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THE OREGON SCOUT.

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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. 1, 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.

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St. John's Episcopal Church—Service every Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. E. H. LEWIS, Rector.

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Clerk..... B. F. Wilson
Treasurer..... A. F. Benson
School Superintendent..... E. Hindman
Surveyor..... E. Simonis
Coroner..... E. H. Lewis
Geo. Ackles..... Jno. Stanley
State Senator..... L. B. Hinehart
F. T. Dick..... E. E. Taylor

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S. A. Pursell..... D. B. Rees
J. S. Elliott..... J. B. Thompson
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Office, one door south of J. B. Eaton's store Union, Oregon.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

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

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OPPOSED TO LOAFERS.

A Whisky Soak Who Believed in the Rights of Labor.

"I still insist on my views on the eight hour question," remarked a man with a steady suit of clothes and a badly torn hat, as he assumed an oratorical position at the bar.

"No one here has doubted them," answered the Court, as he took off his spectacles.

"But the officer interrupted me just as I was about to finish my argument and cast me into a vile dungeon," indignantly added the prisoner.

"He says that you were drunk, and that you kicked a banana peddler in the shins," said the Court.

"I deny the allegation!"

"And, of course, you defy the allegation?" observed the Court.

"I do, sir; most emphatically! Why, sir, I was not drunk! Whenever I speak of the oppressing greed of capital as opposed to the rights of the laborer, my blood begins to boil, and my feelings carry me away! Capital, sir, is a monster that will yet destroy labor unless the latter organizes, and hurls back the Gouls and Vanderbilts with their bloated millions, and—"

"Hold on my friend!" interrupted the court. "But the man at the bar was excited and flung his arms around wildly yelled: 'Down with organized capital; down with the vampires who live off the earnings of the laboring man!'"

"Exactly, sir, I admire your language," said the judge, "and also the sentiments contained in it."

"I am filled with the wrongs of the laborer!"

"I am forced to say that from the affidavit it appears that yesterday you were filled with soul-destroying liquor."

"It was the excitement of the occasion!"

"The affidavit further says you broke a window in a saloon?"

"I was gesturing!"

"Precisely! And the barkeeper is willing to swear that you hit him with a rock when he suggested that you pay for forty-five cents' worth of drinks that you had ordered."

"I merely told him to wait."

"Of course. And the policeman has a bill for \$5.85 for damages to a dress coat which he will file against you."

"All his own fault, sir. We workmen have our own rights which even policemen must respect. I spared him because he represented the law. I could have crushed him!"

"See here, my friend! You have been howling about workmen's rights for some time. What do you do for a living?"

"I—I—I—that is—you see—"

"Out with it, sir!"

"Well I ain't employed just now. I have been unfortunate!"

"How long have you been er—unfortunate?"

"Well, let me see. In 1884 I had the rheumatism for eleven months. In 1885 the dumb ague tackled me, and never let go for ten months. Since then I have been fighting malaria."

"Sure it is malaria?"

"Oh, yes; I have the statements of six physicians that it is malaria."

"Couldn't it be whisky?"

"No sir! It was malaria!"

The court put on its spectacles, and after figuring a minute with his pencil, softly remarked:

"After mature deliberation I am forced to the conclusion that you are a bum."

"Me, sir? I am a Knight of Labor."

"You are a fraud! You are a Knight of Loaf! And I am going to put you to work!"

"Don't do it."

"What, put you to work?"

"No, I meant—don't send me up?"

"Fall back, you labor champion, and taste the sweet fruits of hard labor on the rock pile."

"You are in league with the monopolists! You are opposed to labor as against capital!"

"I am opposed to loafers. Fall back and wait for the chariot that will convey you to the Home for Snide Labor Agitators!"

"I'll have you boycotted."

"Too late, sir. The sentence to-day will be three months. The next time this Court will make it double." And after he was taken down the turnkey chalked "John Wilson, booze fighter, 30-60," on his cell door.—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

Advent of the Mosquito.

