THE OREGON SCOUT.

VOL. II. UNION, OREGON, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1886. NO. 47.

THE OREGON SCOUT.

An independent weekly journal, issued eve y 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 1 00
" " Three months 75
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.

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. 39, 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 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 ..... J. L. Hindman
Surveyor ..... E. Simonis
Coroner ..... E. H. Lewis

COMMISSIONERS.

Geo. Ackles ..... Jno. Stanley
State Senator ..... L. B. Rinehart

REPRESENTATIVES.

F. T. Dick ..... E. E. Taylor

City Officers.

Mayor ..... D. B. Rees

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S. A. Pursel ..... W. D. Beideman
J. S. Elliott ..... J. B. Thompson
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 4:20 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.

M. BAKER. J. F. BAKER.
BAKER & 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, 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.
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Office in Union, Oregon.

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All work strictly first-class. Charges reasonable.

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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 Wallowa valley.
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My motto is: "Live and let live."

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KENTUCKY LIQUOR STORE
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SHERMAN & RALEY, Props.
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Round trip $1 25
Passengers will be taken from the depot through to Cove via Union.

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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 me.

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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 by eastern canvassers. I desire to sell trees at prices that people can afford to buy.
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Dr. Van Monciscar
132-134 Third Street, Portland, Oregon
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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:
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BOTH SEXES consult confidentially. If in trouble call or write. Delays are dangerous.
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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.

INDUSTRIAL BRIEFLETS.

The Tennessee board of health reports that there is a condition of the egg, very little known, which considerably impairs its sanitary value as an article of food. Soon after it became the practice to transport eggs in large quantities and to long distances by railway trains it was found on their arrival that adhesion had taken place between the membranes of the yelk and those of the shell, so that the yelk could not be turned out of the shell unbroken. On examination by experienced pathologists this was found to be precisely the same as that of the plastic exudation in inflammation of the lungs or bowels. It will at first seem absurd to speak of inflammation in such an unformed mass as an egg, but this arises from our forgetting that, structureless and unorganized as it seems, the egg, even when fresh-laid, is a living being and capable of disease from external causes. The cause of this inflammation is undoubtedly the shaking and friction from the motion of the cars, and it can not but render the egg more or less unhealthy, as the products of inflammation can never be as salutary in food as those of healthy growth.

A London paper says a project is on foot for the establishment of a colonial school and training farm for young men intending to engage in agriculture abroad. The undertaking is approved of and supported by the head-masters of our great public schools, and many more who may be considered to have knowledge of the need of such an institution from the home point of view. At present there are thousands of young men annually leaving these shores for our colonies, of whom only a very small proportion are fitted in any way for the life on which they are entering; consequently the number of failures is lamentable. An institution at which some practical experience can be acquired of agriculture, stock-raising, and the other acquirements of colonial country life, and at which the capabilities of the intending colonist will be severely tested, may commend itself to those, and to that numerous class seeking in our colonial empire a field for the enterprise of its sons.

The Standard Cattle company of Cheyenne, Wyoming, is about to construct an immense feeding establishment, including 5,000 acres of land, at Ames, Nebraska. The building will consist of feeding barn, elevator, and cribs, meal houses, offices, etc. The feeding barn will contain 3,000 stalls, and is expected to turn out yearly 8,000 to 10,000 fat beeves. It is expected that 300,000 to 500,000 bushels of corn and 8,000 to 10,000 tons of hay will be fed annually. This is the second great enterprise of the kind established in Nebraska in connection with ranches on the plains and the great mountain valleys of the Rockies. These "fatteries," as they have been called, may eventually change the whole character of the grazing interests of the great plains ranches.

A correspondent of *The Texas Stockman*, in writing about marketing of mohair, says: I have received returns from my mohair. Though it was but six months' growth, I received 60 cents for the best, which was about one-sixth of the amount shipped. The price averaged 30 cents. One of my neighbors received 90 cents for his best mohair, fall clip. They wrote me that I should have rolled each fleece up separately, which I shall do this spring. The outside of the fleece should be rolled out. I expect a better price for this spring's clip, as the hair is longer than in the fall. Goats will yield more when shorn twice a year, and it is better for the goats.

