

# THE OREGON SCOUT.

VOL. III.

UNION, OREGON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1887.

NO. 30.

## THE OREGON SCOUT.

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### Lodge Directory.

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

W. T. WRIGHT, W. M. A. LEVY, 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, G. A. THOMPSON, N. G. CHAS. B. MILLER, Secy.

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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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Has permanently located at North Powder, where he will answer all calls.

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None but the best workmen employed, and satisfaction guaranteed.

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Of well known varieties, suitable for the climate. Can also furnish foreign sorts at one-third the price asked by eastern canvassers. I desire to sell trees at prices that people can afford to buy.

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Medicines Furnished Without Extra Charge.

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Organs and Pianos are

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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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BENSON BROS.' PROPRIETORS.

Keep constantly on hand

BEEF, PORK, VEAL, MUTTON SAUSAGE, HAMS, LARD, ETC.

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It is not what is usually called a Blitters, the taking of which, in many instances, is only a pretense for drinking, but is free from alcoholic stimulants, and is as refreshing in its results as any beverage. It will not fail in curing BRONCHITIS, LIVER COMPLAINT, and all other ailments of the throat and lungs.

Spring Blossom is a Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all other ailments of the throat and lungs.

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## SPURIOUS WINES.

A Distillation of Raisins, Colored with Log-wood—Supplying Dealers with Labels—The Cost of Manufacture.

Were the statement to be made that the Americans are becoming a nation of wine drinkers, there would doubtless be hosts of people ready at a moment's notice to refute the assertion, and to prove both by observation and figures that it was without foundation. But even casual observers admit, says *The New York Commerce Advertiser*, that the use of wine among the army of business men who are daily fed in the lower portions of the city is increasing. The keepers of restaurants say that fully two-thirds of those paying 35 cents and over for a luncheon drink are beer or wine, and that the majority would prefer the latter were they sure that they were furnished with an unadulterated and unadulterated article. Much has been said relative to manufactured wines, and the fun of drinking them is only second to that of eating oleomargarine or glucose. The latter are not positively injurious to the health, while the former are open to all the objections usually made to spirituous drinks, and are in addition really harmful to the system. As many as 2,500,000 gallons of wine are often received in New York in one month, and it is an open question what percentage of it is the pure and unadulterated juice of the grape. In order to see what portion is either American production or else of foreign or domestic manufacture, one must arrive at some idea of the amount of the foreign vintages.

The leading foreign red and white wines are the Chateau Lafitte, Chateau Y'Quein, Chateau Margaux, Chateau Haut-Brion, Moselle, and Chateau. With the exception of the latter wine, the following table shows the amount produced of each in 1884: Chateau Lafitte, first and second class, 685 hogshheads; Chateau Y'Quein, 12,000 dozen; Chateau Margaux, first and second class, 670 hogshheads, and Chateau Haut-Brion, 450 hogshheads. Chateau, which is popularly supposed to be an Italian wine, first commoned itself to the American public by reason of the fancy bottles, wicker-covered, in which it is sold. When the empty bottles are not sold outright for decoration, they are taken to some convenient cellar and refilled. It will be seen that were the entire vintages of Bordeaux and Burgundy brought to New York they would be but a drop in the vinous ocean. How, then, is the supply procured? In March, 1886, 1,395,500 gallons of California wines were brought to New York City alone. This was an unusually heavy consignment, and it would have to be kept up steadily were nothing but pure wine drunk. By what means, then, is the deficit between the combined wine product of Europe and America and the amount actually consumed supplied?

There are several old Frenchmen in New York who have made national reputations as wine dealers and experts. They have about retired from business, but with the proverbial thrift of their nation they still find time to tend to their shops a few hours daily. Some of them have large restaurants in connection with their wholesale and retail wine trade, and favored customers are often given an opportunity to smuck their lips over some rare old wine, whose label is too dust-be-grimed to be legible, and as they dip the wine to the light they become enthusiastic over its color, flavor and bouquet, and probably order several dozen bottles of it sent to their homes. Now this wine may be old and it may be new. It may be imported from France, or perchance it was pressed out on the sunny Italian hills; but it is more than probable that the old Frenchman, unless he knows that his customer has a trained or delicate palate, has given him some wine that is but the partial product of the vine, and was concocted under the skilful eye of mouton in the sub-basement of the very establishment where it is drunk. Why should one find fault? It is surely more complimentary in a host to give one the rest of his own labor than to furnish one with that of another. If it is a real wine there is exactly one chance in ten thousand that it is what the label represents it to be. It may be the outcome of a judicious mixture of several indifferent varieties blended into an innocuous whole, or it may be an American wine sailing under false colors.

Human ingenuity has never yet been able to make wine without some small percentage of alcohol, so this element remains as a basis for the worst of productions. As a rule the manufacturers' wines are offered either as California wines, or as *vin ordinaire*, or some cheap. They are the distillation of raisins colored with logwood. The raisins are placed in a vat filled with water at a temperature of 65 degrees, there being fifty-five gallons of water to every hundred weight of raisins. Some sugar is often thrown in to hasten fermentation, which usually lasts eight or ten days, at the end of which time the liquid is drawn off and wine is made. It is of course pale, and it is doctored with some high-colored Spanish wine, which is cheap, and then a solution of logwood is added. These wines do not, at the most, contain more than ten per cent of alcohol, and having but little tannin they will not keep long. When wine is thus produced it will not cost much. Raisins are not expensive, and a moldy article answers as well as one that is fresh. They may be bought for 88 a hundred weight, and sometimes at 86 and 87.

