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President

## VOL. III.

# UNION, OREGON, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1886.

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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. 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. PRESENTERIAN 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. JOIN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH-Service every Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. Rev. W. R. POWELL, Rector. County Officers.

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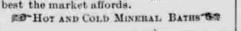
Union county, Oregon, will be found ready to attend to calls in all the various towns and settlements of the Wallowa valley.

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## CHRIST'S GRACE. DR. TALMAGE'S VACATION SERMONS. when solicited, to perform operations, or The Beauties of Biblical Comparisons Pointed Out. Blessings Bestowed by the Saviour's Name on Mankind.

Special to the Kansas City Times.

THE HAMPTONS, July 4 .- While the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., is absent from his pulpit in Brooklyn and recreating in the coun-BANK try, he continues to preach, taking subjects suggested by summer scenes and surroundings, his discourses constituting a course entitled, "Voices of Gardens and Fields." The following is the first sermon in the series, preached to-day from the text: "My beloved is unto me a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of En-gedi:" Song of Solomon, i. 5-14. Solomon's song has been considered by many as fit only for moonstruck sentimentalists; written by a voluptuary, the story of a man crazed by a fair maiden; fit neither for Collections carefully attended to, and family prayers nor for church. Indeed, we must admit that there were years in Solomon's tife when he had several hundred more wives than he was entitled to; but he repented of his sin and God chose him to write some of the best things about Christ that have ever been written. Besides that I think the critieism of modern times upon the immodesty of the Bible comes with poor grace from a century in which the writings of "George Sand" comes to their fortleth edition, and Christians cannot get to their prayer meeting because they have tickets for places of amusement so depraved that they make the "Black Crook" respectable. I think, however, as far as I can see, in my stupidity, that there are things turned out upon the community to-day that bid fair to do more damage than the Song of Solomon.

GREAT BEAUTIES OF THE BIBLE. Hear, now, one of his fresh and fair descrip-tions of Jesus. If I had twenty years to preach I would like to employ ten of them in bringing I would like to employ ten of them in bringing out to observation those representations of Christ that have as yet been passed by. I do not know why the pulpit should hover over a few types of Christ when there are so many symbols of Jesus that have never been dis-woursed upon. Why should we employ all our time in examining a few lilies when the Bible is a great garden filled with fuschias, and with daffeddis, and with amaranths, and with even-ing primroses for the close of life's day, and crocuses at the foot of the snow bank of sor-row, and heart's ease for the troubled, and row, and heart's case for the troubled, and passion flowers planted at the foot of the eross, and morning glories spreading out un-der the splendors of the breaking day! Some years ago I discoursed to you about "the white vears ago I discoursed to you about "the white hairs of Jesus," and some of the newspapers supposed it was a mere fancy of my own—the poor fools not knowing that in Revelation, the first and the fourteenth, the Bible speaks of Christ, "His head and His hair were white like wool, as white as snow"—symbolizing the sternity of Jesus. sternity of Jesus,

Terraced on the side of the mountain were the vineyards of En gedi. O, they were sweet palaces! From a shelving of the mountain, 100 feet high, waters came down in beautiful baptism on the faces of the leaves; the grapes baptism on the faces of the leaves; the grapes intexicate with their own wine, pomegranates with julices bursting from the rind, all fruits and flowers and aromatic woods—among the sweetest of these the camphire plant of the text. Its flowers are in clusters like our like —graceful, fragrant, sinybolical of Josus; for "my belowed is unto me as a ductor of me "my beloved is unto me as a cluster of cam-phire from the vineyards of En-gedi."

surrounded by all palatial splendor—his ships going out from Exion geber on voyages of three years, bringing back all the wonders of the world; his parks afoat with myrrh and frankincense, and a rustle with trees brought from foreign lands; the traces of his stupendous gardens found by the traveler at this day. Solomon sits down in this place to think of Christ, the altogether lovely and the altogethe fair, and whilst seared there covers and the allogender fair, and whilst seared there comes a breath of the spices and aromatic woods and of the blossoms in through the ralace windows, and he cries out: "My beloved is unfor me as a cluster of camphire from the vineyards of En-gedi."

