

THE OREGON SCOUT.

VOL. II.

UNION, OREGON, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1886.

NO. 51.

THE OREGON SCOUT.

An independent weekly journal, issued every Saturday by

JONES & CHANCEY,
Publishers and Proprietors.

A. K. JONES, Editor. J. B. CHANCEY, Foreman.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One copy, one year, \$1.00
 Six months, .60
 Three months, .35
 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.

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

J. W. STRANCE,

DENTIST

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

All work strictly first-class. Charges reasonable.

A. L. COBB, M. D.,

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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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Main Street, Union, Oregon.

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

None but the best workmen employed, and satisfaction guaranteed.

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APPLE, PEAR, PLUM, PRUNE, PEACH, APRICOT, CRABAPPLE, CHERRY.

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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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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, Failing 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, rectifying searching treatment, prompt relief and cure for life.

NERVOUS Diseases (with or without dreams), Diseased 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.

W. CAPPS, M. D.,

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UNION, - - - OREGON.

Will go to any part of Eastern Oregon, when solicited, to perform operations, or for consultation.

Medicines Furnished Without Extra Charge.

Office adjoining Jones Bros.' Store.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

UNION, - - - OREGON.

Does a General Banking Business, Deals and sells exchange, and discounts commercial paper.

Collections carefully attended to, and promptly reported.

The Farmers' Mortgage and Savings Bank

At Summerville, Oregon.

Is now ready to negotiate applications for Farm Mortgage Loans on long time.

Parties wanting to borrow money will find it to their interest to call on them.

J. H. RINEHART, PRESIDENT.

N. B. HARRIS, CASHIER.

BRING FLOWERS.

A half completed spider's web hangs suspended from the lowest branch of a green-crowned pine, and in the sheeny light of an afternoon the spider, rapidly and deftly spinning its delicate threads, joins it to a snowdrop bush clustering with white jewels. The warm breeze, perfumed with drowsy odors of pine and hemlock, causes the frail structure to quiver like heart chords under sorrow, but he keeps busily spinning. Many a red-breasted robin runs swiftly past, but he stops not at his work.

He is constructing his habitation. A hundred polished shafts and exquisitely chiseled tablets catch the glory of the sun and flash it heavenward, as if in defiance of time's servant. A hundred simple stones lie humbly under the shadows of those grand monuments, and their tops, to the spirit's eye, touch the Golden Throne. Hemlock boughs freshly cut lie upon a mound of newly dug earth. A faded wreath, torn and broken, hangs on a cross above a child's grave. A stone dog sits at the head of a long sod-covered mound in an attitude of watchfulness, as if he were waiting for the coming of his master, whose body, as lifeless as his own, rests below.

Here is the habitation of the dead. Its silent, unheeding residents, like the spider, spun the threads of life's gauzy edifice in the vigor of health under the smile of loving friends, and the very air breathed upon their labor with helpful fragrance, or they dragged the chains of sad unprofitable toil through the weary hours of an unloved, grief-beset life, with the cold wind of failure or the hot blast of passion mercilessly buffeting them. But, built in marble or built in wood, built in joy or built in sorrow, these earthly abodes have forever crumbled, faded and disappeared. The breath of death, perfumed alike for all, has touched the fragile texture of their walls and they have fallen, withered, vanished.

In this dwelling place of the dead roses and lilies-of-the-valley blossom; the full-voiced songsters of the wood send forth their daily songs of joy and praise uninterrupted; the young grass shoots its emerald spears into beautiful robes to cover those beneath the sod; the trees put on garments of waving foliage; the squirrels jump from branch to branch, or, chattering noisily, run along the fence; the butterfly flutters from sunbeam to flower; the grasshopper clicks in the shrubbery; the fountain throws its spray high up that it may return in glittering pearls. Can it be sorrowful to abide in such a spot? The hush which reigns here, scarcely broken by the din of a city's hurrying crowd, whispers of peace and rest.

Those of the living who visit here step softly, and their voices are low and gentle when they speak, for they would not break the quiet, which, like the pause at the close of a grand anthem, comes abidingly where the dead dwell.

How many who are still spinning the web of human cares and joys, business and pleasure, good and evil, come on Sunday or in the fading light of summer days?

An old man slowly moves along a cypress-shaded path with no loving support from the arm in which he had found sustaining help and comfort for forty years or more, for his wife, aye! his very self, he feels, has found a resting place here. He has little joy now, save in looking forward to the day when he shall be borne to share her abode.

A woman, wearing the dress of mourning, leading a little girl, seeks where her companion for a few short years sleeps. She clasps the little one's hand tightly and weeps silently, for her grief has grown calm and patient in the consoling arms of time. The little girl looks up in her mother's tear-wet face and says: "Is dear papa here? Will he come to see us soon?" "Yes, my dear, some day we shall meet him," the mother answers, looking afar off to where the glowing tints of the descending sun makes a halo for the heavens and earth to meet in. "Let me kiss the grass above papa's head; perhaps he'll know it in the cold, dark ground," and the little girl, kneeling on her father's grave, presses her face to the earth and whispers: "Dear papa."

