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A. K. JONES, | Editor. J B. CHANCEY, RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Correspondence from all parts of the county 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 Longe, 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. S. MILLER, Secy.

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SICKTIEADACHE

SPRING BLOSSUM Cur's Sour Stom-Spring Blossomkidney Complaints

What Makes a True Girl.

London Queen: A true girl! How neich is embraced in those three words, on uninstorie acts, and that things and what does constitute a true girl? are not so ill with you and me as they We must not merely understand by a might have been, is half owing to the true girl one who is truthful, but one number who lived faithfully a hidden who endeavors, under whatever cir- beautiful lines of Charles Kingsley cumstances she may be placed, to do Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be her duty. There is no happiness in this life without duty. A sense of duty always pursues us; it is omnipresent, like the deity.

The chief characteristic of a girl should be truth. "Of all the duties, the love of truth, with faith and contancy in it, ranks first and highest. Truth is God. To love God and to love truth are one and the same. It is this quality more than any other that commands the esteem and respect and secures the confidence of

To the true girl in all her relations, as daughter, sister, friend, in all her actions, in all her words, faithfulness will be the first consideration. Faith is the root of all good works, and it is a fruitful parent of all other graces. Her word must be her bond through A true girl will not make a promise and break it, nor say one thing and mean another, but will be true in word and deed. A broken promise is an untruth told. The excellent advice given by Polonius to Lacrtes in "Hamlet" may well be followed out by girls:

This above all-to thine one self be true:

And it must follow as the night the day. Thou canstnot then be false to any man. The next attributes which hold a place in the character of a girl are patience and gentleness-necessary qualities in every girl's life. Patience aids us in extinguishing envy, overcoming anger, and crushing pride. How much good may be done and joy brought by a gentle word or look! Truly, "a soft answer turneth away wrath." Girls are not called upon to do great things, except in rare instances, but the everyday trials of life in the ordinary and appointed exercise of the Christian graces afford ample scope for the practice of that virtue of mankind which has become proverbial. The best exercises of patience and self-denial, and the better because not chosen by ourselves, are those in which we have to bear with the failings of those about us; to endure neglect when we feel that we deserved attention, and ingratitude when we expected thanks; to bear with disappointments in our expectations, with interruptions in our retirement, with folly, intrusion, disturbance-in short whatever opposes our will, contra-

dicts our humor. Earnestness ranks next to holding It'll save the odd charge for both a high place in a girl's character, for do not earnestness and simplicty carry all before them? Charles Dickens tells us that there is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent, and sincere earnestness. Let us bear this in mind. and whatever we have to accomplish. et us be earnest. Hand in hand with earnestness goes the Roman virtueerserverance, which has perhaps been the radical principle of every truly great character. Perseverance, working in the right direction, grows with time, and when steadily practiced, even by the most humble, will rarely fail of its reward. Trusting in the help of others is of comparatively he was trying to play the quiz game little use. The grandest inventions on me. Not a bit of it. He was just the help of others is of comparatively have been completed by the diligent as honest as that Scotch horse trotpursuit of perseverance. The great uccess of this virtue is seen in the proverb "A falling drop at last will

We are told by a great author that be considers a beautiful form better than a beautiful face, and a beautiful behavior better than a beautiful form. around and grin at me as my friend To have true beauty a girl must have a tender regard for the old and young, for the poor and suffering; must be sensible and pure in her thoughts, know if he could get his poems or chaste in her conversation, sympathetic to those in adversity, and have an affable and even disposition; and,

above all, humbleness of soul.

The true girl is not complete without the blessing of the gift of industry. Girls instilled with habits of industry are more sately provided for than if they had a fortune given them, for there is no art or science too difficult for industry to attain.

