

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.

GRAND RONDE VALLEY LODGE, No. 56, A. F. and A. M.—Meets on the second and fourth Saturdays of each month.
W. T. WRIGHT, W. M.
A. LEVY, Secretary.
UNION LODGE, No. 38, 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:
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Office, one door south of J. B. Eaton's store, Union, Oregon.

I. N. CROMWELL, M. D.,

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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and
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—AND—
Conveyancer.
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SHELTON & HARDESTY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Will practice in Union, Baker, Grant, Umatilla and Morrow Counties, also in the Supreme Court of Oregon, the District, Circuit and Supreme Courts of the United States.
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It is not what is usually called a Blossom, the taking of which, in many instances, is only a pretext for drinking, but is free from alcohol and is a safe and reliable medicine. It is not sold in any of our stores. It is sold by mail only. Write to the proprietor for a circular and price list. Call or address Private Dispensary, Nos. 132-134 Third St., Portland, Oregon. Terms strictly cash. Office hours 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Spring Blossom

Our Spring Blossom is a safe and reliable medicine. It is not sold in any of our stores. It is sold by mail only. Write to the proprietor for a circular and price list. Call or address Private Dispensary, Nos. 132-134 Third St., Portland, Oregon. Terms strictly cash. Office hours 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.

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This machine is without doubt the best in existence, and gives entire satisfaction wherever tried. This machine is in stock at J. B. EATON'S STORE, where they can be bought at any time. Try the Laundry Queen.

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Hair cutting, shaving and shampooing done neatly and in the best style.

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BENSON BROS., Proprietors.
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BEEF, PORK, VEAL, MUTTON SAUSAGE, HAMS, LARD, ETC.

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DAN CHANDLER, Proprietor.
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.

UNCLE REUBEN'S WILL.

Under her bonnet I kissed her,
Under her bonnet of straw
It would not have been strange had I missed
Her.

For but half of her visage I saw.
A glimpse of her chin and her dimple—
And her nose showed its exquisite tip;
And it seemed so remarkably simple
To careen right there on her lip.

And under that mighty poke bonnet
I lived for a moment of bliss—
You may waver your wardrobe upon it,
I'd livered a lightning-speed kiss.

Yes, under her bonnet I kissed her—
And somehow—the bonnet shows how—
I found that it was her Boston-bred sister.
There are two girls don't speak to me
now.

—Oakland Echoes.

UNCLE REUBEN'S WILL.

Pretty Dora Darlington locked up with a sigh.

"The last sixpence is gone," she said, "and there isn't any paraffin to cook dinner with. Mab, what are we going to do?"

There were several shades of anxiety in her face, as she glanced at her sister, who was even prettier, and who was busily arranging a mop of curly hair, under a rather shabby-looking straw hat and brown veil.

"All our trinkets are gone," she added, "yes, even mamma's watch, that we prized so much. Oh, I shall never forget how the old clock maker, to whom we took it, haggled about the price."

Her sister arched her black eyebrows, and pursed up her lips, with corresponding anxiety; but she answered, encouragingly:

"Never mind, dear. It ain't dinner time yet, and I am going to the office to see if there is any answer to our advertisement. There must be one by this time, I think; and, if the worst come to the worst, perhaps the grocer will trust us for a loaf of bread, and the oilman for some paraffin. We've been regular customers, you know."

The sisters were orphans. They occupied a tiny back room in the third story of Mrs. Sharkey's lodginghouse. As long as Mab had kept her situation as cashier in the stores, with a salary of five-and-twenty shillings, they had managed to "keep the wolf from the door." A little paraffin stove, with one burner, sufficed to cook their simple meals. For the rest, their furniture was of the plainest and their dress the most economical. Dora did copying and directing envelopes, whenever she could get any to do, which was not very often; but this helped, little as it was. Now, however, Mab had lost her situation, through the failure of the firm where she was employed, and they were reduced to almost absolute starvation. But, in the meantime, Mab had advertised for another situation, and was in daily hope of meeting with success. She was by nature cheerful, and always looked on the bright side of things. Yet, so far, her hopes had not been realized.

"Oh, dear," sighed Dora to herself, as she sat down to mend a rent in her own lawn dress. "I hope Mab will get something to-day. It seems as though—"

"Good luck, Dora! Good luck! Good luck!" cried Mab, bursting into the room, her lips and cheeks glowing brightly, and her hazel-brown eyes dancing with joy and excitement. "Oh, such good luck! You can't begin to guess it."

"Have you got a situation?" cried Dora, excitedly.

"A situation? No, not a shadow of one. But I've got something forty times better. Look," and she held up a legal looking document, which she had taken out of a long yellow envelope.

"What is it?" asked Dora, breathlessly.

