THE OREGON SCOUT.

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THE OREGON SCOUT.

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

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Correspondence from all parts of the county solicited.

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

Lodge Directory.

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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.

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

City Officers.

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COUNCILMEN.	
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J. S. Elliott	J. B. Thompson
Jno. Kennedy	A. Levy
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Marshal	E. E. Cates
Treasurer	J. D. Carroll
Street Commissioner	L. Eaton

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Office, one door south of J. B. Eaton's store Union, Oregon.

I. N. CROMWELL, M. D.,

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A. E. SCOTT, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

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AND
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OFFICE—State Land Office building, Union, Union County, Oregon.

H. F. BURLEIGH,

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Land Office Business a Specialty.

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JESSE HARDESTY, J. W. SHELTON

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

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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.

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You can save From $50 to $100 on the purchase of an instrument by buying through
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☞Orders promptly filled. Address, JAMES PAYNE, Cove, Union County, Ore.

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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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BENSON BRO.'S - - PROPRIETORS.

Keep constantly on hand

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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 SAMPLE ROOMS for the accommodation of commercial travelers.

OPEN TO ALL MANKIND.

THE LORD'S SHEEP FOLD INTENDED FOR THE GOOD AND THE BAD ALIKE.

Many of the Souls Most Desirable to Be Found Among the Non-Church-Goers, the Infidels and the seemingly Lost.

Saving the Shipwrecked on the Sea of Life.

Special to the Kansas City Times.

THE HAMPTONS, Aug. 15.—The Rev. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage's text to-day was John x, 16, "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold." He said: There is no monopoly in religion. The grace of God is not a little property that we may fence off and have all to ourselves. It is not a king's park at which we look through a barred gateway, wishing that we might go in and see the deer and the statuary, and pluck the flowers and the fruits in the royal conservatory. No; it is the Father's orchard, and everywhere there are bars that we may let down and gates that we may swing open.

In my boyhood, next to the country school house, there was an orchard of apples, owned by a very lame man, who, although there were apples in the place perpetually decaying and by scores and scores of bushels, never would allow any of us to touch the fruit. One day, in the sinfulness of a nature inherited from our first parents, who were ruined by the same temptation, some of us invaded that orchard; but soon retreated, for the man came after us at a speed reckless of making his lameness worse, and cried out; "Boys, drop those apples, or I'll set the dog on you!"

CHRISTIANITY FOR ALL MEN.

Well, my friends, there are Christian men who have the church under severe guard. There is fruit in this orchard for the whole world, but they have a rough and unsympathetic way of accosting outsiders, as though they had no business here, though the Lord wants them all to come and take the largest and the ripest fruit on the premises. Have you an idea that because you were baptized at thirteen months of age, and because you have all your life been under hallowed influences, that therefore you have a right to one whole side of the Lord's table, spreading yourself out and taking up the entire room? I tell you no. You will have to haul in your elbows, for I shall to-day place on either side of you those whom you never expected to sit there; for, as Christ said to the Jews long ago, so He says to you and to me; "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold."

MacDonald, the Scotchman, has four or five dozen head of sheep. Some of them are browsing on the heather, some of them are lying down under the trees, some of them are in his yard; they are scattered around in eight or ten different places. Cameron, his neighbor, comes over and says: "I see you have thirty sheep; I have just counted them." "No," says MacDonald, "I have a great many more sheep than that. Some are here and some are elsewhere. They are scattered all around about. I have four or five thousand in my flocks. Other sheep I have, which are not in this fold."

SO MANY CHRISTIAN FOLDS.

So Christ says to us: Here is a knot of Christians and there is a knot of Christians, but they make up a small part of the flock. Here is the Episcopal fold, the Methodist fold, the Lutheran fold, the Congregational fold, the Presbyterian fold, the Baptist and the Pedo-Baptist fold—the only difference between these last two being the mode of sheep-washing; and so they are scattered all over, and we come with our statistics, and say there are so many thousand of the Lord's sheep; but Christ responds: "No, no; you have not seen more than one out of a thousand of my flock. They are scattered all over the earth, and 'other sheep I have which are not of this fold.'"

Christ in my text was prophesying the conversion of the Gentiles with as much confidence as though they were already converted, and he is to-day, in the words of my text, prophesying the coming of a great multitude of outsiders that you never supposed would come in, saying to you and saying to me: "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold."

First—In the first place I remark that the heavenly shepherd will find many of his sheep among the non-church-goers. There are congregations where they are all Christians, and they seem to be completely finished, and they remind one of the skeleton leaves which by chemical preparation have had all the greenness and verdure taken off of them and are left cold and white and delicate, nothing wanting but a glass case to put over them.

