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## THE OREGON SCOUT.

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Correspondence from all parts of the county

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

#### Lodge Directory.

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

C. E. DAVIS, Secretary. USION 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 S. W. LONG, N. G. the lodge. 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. PRESEVTENIAN 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. Jons's Episcopai, Chunch-Service every Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. Rev. W. R. POWELL, Rector.

Judge ... Sheriff ... Clerk

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#### County Officers. A. C. Craig A. L. Saunders B. F. Wilson A. F. Benson J. L. Hindman CONTRACTOR NAME .............. Treasurer. School Superintendent .... Surveyor. Coroner. E. H. Lewis COMMISSIONERS. Jno. Stanley L. B. Rinchart Geo. Ackles. State Senator. REPRESENTATIVES. E. E. Taylor F. T. Dick.

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Ino. Kennedy	
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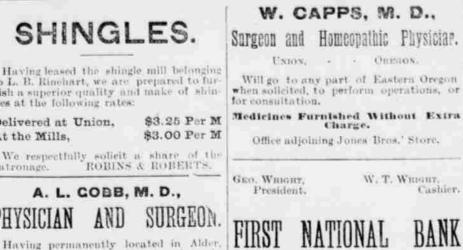
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# Gener es of h them.

PRESIDI RINEHART

RUTH'S WONDROUS DEVOTION. LESSONS DRAWN FROM THE

STORY OF THE YOUNG WOMAN.

The Right Fath the Best Even Though Most Difficult to Pursue. Death Robbed of All Anguish and the

### Soul Made Ready for the Judgment Day.

#### Special to the Kausas City Times.

GRIMSBY, OST., Aug. 22.-The Rev. 1. De Witt Talmage, D.D., is attending this old historical camp-meeting for the third time. People from all parts of Canada attended the service to day at which he was the preacher, Histext was Ruth L, 16 and 17: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go: and where thou lodgest, 1 will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." The following is Mr. Talmage's sermon:

Famine in Judea. Upon fields distinguished for fertility the blight came, and at the door of princely abodes Want knocked. Turning his back upon his house and his lands. Elimelech took his wife Naomi and his two sons and started for the laud of Moab in scarch of bread. Getting into Moab, his two sous married idolaters-Ruth, the name of one, Orphs the name of the other. Great calamities came upon that household. Elimelech died and his two sons, leaving Naomi, the wife, and the two daughters in law. Poor Naomilin a strange land and her husband and two sons dead. She must go back to Judea. She can not stand it in a place where everything reminded her of her sorrow. Just as now, sometimes you see persons moving from one house to another or from one city to another, and you can not understand it until you find out that it is because there were associations with a certain place that they could