"You may well ask what it is. It's a copy of Uncle Reuben's last will and testament, in which he bequeaths to us his farm in Sussex. And there's three hundred pounds coming to us besides, which we can get by calling on Lawyer Pierson to-morrow," finished Mab, excitedly.

"Oh, Mab! Oh! oh! A house, and farm, and three hundred pounds!" cried Dora, more excited now than ever her sister. "We'd go and live there. I've always been crazy to live in the country, and have two or three acres, a cow, and some chickens, and a garden—"

"Yes," broke in Mab, "we will. But, oh, Dora," with a sudden look of compunction, "all this time we haven't thought of poor Uncle Reuben—and he's dead."

"Why, to be sure, we have not," answered Dora, suddenly becoming serious. "But, of course, we are sorry he died. I am, I'm sure. But, then, seeing we never saw him in our lives, we couldn't expect to feel very sorry, you know."

Both girls tried to keep from feeling too elated, as they disposed of their scanty stock of furniture, and made preparations to take possession of their new estate.

A few weeks after, and the sisters

alighted at the station to which they had been directed as nearest to the farm, and asked their way of the porter.

"Mr. Reuben Boynton's, mum—miss" he stammered, gazing admiringly at the two bright-faced girls who smiled back at him. "Certainly, mum—miss, I should say. You take that there road, going by the mill there, for about a mile; an' then turn off on the right-hand road for a further mile an' a half, nigh about; an' you'll come to Mr. Boynton's house. Its the first house on that road, so you can't miss it."

"Thank you very much," returned both the girls, as they started on their walk, the elder leading the way, and the other following with the little lunch-basket.

The fresh, ozone-laden springtime air, the wild purple verbenas, and the tall blue spikes of larkspur, by the roadside, the blackbirds trilling and fluttering in the branches overhead, and now and then a grey squirrel with a bushy tail, running nimbly up the trunk of some great tree, and peeping coyly at them from his leafy retreat; all formed a novel and charming experience.

"Here is the road going to the right," cried Dora, at last.

"How green and grassy it is. It doesn't seem to have been traveled much," replied Mab.

"The road—because, perhaps, of not being much traveled—was an unusually pleasant one, with the trees arching overhead, and the sunlight sifting through in threads of tangled gold.

"There it is," cried Mab, as they came in sight of a substantial brooms farmhouse, shaded by elms and oak that stood on a green lawn a short distance ahead. "And only see, Dora; a big walnut, right by the front gate! How picturesque it is!"

Hurrying to the house, now more eager than ever, they crossed the wide porch, festooned with honeysuckles and purple-flowered wistaria vines. Here Mab seized the front door knob; but, to her consternation, it was locked.

"Oh, Dora! we forgot to ask Lawyer Pierson for the key," she cried, regretfully. "And it's locked."

"Dear me! what shall we do?" asked Dora, looking despondent.

But Mab, always fertile in resources, flew to the back door, which, to her delight, yielded with a touch, and the girls were soon inside the roomy kitchen.

"How nice and neat it all is," said Mab; "and a real old-fashioned dresser, Dora, full of dishes, too."

"And just look at the pantry!" returned Dora, exultantly; "so nice and light, and such wide shelves. It's splendid!"

"And a cupboard full of dry firewood," ejaculated Mab, fairly dancing around, such was her delight. "Let's get some dinner, do—I'm as hungry as a raven; and then we'll explore round. I'll make a fire and cook the steak, while you set the table and make some tea," and taking an apron from the lunch-basket, Mab tied it around her trim waist, and proceeded to kindle a fire in the big cooking-stove, while Dora drew out the old-fashioned dining-table and spread on it the Turkey-red tablecloth which they had brought with them.

"Give me an onion, do; I saw some in the pantry," said Mab, as she put the stake in a large iron skillet, which hung on the wall, and placed it over the glowing fire. "Steak is ever so much nicer flavored with a little onion."

Dora brought the onion, and also a jar of something which she had found on the pantry-shelf.

"Tinned peaches!" she announced, triumphantly, after inspecting the label. "I am going to open 'em, Mab, and put some on the table; they'll be nice with our pickles and cheese."

"So they will," said Mab, turning her steak.

The table was already set, and Mab dishing up the steak, when a step at the kitchen arrested their attention.

Looking up simultaneously, they beheld a tall young man on the threshold, looking them curiously, and with a little amusement.

"Mab it was who was the first to speak."

"To what we indebted for this visit, sir?" she demanded, with dignity.

"Visit!" he echoed, looking straight at Mab, with evident admiration of her spirit. "Well, I hardly call it a visit, to come into my own house."