"Sloth maketh all things difficult, but industry all things easy." Industry qualifies us in all our various classes for the highest and lowest employments; it inspires us with fresh rigor in the performance of social and religious duties and it gives a wider scope for the display of our talents. The habit of constant useful occupation is as essential for the happiness and well-being of woman as of The happiness of the body lies in health, that of the mind in knowl-Without occupation women are apt to sink into a state of listless ennui and uselessness, accompanied by sick headache and atacks of "nerves. Every girl ought to be a good needlewoman, and the foundation for this has to be laid in school in the girl of seven years. It we followed in the steps of the Germans in this respect, teaching children all kinds of work, it would no doubt prove more beneficial to domestic happiness. The education of women has made great strides in the last few years, and the question of higher education still holds the prominent place it deserves. Are we content to be as we are? No; let us put forth our strength in doing our utmost to elevate our stand. of perfection and strive, one all of us, to become We need not live grand lives, but good and useful ones, doing the

George Ellot tells us. "The growing good of the world is partly dependent Let us also bear in mind those

Do noble thing, not dream them all day And make life, death, and that vast forever

One grand, sweet song. We should all endeavor to live for something, and begin life by promising ourselves all we can perform, and prove our fidelity by carrying out all

we have promised. Poets give so few records of true and nice girls; sweet Anne Page was one. So was the heroine of "Suck-ling's Ballad upon a Wedding." That must have been a true girl indeed of whom it was said by the poet that to know her was a liberal education-the sweetest compliment ever paid to woman.

Joseph de Maistre, speaking of women. said: "It is quite true that women have produced no chefs-a'-œuvre, but," he said, "they have done something far greater and better than all this, for it is at their knees that upright and virtuous men and women have been trained—the most excellent productions in the world."

Women accomplish their best work in the quiet seclusion of the home and family by sustained effort and patient perseverance in the path of duty. The influence they exercise, even though it be unrecorded, lives after them, and in its consequences forever.

Americans Abroad.

A writer in the Cincinnati Commerrial Gazette tells of this adventure in Scotland: "After a nice luncheon at the Abbey Gate Hotel, Melrose, my friend and I, having returned from the ruins, stood talking near the hotel door when two young fellows, well dressed and well enough looking, came up and accosted us. They asked if we were Americans. Yes, we were. They thought so-had seed our names on the hotel register.

Were we going to Abbottsford? We had just been speaking of it.

Yes, we were going. "Well, we are Americans also," replied the taller of the two young felows, "and, as the little carriages over there," pointing to them, "carry four we thought we'd propose—Jim and me—to ask if you and your friend," addressing me as the elder, "will mind taking two of the seats, and, you see, Jim and me-won't we, Jimmie?- will take the other two.

parties, you see. After going over and looking at the vehicle, drawn by one big strapping horse, which had evidently been at Abbottsford before, because his canny Scot of a driver told us all about it, we agreed to make the trip with the tall young man and his companion,

They surprised us very much by

asking me just as we settled ourselves into the seats, "who this Mr. Scott was who used to live at this place they call Abbottsford?" By Jove! I was so taken aback that I looked the tail young fellow full in the eyes, thinking ting along in front of us. It seemed that he was aware that the former owner of world famous Abbottsford had been a man eminent for something. but he had not the remotest idea what it was. I felt provoked to see the staid young Scotchman turn and I faced the front. So I told the American tourist all that Sir Walter had. done, and then he wanted to "story" books in Edinburgh, so as to take them back home with him to Illinois. Actual fact, I assure you. He was assured that the works of Scott could be bought at any book-store in the United States—or, "the States," as people say over there-but he seemed to have dark doubts as to the genuineness of the article if not purchased in Scotland in the original package. It appeared by further talk, that he and his chum Jim had been sent over by the old folks to buy stock, and were on their way to France to look at some Norman stallions, to be bargained for and shipped to Illinois. How they came to get into the land of Scots I have forgotten. We had noticed them at the abbey ruins, going up to get a guide book. The tall one told me that he always made it a point to buy the guide book at all places they visited, but he never read them on the spot. What did he do with them? Oh, bless you! be packed them all carefully away in his valise, and when he returned to his native village he was to get them out and then and there read them all over at his leisure. What a truly remarkable young man that remarkable young man from

Illinois was. And, oh! the questions that he asked of the guide who took us through the halls and rooms of Abbottsford. If those two fellows traveled all about Scotland and England, and the people who came in contract with them never had chanced to meet any other Americans, just fancy what an opinion they must have formed of us. And to think that there are so many of our countrymen, well educated, cultivated young men, too, who can never get to Europe on account of their lack of means, while just such chumps as these go over and air work which falls to our lot most faith | their ignorance to disgrace us.

The Grants.

Washington Cor. Cleveland Leader.