On fleetest wing thou sure hast come! Last eve I heard the song thou sung; I scarce had thought thy season due; As soon I'd meet an untamed shrew. A fellow feels as he would die Phlebotomized by a Spanish fly— Oh, no; not the fly caustic, But the fly mosquito, if you please. Of all the flies that flesh is heir to, None there are that can compare to Tais buzzing, singing, stinging creature— This horrid, sanguinary skeeter. Thou comest e'er the soul to vex, Thou insectivorous Culex. —*Goodell's Daily Sun.*

Down with the Tyrants.

"Yes," said he, to his neighbor across the fence, "the laboring men are in the right. It was time for them to rise against the tyranny of capital. Down with all tyrants I say!"

"John Henry!" shrieked a shrill voice from the kitchen, "are you going to hang out that clothes line and split that wood and draw that water, or shall I have to come out to you?"

"Yes, Miranda," he answered meekly. "I'm going right about it."—*Boston Courier.*

EX-SENATOR FERRY.

The Michigan Politician an Exile from His Country.

"It is not very generally known," said a Michigan man to a reporter for *The New York World*, "that ex-Senator Thomas W. Ferry is an exile from his state and country. He dare not return until the matters pending against him are either outlawed or settled. There is an indictment against him for forgery."

"Up to the time of his defeat for reelection a few years ago he passed as a very rich man."

"Yes, but that was far from the truth. Ten or fifteen years ago he was worth considerable money. He had an interest with his brother in some Michigan pine lands, and together they operated an extensive lumber yard in Chicago. I say together, but Thomas never had anything to do with the management of the business. They made considerable money for a time, and as usual their fortune was greatly overestimated by the outside public. Reverses came, however, and in addition to this the senator got to leading a very wild life in Washington. He spent more than his salary in dissipation, and became involved in several disgraceful scandals. You remember how he was horsewhipped in his rooms at the National hotel by an irate young lady and her father. Poor Ferry crept under the bed and howled for mercy, but his assailants only stopped when they were completely exhausted. The story told at the time was to the effect that Ferry had insulted the young lady in some way, and that was the method chosen to avenge it. Ferry never made any complaint, but the father of the young lady received a note from the senator a couple of days after the attack. He opened it, expecting to find at least a challenge, but instead he found an annual pass for himself and family over the Pennsylvania railroad. Queer way of demanding satisfaction, wasn't it?"

"Ferry's exposure would have come several years before it did but for the fact that he held a seat in the United States senate, and if he had been rejected I presume his affairs would have been hushed up somehow; but when he became a common citizen, with no patronage at his disposal, then all of his creditors jumped on him. It was learned that he had been engaged in a number of very questionable transactions, among which was the charge of trying to imitate another man's signature. Ferry made a desperate effort to get back to the senate, and the machine discipline organized by Zach Chandler in Michigan held his forces in line down to the eighty-first ballot. Then a break came, and the present Senator Palmer was the result. Ferry fled at once to Europe, and had scarcely got out of the country before warrants were issued for his arrest on several different counts. This was three years ago. He has never returned, and he may die in exile. The ex-senator's brother, however, is devoted to Tom, and he has been trying to build up the fortunes of the family. He is by far the better man of the two, and has considerable business ability and push. I am told that he has been very fortunate in some silvermine investments and may become rich again. In that case I suppose all the claims against Thomas where a criminal prosecution could be brought will be settled up and the exile will find it safe to return. But he never can again be a factor in Michigan politics. Of late years he has become a victim of the morphia habit, which has almost completely undermined his intellect."

"Where is he living?"

"I believe he has passed most of his exile in Italy, but he has been roaming all over Europe. A great effort was made to persuade President Arthur to give Ferry the Russian mission just after the death of Minister Hunt, but Mr. Arthur concluded that it was not best to appoint a man who could not visit his own country to present his application. Senator Conger made the effort, I believe, out of Charity."