To have a fine crop of large, rich currants, enrich the ground, make it clean and mellow, and thin out the brush. Cut away the old stunted wood and leave the vigorous young shoots. Let them occupy equal distances from each other and give the bushes in some degree a regular form. No fruit is more neglected than the currant, the bushes being allowed to become enveloped in weeds and grass and the enfeebled bushes allowed to grow into a mass of brush. The difference in the size of the berries raised in the two modes is about as one to four.

Cyrus T. Fox, in his "Experiences of a Lifetime," read before the Pennsylvania Horticultural association, ascribes much of the failure of fruit trees of late years to exhaustion of the soil, and not to diseases and insects, and he recommends a more generous treatment. He measured an apple tree in his neighborhood which was over five feet in diameter five feet from the ground, and it was in a thrifty and vigorous condition. He thinks it is the largest apple tree in the world. It grows on high, gravelly ironstone land. Another tree was nearly as large.

Although the old reliable Wilson is a good firm market berry, it is acid in its ripest stage, and some better kind may be grown for family use. The Sharpless has an excellent reputation as a family berry, being not only sweet, but large and well flavored. The Manchester and Crescent are regarded as excellent on light soils, but require being alternated with varieties that are both staminate and pistilate. In selecting varieties for home use this must not be overlooked, as many varieties will not produce unless fertilized by other kinds.

Horseradish should be planted as early in the season as possible, or just as soon as the ground can be properly prepared, and if large roots are desired the soil cannot be made too rich and deep. In planting always use the sets. These are the rootlets or branches of the main root, which are too small for table use. They are cut into pieces about four or five inches in length, and in such a manner that there will be no danger of setting the roots upside down. Sets planted upside down will never make good roots.

Prof. Caldwell says that some experiments made with common salt proved that the soil of a grass plat which had been dressed with it was found to contain, ten days after a rain had fallen on it, twice as much water as an adjoining lot which had received no salt. The plants on the salted portion were growing vigorously, while those on the unsalted plat were suffering from drought. This was obviously an exceptional case, but it shows promise from similar trials.

D. Dareste, a Frenchman who is addicted to experimenting with eggs, has ascertained the fact that the yelk of an egg is lighter than the white or albuminous portion. He suspended an egg in a given position, marking the upper side, and after it had remained a month in this position it was carefully lowered into a saucepan and boiled. The yelk was found adherring to the membrane of the upper side of the shell.

G. Cowing, of Indiana, says that, having mislaid a paper of gourd seed, which he intended to plant early in the spring, he did not plant them till June. The exterior of the seed had become hard and dry; so he carefully split the shells at once planting the germs. They came up in a short time, and grew vigorously till autumnal frost, and produced the only satisfactory crop of gourds he ever raised.

Every man in California recently received $600 for a single cherry tree. It was required to be removed to make way for the New Almaden railroad; the owner demanded $900 for it; experts were appointed, and it was proved that the tree had for years yielded the owner crops of fruit which sold for sums equivalent to the interest on the amount claimed. By a compromise $600 was accepted for the tree.

Mr. B. C. Johnson, of Champaign, Ill., states as the result of his observation that good crops of broom-corn can not be raised many years in succession on the same land, even if a considerable quantity of manure be annually applied to it. It appears to exhaust the fertility of the soil much quicker than common corn, small grain, or potatoes.

Prof. Brown says that the experience of thirty years convinces him that of all animals on the farm the pig is the most free from dental irregularities; and the evidence of age, which a skilled inspector may obtain from a careful examination of the teeth, may be accepted as free from any suspicion of error.

If large watermelons are desired for show or exhibition purposes, give the vines a very deep, well-enriched soil, and do not permit more than one fruit to remain on a vine. Pinch back the leading shoots occasionally, and be very careful not to injure the vine in any way during its season of growth.

Mr. J. J. H. Gregory is authority for a report that a Mr. Curtis, a farmer of Peabody, Mass., has a variety of apples so like a Baldwin that it cannot be distinguished from that variety and that it appears to have the remarkable power to reproduce itself true to type from the seed.