THE RICHEST OF ALL BLESSINGS. O rich and rare, exquisite and everlasting perfume! Let it in every poor man's window; plant it on every grave; put its leaves under every garland; wave its branches in every home; and when I am about to die, and my hand lies cold and stiff, and white upon the pillow, let some plain and humble soul come and put in my dying grasp this living branch with clusters "of camphire from the vineyards of En-gedi." It is many years now since I found the Lord, THE RICHEST OF ALL BLESSINGS.

is many years now since I found the Lord and I must in your presence tell you how good he has been to my sonl. Often since then I have given him a hard thrust in his sore side; have given him a hard thrust in his sore side; but he has been patient with me by day and by night. It is the grief of my life that I have treated him so badly; but He has never let me go. I have seen no wonderful sights, I have heard no wonderful sounds. I have no mar-velous experience; it has been a plain story of patience on his part and of unworthiness on my part. Some of my dear friends before me have had more rapturous experiences. Christ to them has been the conqueror on the white horse, or the sun of righteonsness, set-ting everything ablaze with light; or the bridegroom, coming with lantern and torches. To me it has been a very quiet and undemon-To me it has been a very quiet and undemon-strative experience. It has been something very sweet, but very still. How shall I de-scribe it? I have it now: "My beloved is un-to me as a cluster of camphire from the vine-yards of Engedi."

SYMBOL OF THE CAMPHINE PLANT. But I remark further; This camphire plant of the text was a symbol of Christ in the fact But I remark further; This camphire plant of the text was a symbol of Christ in the fact that gives coloring. From the Mediterranean to the Ganges the people of the cast gathered it, dried the leaves, pulverized them and then used them as a dye for beautifying garments or their own persons. It was that fact that gave the camphire plant of the text its com-mercial value in the time of King Solomon; a type of my Lord Jesus who beautifies and adorns and colors everything he touches. I have no faith in that man's conversion whose religion does not color his entire life. It was intended so to do. If a man has the grace of God in his heart it ought to show itself in the life. There ought to be this "cluster of cam-phire." in the ledger, in the rol of government securities, in the medical prescription, in the law book. A religion is of no value to a merchant unless it keeps him from putting faise labels on his goods; or to the plasterer, unless it keeps him from putting up a ceiling which he knows will crack in six months; or to the driver unless it keeps him from lashing bis horses to eight miles an hour when the thermometer is at minety, or to the farmer, unless it keeps him from parting the only sound pippins on the top of the barrel; or to the shoemaker unless it keeps him from substituting brown paper for good leather in the soles. In other words; the rebarrel; or to the shoemaker unless it keeps him from substituting brown paper for good leather in the soles. In other words: the re-ligion of Christ is good for everything or it is good for nothing. The grace of God never affects us by piecemeal. If the heart is changed, the head is changed, and the liver is changed, and the spleen is changed, and the hands are changed, and the feet are changed, and the store is changed, and the house is changed, and the system which the mar changed, and everything over which the man has any influence comes to a complete and rad-

# NO. 3.

back! You have slid back from your father's faith, from your early good habits. You have been sliding back from Christ, from the cross -sliding back from heaven. When a man be-gins to slide he knows not where he will go. You have been sliding back towards darkness. You have been sliding back towards an unbless-ed grave, towards a precipice, the first ten million miles of which downward are only a small part of the eternal plunge. You were, perhaps, professors in the country; you have made ship-wreck in the town. It may be that the club blasted you; it may be that fashionable society where k in the town. It may be that the club blasted you; it may be that fashionable society destroyed you; it may be the kind of wife whom you married. You have no more hope for heaven now than if you had lived in Central Asia and never heard of Christ and the judgment.

