

THE OREGON SCOUT.

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THE OREGON SCOUT.

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Lodge Directory.

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A. LEVY, Secretary.
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Cures a Sour Stomach, a Bad Breath, and all ailments of the stomach and bowels.

The Great Francis Bacon.

Francis Bacon was born in 1561. He was thus Shakespeare's senior by three years. His father was lord keeper of the great seal, an eminent scholar, patron of art and literature. The mothers of great men have often been remarked upon, and Bacon's was eminently worthy of her distinguished son; an estimable lady, pious, shrewd, affectionate, and, in the best sense of that age, accomplished; learned among learned women, a capable authoress, yet motherly among mothers. Bacon was the son of old age; precocious, but not emphatically so, for his genius went on expanding through all his life. His imagination, differing from that of many other men, deepened, brightened, widened with his years. He had ample access in his father's home to books. A student of Cambridge at the age of 12, he was at 16 wiser than his teachers. In 1576 he entered Gray's Inn on his legal career. Next year he was sent to Paris as one of the suite of Sir Amias Paulet, the English ambassador. He traveled on the continent with the French court, and became familiar with French, Italian and Spanish. On his return to England he bore a dispatch to the Queen from the ambassador, in which he is referred to in the most flattering terms. In his 24th year he entered Parliament, and soon exercised a remarkable ascendancy. The author of many beneficial measures, he was at all times the chosen representative of the commons in their conflicts with the peers and the crown. His wisdom, patriotism, and eloquence were conspicuous. Careful of the interests of the people, he was at the same time loyal in his allegiance to the crown. His powers of persuasion were uniformly employed in furthering and reconciling the welfare of all concerned. Jonson bears tribute to his eloquence.

"There happened," he says, "in my time one noble speaker, who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language, where he could spare or pass by a jest, was nobly censorious. No man ever spoke more neatly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough or look aside from him when he spoke, and had his judges angry or pleased at his devotion. No man had their elections more in his power. The fear of every man who heard him was that he should make an end."

A Missourian in Church.

A story was told the other day in Washington about Jim Green of Missouri, a "character" of the ante-bellum days. Green always made a point of the fact that, so far as he knew, he had never been to church in his life. He had been to camp-meeting once, he said, but he did not remember that very well, and he really had no idea what a church service was like. Some of his colleagues in the senate labored with him to get him to go to church just to hear what he would say or do when he got back. It took three or four weeks of persuasion, but finally Green went to church. When he got back to luncheon at his hotel a large circle of friends sat solemnly awaiting his report. "What church did you go to?" was the first question asked. "I don't know, I'm sure," replied Green; "it was a brown church up on Third Street." They gathered from this that he had attended old Trinity Episcopal. "Well, what did you think of it?" they continued. "Oh, I'm not a very good judge of churches," said Green; "haven't I told you that I never was in a church before in my life? I don't know anything about them." "Oh, well," they persisted, "what did you think of this one anyway?" "Well," said he, "if you must have it, I thought there was too much reading of the journal and too little general debate." And this brought down the house.

Beecher as he Now Is.

The Christian Leader describes a recent visit of its editor to Plymouth Church and writes of its pastor in the following strain: "Mr. Beecher's manner in these days is quiet but earnest. He depends on the finer and nobler elements of attraction—on ideas, art, dramatic groupings, humor and tenderness. The freshness of thinking and of statements which has been so remarkable in his pulpit work for half a century, is the chief charm still. Fertile, versatile, unspent, he seems as a man of forty. It is not altogether clear to us what constitutes the attraction which still draws to Mr. Beecher that immense congregation. Many other preachers are as able, facile, interesting, magnetic as he. We were not greatly moved by him, on this occasion; no one appeared to be. His sentiments were not novel. While it was plain that this was not an ordinary man, it was not plain that this was an extraordinary man. We suspect, however, that the spectacle of a man who has passed the traditional bound of earthly life, sustaining yet by vigor of thought and art of expression and freshness of treatment the frame earned in the period of his most exuberant enthusiasm and fiery eloquence, affects the imagination and touches the pride of his countrymen somewhat as Victor Hugo, in his vivacious old age, held in thrall the hearts of Frenchmen.