Mr. I. K. Felch gives a formula for a chicken food which he says will give a pound extra in 12 weeks, or a 20 per cent. gain in the egg basket. Twenty pounds of corn, 15 pounds of oats, 10 pounds of parsley, 10 pounds of wheat bran, to be ground fine and well mixed.

A writer in *The Poultry-Keeper* keeps what he calls "home-made tincture of iron" in a bottle of water in which a handful of rusty nails has been placed. A little of this glaced in the hens' drinking-water adds greatly to their health, he thinks, but it may be doubted.

A farmer in central New York, where beans are raised, says the best crops are produced when they are planted in hills two[illegible] apart each way, and the soil worked with a narrow cultivator. He advises planting from five to seven beans in a hill.

ADVISING A YOUNG AUTHOR.

The following correspondence is now given to the press for the first time with the consent of the parties:

Wm. Nye, Esq.:

DEAR SIR—I am a young man, 20 years of age, with fair education and a strong desire to succeed. I have done some writing for the press, having written up a very nice article on progressive euchre, which was a great success and published in our home paper. But it was not copied so much in other papers as I would like to have saw it, and I take my pen in hand at this time to write and ask you what there is in the article enclosed that prevents its being copied abroad all over our broad land. I write just as I hope you feel perfectly free to write at any time. I think that writers ought to aid each other. Yours with kind regards.

ADELBERT L. TEWEY.

P. O. Box 202.

I have carefully read and pondered over the dissertation on progressive euchre which you send me, Adelbert, and I cannot see why it should not be ravenously seized and copied by the press of the broad, wide land referred to in your letter. If you have time perhaps it would be well enough to go to the leading journalists of our country and ask them what they mean by it. You might write till your vertebræ fell out of your clothes on the floor, and it would not do half as much good as a personal conference with the editors of America. First prepare your article, then go personally to the editors of the country and call them one by one out into the hall, in a current of cold air, and explain the article to them. In that way you will form pleasant acquaintances and get solid with our leading journalists. You have no idea, Adelbert, how lonely and desolate the life of a practical journalist is.

Your fresh young face and your fresh young ways and your charming grammatical improvisations would delight an editor who has nothing to do from year to year but attend to his business.

Do not try to win the editors of America by writing poems beginning:

Now the merry goatlet jumps,
And the trifling yaller dog,
With the tin can madly humps
Like an acrobatic frog.

At times you will be tempted to write such stuff as this, and mark it with a large blue pencil and send it to the papers of the country, but that is not a good way to do.

Seriously, Adelbert, I would suggest that you make a bold dash for success by writing things that other people are not writing, thinking things that other people are not thinking, and saying things that other people are not saying. You will say that this advice is easier to give than to take, and I agree with you. But the tendency of the age is to wear the same style of collar and coat and hat that every other man wears, and to talk and write like other men; and to be frank with you, Adelbert, I think it is an infernal shame. If you will look carefully about you, you will see that the preacher who is talking mostly to dusty pew cushions is also the preacher who is thinking the thought of other men. He is "up-ending" his barrel of sermons annually, and when they were made in the first place from the sermons of a man who also "up-ended" his barrel annually. Go where the preacher is talking to full houses, and you will discover that his sermons are full of humanity and originality. They are not written in a library by a man with interchangeable ideas, an automatic cog wheel thinker, but they are prepared by a man who earnestly and honestly studies the great aching heart of humanity, and full of sincerity, originality and old-fashioned Christianity, appeals to your better impulses.

How is it with our poetry? As a fellow-traveler and seasick tourist across life's tempestuous tide, I ask you Adelbert, who is writing the poetry that will live? Is it the man who is sawing out and sand-papering stanzas of the same general dimensions as some other poet, in which he bewails the fact that he loved a tall, well-behaved, accomplished girl, sixteen hands high who did not requite his love?

Ah, no. He is not the poet whose terra cotta statue will stand in the cemetery, wearing a laurel wreath and a lumpy brow. Show me the poet who is intimate with nature and who studies the little joys and sorrows of the poor, who smells the clover and writes about live, healthy people with ideas and appetites. He is my poet.