PRAYING FOR LAST MOMENTS.

the judgment. PRATING FOR LAST MOMENTS. O, where is that Bible you used to read! Whete is that room where you used to pray! What have you done with that Jesus whose you once heard! O, murdered hours! O, massacred privileges! O, dead opportuni-ties! Wake up now and shriek in that man's error until he shall rouse himself from the horrible sommambulism, walking as he does, fast asleep, within an inch of hell. O, that he might ery out now: "Golden Sabbaths, come back! Communion seasons come back!" But they will not come. Gone! gone! gone! Sor-row will come, but not they. O, that your life, and consecrate them to Christ. I have seen sad sights, I have heard sad sounds, but I tell you the ghastilest thing outside the gates of the damned is a backslider's death-bed. Do you not feel like having applied to you this divine restorative! Do great and the deerying out with David. "Restore un-to me the joys of thy salvation!" For great in, great pardon. For deep wounds, omnipo-tent here, a heavenly oculist. For the dead in sin, the upheaval of a great resurreer. NO SORENOW AFTER THIS LIFE.

#### NO SORROW AFTER THIS LIFE.

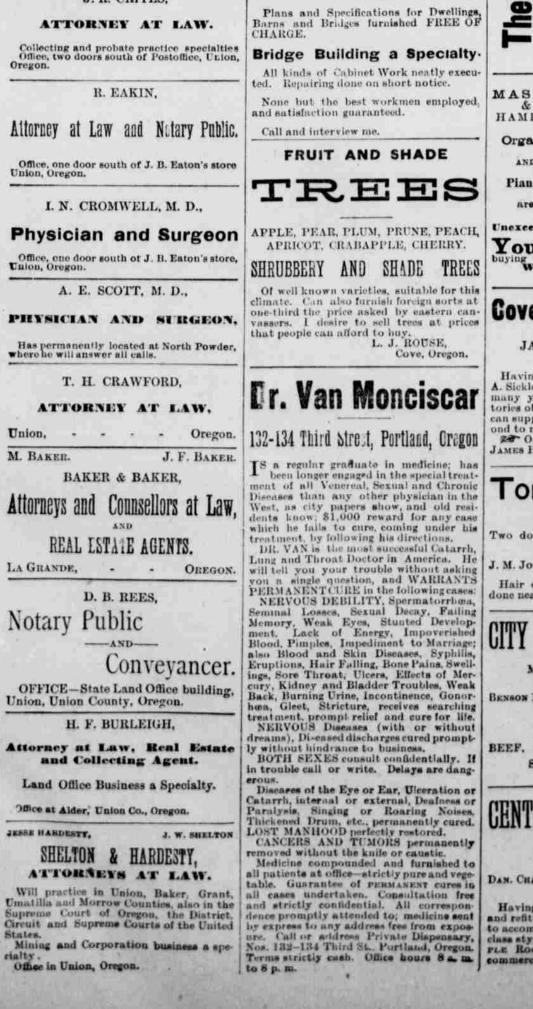
NO SORROW AFTER THIS LIFE. But in the heavenly world we shall feel the chief restorative power of religion. This is a planet of weeping we are living on. We enter upon life with a cry and leave it with a long sigh. If I could gather up the griefs of this audience and put them in one sentence and then utter it, it would make everything be-tween here and the throne of God shudder and howl. The earth is gashed deep with graves. As at the close of the war, sometimes we saw a regiment of one hundred and fifty men, the fragments of the thousand men that wont out, so, as I stand before you I cannot but realize the fact that you are the fragments associations that have been broken up forever. 6, this is a world of sorrow! But, blessed be God! there will be no sorrow in heaven. The undertaker will have to have some other busi-ness there. In the summer time our cities undertaker will have to have some other busi-ness there. In the summer time our cities have bills of mortality which are frightful-sometimes in New York 1,000 deaths in a week; sometimes it has been 2,000 in London; but in that great heavenly city there will be not a single case of sickness or death; not one black dress of mourning, but plenty of white robes of joy; hand-shaking of welcome, but none of separation. Why, if one trouble should attempt to enter heaven, the shining police of the city would put it under everlast-ing arrest. ing arrest.