GATHERING RECRUITS EVERYWHERE.

The minister of Christ has nothing to do with such Christians but to come once a week, and with an ostrich feather dust off the accumulation of the last six days, leaving them bright and crystalline as before. But the other kind of a church is an armory with perpetual sound of drum and fife, gathering recruits for the Lord of hosts. We say to every applicant: "Do you want to be on God's side, the safe and happy side? If so, come in the armory and get equipped. Here is a bath in which to get cleansed. Here are the sandals to put upon your feet. Here is a helmet for your brow. Here is a breast plate for your heart. Here is a sword for your right arm, and yonder is the battle field. Acquit yourselves like men."

There are some here who say: "I stopped going to church ten or twenty years ago." My brother, is it not strange that you should be the first man I should talk to to-day? I know all your case; I know it very well. You have not been accustomed to come into a religious assembly, but I have a surprising announcement to make to you. You are going to become one of the Lord's sheep. "O!" you say, "it is impossible; you don't know how far I am from anything of that kind." I know all about it. I have wandered up and down the world, and I understand your case. I have a still more startling announcement to make in regard to you. You are not only going to become one of the Lord's sheep, but you will become one to-day. You will go from this service to talk with some one about your soul. People of God, pray for that man! "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold."

SAVING SHIPWRECKED SOULS.

When the Atlantic went to pieces on Mars Rock and the people clambered up on the beach, why did not that heroic minister of the Gospel of whom we have all read, sit down and take care of those men on the beach, wrapping them in flannels, kindling fire for them, seeing that they got plenty of food? Ah, he knew that there were others who would do that! He says: "Yonder are men and women freezing in the rigging of that wreck. Boys, launch the boat!" And now I see the oar-blades bend under the strong pull, but before they reached the rigging a women was frozen and dead. She was washed off, poor thing! But he says: "There is a man to save," and he cries out: "Hold on five minutes longer and I will save you. Steady! Steady! Give me your hand. Leap into the life boat. Thank God, he is saved!" So there are those here to-day who are safe on the shore of God's mercy, but I see there are some who are freezing in the rigging of sin, and surrounded by perilous storms. Pull away, my lads! Let us reach them. Alas, one is washed off and gone! There is one more to be saved. Let us push out for that one. "Clutch the rope, O dying man! Clutch it as with a death-grip. Steady now on the slippery places. Steady! There! Saved! Saved!" Just as I thought. For Christ has declared that there are some still in the breakers who shall come ashore. "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

FISHING IN THE WORLD'S SEA.

Christ commands his ministers to be fishermen, and when I go fishing I do not want to go among other churches but into the wide world; not sitting along a small creek where eight or ten other persons are sitting with hook and line, but, like the fishermen of Newfoundland, sailing off and dropping net away outside, forty or fifty miles from shore. Yes, there are non-church goers here who will come in. Next Sabbath they will again be in the religious service. They are this moment being swept into Christian associations. Their voice will be heard in public prayer. They will die in peace, their bed surrounded by Christian sympathies, and be carried out by devout men to be buried, and on their grave be chiseled the words: "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." And on resurrection day you will get up with the dear children you have already buried, and with your Christian parents who have already won the palm. And all that grand and glorious history begins now. "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

Second—I remark again: The heavenly shepherd is going to find a great many of his sheep among those who are positive rejectors of Christianity. I do not know how you came to reject Christianity. It may have been through hearing Theodore Parker preach, or through reading Renan's "Life of Jesus," or through the infidel talk of some young man in your store. It may have been through the trickery of some professed Christian man who disgusted you with religion. I do not ask you how you became so; but you frankly tell me that you do reject it.

TRYING THE VIRTUES OF RELIGION.

You do not believe that Christ is a divine being, although you admit that He was a very good man. You do not believe that the Bible was inspired of God, although you think that there are some very fine things in it. You believe that the Scriptural description of Eden was only an allegory. There are fifty things that I believe that you do not believe. And yet you are an accommodating man. Everybody that knows you says that of you. If I thould ask you to do a kindness for me, or if any one else should ask of you a kindness, you would do it. Now I have a kindness to ask of you to-day. It is something that will cost you nothing and will give me great delight. I want you by experiment to try the power of Christ's religion. If I should come to you, and you were very sick, and doctors had given you up and said there was no chance for you, and I should take out a little bottle and say: "Here is a medicine that will cure you; it has cured fifty people, and it will cure you," you would say: "I have no confidence in it." I would say: "Won't you take it to oblige me?" "Well," you would say, "if it's any accommodation to you I'll take it." My friend, will you be just as accommodating in matters of religion?

RELYING ON THE DIVINE PHYSICIAN.