When full allowance has been made for the cost of manufacture there remains ample profit when they are sold at 20 cents a gallon. A noted French chemist has declared that the raisin wine, if not doctored, is vastly more healthful than many of the mixtures, most of them deleterious, sold for genuine wine. This may give wine-drinkers a spark of encouragement, for there is no way of accounting for the consumption of the enormous raisin products of Italy, Turkey, Spain, and Greece, unless one admits that they are used to take the place of grapes. Europe formerly used 8,000 tons of raisins, and now it is estimated that the production is 75,000 tons. This is not allowing for the large output of the California raisin vineyard. But the counterfeiting of wines, unhappily, does not stop with the raisin product. There is a house in New York advertising native wines that does not use even so much as a drop of grape. Distilled oak-wood chips, logwood, alum, acids, and about 2 per cent of alcohol are all that are used to make Bordeaux, Burgundy, port, and sherry wines. The cost of manufacture does not exceed 3 cents a gallon, and it can readily be seen that any price at all for the stuff would give a big profit. Several big hotels have inadvertently invested in it, but in the end it could not be used even at the servants' table.

A prominent California wine-dealer advertises "La Ross claret, without labels." He gave as an explanation that some of his best customers preferred to place their own labels on bottles. There is a firm on Cortland street that makes a business of supplying them, and many hosts had rather set before their guests so-called rare vintages to an acknowledged American product. This is not to be wondered at, for California wines are now produced of so fine a flavor and bouquet that the veriest epicure is likely to be deceived in them if his suspicions are not roused. Native wines, when bought by the hogshhead or cask, do not cost more than 25 cents a quart when bottled, and a thrifty man can, if he wisely chooses his labels, make a dinner party out of them over the contents of his cellar, besides effecting an enormous saving. Clubbism abounds in stories of how Dick this and Tom that, or it may be, some noble duke or lord, have been heard to loudly decry the murky, earthy flavor of American wines, and then, by some cleverly-planned ruse, be made to literally drink their own words.

## URGICAL MARVELS.

Wonderful Experiments of Scientists in Philadelphia.

As much to be thankful for as Philadelphia has in all directions, she is not always apt to remember her surgeons. It has been said of the surgeons of Philadelphia that they rob disease of half of its terrors and the grave of the other half. Of all the orthodox doctrines, they believe most consistently in the re-arrangement. Yet their record at the University proves them the friends of re-creation. None but Philadelphia surgeons could be so catholic in their post-mortem tastes.

With the year now closing the triumphs of surgery in the United States have been wonderful indeed. And each of them is a triumph for Philadelphia. Let us recapitulate.

It has been but a short time since Dr. William Applejack, of Bucks county, was called to see a man on whom a house had fallen. He found the greatest difficulty in getting a satisfactory view of the patient, owing to the fact that the house was still on him. Finally he diagnosed the poor man's case, and concluded that he was suffering from a lack of air, condensation and pressure of the superincumbent materials. He instantly had a large force of men put to work, the house removed and the patient at once relieved. When he came out, the patient said he had a toothache the day before, and he thought perhaps that had something to do with the condition in which the doctor found him. The doctor directed the workmen to pry out the offending tooth with a jack-screw, and the poor man went away dancing and returning thanks.

The case of Henry Elcampaign of Champaign, Ill., was quite as striking. He was so lean that he no longer cast a shadow. Dr. Graesspahn gave him an opiate, injected a pint of bitter-milk into his esophagus every twenty-four hours for a month and weighed him triumphantly at the end of that period on a hay-scale. Henry broke the scales.

Amos Dusenbury of Conshohocken had his brains kicked out by his sister's pet mule. After the animal's hoof had been carefully washed the water was infiltrated into Amos' ear, and he was soon as bright as ever.

Much interest is excited in medical circles by the successful issue of a remarkable operation last week performed by Dr. William Bunkerhill of the Boston College of Surgeons. It is the second operation so performed by him within the last few months, and it is believed that there are no previous instances of success in such an operation in Europe or possibly in America. On Tuesday of last week a lady fell from the top of the Bunker Hill monument, a distance of 180 feet, to the ground. She was carried to St. Thomas Hospital, suffering extreme agony. No bones were found to be broken, but on Wednesday Dr. Bunkerhill, diagnosing the case, came to the conclusion that her vena cava had been ruptured. The woman was put under anæsthetics, an incision made into the pocket, and the diagnosis verified. The contents of the pocket were withdrawn, the vena cava drawn out, the suture made and tested, the pieces all replaced, the pocket thoroughly cleansed with antiseptics and the incision closed. The patient emerged from her insensible condition on Tuesday of last week in a comfortable condition, and is to-day declared practically out of danger. The operation occupied two hours.—*Philadelphia News.*

To Critics.  
When I was seventeen I heard  
From each censorious tongue,  
"I'd not do that if I were you,  
You see you're rather young."  
Now that I number forty years,  
I'm quite as often told  
Of this or that I shouldn't do  
Because I'm quite too old.  
O'er my world! If there's an age  
Where youth and manhood keep  
An equal pole, alas! I must  
Have passed it in my sleep.  
—Walter Learned, in Century.