ing arrest. THE SAINTS' EVENASTING REST. If all the sorrows of life, mailed and sword-ed under Apollyon, should attempt to force that gate, one company from the tower would strike them back howling to the pit. Room in heaven or all the raptures that ever knocked at the gate, but no room for the smallest an-noyance, though slight as a summer insect. Doxology, but no dirge. Banqueting, but no 'funeral baked meats.'' No darkness at all; no grief at all; no sick-

No darkness at all; no grief at all: no sick-ness at all; no death at all. A soul waking up in that place will say: "Can it be that I am in that place will say: "Can it be that here? Will my head never ache again?



J. R. CRITES,





CHREST'S NAME MEANS LOVE. I will carry out the idea of my text, and in the first place show you that this campline plant of the text was a symbol of Christ, be-cause of its fragrance. If I had a branch of it and should wave it in your plidst it would till all the house with its redolence. The cam-phire as we have it is offensive to some, but the camphire plant of the text had a fragrance gracious to all. The vineyards of En-gedi bathed in it-the branches, the buds, the blossoms, dripping with sweetness, typical of the sweetness of Christ, How sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a belie ver's ear! It soonces his sources, heats his wounds, And drives away his fear. The name of Cæsar means power; the name of Herod means cruchy; the name of Alexan-der means conquest; the name of Demos-

than there is no more religion in a timeral than there is in a wedding; no more religion in tears than in smiles. David was no better when he said he cried out of the depths of hell, than he was when he said that his month hell, than he was when he said that his month was filled with laughter and his tongue with singing. The best men that I have ever known have laughed the loudest. Religion was in-tended to brighten up all our character. Take out the sprig of cypress from your coat and put in "a cluster of camphire from the vineyards of En-gedi." Religion's "ways are ways of decomptons and all her paths are peace." I pleasantness and all her paths are peace." I have found it so. There are hundreds in this house who have found it so.

A RFIRITUAL RESTORATION. I remark again that the camplific plant of the text was a symbol of Jesus Christ, because I remark again that the campbire plant of the text was a symbol of Jesus Christ, because it is a mighty restorative. You know that there is nothing that starts restoration so soon in one who has fainted as camphor, as we have it. But upon a sponge or handkerchief the effects are almost immediate. Well, this camphire plant of the text, though somewhat different from that which we have, was a pun-gent aromatic, and in that respect it becomes a type of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is the mightiest of all restoratives. I have carried this camphire plant into the siek room after the doctors had held their consultation and said there was no hope and nothing more could be done, and the soul brightened up under the spiritual restorative. There is no fever, no marasmus, no neuralgia, no con-sumption, no disease of the body that the grace of God will not help. I wish that over every bed of pain and through every hospital of distress we might swing this "cluster of camphire from the vineyards of En gedi." Christ's hand is the softest pillow, Christ's pardon is the strongest stimulus, Christ's comfort is the mightiest anodyne, Christ's sai-vation is the grandest restorative. It makes a man mightier than his physical distress. Art then weary? Art those langed Art those we distressed?

Art thou weary? Art thou languid? Art thou sore distreased? "Come to me,' saith one, "and coming, he at reat." If I ask him to receive me, will he say me may? Not ill earth, and not till heaven pass away. Pinding, following, keeping, stragging, is He sure to bicas?

to bless? Saints, apostles, prophots, martyrs, answer "Yes!" GRACE FOR THE BACKSLIDER. GRACE FOR THE BAGESLIDER. Nero tarried and put pitch upon theChristians of his day, and then set them on fire, that they might filuminate the night about the païace; but while they were burning and the crowd beneath were jeering, louder than all the noise went up the song praise and tryumph from the dying martyrs. John Bradford came out in the presence of the instrument of torture that was to put him to death and said: "I am a Christian now. I have never been before." And so again and again, the Lion of Judish's tribe has form to pieces the wild beasts of martyrdom.

