

THE OREGON SCOUT.

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NO. 2.

THE OREGON SCOUT.

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

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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 LODGE VALLEY LODGE, No. 26, A. F. and A. M.—Meets on the second and fourth Saturdays of each month. O. F. BELL, W. M.

C. E. DAVIS, Secretary.
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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.

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Clerk.....B. F. Wilson
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Physician and Surgeon

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

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

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Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,

AND

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.

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

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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. LARGE SINGLE ROOMS for the accommodation of commercial travelers.

A GRATEFUL NEGRO.

A Southern Story-Teller Believes "Uncle Tom" To Be the Only One in History.

Mr. Pennypacker was the very mush and milk of human kindness. Indeed, it was feared that he would never grow to manhood—so pious and precocious was he. Sunday-school was his delight, and the works of Miss Edgeworth and Mrs. Stowe his especial joy. Not so his brother, Tommy. Being offered the venacious history of "Little Frank" as Sunday reading the child of wrath remarked: "I don't want any more of the pious little devils. Gimme sumpin' fit to read."

As a cloud of mystery hangs over Tommy's subsequent career, it is very probable that he was either gored by a mad bull or drowned while fishing on the Sabbath.

Tobias Pennypacker meandered harmlessly through life until he reached the age of 40, when a relative died suddenly and bequeathed him a small plantation in the south.

Tobias was delighted. He had read so much in the works of his favorite authors of the virtues of the faithful negro, of his shining qualities of sincerity and gratitude, that he longed to live among such a simple and kindly people.

Before many weeks he was established in his domain. One day as he walked along the public road he came to a cabin outside of which two women were fighting, while a mulatto gentleman was seated calmly on the fence and quite a little crowd was assembled to watch the fray.

"Oh, shocking! shocking!" cried good Mr. Pennypacker, and he tried to interpose between the combatants with such moral axioms as "birds in their little nests agree," and "dogs delight to bark and bite." But the words of peace were lost in the tumult—the only result being that the good Tobias received sundry stray thumps from the excited ladies.

Seeing that Mr. Pennypacker was a stranger, the man on the fence descended, and volunteered an explanation.

"Dat air 'n' my wife 'n' Big Lize," he remarked, "havin' some little sorter scrimmage."

"And what is the cause thereof?"

"Well, you see, boss, Big Lize is a mighty funny sorter lady, 'n' she comes 'long past here, 'n' sasses Alfaretty jes' fer nothin' 't all. Jes' now she begins to call Alfaretty a one-eyed regulator, 'n' a ole cow, 'n' sich; 'n' Betsy—she what lives neighbor to us—she says: 'Alfaretty, is you gwine to take dat cow off er her?' An' with dat Alfaretty she hops over de fence, 'n' dey sot to."

"But this is very unchristian conduct," said Tobias, severely.

"Ain't it, boss?—now, ain't it! Hit's mighty unchristian in Lize to be a-callin' of ole cows 'n' one-eyed regulators, if Gawd has seed fit to afflick Alfaretty with one eye. Why, she could take dat one eye o' her'n, 'n' go right up to heaven—dis minnit—'now, can't she, boss?"

"Well—hem! not exactly at present, my good man," said the conscientious Pennypacker. "You ought to exhort your wife to peace and sobriety."

"I does, boss! dat I does! I extorts her mos' every time I thinks about it, for I knows dat blessed is de peace makers, 'cause dey shall infest de earth."

"Here is an elevated-Christian character, blossoming, one might say, in the dust," mused Mr. Pennypacker, and he placed a coin in the hand of Prince Rupert Veal—for this was the name of his colored friend.

After this Mr. Pennypacker often sauntered past the humble cabin and engaged Prince Rupert in conversation, being more and more delighted with his sterling worth.

"Be 'awnes!" was the prince's battle-cry—"dat's what I says. Be 'awnes, if ye has to die fer it."

"Now, would it not be a capital idea," thought Mr. Pennypacker, "to show the world that virtue can flourish in lowly ground? I will write the history of his life and publish it in the form of a tract."

So Mr. Pennypacker began to question Prince Rupert as to his past career.

For instance, he would say: "Did you not feel, Rupert, the evil effects of slavery upon your moral nature?"

"Slavery, is it? Oh, mighty bad! mighty bad, boss!" would the ingenious Rupert reply.

"And did you not think of your loving father and mother far away in Virginia?"

"Dat I did, boss! Thought a mighty heap 'bout 'em."

And out of meager details of a like nature, Mr. Pennypacker built up quite a touching little biography of this elevated Christian character.

It struck Mr. Pennypacker that he could not do better than to engage Alfaretty as his cook and Prince Rupert as general factotum, so he built them

a neat little cottage on his grounds.

Prince Rupert overflowed with expressions of gratitude. He was not only the very paragon of honesty, but he was also obliging and skillful in the raising of chickens. These fowls were the joy of Mr. Pennypacker's heart, and his eyes sparkled with pride as he watched his plump "Plymouth Rocks," or, as Prince Rupert called them, "Plym' o' de Rocks," sauntering about the yard. He built them a palatial dwelling and surrounded them with every comfort.

Even a Christian can see when he is being robbed, and Mr. Pennypacker soon found that Alfaretty's honesty was not unquestionable. Prince Rupert grieved over his wife's infirmities, and said: "I wrestles in spirit with her, boss, but my extortions ain't no 'count."

"Meanwhile he was so faithful, so grateful, so humble! There seemed to be not a flaw or speck on his snow-white soul. One night Mr. Pennypacker awoke from a sound sleep and fancied he heard muffled squawks proceeding from the fowl-house.