I apologize for speaking so earnestly, Adelbert, but I saw by your letter that you felt kindly toward me, and rather invited an expression of opinion on my part. So I have written more freely, perhaps, than I otherwise would. We are both writers. Measurably so, at least. You write on progressive euchre, and I write on anything that I can get hold of.

So let us agree here and promise each other that, whatever we do, we will not think through the thinker of another man. The Great Ruler of the universe has made and placed upon earth a good many millions of men, but he never made any two of them exactly alike. We may differ from every one of the countless millions who have preceded us, and still be safe. Even you and I, Adelbert, may agree in many matters, and yet be very dissimilar. At least, I hope so, and I presume you do also.

In the language of the late Lydia E. Pinkham, Yours for health,

BILL NYE.

German Superstition.

As a rule Germans are not gamblers; but they play sometimes, and when they do they like to win, so there are charms that secure their success. Here is one of them in rough outline. It is by far the worst and most blasphemous we have heard of in central Germany—a distinct piece of witchcraft, as it seems to us. To the words of the charm, distinctly noted down at the time, we regret that we cannot refer. The receipt without them stands thus: Catch a toad on Easter Sunday morning before sunrise, take a piece of soft wood—pine, etc., not beech or oak—a little larger than the toad, and then nail the wretched creature upon it in the form of a cross, hang it on an isolated pole toward the sun, thus gradually changing its position with the progress of the day; keep sprinkling it every now and then with water, for if it dies before the sun sets your labor has been in vain. If, when the sun goes down, he is still partially alive, it is enough; take him to the nearest ant hill and bury him in it. On Whit Sunday dig him up. If no one has disturbed the hill you will find the bones quite clean and white, put them in a little bag, hang it around you neck, and you will always win in games of chance. This charm is, of course, a violation of every law of humanity and religion; a giving one's self to the devil even more formally than if one signed a contract with him in his own blood. If we could reproduce the words to be used at the different hours it would be seen, imperfect as our account even then would be, what mysteries are caricatured and therefore violated. The man who employs such means, simply says: "I shut myself out of the fold of Christ; all I want is to win at cards." The charm was preserved by an old man who served in the wars of 1813 and 1815. Another man, a comrade of his, whom he carried wounded off a battle-field, had given him, when on the point of death, his "lucky bag," and told him how to make a new one. The veteran did not know from what district the man he had saved for a day or two had come; his knowledge of the charm itself was evidently inadequate; he protested that he had never tried it; but the bag and the bones were there, a little blue silk bag, worn and frayed, with a name worked upon it that looked like Ella—a girl's name, who was young some ninety years ago, we may suppose, and who put a ring, or perhaps a few gold pieces, her scanty earnings, into the bag, and gave it to her lover before he went away. It was full of toad's bones when we saw it.—*Saturday Review.*

An Editorial Wedding.

Nathan Waldo Kennedy, editor and proprietor of the Putnam (Conn.) *Standard*, popularly known as the boy editor, sent out rather novel invitations to his friends to be present at his marriage to Miss Ida Greenslit. The invitation is in typewriting on tinted paper, and at the head of the sheet was the diagram of his card bearing the words: "Private office of Nathan Waldo Kennedy, Editor and Proprietor of the *Windham County Standard*." Then followed the invitations in typewriting, in which was given a slight history of the bridegroom, followed by a complete history of the bride, with a few material facts in regard to her family, her brother, who is a journalist in Florida, receiving special mention. Editor Kennedy did not forget to mention also that the young lady in question had been a successful schoolteacher, and that "her character was above reproach." At the close of the nuptial card was the timetable of the arrival and departure of all trains at Putnam on the important day.—*Hartford Times.*

Difficulties of Composition.

A certain eccentric composer met a friend who asked if he had recently been making any more music. "Well," replied the composer, "composition is a serious affair. If you have a good idea you can't find a paper to write it down; if you do write it, you won't find a publisher; if you do find one, he won't praise you; if your music eventually is published, nobody will buy it; if somebody does buy it, he won't know how to play it; and if he does play it, he won't like it."