

THE OREGON SCOUT.

VOL. III.

UNION, OREGON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1886.

NO. 23.

THE OREGON SCOUT.

An independent weekly journal, issued every Saturday by

JONES & CHANCEY,

Publishers and Proprietors.

A. K. JONES, Editor. W. T. CHANCEY, Foreman.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One copy, one year \$1.50

Six months \$1.00

Three months .75

Single copies 5 cents

Invariably cash in advance.

If by any chance subscriptions are not paid at the end of year, two dollars will be charged.

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The Pictures of England.

Goldwin Smith in Macmillan's Magazine.

I do not know whether rural England grows more beautiful or whether it is that one is more struck with its beauty every time one returns to it from a newly settled land of promise, with its raw look of recent clearance, with its denuded fields, its stumps, its snake fences instead of hedge rows with trees, its unpicturesque though thrifty looking homesteads, its horizon fringed with the gaunt trunks or pines blackened by the forest fire, its landscape which by the absence of finish shows that no labor has as yet been spared for anything but the absolutely useful. Surely this English union of the highest cultivation and the trimness produced by the outlay of vast wealth on a small area, with the sylvan character maintained by the interspersed of parks and pleasure grounds, the reservation of which the same wealth has permitted, as well as by the hedge row trees; this conjunction of all the similar evidences of present prosperity with the gray church towers and immemorial oaks of the past; and the richness of this landscape presents a charming view from almost any rising ground, having nothing equal to them in their kind. There must be many lands more romantic, there can hardly be one so lovely. In America the dwellings of the people look like structures, and are indicative only of present prosperity; here they look like growths, and are suggestive of a history. In America you see from the windows of the railway carriages at nearly equal distances the nearly equal homesteads of the agricultural democracy; for, there being no such thing as a country gentleman, and little use of hired labor, there are no mansions and few cottages. Here we have the variety of hall, farm and cottage, which is unquestionably more interesting, though perhaps not economically so wholesome. Yet one can not help thinking that a life outwardly so beautiful must inwardly be pretty healthy, if the different members of the rural community do their duty. There are flowers the symbols of cheerfulness, on the walls and in the garden of the cottages as well as on the walls and in the garden of the hall. Over this landscape and life radical agrarian reformers propose to drive the plow. If they are to have their way, one is glad to have had one more look. If England in general looks more lovely every time one sees it, less lovely, it must be confessed, every time one sees it, looks manure acting England, with its firmament of smoke, its soil devoid of verdure, its polluted streams, its buildings and chimneys supreme in hideousness, its dreary lines of dingy cottages, its soot and grime, its distracting din, its myriads spending their lives in the monotonous toil in which they have no more interest than the other part of the machinery, its employment of women in factory labor, which must be harmful both to home and to the health of the race, make what factory acts you will.

The Russian Guards.

The Novoe Vremya publishes the following account of the war service of the Russian Guards: "Created in 1691, they received their baptism of fire in 1695-6 during the two Azof campaigns, after which came the following exploits in their order of date: Narva, 1700; capture of the fortress of Nienschanz, 1703; battle of Pultowa, 1709; siege of Viborg, 1710; battle of the Pruth, 1711; siege of Stettin, 1712; of Eigenstadt, Hango, 1713; capture of Otchakoff, 1737; capture of Khotine and battle of Stawuzans, with the Swedes, 1739. After this a long interval elapsed before the guards reappeared in the field at Austerlitz in 1805. They were present afterwards at Friedland in 1807, Borodino in 1812, Bautzen, Cuim and Leipsic in 1813, and La Fere Champanoise and Paris in 1814. In 1828 they fought in Turkey before Varna and in the action of Hadji Hassan Larom. In 1831, during the Polish war, they took part in the combats at Szymanowo, Przetyn, Rudki, Ostroleka, and in the assault on Warsaw. In 1893 they served during the Polish insurrection, and their last active service was during the Turkish war of 1877-8."

When the Earth Will Stop Revolving.

A problem which is attracting to its study astronomers relates to the earth as a timekeeper. We measure time by dividing either the period during which the earth revolves around the sun, or that in which it turns on its axis. By the first method we measure a year; by the second a day. The earth, according to some astronomers, is losing time. Through causes, the sun's attraction and the friction, so to speak, of the tides, the earth each year revolves more slowly on its axis. The speculative question which these astronomers are discussing is whether in the end the earth will stop its revolution on its axis and will present always the same face to the sun. When that event occurs there will be perpetual day in one part of the earth and perpetual night in another. But there is no occasion for immediate cause of alarm. The rate at which the earth is supposed to lose time only shortens the year by half a second in a century. There are more than 31,000,000 seconds in a year. Therefore, if the earth ever does cease to revolve on its axis it will be more than six thousand million years before it will stop.—Cooper's Journal.

HIRAM WESTON'S DOUBLE.

New York Sun.

It has often been said that somewhere in this world every person has his double. The assertion is too broad for acceptance, but it is certain that there are doubles, and that the close similarity between people has led to many grave complications. It is not yet ten years ago that a man named Hiram Weston, living in a small town in Ontario, was hired by a tinsmith to drive a peddler's wagon. He made two trips and started on a third, but after he had gone two days the outfit was returned by a farmer, who said that it had been left in his barnyard at night. As Weston was missing, search was at once begun, and it was finally shown that he had been seen in company with two strangers at a railway station, where all had taken the train for Buffalo. As the tinsmith had lost nothing he did not care to follow the case up. It was pretty generally known that Weston and his wife did not live agreeably, and although she insisted that he had met with foul play, and wanted the search continued, it was soon dropped on the idea that he had run away from her. He was little missed by the community, and when the case was called up it was universally conceded that he would turn up safe when he got ready.