There are some of you who have found out that this world can not satisfy your soul. You are like the man who told me after the service was over: "I have tried this world and I found it an insufficient portion. Tell me of something better." You have come to that. You are sick for the need of divine medicament. Now I come and tell you of a physician who will cure you, who has cured hundreds and hundreds who were sick as you are. "Oh," you say, "I have no confidence in Him!" But will you not try Him? Accommodate me in this matter; oblige me in this matter; just try Him. I am very certain He will cure you. You reply: "I have no special confidence in Him; but if you ask me as a matter of accommodation, introduce Him." So I introduce Him—Christ, the physician who has cured more blind eyes, and healed more ghastly wounds, and bound up more broken hearts, than all the doctors since the time of Æsculapius.

That divine physician is here. Are you not ready to try Him? Will you not, as a pure matter of experiment, state your case before Him now? Hold nothing back from Him. If you can not pray, if you do not know how to pray any other way, say: "O Lord Jesus Christ, this is a strange thing for me to do! I know nothing about the formulas of religion. These Christian people have been talking so long about what Thou canst do for me, I am ready to do whatever Thou commandest me to do. I am ready to take whatever Thou commandest me to take. If there be any power in religion, as these people say, let me have the advantage of it."

FOLLOWING GREAT MEN'S PRECEPTS.

Will you try that experiment? I do not, at this point of my discourse, say that there is anything in religion; but I simply say, try it—try it. Do not take my counsel or the counsel of any clergyman, if you despise clergymen. Perhaps we may be talking professionally; perhaps we may be prejudiced in the matter; perhaps we may be hypocritical in the utterances; perhaps our advice is not worth taking. Then take the counsel of some very respectable laymen—as John Milton, the poet; as William Wilberforce, the statesman; as Isaac Newton, the astronomer; as Robert Boyle, the philosopher; as Locke, the metaphysician. They never preached or pretended to preach; and yet putting down, one his telescope and another his parliamentary scroll, and another his electrician's wire, they all declare the adaptedness of Christ's religion to the wants and troubles of the world. If you will not take the recommendation of ministers of the gospel, then take the recommendation of highly respectable laymen. O, men skeptical and struck through with unrest! would you not like to have some of the peace which broods over our souls to-day? I know all about your doubts. I have been through them all. I have gone through all the curriculum. I have doubted whether there is a God, whether Christ is God. I have doubted whether the Bible was true. I have doubted the immortality of the soul. I have doubted my own existence. I have doubted everything; and yet, out of that hot desert of doubt, I have come into the broad, luxuriant, sunshiny land of Gospel hope, and peace, and comfort; so I have confidence in preaching to you and asking you to come in.

NO PEACE FOR THE INFIDEL.

However often you may have spoken against the Bible, or however much you may have caricatured religion, step ashore from that rocking and tumultuous sea. If you go away adhering to your infidelities, you will not sleep one wink to-night. You do not want your children to come up with your skepticism. You can not afford to die in that midnight darkness, can you? If you do not believe in anything else you believe in love—a father's love, a mother's love, a wife's love, a child's love. Then let me tell you that God loves you more than them all. O, you must come in. You will come in. The great heart of Christ aches to have you come in, and Jesus this very moment—whether you sit or stand—looks into your eyes and says: "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold."

Third—Again I remark, that the heavenly shepherd is going to find a great many sheep among those who have been flung of evil habit. It makes me mad to see Christian people give up a prodigal as lost. There are those who talk as though the grace of God were a chain of forty or fifty links, and after they had run out there was nothing to touch a very bad case. If they were hunting and got off the track of the deer they would look longer among the banks and the bushes for the lost game than they have been looking for that lost soul. People tell us that if a man has delirium tremens twice he can not be reclaimed, that after a woman has fallen from her integrity she can not be restored. The Bible has distinctly intimated that the Lord Almighty is ready to pardon four hundred and ninety times; that is seventy times seven.

GOD'S MERCY TO THE LOWEST.

There are men before the throne of God who have wallowed in every kind of sin; but, saved by the grace of Jesus and washed in His blood, they stand there radiant now. There are those who plunged in the very lowest hell of abomination, who for the tenth time have been lifted up, and finally, by the grace of God, they stand in Heaven gloriously rescued by the grace promised to the chief of sinners. I want to tell you that God loves to take hold of a very bad case. When the church casts you off, and when the clubroom casts you off, and when society casts you off, when business associates casts you off, and when father casts you off, and when mother casts you off, and when everybody casts you off, your first cry for help will send the eternal God clean down to the ditch of your suffering and shame. The Good Templars can not save you, although they are a grand institution. The Sons of Temperance can not save you, although they are mighty for good. Signing the temperance pledge can not save you although I believe in it. Nothing but the grace of the Eternal God can save you, and that will if you will throw yourself on to it. A man said to me: "Unless God helps me I can not be delivered. I have tried everything, sir; but now I have got into the habit of prayer, and when I come to a drinking saloon I pray that God will take me safely past, and I pray until I am past. He does help me." For every man given to strong drink there are scores of traps set, and no one but the everywhere present God can see that man through.