no longer bear. NAOMI'S RETURN TO JUDEA. NAOMI'S RETURN TO JUDEA. Naomi must start for the land of Judea, but how shall she get there! Between Moab and the place where she would like to go there are deserts; there are wild beasts ranging the wilderness; there are savages going up and down, and there is the awfui Dead sea. Well, you say, she came over the road once, she can do so again. Ah! when she came over the road before, she had the strong arms of her husband and her two sons to defend her; now they are all gone. The hour of parting has come and Naomi must be separated from her two daughters-in-law, Ruth and Orpah. They were tenderly attached, these three mourners. They had bent over the same sick bed; they had moved in the same funeral procession; they had wept over the same grave. There the three mourners stand talking. Naomi thinks of the time when she left Judea with a prince for her companion. Then they all think of the marriage festivals, when Naomi's two sons were united to these women who have now exchanged the wreath of the bride for the veil of the mourner. Naomi starts for the land of Judea, and Ruth and Orpah resolve to go a little way along with her. RUTH'S NOBLE SELF SACRIFICE. They have gone but a short distance when Naomi turns around and says to her daugh-ters-in-law. "Go back. There may be days of brightness yet for you in your native land. I can't bear to take you away from your home and the homes of your kindred. I am old and troubled. Go not along with me. The load deal graph with you as a base The Lord deal gently with you as ye have dealt with the dead and with me." But they persisted in going, and so the three traveled on until after awhile Naomi turns around again and begs them to go back. Orpah takes the uggestion, and after a sad parting goes away; but Ruth, grand and glorious Ruth, turns her back upon her home. She says: "I can't bear to let that old mother go alone. It is my duty to go with her." And throwing her arms around weeping Naomi she pours out her soul in the tenderness, and pathos, and Christian eloquence of my text: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and whither thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy peo-ple shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou dies: I will die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." Five choices Ruth made in that text, and five choices must we all make if we ever want to get to heaven. CHOOSING THE CHRISTIAN'S GOD. First—In the first place, if we want to be-come Christians, we must. like Ruth in the text, choose the Christian's God. Beautiful Ruth looked up into the wrinkied face of Naomi and said: "Thy God shall be my God." You see it was a change of gods. Naomi's God was Jehovah: Ruth's god was Chemosh, the divinity of the Moabites, whom the had worshined under the symbol of a black to get to heaven. she had worshiped under the symbol of a black star. Now she comes out from under that black-starred divinity, and takes the Lord in whom there is no darkness at all; the silverstarred divinity to whom the meteor pointed down in Bethlehem; the sunshiny God of whom the Psalmist wrote: "The Lord God is a sun." And so, my friends, if we want to become Christians we must change gods. This world is the Chemosh to most people. It is a black-starred god. It can heal no wounds. This black-starred god. It can heal no wounds. It can wipe away no sorrows. It can pay no debts. It can save no undying soul. It is a great cheat, so many thousand miles in diame-ter and so many thousand miles in circumfer-ence. If I should put this audience under oath, one-half of them would swear that this world is a flar. It is a blank which makes large advertisement of what it has in the vanits and of the dividends that it declares, and tells us if we want bacufores, all we have valits and of the dividends that it declares, and tells us if we want happiness, all we have got to do is to come to that bank and apply for it. In the hour of need, we go to that bank to get happiness, and we find that the vaults are empty, and all reliabilities have ab-sconded and we are swindled out of every-thing. O thou black-starred Chemosh, how many are burning incense at thy shrine! JEROVAR'S WONDROTS BRAUTIES. JEHOVAII'S WONDROUS BRAUTIES. Now, Ruth turned away from thi Chemosh and she took Naomi's God. this God Chemosh and she took Naomi's God. Who was that! That God that made the world and put you in it. The God that fashioned the heaven and filed it with blissful linkabitanta. The God whose lifetime study it has been to make you and all His creatures happy. The God who watched us in childbood and led us through the gauntiet of infauille distresses, feeding us when we were hungry, pliowing us when we were somnoleut, and sending His only son to wash away our pollution with the tears and blood of His own eye and heart, and offering to be our everiasting rest, comfort and centary. A loving God. A sympathetic God. A great hearted God. An all-encom-passing God. A God who fings Hinself on Who

and bereft spirit. O, choose ye between Chemosh and Jebovak' The one service is pain and disappointment; the other service is brightness and life. I have tried both. I choose the service of God because I was ashamed to do otherwise. I felt it would be imbecile for me to choose Chemosh above Je-bovah hoyah.

O happy day that fixed my choice On these, my Savier and my God? Well may fais glowing leaser replace, And tell its raptures all abroad.

O happy bond that scale up yows To Him who merilis all my love? Let cheerful anthems 01 His house, White in his sacred throne I move.

High Heaven, that heard the solerm vow, That yow renewed shall dely hear; Till in He's latest hear 1 hear. And bless in death a bond so dear.

FOLLOWING THE BIGHT PATH.

FOLLOWING THE HIGHT PATH. Second—Again; if we want to be Chris-tians, like Ruth in the text we must take the Christians path: "Where thou goest, I will go," cried out the beautiful Moabitess of Naomi, the mother in-law. Dangerous prom-ise that. There were describe to ecrossed. There were jackals that came down through the wilderness. There were bandits. There was the Dead Sea. Naomi save: "Ruth you must go back. You are too delicate to take this journey. You will give out in the first five miles. You cannot go. You have not the rhysical stamina or the moral courage to go with me." Ruth responds: "Mother, I am going anyhow. If I stay in this land I will be overborne of the idolaters. If I go along with you I shall serve God. Give me that bundle, Let me carry it. I am going with you, mother, anyhow." Mother, the tay have the must do as Ruth did, crying out: "Where thou goest, I

Ruth did, crying out: "Where thou goest, I will go." Never mind the Dead sea. Afoot or horseback. If there be rivers to ford, we must ford them. It there be mountains to scale, we must scale them. If there be ene-mies to fight we must fight them. If there mies to fight, we must fight them. It re-quires grit and pluck to get from Moab to Judah. O, how many Christians there are who can be diverted from the path by a quiver of the lip, indicative of scorn! They do not sur-render to temptation, but they bend to it. And if in a company there be those who tell unclean stories they will go so far as to tell something on the unargin between the the something on the margin between the the pure and impure. And if there be those who swear in the room and use the ruogh word "damn" they will go so far as to use the word "darn" and looking over the fence wishing they could go farther; but as to any de-termination, like Ruth's, to go the whole road of all that is right, they have not the grace to do it. They have not in all their body as much courage as Ruth had in her little finger. O, my friends, let us start for heaven and go clear through! In the river that runs by the gate of the city we shall wash off all our bruises. THE HOME OF A CHRISTIAN.