Harrison, General Grant's old bodyservant, tells me that Colonel Fred Grant is in buisness in New York, and | might the night before, awaken at 9 a. that the family are living there. Jesse | m. After coffee, the fellows, after tak-Grant is in San Francisco, and Ulysses | ing their "tubs," dress in white coats, is attending to the interests of his striped circus-clown caps, knickerbockhow Grant felt when he gave his relics over to the Government. He replied that the General was very well pleased that the Government could get them. General Grant said that he felt that they ought to be kept together, and if they were divided among his family they would be scattered. "There was danger at the time," said Harrison, "that the creditors of Grant & Ward might take them, and I remember well when I had finished packing them, and told him that they were ready for shipping. how much relieved he looked, and how

he said, 'I am very glad of it.' "But the taking away of those relics," said Harrison, "made little difference in the looks of Grant's house. The rooms were only barefor a day or two. After that they were filled with things fully as curious, and some almost as valuable. I don't suppose any man ever received so many presents as General Grant. He did not know what he had. There were boxes upon boxes of rare and curious things stored away which had been shipped from Europe during his tour, and some of which had never been unpacked. A great many things had been put away because he had not room for them, and these had been forgotten. They were brought out after the relics were sent to Washington, and I thought the house look-

ed better than ever." "When did Grant first realize the

fact of his approaching death?" "It was at Dr. Douglas' office in New York. He was alone with Dr. Douglas and myself. Grant had just had an examination of his throat, and he asked Dr. Douglas if he could assure him that his trouble would not develop into a cancer. Douglas told him that he could not assure him of this fact, but that he hoped he might be able to cure him. General Grant then said: 'If you think thus, Dr. Douglas, there is hope for me. Soon atter this Grant's carriage came and went away. As we drove off he told me not to say anything to the family as to what Dr. Douglas had said Throughout his whole sickness Gen. eral Grant's family never knewhow much pain he suffered. From the time of his sickness till his death I was not two hours absent from him. Many nights he would walk the floor all night. When the family would ask him in the morning how he had rested he would say, 'Pretty well,' and would try to appear cheerful. He had the most terrible pain all the time, and I don't think he had a moment's cessation from pain during those last months. He felt greatly relieved when he had finished his book, and his happiest days were those just before his death. During his whole sickness he never grew irritable or lost his temper. He was the kindest man lever knew, and he had a great love for his family. Mrs. Grant called him Ulysses and she was very fond of him. He always called her Mrs. Grant, and he was certainly one of the best of

husbands.

A Drug Clerk's Awful Agony. From the Chicago Herald. "I had a strange experience the other night," said the clerk in a Randolph street drug store recently. "I was sitting beside the stove in a sort of doze when the night-bell jingled violently. The instant I opened the door a boy not yet in his teens stumbled into the store with a perscripthan awake, I set about preparing the medicine—a task which consumed fully half an hour. After the boy had departed I returned to my seat and was just falling into a deep sleep when the thought that I had made a mistake in the preparation of the medicine flashed through my mind. I leaped to my feet as scared a man as ever lived. Seizing the perscription, I read it over and over again, each time becoming more convinced that Ihadmade a most egregious, and perhaps fatalerror. No aconite had been prescribed, yetmy thoughts and the moist plug in the bottle told me that the poison was in the medicine. I darted out of the store in search of the boy, whose name I did not know, but he was nowhere to be seen. Returning to the store I

paced the floor like a madman. Unpleasant visions flashed before my eyes, and I was about to drop upon the lounge in despair when the bell began to tinkle again. I thought my fate had surely come when I start. ed towards the door. Imagine my surprise to find the very same boy crying as though his heart would break, and holding a piece of the brok-

en vial in his hand. " 'I-I-fell and broke the bot'-the

lad whimpered. "Y-e-e-s, sir! I "'Hooray,' I yelled, choking the boy off and hugging him to my breast. may have acted like a baby just then, for I kissed him again and again, and squeezed him as though he had been a long lost child. When the astonished lad left the store this time but I wouldn't pass through another hour of such torment for all the drug stores in the city."

wholly to the welfare of my people, and therefore I must not hesitate."

The National Review.

Fashionable Life in Newbort.

