in that city. He continued: 'Then I bought a farm outside St. Louis and found slate on it. I think I have reason to put myself down as worth now or in the near future \$500,000.'"

"But I would rather be poor to the extent of being breadless than to realize, as I have done, the infirmity and treachery of man. Now, young man (turning to me), 'I don't want to make a bad impression on you, but if you are in politics for a living take my advice and give it up. Apply your energies in selling matches, even at retail, three boxes for a penny, and it will bring you peace and happiness.'"

"The conversation then became more general, and Mr. Greeley referred to certain disparaging statements against Mr. Brown that had been going through the papers, and Mr. Brown again fired up. 'I would not be your managing editor,' he said, 'for all the world, for I know that I should hate you; while you are a kindly man with a lot of benevolence I know that you would hurt my feelings twenty times a day. No man of real strong individuality and intellectual power could be your subordinate and not hate you.' Mr. Greeley's face lengthened and he slowly replied: 'I've thought of that myself.' 'You are not an unkind man,' returned Mr. Brown, with less asperity,

'but you have the art of offending.'

"So the two men parted, and, I think, with mutual esteem. They never saw each other again."

Safety Instincts of Fish.

In the labors of a fish culturist in restocking depleted waters, he has many things to contend against which can be avoided in dealing with stock on our farms, in that we cannot keep the fish separated. We oftentimes find that certain waters are adapted to some of the most choice varieties, and in the same localities will be found some of their most deadly enemies.

It is astonishing to see how quickly young fish learn to distinguish their enemies. They show a great deal of shrewdness and cunning in escaping from them. In fact it seems to be born in them, and it is undoubtedly that instinct for self-preservation with which every organism that possesses animal life seems to be endowed.

The home of nearly all kinds of young fish is near the shore, and if by chance, in search of food or otherwise, they should happen to get too far out and an unforeseen enemy should suddenly make his appearance, they set their little propellers in rapid motion to reach the shallow water where the larger fish cannot go; and when a little fellow reaches the goal, if he is not too frightened, I have no doubt but that he chuckles to himself to think how he has fooled his pursuer, or as I have seen them when they were so far out that they could not gain the shore before they would be overtaken and devoured, they will with a quick turn of the body suddenly dive into the mud on the bottom. On one occasion which came under my observation, a club was making for a little trout, doubtless smacking his lips in anticipation of the tempting morsel, when suddenly he disappeared, leaving his clubship standing in mute astonishment as to what had become of his prey.—Seth Green in American Agriculturist.

Where the Newspaper Goes.

You enter one of the simple country houses of New England, at some distance, it may be, from any railroad station or busy manufacturing center. It is a lonely looking place, for the children of the house have grown up and gone away, and the farmer and his wife are growing old. The routine of their lives is narrow, and they go through it day by day, as if nothing in the world were quite so important as that. You fancy that this elderly couple will be found sojourning still in the Middle Ages. But look about you, my friend, and you will see, that once or twice a week it brings to these persons tidings from the ends of the earth. You will find, that they have more time to read, and to keep the run of affairs than you in your busy city life, and when you sit down to talk with them, you will learn that they are not fossils, but well informed, and perhaps cultivated people. They know something not only about agriculture, but about manufactures, science and art, about social life in other places and countries. And so, while they linger beneath the old moss-covered roof, they are not shut in by the line fences of their farm, or by the bounds of their town; their view embraces the great wide world of humanity. And the window through which they look, or rather the mirror in which they see it all reflected, is the newspaper.—American Agriculturist.

Alcohol and Health.

The evil effects of alcohol when used as a beverage are becoming thoroughly appreciated. The moral degradation, the mental impairment, and the destruction of the physical structure of arteries, heart, liver, kidneys and brain that follow abuse of this substance are known. The further fact that it alone among human agents can be depended upon to keep the heart going that has been weakened by acute disease should add to the arguments against its habitual employment in health. When thus abused in health and in youth, its benefits in disease and in old age are "discounted," and the hands of the physician are practically paralyzed when he has to deal with typhoid fever, pneumonia, etc., in the habitual drunkard. Like opium and other valuable medicines used when not needed, alcohol becomes useless when it is needed. The foolish, who thus abuse one of the most valuable of the gifts of science, must pay for their folly, that they do have to pay for it with strength, intellect, or life itself destroyed while they ought naturally to be in full vigor, is only natural—nature's method to permit the "survival of the fittest."—St. Louis Democrat.