"It's a little bit singular that a man who served eighteen years in the senate—six years as president pro tempore of that body, acting vice president, and acting president for a day, on the Sunday intervening between Gen. Grant's retirement and President Hayes' inauguration—should find himself an exile from his own country and a fugitive from justice. It illustrates the ups and downs of politics with a vengeance."

Hindoo Craftsmen Feet.

The supple, delicate fingers of the craftsmen are as remarkable as those of the Japanese, although their hands are much larger; but one thing must very forcibly strike the visitor who watches these clever workmen, and who observes the primitiveness of their appliances—the sad fact that the march of civilization has deprived us western nations of the use of our toes. To be able to use four hands instead of two in art work must obviously be an enormous advantage, and the long, prehensile toe of the Hindoo craftsman is even more remarkable than that of his Japanese brother. To see the ivory worker turning his lathe with his upper hands, while he guides it and holds the ivory in his lower ones, is quite an education in possibilities of development of the organs—daily, in fact, becoming so under the operation of the fast, delicate bootmaker.

BLACKLISTED.

Deten From Place to Place—An Incident of Shameless Discrimination.

A robbery had been committed. A man almost ragged was arrested by one of those shrewd detectives against whose piercing gaze sheet iron cannot successfully stand. When the man was taken into court for preliminary trial, it was easy enough to suspect him, for having been accused of a crime, he seemed to sink under a weight of guilt. The magistrate, addressing the prisoner, asked a few questions and then, turning to the detective who had made the arrest he inquired:

"What caused you to suspect this man?"

"Well, your honor, he happened here a few days before the robbery was committed and being of suspicious appearance I watched him. I asked him his name and he said it was Barnes, but shortly afterward I heard that his name was Powell. I lost sight of him on the night of the robbery, but early next morning I saw him trying to sneak out of town, so I thought that he ought to be arrested."

"I think," replied the magistrate, "that you acted rightly in making the arrest. Now," turning to the prisoner, "can you explain your conduct and especially can you explain why you go under two names?"

"Judge, first let me explain why I have two names and that will explain my conduct. Understand, now, that I do not beg for mercy. That time is past. I am now hardened. I will not detain you long, but I ask you—and this is all I do ask—to believe me. Two years ago I was the master mechanic in a large railway machine shop. I received good wages and my family, consisting of a wife and two children, lived as well as any family in town. I was most happily married, and sometimes at evening, when my little boy climbed up and begged me to tell him just one story, I wondered if such happiness could last."

"One day I was discharged. I was never more astonished in my life. I humbly asked the cause of my dismissal and was gruffly told that it was because I was not wanted any longer. They should have given me notice, still I did not complain as I recognized their right to employ whom they pleased. When I went home and told my wife that I had been discharged, she put her arms around my neck and said: 'Never mind, dear, you can soon get another place.' The very next day I started out in search of work. I had spent my life in machine shops and could do no other kind of work. I went to a town not a great distance away from my home and applied for work."

"I believe you are needing a man, said the superintendent. 'What is your name?'"

"John Powell," I replied.

"He went into an inner office and after remaining a few moments he returned and said: 'No, we don't want you.'"

"By this time my money was nearly gone but I had not the heart to write home for more for I had left but enough to all I had—to sustain my family a few weeks. I went to another town, certain that I should obtain work, for one of the machine shops in the place had advertised for men. The head man asked me for my name and then, pointing to a bench, told me to sit down and wait until he came back. He was not gone long. When he returned he said: 'Don't want you.'"

"My dear sir," I replied, "I am a skillful workman and only ask you for a trial. Then if my work don't suit you, I'll leave."

"You'll leave anyway," he replied as he turned away.

"By this time my money was exhausted, but I could not stop—I must push my way onward. I wrote to my wife, telling her that I had not succeeded in getting work but that I thought my prospects were good. I told her to write to me, giving as my address a distant town. I had hoped to get over the road but failed. I knew why. A prominent railroad official told the engineers not to let me ride. After walking many weary miles I reached the town and applied for work."

"We don't want you," said the superintendent.

"Why? I demanded.