THE CATACOMBS OF AMERICA.

O, they talk about the catacombs of Naples, and the catacombs of Rome, and the catacombs of Egypt—the burial places under the city where the dust of a great multitude lie; but I tell you New York has its catacombs, Nashville has its catacombs, and New Orleans its catacombs, and Boston its catacombs, and Philadelphia its catacombs, and every town and city neighborhood its catacombs. They are the underground restaurants, full of dead men's bones and all uncleanliness. Young man, you know it. God help you! There is no need of going into the art gallery to see in skillful sculpture that wonderful representation of a man and his sons wound around with serpents. There are families represented in this audience that are wrapped in the martyrdom of frang and scale and venom—a living Laocoon of ghastliness and horror. What are you to do? Do not put your trust in bromide of potassium, or in Jamaica ginger, or anything else that apothecaries can mix. Put your trust only in the Eternal God, and He will see you through. Some of you do not have temptation every day. It is a periodic temptation that comes every six weeks, or every three months, when it seems as if the powers of darkness kindle around your tongue the fires of the pit. It is well enough at such a time, as some of you do, to seek medical counsel; but your first and most importunate cry must be to God. If the fiends will drag you to the slaughter, make them do it on your knees. Oh, God! now that the paroxysms of thirst is coming again upon that man, help him. Fling back into the pit of hell the fiend that assaults his soul this moment. O! my heart aches to see men go on in this fearful struggle without Christ.

CHRIST'S SAVING POWER WONDROUS.

There are here those whose hands so tremble from dissipation that they can hardly hold a book, and yet I have to tell you that they will preach the gospel, and on communion day carry around the consecrated bread, acceptable to everybody, because of their holy life and their consecrated behavior. The Lord is going to save you. Your home has got to be rebuilt. Your physical health has got to be restored. Your worldly business has got to be reconstructed. The church of God is going to rejoice over your discipleship. "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold."

While I have hope for all prodigals there are some people for whom I am not so hopeful. I mean those who have been church-goers all their life, who have maintained outward morality, but who, notwithstanding twenty, thirty, forty years of Christian advantages, have never yielded their heart to Christ. They are gospel hardened. A sermon has no more effect upon them than the shining of the moon upon the city pavement. As Christ says: "The publicans and harlots will go into the kingdom of God before them." They have resisted all the importunities of Divine mercy, and have gone, during these thirty years, through most powerful earthquakes of religious feeling, and they are further away from God than ever. After awhile they will lie down sick, and some day it will be told that they are dead. No hope! But I turn to outsiders with a hope that thrills through my body and soul. "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold.

SAVED BY THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

You are not gospel hardened. You have not heard many sermons during the last few years. As you came into a religious meeting to-day everything was novel, and all the services are suggestive of your early days. How sweet the opening hymn sounded in your ears, and how blessed it is in this place. Everything suggestive of heaven. You do not weep, but the shower is not far off. You sigh, and you have noticed that there is always a sigh in the wind before the rain falls. There are those here who would give anything if they could find relief in tears. They say: "O, my wasted life! O, the bitter past! O, the graves over which I have stumbled! Whither shall I fly? Alas for the future! Everything is dark—so dark, so dark! God help me! God pity me!" Thank the Lord for that last utterance. You have begun to pray, and when a man begins to petition that sets all heaven flying this way, and God steps in and beats back the hounds of temptation into the kennel, and around about the poor wounded soul puts the covert of His pardoning mercy. Hark! I hear something fall. What was that? It is the bars of the fence around the sheepfold. The shepherd lets them down, and the hunted sheep of the mountain bound in; some of them, their fleece torn with the brambles; some of them, their feet lame with the dogs, but bounding in. Thank God! "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold."

How it Happened.

An old citizen of this county, who was Justice of the Peace for one term about twenty years ago, was asked the other day if he made a success as a law official.

"Well, some folks think I didn't," he replied.

"For what reason?"

"Because out of twenty-eight cases appealed to the Circuit Court twenty-seven were reversed on me."

"How did you account for that?"

"Why, that the Circuit Judges made twenty-seven grave errors, and let up on the twenty-eighth to convince me that they had nothing against me personally!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

The *Scientific American* calls attention to the fact that tobacco blindness is becoming a common affliction.