A horticulturist of Sonoma county, California, has raspberries which bear every month in the year except January.

THE ACADIAN WILD MAN.

A Faithless Woman's Work--Thirty Years of Silence.

Down in the rich alluvial delta of Louisiana there winds to the sea a slow brown bayou called the Terrebonne, from the fertility of the black loamy land through which it flows. Big sugar plantations lie along its course, but near the mouth are the homes of many Acadians, for this was one of the streams along which they settled in Louisiana.

They cultivate little rice farms and orange groves, and live in summer upon their fishing and the produce of their gardens in winter—upon the game that abounds in the marshes. Since their exile they, like the Bourbons, have forgotten nothing and have learned nothing. Their language, customs, and manners are identically the same as the day when

With the turn of the tide the ships sailed out of the harbor, and the coasts of their beloved land grew misty with distance.

In among these thriving little farms is a large tract of land, a melancholy, weedy waste. Great forest trees have grown up in the midst of what were fair fields that waved with golden rice. Fences and boundaries long ago rotted away. The ditches are choked with grass and young willows grow along their line. The whole is matted with the

FANGLED GROWTH OF THE LAVISH VEGETATION

brought up from this fertile soil by the tropical suns and wild rains. Sometimes at dusk you will catch a glimpse of a bent figure skulking away from the door of a ruined cottage whose chimneys have fallen in, whose roof is a green pulpy mass of lichen, and whose walls totter forward to a fall. The neighbors will explain that it is only old Allandin, the wild man.

If you will lie in wait about this hour of the day, concealed in the underbrush, you may catch a closer glimpse of him. He looks 70, but is not really so old. His once tall form is bent, and he walks with the quick, creeping movements of an animal. Long gray hair hangs in filthy matted locks to his waist, and mingles with his great sweeping beard. Two large dark eyes gaze out from a wrinkled, pallid face through the rough hair, with a glare like a cat. His hands are like rough, knotted claws, and his whole body has a growth of coarse hair upon it. His only covering is a pair of brown blankets, through which a hole has been torn to admit his head, and he creeps silently away every night into the forest swamps. This is the story the neighbors tell:

Thirty years ago there was no more prosperous farm in the parish than that of Etienne Allandin, and no more respected man than his rich young owner. He was alone in the world with the exception of some distant cousins, but his friends were many, and he was betrothed to a pretty young girl who was to marry him in the next March.

His face was plain, except for his splendid dark eyes, but he had a warm gentle heart, and was a fine parti, so that he would not have asked any parent round for twenty miles for their daughter in vain. According to

OLD ACADIAN USAGE

he built a new house that winter spending loving care upon the nest that was to hold his little mate.

The wedding day approached. The happy bridegroom made ready the marriage corbeille, as was usual, only his gifts were the most splendid ever seen in that simple neighborhood. The wedding gown was of real white silk, the veil, wreath of wax orange flowers, with the white shoes and gloves had come all the way from New Orleans.

He rose early that lovely March morning and arrayed himself carefully in his black, shiny clothes, casting tender amused glances at the little feminine garments lying on that pride of every Acadian woman's heart, a plump, strong bed with ruffled pillows. He was making up a parcel of those garments ready to be carried to the bride when an embarrassed and sympathetic delegation came to inform him that the bride had disappeared. She had eloped with a handsome young good-for-naught who had been refused by her parents, and had left not a word for her betrothed. Allandin stood like a man stunned; then he turned every one out, and shut himself in with his ruined happiness.

Soon the neighbors whispered that the new house was empty, and Allandin had gone away to the swamp. From that day he never spoke to any human being. All day the man hid in his house, and with nightfall went to the forest, and like a wild beast sought his food. Crawfish, lizards, field mice, and birds, eaten raw, were his sustenance. His hair and beard grew long and tangled, his clothes fell to pieces, and a

blanket became his only garb. In all these thirty years he has never spoken, and now he knows no human language. His only sounds are a few inarticulate cries, and he shuns his kind like a hunted animal. The sympathetic Acadians have never disturbed him, and at nights when they hear a faint echo from the swamps of a wild human cry, they look sadly at each other and say: "C'est le pauvre Allandin ca!"—New York Sun.