A strong man, with a woman leaning on his arm, stands beside a little grave. In it sleeps an infant, their dead child. Harsh words and cruel acts had been of daily occurrence in their house—home it was not—until their loss fell upon them. Always intending to do better, but never making a beginning, discord had driven love away, but now their common sorrow is uniting their hearts. The habitation of death contains their life. Oh, must death be the revelation of love to human hearts.

Some recline in carriages as they pass along the streets of this city of the dead; some walk; some are richly clad; some are poorly clad; but the rooms of the house are alike. They know no

A LUCKY DOCTOR.

His kindness to an Old Aunt Bewitched—The Rest of Her Relatives on the Warpath.

Dr. Thomas C. Stellwagen, whose office, says *The Philadelphia Press*, is in this city, and whose residence is in Media, has recently been just a fortune, and the means that brought this good about and cut other relatives off without a penny are extremely novel. The result will probably be that the will will be taken into the courts.

Mrs. Dickey, for that was the rich old lady's name, was the widow of the late Dr. Dickey, and her home was in Atlanta, Ga. One year ago, so the story goes, after having been lost to the memory of her northern relatives, she saw that her days on this earth were not many, and with the wisdom of Solomon sat down and wrote to many of her nearest kin in this city, Media, and Baltimore the same words—that she was very old now; that she was very destitute, too, and would so much like to pay them a visit. One of those letters reached Dr. Stellwagen, and no one of her relatives knew that another had received her plea for help.

After her task was finished, Mrs. Dr. Dickey folded her hands and waited.

To some of the letters no answers came. One or two, it is said, replied curtly, and one, a lady wrote: "Really, it would not be convenient to have you visit me, for at the time you name I expect to have a house full of company." Among the first letters she received, however, was one from Dr. Stellwagen, and inclosed was a check for \$50. He wrote her that he hoped his small contribution would help her, and that he would be pleased to have her as an inmate of his pretty northern home on the outskirts of Media.

A month or two after that another demand for help reached the doctor, and his second check for \$50 went south with a renewal of the invitation for his old aunt to visit him. Up to three months ago he heard nothing from her, and then he received a letter saying: "Come, I am very sick." Dr. Stellwagen obeyed the summons, and when he reached Atlanta was dumbfounded to find that Mrs. Dickey was living elegantly, and that she was wealthy. She told him that she wouldn't live long; that she wanted to go home with him, and it is said decided everything over to him, and made him a present of all her household furniture, silverware, and jewels. It took two cars to carry the latter, and it is said that the professor left behind him in the southern city a row of handsome dwelling houses.

Two days after reaching the doctor's home in Media, Mrs. Dickey died, and then it was found that in addition to the deed, which gave her nephew everything, she had left a will made before she wrote these letters testing the affection of her relations which divided her property among several of them. On that ground it is claimed that the disappointed people will contest the case in court. A number of pieces of Mrs. Dickey's silverware and some jewels have been placed by the doctor in a trust deposit company's vault in this city.

The relatives are all at sea as to the extent of the eccentric old lady's wealth, and it is said her heir gives them no satisfaction whatever. The Baltimore kin, his cousins, of whom there are several, are the most aggrieved, and if any legal action is taken it will probably start from that direction. Another rumor is that the doctor has promised to make some sort of a settlement by which the nearest blood will inherit some of the estate. With his fortune the doctor inherited an addition to his family, a dark-haired southern girl, an adopted child of the late Mrs. Dickey, with a picture of a face, well educated and attractive. Strangely enough the old lady left her penniless, but obtained a promise from her heir on her deathbed that he would always provide for her—live with him as one of his family—for she said, "Thomas, I love her dearly." The young lady is 17 years old and has made a host of friends for herself in Media. It is said that the story of her own life is a romance in itself. All dreary Media is talking about the affair, and the high standing of the families involved makes it a choice morsel for gossip.

"THE BURNING OF THE BRUSH."

A Prose Poem Based on an Obscure New England Custom.

Doubtless, says *The Lewiston Journal*, the first settler and the oldest inhabitant of Maine laid their heads together and contrived the plan of keeping the frost from the cellar by "banking up" in the fall. The origin of the scheme is lost, but the ceremony remains, and shiftless is accounted the householder, of whatever pretensions or degree, who does not, before snow drives, protect his cellar walls by sawdust, edgings from the saw-mill, rushes, swamp hay, bean vines, or, most common of all, nearest and best, by brush from the wood lot.