The Great Guns of England.

England's big guns are made of bars such as that just described, coiled spirally, and welded into a solid mass by the hammer. These red hot furnaces contain a straight bar; at a word the door is slightly raised, and with huge nippers its head is seized by loops made for the purpose. A steam which draws out the glowing mass, and brings it to a horizontal capstan fixed before the door. A water hose is turned upon the loop, and while it blackens under the chill a stalwart fellow, wielding a heavy sledge, fixes the loop on a nut projecting from the capstan wheel. Then the machine revolves with resistless force, curling the hot metal round and round on its drum neatly and smoothly, and as easily as one of Jordan Marsh's girls would wind ribbon. So the coil is formed, whether for the breech piece or the body of the gun, or for its jacket. This again is cooled, and after a while is refined for welding under the hammer.

You ought to see this Woolwich hammer. It weighs forty tons sheer weight, and when it drops it falls forty feet on to a block that rests on spiles, massive masonry and enormous quantities of iron. Between two great shafts this hammer is suspended, a solid block, which, driven from above by steam, and gathering impetus as it fall, strikes with a force of many hundred tons. A veteran workman has charge of this massive hammer. He starts and drops it by a touch of his thumb and finger. I saw an open face watch laid down on the block; then he dropped the hammer, and he stopped it just in time to break the crystal—and nothing more. They call this last operation of the furnace the "great heat," and about every monarch there is in Europe has seen it just as I did. While I am wondering what they thought about it, the furnace to be emptied is flaring with its great door blue, red and purple flames are leaping out. A huge crane swings around a pair of pincers, at the end of which a dozen Britons cluster. The door rises a little, the white light blinds us, and although I am at least twenty yards away, the heat burns my face uncomfortably. Water is thrown into the awful gap, and then the men perceive their prey. The huge arms part and firmly close, the door rises to its fullest extent, a clash of the crane gear, a shout from the men and out it comes, easily and softly, a monstrous coil.

The crane swings about and places it on end upon the anvil. Then the hammer falls, shaking the solid floor beneath us, crushing the red-hot mass inches down at a blow, welding its coils together so that they can never part. But the inside hollow has been knocked out of shape by this process, so, when the tube has been reduced to its proper length, a solid mandril is deftly slipped betwixt the hammer and the iron. For two or three blows the contracted coil attempts resistance, but it gives way, and the mandril slips to its base, as into butter. Then the great pincers are used again, and it drops the mass on its side, where again it is battered and struck all around. The irregularities caused by all this hammering are afterward removed by the plane, as I have already mentioned, and then the gun is made by other machinery.—Correspondence Boston Herald.

Kentucky Boys Now and Fifty Years Ago.

From the Spirit of the Times.
Uncle Grip, one of the old landmarks of Lexington, explains the difference in both appearance and conversation of the young men fifty years ago and now. "Yes," says he, "fifty years ago our young men often met in our Kentucky jeans and cowhide boots, and some barefooted, with 'Howdy, Jack, how is all the folks at home? Father well? Mother well? Your crops good this year?' 'Oh, yes; the crops are fair to middlin' this year. Our work is about done, but we must all go over and give Sam Anderson a day's work to help him out, for he has been sick and away behind.' So, you see, as boys sort of talked about farming, possum hunting, &c."

"Now, when young men meet, it's 'Halloo, there! Where did you get that breech-loading gun and that Irish setter?' 'Why, Col. Thompkins brought this gun from England; he bought it for my birthday present. Only cost \$250, and the dog I gave \$450 for, and he is worth three times that price.' Well, here comes Maj. Jones's youngest son, Tommy. 'Halloo, Tommy! Did your brother's horse win at Saratoga yesterday?' 'Yes, he won, but I have a young Hindoo, out of Col. Clay's best mare (here he repeats the pedigree of dam and sire thirty generations back), which I am going to enter in the Kentucky and American Derbies.' 'Yes, and here comes Gen. Smith's boy Willie, with a trotter bred at Ashland Park. 'Halloo, Willie! 'Halloo, boys! Now they talk gun, dog, race-horse, trotter, &c. All those boys with stand-up collars, fine clothes, turned-up toes to their shoes, tight pants, &c.'"