THE HOME OF A CHRISTIAN. When Dr. Chalmers printed his astro-nomical discourses they were read in the haylofts, in the fields, in the garrets and in the palaces, because they advocated the idea that the stars were inhabited. O, hearer, does not your soul thrill with the thought that there is another world beauti-cular inhabited. Now more that you have fully inhabited! Nay, more, that you, by the grace of God, may become one of its "Third-Again I remark: If we want to

become Christians, like Ruth in the text, we must choose the Christian's habitation. "Where thou lodgest, will I lodge," cried Ruth to Naomi. She knew that wherever Naomi stopped, whether it were hovel or

ense worldly society I teel depressed. It is like going out of a June garden into an ice house. Men never know inity how to laugh until they become Christians. The world's laughter has a jerk of dissatisfaction at the card; but when a man is consecrated to God, and he is all right for the world to come, then when he langus body, mind and soul crackle. Let a group of ministers of the gospel, gather-ed from all denominations of Christians, be ed from all denominations of Christians, be together in a dining hall, or in a social circle, and you know they are proverbially jocund. O, ye unconverted people I know not how you can stand it down in that moping, billions, saturnine, worldy association. Come up into the sunlight of Christian rociety—those people for whom all things are working right now, and will work right forever. I tell you that the sweetest japonicas grow in the Lord's gar-den; that the largest grapes are from the vine-yards of Camaan; that the most sparkling floods break forth from the Rock of Ages. Do not too much pity this Ruth of my text; for she is going to become ionit owner of the great

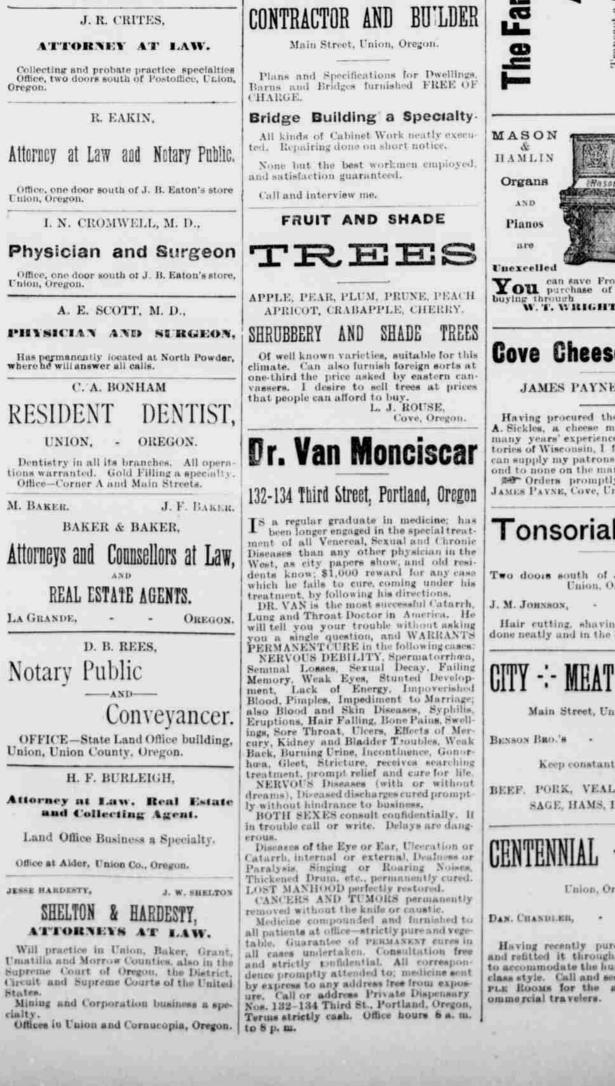
Boods break forth from the Rock of Ages. Do not too much pity this Ruth of my text; for she is going to become joint owner of the great harvest fields of Bonz.
DEATH ROBERD OF ALL PAIN.
Fifth—Once more: If we want to become Christians, we must, like Ruth in the text, choose the Christian death and burial. She exclaimed: "Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried." I think we all, when heaving this world, would like to be surround. there will I be buried." I think we all, when leaving this world, would like to be surround-ed by Chrislian Influences. You would not like to have your dying pillow surrounded by caricaturists, and punsters, and wine bibbers. How would you like to have John Leech come with his London pictorals, and Christopher North with his loose fun, and Tom Hood with his rhyming jokes, when you are dying? No! No! No! Let me have a Christian nurse in my last sickness. Let me have a Christian physicsan to administer the medicines. Let it be a Christian wife, or parent, or child, that watches the going out of the tides of my moral existence. Let Christian men come in and read of the illuminated valley, and the ex-tinguishment of grief, and drown the hoarse tinguishment of grief, and drown the hoarse blasts of death with the strains of "Mount Pisgah" and "Saint Martin."