One day, five months after his disappearance, Weston returned. He was first seen at the depot by three or four citizens who had known him for ten years. One of these, a Mr. Williams, saluted him with:

"Well, Hi, you aren't dead?"

"Come back to stay?"

"I guess so."

"Which way have you been?"

"Out West."

"I was talking with your wife yesterday, and she said you had never written a line to her."

Weston grinned and scratched his head, but made no reply. A Mr. De Mann then said:

"We spent four weeks looking for a case of murder. Next time you're going to step out you'd better let some of us know it."

"Yes, I will," answered Weston, as he started up the street. It was afterwards remembered that he acted like a strange man in a strange place. He inquired of a boy about hotels, and the lad directed him to one, and added:

"I saw your boy Fred, yesterday, and he has got an awful boil on his leg."

The landlord of the hotel saluted him as Hi Weston, as did some of the guests, and the fact of his engaging board was not considered strange, though his wife lived only a mile away. Perhaps he did not intend to go back to her at all, or perhaps he wanted to get certain promises before he did go back. He entered the town at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and it was 8 in the evening when his son Fred, a boy of ten, and his daughter Edith, a girl of seven, called at the hotel and urged him to come home. They kissed him, called him father, and he seemed glad to see them. In the presence of the landlord he asked some questions about their mother which seemed very strange at the time, but were at once forgotten. He asked her how many children she had, how long the father had been gone, and what vocation he followed when at home. He did not ask these questions direct, but yet in such a manner that satisfactory answers were returned, and in such a way as to cause the landlord to remark:

"Why, Hi, one would think you had forgotten your family and had lost yourself."

"Yes," he replied, as he rose up to go with the children, "but I've been gone quite a spell, you know."

Mrs. Weston was neither a smart nor an educated woman, and had the reputation of having a bitter tongue. Several people followed Hiram home to see the fun, but there was none. The wife met and kissed him at the door and had no reproaches. After two or three days he went to work digging a well for a citizen, and for the next six months he labored very steadily—so much so that it was generally remarked that Hiram Weston had changed his tune. He seemed to live very happily with his family, and his wife's father, mother and brothers were often at the house to speak in his praise. At the end of about six months a very serious thing occurred. Hiram Weston started off one day with his dinner pail, having been hired to repair a fence for a suburban farmer. At 10 o'clock that morning Hiram Weston also came in on the train from Buffalo, and the first thing when he got off the cars he asked after his family.

"Why, I saw you home last evening," replied the citizen who had been questioned.

"But I have not been nearer home than this for over eleven months!"

He was laughed at. He went straight to his house, and, as he entered it, his wife asked:

"What's the matter; and where is your dinner pail?"

Now, scoff if you will; but it is a matter of record and also of newspaper publication, that there were two Hiram Westons. That is, there were

two men so exactly alike in build, height and general appearance, that even wife and children were deceived. For a time Mrs. Weston believed the newcomer to be the other Hiram returning from his work, but he told her a story which opened her eyes. He had gone off with a couple of sharpers, and in return for some "work" done in Buffalo, he had been sent to State prison for a year. He was in prison when the other Weston came to town, and had indeed been discharged only the day previous to his own arrival. It may be stated here that all his allegations were found to be true. He was identified by the prison officials, and there was his description on the books. The detective who arrested him and the judge who sentenced him further identified him.

Who, then, was the other Hiram Weston? Although he left the house with his dinner pail to go to work he did not show up at the place, and has not since been heard from. When people came to see and talk with the true Weston many peculiarities were remembered. He used more oaths than the other; he had a habit of spitting as he talked; his voice was somewhat gruff; he never stood for two minutes without hitching up his trousers, sailor fashion, he acknowledged some small debts, which the other totally repudiated. The children had no explanation to offer, as the true father had never exhibited any affection for them. The stranger had been more kind, and no suspicion of his identity had been born. The wife was covered with confusion, but she offered in explanation the fact that Weston had been absent five months. She had noticed many changes, but all for the better. The stranger was not a talkative man, while her husband was, but she got over this by thinking he had met with trouble while away. She used sometimes to be startled for a moment as she looked at him, or as he propounded some question which would have been asked by a stranger, but as for denying that he was her husband, she had never thought of it. One day after her father's family had been to the house, her mother said:

"Lucy, there is something queer about Hi. He's either got some trouble on his mind or else he's going insane. Didn't you hear him ask when our barn burned, as if both of you were not sleeping in our house that night and he did not discover the blaze first?"

Who was the second Hiram Weston, or the man who assumed the name? The real one was a founding from New York city. It was not improbable that he had a twin brother, and that the stranger was the one. It was possible, too, that the stranger was not related to him, though his double. Why he went away as he did was a further mystery, for he could not have foreseen that anything was to happen. But for the evidence in black and white people would have believed him a ghost. The writer has no further theories to offer. He has known Hiram Weston and family ever since the strange happenings, and visited them at the depot in St. Thomas less than a month ago. The particulars herein given, strange as they may read, were gathered from their own lips, and who can imagine they would invent such a story? I have simply suppressed the right name, as Weston is now a resident of another locality, and in a place to make gossip an unpleasant thing.

Cerebro-Spinal Meningitis.