"Your house!" cried Mab, with some asperity. "Why, this is our house, sir; ours, I say! We have Uncle Reuben's will, giving it to us, here in this basket."

"Excuse me," returned the young man, with an amused smile; "but I don't see how your Uncle Reuben, or anybody else could give you my property, when I have never sold it."

"But—but isn't this where Mr. Phillip Boynton lived?" It was Dora who now spoke—falteringly and doubtfully for she began to fear that they had made a mistake.

"No, miss," returned the young man respectfully, turning to her; "Mr. Boynton's house is further along on the next road. My name is Borthwick. My mother is dead, my sisters married, and I live a bachelor life here by myself. You can easily find out that I am not deceiving you, if you'll ask any of the neighbors."

"Oh, my!" cried Mab, clasping her hands.

"We've made a mistake," sighed Dora, "and we beg your pardon. What will you think of us for taking possession of your house?"

"And we've cooked your onion, and opened a tin of peaches," confessed Mab, in accents of wild remorse, "and burned up all your nice firewood."

"Never mind; you are entirely welcome to it all, and more, too," he said. "Come, I see you've got dinner ready. I was expecting to cook mine myself. Will you let me share it with you?"

"Oh, thanks. That will be jolly," cried Mab, brightening up at once, and clapping her hands. So they all three sat down. The meal proved a merry one. Charlie enjoyed the steak as well as he thought he never had enjoyed a meal before.

"It was all that parter's fault, for directing us wrong," pouted Mab.

"The road you turned off on is not the regular country road," explained Charlie. "It's one I made for my own use, the other is about half a mile further on; but, if you'll wait for a quarter of an hour, I'll get my traps and drive you over myself," adding, mischievously, "so that you won't make any more mistakes," and, without waiting for a reply, he hurried out to the stables.

The ride was a short one and Mab and Dora soon in possession of their new home. It proved, however to be only a small house. But it was neat and snug enough, though by no means so roomy and substantial as the handsome dwelling they had at first appropriated. Still it was a home, and the sisters proceeded to make themselves as comfortable as possible. A cow was soon installed in the little stable, fowls cackled and sang in the barnyard, and a garden was soon made.

Three months of experience, however, sufficed to show the girls that farm life is not without its disadvantages, at least for "lone women" and those used only to cities.

The cow persisted in straying over the fields instead of coming home nightly, in orthodox fashion, to be milked. The hens hid their nests where they could not be found—in the long grass, and the clumps of burdock and witch-hazel bushes. The neighboring farmers' young pigs broke into the garden and destroyed the marrowfat peas and the early-rose potatoes; and at last the girls became quite discouraged.

Charlie Borthwick has been a sympathizing friend all along. One day he called and found Mab, alone and rather despondent, tying up the one solitary rosebud they had, and which, by the bye, had been a gift from Charlie himself.

"I fear something is the matter," he said; "you look so sad. What is it? Can I—can a poor fellow like me—help you?"

Mab shook her head, and began to make up a little bouquet to hide her embarrassment. At last she said, looking fixedly at her flowers:

"We—we can't get along on the farm, and go back to the city—"

"Then don't—don't go," urged Charlie. He, also, had been embarrassed, and had been gathering roses, too. Dropping his flowers and taking one of Mab's little hands in his, he said: "Stay here, Miss Mab, and—be my wife. Nay, don't turn away; here all I fell in love with you the very first time I saw your face, it was so bright and cheery, and you were always so helpful. Why, it breaks my heart to see you despondent now. Oh, if you would only be my wife I would do everything to make you happy—"

"But why go on? Before long the Boynton place was vacant again, and Mab and Dora were back in the old Borthwick farmhouse.

Dora lived with her sister until a rich, young gentleman farmer in the neighborhood fell in love with her one day as he was riding by and saw her at the edge of a wheat field gathering flowers and making them into a garland; and before another spring rolled round, she too, was

"Wooden married an' a'."

The Progress of Opinion.

A sea-captain tells the following anecdote about a shipmate who accompanied him on one of his whaling voyages:

Stiles was a simple-hearted transparent young fellow, and when they sailed, had been "paying attention for some time to a young lady, who, he had reason to think, did not fully reciprocate his ardent feelings. At all events the parting on her part was not so affectionate as he could wish, and he was impressed with the belief that she only kept him as a standby, in default of a better offer."

"I don't believe," Stiles would say, with a despondent shake of his head. "I don't believe Ann Jones 'll have me, anyhow."

When they had been out a few months, and had met with fair success, Stiles tone was modified. The burden of his monologue changed to: "Well, I don't no but what Ann Jones 'll have me, after all."

With 1,000 barrels of oil underhatches, he became still more hopeful.

"Chance is pretty good for Ann Jones," he would say; "pretty good now."