## THE BOSTON GIRL AND A NEW YORK MAN.

A Boston girl came over to New York. She amused herself very well for several days, among her other pleasures including the beautiful display of chrysanthemums at Cosmopolitan hall. She was delighted with it. The splendid shocks of sunny and flame-colored blooms and the new Japanese seedlings that look as if nature had copied them from decorations on Japanese jars, and the clean, fresh, curious perfumes, filled her cultured soul so full of sentiment that it bubbled over for the benefit of a New York man. He came to call soon after her return from the flower show. He was a charming young person who never by any accident polluted his person with any article whatsoever manufactured in this country. He was turned out complete from top to toe in English goods, and his gaze on the avenue-filled beholders with the widest awe and delight, it so closely copied the true thoroughbred stride. The important details of dress had occupied his walking hours so closely that he had found but little time to attend his mind over a book, and other matters even more important had escaped his attention, among them the flower show, which he happened not to have heard of.

"I've just come from seeing the chrysanthemums," said the enthusiastic young woman from Boston; "and, oh! it was such a treat. I never enjoyed anything so much in my life. Have you been yet?"

"No," he drawled out aloud, thinking to himself, "What the deuce is the girl talking about, anyhow." After rapid but profound reasoning he came to the conclusion that, being a Boston woman and addicted to literature, the thing she had been to was something partaking of an intellectual nature, and probably science judging from the long and unpronounceable name. So he remarked lightly that really he didn't go much into that sort of thing now—it was out of his line, too deep entirely for him.

"The Boston girl stared. "What do you mean? Chrysanthemums too deep?"

"Well, you know," said the hapless youth, putting his foot deeper into his mouth every time he opened it, "that one has to do such an awful lot of reading to keep up with these scientific things, and for my part I never enjoy them unless I am quite up on the subject they're talking about." He felt he was getting skillfully over a difficult question, and continued, with graceful self-confidence, to add a few delicate and artistic touches to his position.

"When I go to this sort of thing," he declared, "I get works on the subject and read up thoroughly, so that I can follow the speaker with intelligent interest; but I am too awfully busy just now to do that, and so I left the Nineteenth Century club, and the chrysanthemum, and all the rest of it."

## Preparing Summer Supply of Wood.

All work which can as well be done now as some months hence, should be done before the rush of spring work. Preparing the summer supply of stove-wood can better be done now, than in the spring or summer. The pieces can be stacked up now, which is easier and speedier than hauling them in a wagon. The temperature is more favorable to chopping, which is a job for cold weather and not for hot weather. And now green wood can be cut, and will be seasoned when wanted; whereas if the supply is prepared only as needed, dry, hard wood must be cut, or else the housewife be subjected to the vexations of burning green wood. Light, soft wood, thoroughly seasoned, is the best summer stove-wood. It makes a quick, hot fire and dies down quickly without coals, allowing the room to cool rapidly after the meal is prepared. Save the dense, hard wood for winter. White elm and cotton-wood are the best of all for summer stove-wood, and are scarcely fit for anything else. The blocks of hickory (small), oak etc., are the best split through the heart; but cotton-wood and white elm must be "slabbed off," working toward the heart. Be careful to cut the wood of the proper length. To do so is as easy as to have half the sticks too long, and the other half too short, and will save the housewife much vexation. After the wood is prepared, put it under shelter. Only a rich man can afford to be without a wood-house. Those with ready money can build something tasteful, but a structure that will answer every purpose can be built at a cost not exceeding fifteen dollars.—*American Agriculturist.*

"The World's" Work.  
There is languishing in a New York prison, one John De Leon, a "professor" of astrology, who has for several years been engaged in the nefarious business of sending young women to Aspinwall ostensibly as seamstresses, but actually for the very worst purposes. The New York Herald got after the miserable villain so effectually that indictments were sent against him, and if he is not convicted and sent to Sing Sing for more years than he is likely to live, justice will not be done.—*Rochester Herald.*

She Wanted a Show.  
I once heard a very good story of a young and handsome Quakeress, who was sleigh-riding with two of her beaux.

She had a very large muff, and one of the young men put his hand in and grasped his companion's thinking it was the girl's, and kept squeezing it. After a while the young Quakeress said calmly:

"Gentlemen, when you are tired of squeezing each other's hands, you will please permit me to warm my own!"

New Use for Bustles.  
A few afternoons ago two Newport girl chums took a walk out to the grove at the end of the town. When there they sat on a log to rest, when one said:

"I wish we had something to read."  
"I've got something—brought some newspaper papers along."  
"Where are they?"  
"Why, in my bustle. You watch if anyone comes while I get them out."  
—*Kentucky State Journal.*