Pisgah" and "Saint Martin." In our last moment we will all be children. Said Dr. Gutbrie, the famous Scotch clergy-man, when dying: "Sing me a bairn's hymn." Yes, we will all be children then. In that hour the world will stand confounded around us. Our friends may cry over us; tears will not help us. They may look sad; what we want is radiation in the last momest, thinking it will help them to die. In our last moment we want that bread which came down from beaven. Who will give it to us? O, we want Christian people in the room, so that if our hope begins to struggle they may say: "Courage brother! all is well! Courage! THE LAST MOMENTS OF LIFE. In that expiring moment I want to hear the

THE LAST MOMENTS OF LIFE. In that expiring moment I want to hear the old songs that we used to sing in church and prayer-meeting. In that last moment I want to hear the voice of some Christian friend pleading that the sins and short-comings of my life may be forgiven, and the doors of heaven may be opened before my entranced snirit. spirit.

Come sing to me of heaven, When I'm about to die; Sing songs of holy cestacy, To waft my soul on high.

Yes: Christian people on either side the bed, and Christian people at the foot of the bed, and Christian people to close my eyes, and Christian people to carry me out, and Chris-tian people to look after these whom I leave behind, and Christian people to remember me a little while after I am gone. "Where thou dist will I die and these will be buried?" a little while after I am gone. "Where the diest, will I die, and there will I be buried." Sometimes an epitaph covers up more than it expresses. Walking through Greenwood emetery I have sometimes seen an inscription which impressed me how hard the sculptor and friends were trying to make out a good story in stone. I saw from the inscription that the man or woman buried there had died without hope. The inscription told me the man was a member of congress, or a bank president, or member of congress, or a bank pression, or some prominent citizen, but said nothing about his soul's destiny. The body is nothing. The soul! The soul! And here by this in-scription I see that this man was born in 1800 and died in 1875. Seventy-five years on earth and no Christian hope! O, if in all the cemeteries of your city the graves of those who have gone out of this world unprepared should have gone out of this world inprepared should sigh on the wind, who would have the nerve to drive through such a place! If all those who have gone out of this world unprepared could come back to-day and float through this air, telling the story of their discomfiture, this audience would fall flat on its face, asking to be rescued from the avalanche of horror. READY FOR THE JUDGMENT DAY. My hearers, do you wonder that this Ruth of my text made the Christian's choice and closed it with the ancient form of Imprecaclosed it with the ancient form of Impreca-tion upon her own soul, if she ever forsook Naomit "The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." They were to live together. Come the jackais, come the bandits, roll ou Dead sea! My hearers, would you not like to be with your Christnan friends forever! Have there not gone out persons from your household whom you would like to spend eternity with! They were mild and loving and gentle and beauliful while here. You have no Idea that the joys of heaven have made them worse. Choose their Christ and you may have their heaven. of heaven have made them worse. Choose their Christ and you may have their heaven. They went in washed through the blood of the Lamb, and you must have the same glori-ous ablution. With holy violence I put my hands on you to-day, to push you on toward the immediate choice of this only Saviour. Have Him you must, or perish world without end. Elect this moment as the one of contrition and transvert O give a the one of contrition and transport. O, give one intense, carnest believing, loving gaze into the wounds opened for your eternal salvation, Some of you I confront for the first and the last time until the judgment, and then we shall meet. Will you be ready?