"Because you are blacklisted.

"My God, man, what have I done?"

"I don't know and I don't care a damn, but you are blacklisted."

"I went to the postoffice. I found a letter addressed in an unfamiliar hand. I was disappointed. I had hoped to receive a letter from my wife. I tore open the envelope. Here is the letter. Read it, judge."

The justice read as follows: "It is my painful duty to write this. Your wife, having greatly exposed herself in moving from the house which belonged to a railroad official—she had to move—contracted a severe cold and died of pneumonia. Your little children are at my house."

"That is the letter I received, judge. Several weeks ago I heard that my little boy was dangerously ill—not expected to live. I dragged myself to this town, where I learned that my little girl and the boy, upon whom I had centered my hopes, had died of diphtheria. I could do nothing. I was crushed with grief broken down with despair. Then I changed my name so that I might earn money enough to take me to the graves of my wife and children. I did not commit the robbery. I want no lawyer. I leave it with you. As I previously

remarked I ask for no mercy. I am in your power. Use me as you will."

The old magistrate—a man who had spent his early days at the mill—arose, approached the prisoner, pressed something into his hand and said:

"God knows that my heart bleeds for you. When you stand over the graves of your wife and children, remember an old man who has seen his last loved-one buried."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

San Francisco Stock-Gambling.

I am confident that the romance of stock-gambling will never be written, writes a San Francisco correspondent of *The Sacramento Bee*. Life here is too rapid, too pushing for men to pause and reflect on that curious "has been" of San Francisco. But I never stroll down Pine street, or linger in the shadows of Pauper alley, but I meet someone who would be entitled to a place in that unwritten romance. The tall figure, a face clean cut and refined, gait slow and painful from the effect of an old wound, is before me as I write, James D. Walker ten years ago was a member of the bonanza firm, and his check was good for \$500,000, aye, or \$1,000,000, at any bank in the country. Then Flood and Fair bought him out, and Walker opened a broker's office under the Nevada bank, and did all the business of his former partners. In these times Flood, Fair, and Mackey were on the top notch of speculation. They were swinging the market at their own sweet will, and making or breaking the thousands who were battling with the fierce tide of stock-gambling. Alexander Austin, or "Sandy," as his friends used to call him, had just served his term as tax collector, and went in with Walker. How they did make things boom! The high-salaried clerks—the book-keeper got \$400 a month, and had a sumptuous lunch served every day in a large room in the rear of the office at the expense of the firm. Their expenses were enormous, but so was their business. The partners were clearing \$20,000 a month, but they were standing on the brink of a precipice. Flood remarked that other and outside brokers were manipulating certain stock precisely as his own brokers. This would never do, so he called a consultation, and informed the Walker firm that sort of thing would not do, that there was a traitor in the camp somewhere, and that, unless he was detected and fired, their relations could not continue. Close and earnest investigation was made, but without avail. Then came a transaction of more than ordinary importance, but to the intense disgust of the bonanza firm, it was apparently foreseen and anticipated by these same outside brokers, kept posted, apparently, by some traitor in the Walker-Austin camp. Then the bonanza people changed their broker, and from that hour the fortunes of Walker & Co., began to decline. Matters grew worse and worse. Austin committed suicide. Walker sold a magnificent mansion in Oakland which cost him close on \$500,000, to prop up the waning glory of the swell firm. At last it was a clean case of bust, and I don't believe Mr. Walker to-day could put his hand on \$200. I saw him looking wistfully at the Nevada bank building, probably comparing the different states of Flood, the member, and Walker, the ex-member, of the bonanza firm. He discovered, when too late, that the high-priced book-keeper was the traitor. He sold his employers, but no luck ever came of his treachery, and he is to-day keeping books at \$50 a month for a Hebrew clothes-dealer in Portland, Ore.

Walker is but a type of hundreds of others who have had their chance and their day on Pine street. With a strange fatuity these wrecks still cling to the locality where they made and lost fortunes in the past, though nine-tenths of them have not a dime to speculate