William B. Smith, cotton factor of Charleston, S. C., is worth \$2,000,000, and is the richest man in the state.

A SMART DETECTIVE.

A Specimen of the Old-Time Detective.

The death of Detective George Elder says a special New York dispatch to the St. Louis Republican, has loosened the tongues of many of his old comrades and caused many of his clever and daring exploits to be recalled. In the last year of the war, a time when police methods were not nearly as perfect as they have since become, Elder's professional eye noticed the suspicious movements of a quartet of crooks in East Fourth Street. Every evening for several months he noticed that they left the city by train and did not return till next morning. One day he followed them to Bethel, Conn., but they suspected something and their conduct gave no clue to their real design. One morning the Bethel bank was robbed of \$80,000 in gold and notes. The burglary had been carefully planned and well executed. It was before the days of combination safes, and the bank kept its valuables in a strongly built stone vault in the basement. The morning after the robbery, when the cashier went down to open the vault, the lock would not yield. There was nothing suspicious about the exterior of the vault, but after repeated efforts the key was laid aside and a locksmith sent for from New York. The next day the door was forced open, and it was seen that a tunnel had been dug under the vault, and entrance gained by knocking a stone flag out of the floor. In order to delay the discovery the thieves had wedged the lock of the door on the inside. They had started their tunnel in a private house a block away, and had worked at it every night for two months. Elder knew it was the work of the men he had followed and, with Detective McCord, he had tracked them down. The money was found hidden in a hollow tree in the woods miles away. Joe Purdy, Jack Wright, and the Adams, father and son, served time for the burglary.

The career of George McDonald, the Bank of England forger, is a striking instance of Elder's pertinacity in tracking criminals. Elder detected him in three attempts at forgery here and drove him to England. He is now a life prisoner in Millbank. The first time he caught Elder's eye was in Houston street in 1874. He was in company with a professional thief, and, therefore, Elder took an instantaneous photograph of his handsome face and figure. Shortly afterward extensive frauds were committed on Duden Freers, and Arnold, Constable & Co., by means of a forged check. The description of the plausible gentleman who carried on the negotiations tallied with that of Elder's new acquaintance.

He was arrested and the goods found in his house, but by some trick he escaped conviction. His next attempt was to defraud Jay Cooke & Co. of \$140,000. Elder became acquainted with his plan in advance and notified the firm. McDonald had ordered \$140,000 worth of government bonds, for which he was to hand over three certified checks. Elder arranged that the parties should meet, and the bonds were produced but not delivered. McDonald came, but saw something suspicious, and swallowed the checks. The law had no hold on him for his attempt, but Elder said to him: "Mark my words, McDonald, you can't work your schemes here; we'll find you every time."

McDonald took the advice and crossed the water. Six months later, when the bank of England authorities found that he had swindled them to the tune of a quarter of a million McDonald was on an ocean steamer on his way to New York. The English detectives did not know his name, and had no accurate description of him, but they cabled over the news of his crime and his methods, and that was enough for Elder. That experienced detective had studied McDonald's methods closely, and with a feeling akin to admiration. He was waiting on the dock when the steamer arrived and arrested his man. McDonald's stolen fortune came on another ship and was seized. This time, thanks to the valuable assistance rendered by Elder, there was no flaw in the chain of evidence and McDonald was extradited, sent to England and convicted there.

Some years ago, while in England, Elder paid a visit to Millbank and asked to see McDonald in his convict dress and close-cropped hair, and without his fine beard and mustache, no trace remained of the sleek and plausible "stock broker" of former days. After some minutes of desultory conversation the convict threw up his hands supplicatingly and said to Elder with terrible earnestness: "They say I have got a life sentence; what does that mean?"

There was a long pause, and then the military governor said gently: "It means that you have to resign yourself to staying here for the rest of your days."

"Oh, don't say that," pleaded McDonald, "anything but that. Say twenty, thirty, or forty years, but give me something to hope for. I am a young man, and the thought of never ending captivity is intolerable."

Of course no assurance could be given him, as under the English law no application for commutation of a life sentence will be considered by the home department until twenty-one

years after sentence has been delivered.