ported in the term is the unit in the stand with the straw of the Bethlehem khan I beautiful with his feet ha the Guilean sufficient of the straw of the Bethlehem khan I beautiful with his feet ha the Guilean sufficient of the straw of the straw of the Guilean sufficient of the straw of the tribe has torn to pieces the wild beasts of martyrdom. This grace is also a restorative for the back-slider. Who do you mean by that f you say. I mean you who used to frequent the house of God, but seldom go there now; you who once used to pray but never pray now; you who once sat at the holy communion, but take not the Lord's cup now; I mean you who once re-joleed in Christian society, but now sit amid scaffers. Backslider! From what have you slid

ical change, RELIGION GOOD EVERYWHERE. The religion of the Lord Jesus Christ is not pot of hyacinth to be set in a parlor bay win-ow for passers by to look at, and to be examdow for passers-by to look at, and to be exam-ined only by ourselves when we have company; but it is to be a perfume filling all the room of the heart as "a cluster of camphire from the vineyards of Ea-ged!" The trouble is men do not take their religion with them. The mer-chant leaves it outside the counter, lest it dis-turb the goods. The house-keeper will not let her religion trail its robes in the kitchen on washing day. The pholosopher will not let his religion come in amid the batterics, lest it get a galvanic shock. But, I tell you, unless your religion goes with you everywhere it goes no a galvanic shock. But, I tell you, unless your religion goes with you everywhere it goes no-where. That religion was intended to color all the heart and the life. But, mark you, it was a bright color. For the most part it was an orange dye, made of this camphire plant, one of the most brilliant of all the colors; and so the religion of Jesus Christ casts no blackness or gloom upon the soul. It brightens up every thing. There is no more religion in a funeral

here? Will my head never ache again? Shall I never stumble over a grave again? Will I never say good-bye to loved ones again? Can it be possible that the stream is past, that the bank is gained, that the glory is begun? Show me Jesus that I may kiss his feet." When the clock of Christian suffering has run down, it will never be wound up again. Amid the vine-yards of the heavenly Eo-gedi, that will be restoration without any relapse. That will be "The Saints' Everlasting Rest!" An Unsuccessful Failure. The habit of failing with full pockets got something in the nature of a backset not long since in a small Texas town. The unfortunate man kept a small

grocery store. He sold out the stock for eash, put the money in his pocket, and settled down to have a nice quiet time of it. His principal creditor, a Houston merchant, having arrived in the town, called on the bankrupt. He was a well dressed gentleman, but there was a gritty sort of a look about him.

"You say there are no assets," he remarked.

"Nairy durned asset."

"I think there should be some assets. and that I ought to be a preferred creditor."

"There are no assets and all my creditors are deferred creditors. The only asset that I've got for my creditors is a Waterbury watch, and it will take six months to wind it up. You can have it, if you want it." "I want no humbug about this.

Where is the money you got from the sale of the groceries?" "It's right here in my pocket," said

the bankrupt.

"Well, you are a cool one."

"I've got the money right here, and I'm going to keep it," replied the bank-

rupt, tapping his pocket. "Got it in your pocket?"

'Yes, in greenbacks." The creditor placed his hand in his own pocket, and looking steadily at the bankrupt, said:

"I've got my pistol in my pocket-don't you move-and it never fails. If you don't give me the contents of your pocket I'll give you the contents of mine," and before the ast mished bank-

mine," and before the ast mished bank-rupt could reply he was looking down the muzzle of a pistol that seemed to be as big as a flour barryl. The Houston man got his money. The unfortunate bankrupt says that his failure was the most complete fail-ure on record, and he feels as sore as a man who has monifold his finger with man who has pounded his finger with a tack hammer.—Texas Siftings.

It is not pleasant to contemplate that an American woman, and a smart one, Lady Churchill, is helping the wrong side in the British Parliamentary campaign, but when Brother Baccher unlimbers his home-rule tat-tery Americans will be better represented an the fight - Washington Republican.