He leaped out of bed in those "customary suits of solemn white" peculiar to the night season, and seizing a bound volume of *The Congressional Record*—it was the only deadly weapon he kept about the place—he rushed to the fowl-house.

The moon shone brightly, and by its light—O horror! horror!—he saw the grateful negro hastily stuffing a Plymouth Rock into a bag.

"Don't shoot, boss! it's me," said the valiant prince.

"Prince Rupert Veal, do I behold!" began Mr. Pennypacker, in a terrible voice, dropping, in his agitation *The Congressional Record* on his own feet.

"Well—hem!—yes, boss. I ain't denyin' dat dis is me; but de fac' is 'i've been suspicious 'dis good while back dat de a'r o' dis place don't 'gree with dese yer Plym 'o de Rocks, so I jes' thought I'd take 'em off fer awhile, tell day got strong agen, 'n' give you a little sorter s'prise."

"I am surprised, very much surprised," said Mr. Pennypacker.

Let us draw a veil over the painful scene.

"There is, indeed, a grateful negro," said Mr. Pennypacker, after mature deliberation; "but he exists only on the virtuous but misguided page of Mrs. Stowe.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*"

Confederate Coats Rare.

A gray coat has been hung in a case at the National museum near the collection of relics of the confederacy, says *The Washington Star*. This coat was a confederate officer's coat, and though such garments were worn by thousands of men less than twenty-five years ago, they are regarded as rare curiosities. What became of all the old gray and butternut suits after Appomattox is one of the mysteries which those only can explain who have made a deep study of the average life and the final destiny of a suit of clothes. This coat was presented to the museum by O. W. Barron, of Danville, Va., formerly captain of company H, 24th regiment Virginia infantry. It is the coat of a captain of infantry, and is in a fair state of preservation. Capt. Barron, in a note which he sent with the coat, said: "I bought this coat early in the year 1863 in Petersburg, Va., for \$130 in confederate currency, and kept the coat constantly in the army with me in Pickett's division until that command was nearly all captured at Five Forks, just a short time before the final surrender, and my colored servant, who took care of my clothes, thinking I was killed, burned the remainder of my baggage and carried this coat home to my father in Henry county, this state, where I got it on my return from prison at Johnson's island. I seldom used the coat except on occasions of dress parade and reviews, or when sitting on courts-martial." The cloth, which is gray, is not of a very fine texture. It is a frock coat, with cuffs and military collar faced with blue. The sleeves are embroidered with gold braid. There are no shoulder-straps, but instead three bars on the collar indicate the rank of the wearer. The buttons are similar to United States buttons, except there is no lettering upon them. They have embossed upon them the American spread eagle, with the union shield upon its breast, and surrounded by a galaxy of stars. Mr. Howard Clark, who has charge of the historical collection, expects soon to obtain possession of a coat of an engineer officer in the confederate service.

Hoped it was Permanent.

"I am struck dumb at your conduct!" exclaimed Mrs. Dempsey as her husband tottered into the house at 2 a. m. the other night, after playing a tattoo with the latekey all over the door.

"W—well, my dear," was the cheerful response, "I'm sure I b—hope it's a permanent strike."—*Burlington Free Press.*

FACT AND FANCY.

Bermuda is suffering from a prolonged drought.

It costs about \$50,000 a year to keep Montana lunatics.

Two distinct streams jet from an artesian well at Albany, Ga.

Peach trees 32 years old still bear profusely at Levyville, Ga.

Arrests for unlawful cohabitation are still daily made in Utah.

There is one officer to every five men in the United States navy.

Nevada's fishing inhibition begins in April and ends with September.

Three-card monte-men still have considerable success in Vermont.

There are twenty-two thousand more men than women in Philadelphia.

A colored woman edits an influential paper published in Petersburg, Va.

One hundred and fifty of the 365 col leges in this country publish papers.

In the freshman class at Yale college there are thirty colored students.

The channel at Santa Barbara is said to be fairly alive with shoals of sardines.

Timothy-grass seven feet ten inches in length is grown in Napa valley, California.

Louisville, Ky., street fakirs sell what they are pleased to call sneeze less snuff.

The catch of shad in the Connecticut river this season is reported very unsatisfactory.

There is said to be more undeveloped land in the state of Maine than in any western state.

The settling of buildings at Virginia City, Nev., creates alarm among some of the residents.

The camp at West Point this year will be named "Hancock," in honor of the deceased general.

The girls at Vassar college are said to be so modest that they will not work on improper fractions.

Birds are playing havoc with the apricot crop in Santa Barbara, Cal., eating the fruit as fast as it ripens.

At Conneaut, O., there is an exemplary organization of young boys whose motto is "Politeness and Kindness."

According to a New York medical journal one-half the adult men in America living in our cities are bald-headed.

It is expected that Mr. Doming Gana, now Chilean minister to Brazil, will be appointed minister to the United States.

A resident of Amador county, California, has applied for a patent on a process for making butter by boiling the cream.

One trucker in Alachua county, Florida, got 25 cents from New York last week as the total returns for six crates of beans.

Deep-sea fishing is being successfully practiced with trawls off the Columbia river. As high as a ton of fish are taken at one haul.

A physician recently testified that two boys were poisoned by wearing suits of brown cloth the dust from which was poisonous.

Two men in Tallapoosa county, Alabama, cut each other's throats and died simultaneously one day last week during a political quarrel.

Extreme cold weather has proved bad on the strawberry crop in the neighborhood of Kalamazoo. Celery, however, is abundant, as usual.

The experiments on the wear