Cor. Albany Evening Journal. The aristocratic Newporters having retired from the casino dance at midparlors and city shops with tennis racquets in their hands. Girls dress in white nun's veiling and go around to other cottages and inquire about the incomes of the men they danced

wife's estate in Mexico. I asked him er trousers, and dodge around hotel with the night before. At 11 all ride to the casino. Fellows up stairs in the club house drinking claret cups and playing billiards, and girls listening to the music and abusing the other cottagers. Mothers lay off at home in Mother Hubbard dresses, sigh and say, "I hate all this humbug and wish the season was over." Old men swear and damn the expense and annoyance of trying to be fashionable. At 4:30 P. M. we all go to drive. One line of dog carts, tandems, ph.stons and victorias fills Bellevue avenue. Belmont drives a four-in-hand drag. Pugs, poodles, Skyeterriers, Japanese and Prince Charles spaniels occupy front cushioned seats, while men (lackeys) ride backwards on hard boards. Old women in Worth dresses loll back, bow sweetly to rich cottagers and then abuse them. Old men sleep off their burgundy dinners, while their sons, the cads, sit up, self-constituted lackeys, buttoned up in tight Prince Albert frock-coats, with their red ears sawing on high Regent collars. They ogle rich girls through their English eyeglasses and say, "Be Jowve, she's bric-a-brac yo' kneuw; she's a pill, buther govnor'l sugar-coat her with a hundred thousand dot." At 6:30 the heartless parade is over and all gathered at dinner and filled up with campagne and burgundy. At 9 P. M. flirtations on cottage and hotel balconies. Not genuine love and sentiment. but intrigues and heartless ffirting. "At 11 P. M. all rush to the Casino, Cads and dudes in swallow-tails, and old maids and worldly mothers in low necks and short sleeves. They dance, they whirl, they revolve, they bow, they wiggle and they romp. Old blase men sit in the galleries and chuckle as they use opera-glasses on low necks. Old women sit around as wall-flowers, hold fans and opera-cloaks, and scold because they don't know anyone. "Oh, but we are so exclusive!" At 1 A. M. music ceases. The beaux rush to the clubroom to take their "night-caps" and smoke their cigarettes, while the women retire to the cloak-room to say sweet nothings or to whisper scandal and secrets about everybody not in their set. There is no love no real joy. It is a struggle for place-a fight

The Betrothal of Marie Louise.

for position. There are cuts and

jealously, and hate and triumphs and

defeats, but love and happiness are

not here.

On the 22d of November, 1809, the Duc de Cadore, then minister for foreign affairs at Paris, wrote to the Duc de Vicence, French ambassador at St. Petersburg, to ask whether Napoleon's proposal for the hand of the Emperor Alexander's sister, the Grand Duchess Anne, would be favorably received. An immediate answer was required. At that date messengers took a fortnight to reach St. Petersburg from Paris; the answer to the dispatch of the 22d had not, consequently, arrived when, on the 30th of November Napoleon's divorce was finally settled. On the 16th of December Joshepine held her last reception at the Tuileries, which she was about tion in his hand. It had been written to quitforever. While waiting for their by a prominent physician living on carriages a remarkable conversation Washington boulevard. More asleep took place between M. de Semonville, who was then high in favor at court, and M. de Floret, one of the secretaries of the Austrian embassy, in which it transpired that the hand of the Archduchess Marie Louise would not be refused should Napoleon ask for it. This news was at once communicated to the emperor, and as the an-

swer from St. Petersburg was delayed, negotiations were broken off, and on the 7th of February, 1810, Prince Schwarzenberg signed the contract of marriage with the Archduchess Marie Louise at the Tuileries, and a messenger was at once dispatched to Vienna. Marie Louise consented with resignation rather than pleasure, and when Count Metternich, then minister for forign affairs, came to ask her consent, her first question was: "What does my father desire?" "The emperor," answered Metternich, "has ordered me to ask your imperial highness' opinion with regard to an event upon which the future of his very existence depends; but do not inquire what the emperor wishes; tell me frankly what you wish yourself." "I only wish what my duty commands," answered Marie Louise. "When it is a question regarding the welfare of the empire, you must consult that and not my will. Beg my father to obey his duty as a sovereign, without consideration for my personal feelings." When this answer was brought to the emperor he showed no suprise, but said: consent to this marriage will at least secure a few years of peace and prosperity to my unhappy country, which I must employ in endeavoring he clutched the pure, straight stuff, to heal its wounds. I owe myself