In March, 1866, when news reached headquarters of the \$2,100,000 Lord bond robbery, the first man thought of by Captain Young was detective Elder. Mr. Lord said to him almost in tears: "I must have those bonds, Elder, but I don't care for the men. I cannot afford to prosecute." After months of ceaseless effort here and in Europe, Elder found that Hod Ennis and Lew Pettigill were concerned in the affair, and locked them up. Then he negotiated with them, under the authority of the district attorney, and as a result \$1,800,000 worth of the bonds were returned to Mr. Lord, who made Elder a very handsome money present.

The untiring efforts of Elder to break up the gangs of Brooklyn and Mott-haven (just across the Harlem bridge) counterfeiters, who for more than a year flooded this state with spurious coin and notes, would alone win him an enviable record. For months together he frequented their haunts in disguise, playing the part of boon companion with them and their underlings until he won their confidence, and found out where they made the stuff. Their center of operations was a comfortable frame house hidden in trees on a lonely road near Mott-haven. Elder and Chris McDougal with a posse of men waited in the woods near at hand all through one wet night until the chiefs of the gang had assembled, and then surrounded the place. The counterfeiters were captured, and a cart load of dies and tools and a big haul of false money was secured.

Withal Elder was a well educated, refined and cultured man, unassuming in demeanor, and well liked by his comrades. He was a fine specimen of the old-time detective, a survivor of the good old days.

Jolly Life of Gen. Sherman in New York.

Life in New York with Gen. Sherman is very jolly. His residence there enables him to gratify two pet desires—love of the opera and theatre and of good dinners. The old soldier has the personal acquaintance of every American actor and actress of prominence, and is never more delighted than in a hit-and-miss interchange of reminiscence and anecdote with his theatrical friends. He is also growing fonder of the good things of life, and it is stated that by actual count he has dining engagements already booked—he keeps a memorandum book dated a year ahead—that provides for his presence at various dinners in New York and elsewhere until late in next September. There are a few vacant dates left, as the theatre agents say, but they are not likely to stay vacant a long time, for invitations keep pouring in and the general hasn't it in his heart to say no to any reputable friend who seeks his dinner acquaintance. The story has once or twice hitherto gone the rounds which tells of a dilemma, into which he fell once upon a time in Washington, when, having dressed to go out to dinner, he gave the last touch to his toilet and opened his door to go to the street, when of a sudden he discovered that he had forgotten where he really was to go. But old Gen. Van Vliet hurried by just then, and Gen. Sherman philosophically followed after, deciding by a bit of off-hand social logic that he and Gen. Van Vliet were in all likelihood bound for the same table. He was right. But there was not always such a happy way open out of the tangle he was continually getting into by reason of his abundant dinner appointments, and so it was that this winter, coming to New York, he hit upon the expedient of buying a blank-book and posting up his dates.

The English Love of Flowers.

Henry Ward Beecher in the New York Sun. Changed indeed was the whole condition of the public mind since my last visit. But the fair heavens remain the same—the same moist atmosphere, pale-blue skies, the same wonderful green upon the fields, the same grand old trees and the profuse ivy everywhere, on dwellings, fences, climbing the trees, overhanging walls, running along the borders of gardens, and everywhere beautiful. What shall I say of flowers? The love of flowers seems to be a part of English nature. I do not refer to the magnificent conservatories filled with rare plants from the whole world, nor to the public parks, nor to the botanic gardens, nor to the endless beauty of the grounds about mansions, halls and castles. Great wealth could easily clothe acres with scarfs and garlands, and almost prairie-scapes of colors.

It is in lowly places that this instance love of flowers breaks out. The cottages of laborers, the hovels of the poor, are bright with flowers. The windows blush with beauty. Everywhere and always we saw in modest places evidence of the great love of flowers among the poor and lowly. This trait contrasts charmingly with the energetic, physical build of the Englishman, with his love of strength, of hearty food, of endurance, pluck and muscle and combativeness. An Englishman may be refined, learned and of great intellectual quality, but he is sure to be well set upon the ground, as if, like a cathedral, the towers and spires shooting far up into the air needed to touch the earth broadly at the bottom.