In a mild November day in the late, lingering, Indian summer the loads of fragrant evergreen come up from the pasture to the farmhouse, or go creaking through the village street to the market-place, or, perchance, directly to some tidy, white, green-blinded cottage whose cellar is to entomb sundry barrels of apples and potatoes that must be secured from the frost. Firmly packed with snow and bound by icy chains through the winter the boughs are faithful guardians, but spring demands her sacrifices. Nobody objects. The evergreens have outlived their usefulness. Let them be cremated. So it may some day be said of us.

Drag them away from their resting place, the resinous fir, the lithe pine, and the spruce on whose twigs the children search for gum. Boys may object to dropping potatoes, to stonewalling, to digging out of whitewall, or mending the stone wall, but no boy, however footsore and weary, ever refused to help carry off the brush. His nose seems to smoke in the air and his mind's eye discerns the trail of sparks across the heavens. A bonfire never lacks feeders or admirers.

In some big dooryard or on some vacant lot forming their own funeral pyre, the boughs crackle a protest as the match is applied, but anon the flame leaps through the pile, and, darting wildly upward, throws a livid glow across the face of the early dusk. The boys, dancing like Plutonian imps about the blaze, flung on fresh sacrifices, and the flames seize them eagerly and call ruthlessly for more. Heap them on; there are more boughs in the back lot! Build the pile higher! The moss has been growing for years on the patriarchal henlocks in the south pasture, but pluck the gray beards off. A hundred winters and summers have gone to the building of the pines on rocky hill. The wealth of half a century's suns and rains and dews are stored in this balmy fir. The rosy morning has blushed for it, the sun showered his gold upon it, and the stars played bo-peep with the moonbeams through its branches. Only God and the years can make another tree, but the work of God and time—the priceless work we possess—is that which we destroy most lightly and with least regret, and as the life of the evergreen bough goes out and fades into white ashes the only sigh drawn is that the sparkle and glow of the fire is so soon over, and the burning of the brush for this spring ended.

A Dangerous Cow.

"What a lovely cow, Uncle James," exclaimed a Boston girl the morning after her arrival, and how comically she shakes her head.

"Yes, but don't ye get too near that cow," cautioned her uncle. "He's an ugly critter."—*New York Sun.*

A minister not long ago preached from the text, "Be ye, therefore, steadfast." But the printer made him expound from "Be ye there for breakfast."—*Texas Station.*

Lodge Directory.

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

C. E. DAVIS, Secretary.

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 8:30. 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, L. Hindman
 Surveyor, E. Simonis
 Coroner, E. H. Lewis

COMMISSIONERS.

Jno. Stanley
 State Senator, L. B. Rinehart

REPRESENTATIVES.

E. E. Taylor

City Officers.

Mayor, D. B. Rees

COUNCILMEN.

S. A. Purcell, W. D. Reddeman
 J. S. Elliott, J. B. Thompson
 Jno. Kennedy, A. Levy
 Recorder, M. E. Davis
 Marshal, E. E. Jones
 Treasurer, J. D. Carroll
 Street Commissioner, L. Eaton

Department 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.

L. 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 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.

Mining and Corporation business a specialty. Offices in Union, Oregon.

MASON & HAMLIN
 Organs AND Pianos are Unexcelled
 You can save from \$50 to \$100 on the purchase of an instrument by buying through
 W. T. WRIGHT, Agent, Union, Oga.



Cove Cheese Factory.

JAMES PAYNE, Proprietor.

Having procured the services of Mr. M. A. Suckles, a cheese maker who has had many years' experience in the largest factories of Wisconsin, I feel confident that I can supply my patrons with a quality second to none on the market.

Orders promptly filled. Address, JAMES PAYNE, Cove, Union County, Or.

Tonsorial Rooms

Two doors south of Jones Bros.' store, Union, Oregon.

J. M. JOHNSON, - - - Proprietor.

Hair cutting, shaving and shampooing done neatly and in the best style.

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Main Street, Union, Oregon.

BENSON BRO.'S - - - PROPRIETORS.

Keep constantly on hand

BEEF, PORK, VEAL, MUTTON, SAUSAGE, HAMS, LARD, ETC.

CENTENNIAL HOTEL.

Union, Oregon.

DAN CHANDLER, - - - PROPRIETOR

Having recently purchased this hotel and refitted it throughout, I am prepared to accommodate the hungry public in first-class style. Call and see me. LARGEST READING ROOMS for the accommodation of commercial travelers.

A LUCKY DOCTOR.

His kindness to an Old Aunt Bewitched—The Rest of Her Relatives on the Warpath.

Dr. Thomas C. Stellwagen, whose office, says *The Philadelphia Press*, is in this city, and whose residence is in Media, has recently been just a fortune, and the means that brought this good about and cut other relatives off without a penny are extremely novel. The result will probably be that the will will be taken into the courts.

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