mansion, there would be a Christian and she wanted to be in it. What do I mean by a Christian home? I mean a home in which the Bible is the chief book; a home in which the family kneel in prayers; a home in which father and mother are practical Christians; a home in which on Sabbath, from sunrise to sunset, there is profitable converse, and cheerful song, and suggestions of a better world. Whether the wall be freecoed or not, or only a cell-ing of unplaned rafters; whether nuarble lions are couchant at the front entrance, or a plain latch is lifted by a tow-string, that

home is the ante-chamber of heaven. nome is the ante-chamber of neaven. A man never gets over having lived in such an early home. It holds you in an eternal grip. Though your parents may have been gone forty years, the tears of peni-tence and gladness that were wept at the family altar still glitter in your memory. Nay do you not now feel warm and hot on Nay, do you not now feel warm and hot or your hand the tears that mother shed thirt years ago, when, one cold winter night she came and wrapped you up in the beand prayed for your welfare here and for your everlasting welfare before the thrones

SETTING A GOOD EXAMPLE. O, ye who are to set up your own home, see that it be a Christian home! Let Jesus make God is an awful place, there are so many perils to threaten it, and God Himself is so bitterly against it; but "the Lord encampeth around about the babitation of the just." What a grand thing it is to have God stand guard at the door, and the Lord Jesus the family physician; and the wings of angels the canopy over the pillow, and the Lord of Giory

a perpetual guest. You say it is importan that the wife and mother be a Christian. say it is just as important that the husband and father be a Christian. Yet how many clever men there are who say: "My wife does all the religion of my house. I am a workily man; but I have confidence in her and I think she will bring the whole family up all right." It will not do, my brother. The fact that you are not a Christian has more influence on your family than the fact that your wife is a Christian. Your children will say: "Father's a very good man; he is not a Christian and if he can risk the future I can risk the future." O, father and husband! join your wife on the road to heaven and at night gather your family at the altar. Do you say: "I can't pray. I am a man of few words and I don't think I could put half a dozen sentences to-gether in such a prayer." You can pray; you can. If your child were down with scarlet fever, and the next hour were to decide its recovery or its death, you would pray in sobs recovery or its death, you would pray in sobs and groans, and paroxysms of carnestness. Yes, you can pray. When the eternal life of your household may depend upon your suppli-cation, let your knees limber and go down; but if you still insist that you cannot compo a prayer, then buy or borrow a prayer book of the Episcopal church, and gather your family, and put your prayer book on a chair, and kneel down before it, and in a solemn and hushed presence of God, gather up all your sorrows, and temptations, and sins, and cry out: "Good Lord, deliver us."

THE BEST OF COMPANIONS. Fourth-Again I remark: If we want to be-come Christians, like Ruth in the text, we must choose Christian associations. "Thy peo-ple shall be my people," cried out Ruth to Naomi. "The folks you associate with, I want

to associate with. They will come and see me, and I will go and see them. I want to move in the highest of all circles, the circle of God's elect; and therefore, mother, I am going back with you to the land of Judah." Do you who tears and blood of His own eye and heart, and offering to be our everlasting rest, comfort and cestacy. A loving God. A sympathetic God. A great hearted God. An all-encom-passing God. A God who fings Hieself on this world in a very abandonment of everlast-ing affection. The clouds, the vell of His face. The sea, the aquarium of His palace. The stars, the dewdrops on His lawn. The God of Hannal's prayer and Esther's consecration and Mary's broken heart and Ruth's loving

#### Mental Disease Frequent Among Sovereigns.

The death of the King of Bavaria has called forth a great number of essays and treatises on mental insanity and its causes. In one of these the well-known German scientist, Professor Hackel, points out that mental disease is much more frequent among the higher and highest clases of society than among the common people. He says: "Mental diseases are remarkably frequent among sovereigns. The cele-brated specialist for diseases of the brain has shown that the proportion of lunatics in reigning families, as com-pared to that of the population of the r country, is as 60 to 1-that is to say, that lunacy occurs sixty times as often in reigning families as among ordinary mortals. If similar accurate statistics were taken as to the frequency of lunaey among the nobility it would at once appear that this class also furnishes a much larger contingent of lunitics than non-aristocratic humanity. The cause of this is the unnatural or one-sided education and the artificial sepsided education and the artificial sep-aration of the 'privileged' classes from the rest of their fellow creatures, which separation causes many dark sides of human nature to become particularly developed—artificially trained, as it were, and by the law of heredities they are more strongly developed in every succeeding generation."—Pall Mall Gazette. Gazette.