Selection of Fruit Trees.

I shall speak first of apples, pears, and cherries, and I have been at some pains to secure the opinions of eminent horticulturists as to the best selections of these fruits for the home table, not for market. When there is a surplus, however, there will be no difficulty in disposing of the fine varieties named.

The Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, the veteran president of the American Pomological Society, writes as follows: "Herewith is the selection I have made for family use, but I could put in as many more in some of the classes which are just as desirable, or nearly so. These have been made with reference to covering the seasons. Apples—Rhode Astrakhan, Porter, Gravenstein, Rhode Island Greening, Baldwin, Roxbury Russett, and Sweet Bough for baking. Pears—Clapp's favorite (to be gathered August 20), Bartlett, Seckel, Sheldon, Beurre Bose, Beurre d'Anjou, and Vicar of Winkfield for baking, etc. Cherries—Black Eagle, Black Tartarian, Downer, Windsor, Cumberland, and Red Jacket."

Mr. Wilder's honored name, like that of the late Charles Downing, is inseparably linked with American fruits, and the country owes these two men a debt of gratitude which never can be paid for their life-long and intelligent efforts to guide the people wisely in the choice and culture of the very best varieties. A moment's thought will convince the reader that I am not giving too much space to this matter of selection. We are now dealing with questions which wide and varied experience can best answer. Men who give their lives to the cultivation of fruits in all their myriad varieties acquire a knowledge which is almost invaluable. We can not afford to put out trees, to give them good culture, and wait for years only to learn that all our care has been bestowed on inferior or second-rate varieties. Life is too brief. We all feel that the best is good enough for us, and the best usually costs no more in money than do less desirable varieties. Therefore I seek to give on this important question of choice the opinions of some of the highest authorities in the land.

Mr. A. S. Fuller is not only a well known horticultural author, but has also had the widest experience in the culture and observation of fruit. He prefaces his opinion with the following words: "How much and how often we horticulturists have been puzzled with questions like yours! If we made no progress, were always of the same mind, and if seasons never changed, then perhaps there would be little difficulty in deciding which of the varieties of the different kinds of fruit were really the best. But seasons, our tastes, and even the varieties sometimes change, and our preferences and opinions must vary accordingly. Apples—Early Harvest, Fall Pippins, Spitzenburgh, Rhode Island Greening, Autumn Sweet Bough, and Talman's Sweet. Cherries—Early Purple Guigne, Bigarreau of Mezel, Black Eagle, Coe's Transparent, Governor Wood, and Belle Magnifique."

The choice of Mr. E. S. Carman, editor of the Rural New-Yorker: "Apples—Early Harvest, Gravenstein, Jefferis, Baldwin, Mother, Spitzenburgh. Pears—Seckel, Tyson, Clapp's Favorite, Bartlett, Beurre d'Anjou, and Dana's Hovey. Cherries—Black Tartarian, Coe's Transparent, Governor Wood, Mezel, Napoleon Bigarreau."

The authorities appear to differ. And so they would in regard to any locality, but it should be remembered that President Wilder advises for the latitude of Massachusetts, Messrs. Fuller and Carman for that of New Jersey. I will give now the selection of the eminent horticulturist Mr. P. C. Berekman for the latitude of Georgia: "Cherries (this is not a good cherry-producing region, but I name the following as the best in order of merit)—Butners, Governor Wood, Belle de Choisy, Early Richmond, and May Duke. Pears (in order of maturity)—Clapp's Favorite, Seckel, Duchesse, Beurre Superfine, Leconte, Winter Nellis, or Glout Morceau. Apples—Early Harvest, Red June, Carter's Blue, Stevenson's Winter, Shockley, Buncombe, Carolina Greening."

He who makes his choice from these selections will not meet with much disappointment.—E. P. Roe, in Harper's Magazine.

A new laboratory is being erected at Yale college at a cost of \$133,000