#### THE OREGON SCOUT.

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From a high staff on David's Island floats the national ensign. David's Island is a place of national importance. It is about twenty miles from the city by water, and is the principal recruiting depot of the United States army. It is more than that, indeed, for the recruit is there taught to be a material side as well. A man who is soldier. What the university is to the obliged to shovel sand into a cart for professional man David's Island is to the enlisted man of the army. A university graduate becomes an A. B. A gone wrong. David's Island graduate become an H. P. Both have the world to conquer. One takes a post-graduate incidents have their place in the uncourse in the law courts; the other written history as well. takes a post-graduate course on the plains among the Indians. Does a General Banking Business. Buys

There is no more important work in the military service than the selecting and first training of men for the army. It is work that requires the most careful attention to detail and intelligent direction. It is perhaps a military duty that is least understood by the general public, and the popular idea is oftentimes that any miserable fellow, disgusted with all the world and bearing the record of crime, may throw off all responsibilities and become a soldier. In this the ernment seeks to throw all possible influence against the recruiting of unfit men, and wants only the good ones. To this end the officers chosen for the service are those of experience.

There are three principal points, or depots as they are officially termed— body do you aim at when you are in the ring?" David's Island, Jefferson Barracks, Mi\_souri (for the cavalry only), and | my man above the heart, or under the Columbus Barracks, Ohio. There are chin, or behind the ear. A man wears twenty-six sub-depots or rendezvous, out pretty soon if one can keep hamfrom which a never ceasing mering away in the region of the heart: supply of men is kept moving toward a blow under the chin or behind the the three great centers. In charge of ear will knock out a man quicker than all this system is a superintendent of a hundred blows on the cheek or any recruting service, with headquarters other portion of the face. Now the in this city, who is Lieutenant Colo- Marine has a scar on the cheek which nel A. L. Hough, Sixteenth Infantry, he received in his fight with Dempsey, whose Assistant Adjutant General is and which he will carry to his grave. First Lieutenant R. H. Patterson, of He told me that Dempsey kept hamthe First Artillery.

of the Fifteenth Infantry, is the Com-manding Officer of David's Island, and strength in getting in there. This fact his Adjutant is First Lieutenant Cal- alone proves to me that he is deficient vin D. Cowles.

The Government requires about 5,000 recruits each year. The applicants at the recruting rendezvous are carefully examined. has committed crime he will be per- for. emptorily dismissed. Then he is sent to the island, where he is again examined, and the first examination is play? liable to be set aside if the man is not and then drafted away, to some regi-

ment as required. There are 600 of the them there now in all stages of preparation; fore me for four rounds. Now, I wantfrom he who turns his toes in to he who wears a corporal's stripes for excellence at drill, and there are tew awkward men in the lot. It is a surprising fact that three days in the hands of a good drill sergeant will take most of the kinks out of a man, put stiffness in his backbone, and give him that graceful carriage that can only be attained by a military "setting up." These 600 are divided into four companies. There is besides a permanent force of sergeants, corpo-

rals, quartermaster's men, etc. When a recruit arrives he is first ushered into the awful presence of the Sergeant Major, whose eagle eye and years of experience can detect a musle out of place. He then goes to the Adutant, is receipted for, assigned to a company and gets his uniform. A good dinner comes next, as it s assumed that the average recuit is hungry. After dinner he is whisked away to the hospital and vaccinated. On the second day he is examined by the surgeon finally, and if not rejected (and only about 1 per cent. are on this final examination) is completely uniformed. If he desires it he is allowed \$3 credit at the trader's and assigned to a squad to be fashioned into

Drill is from 10 to 11 o'clock in the morning and from 2 to 3 o'clock does no sentry duty at all for the first month or so, or until he is considered fit to perform that responsible and honorable duty. "How about you and Mace, Sul What does he do with his off time? some one asks. Well, pretty much time?" as most men of his sphere of lite do before they enlist, except that he probably has a better time generally to and can throw the responsibility for earned a fine reputation as a fighter. his health on the officers. He can go to and you don't want now, at the end the club and play billiards; he can play of your days, to be knocked out by base-ball, foot-ball, and other games; me. I object to giving any hippodrome he can read a selection of several thou- exhibitions with you, but I'll make sand books; he can occasionally go to you this proposition: I'll agree to a dance, which the officers per-mit from time to time; he can conditions: For the first three rounds attend lectures and concerts during the Winter season, and he has the I will agree not to lead or counter, but music of one of the best bands in the lif, at the conclusion of the third round service at all time. He can not whoop you have not knocked me out, I will it up and paint the island red with do my best to knock you cut in the impanity, but he can do most of the fourth round, and you must take things that the average citizen can, your chances; the winner to get the and besides his credit is good at the gate money.' Mace would not con-

ways the case with the average citizen. And yet there are recruits who are not happy. Some of them broad dred Men Constantly in School on David's over thoughts that lead to all kinds of extravagant expression. The barracks are prisons; the uniform, stripes of penal servitude; the officers jailers and the army is condemned to the

demnition bowwows generally. If a new-comer is intelligent, he has little to fear from the drill sergoants. If he is stupid or intentionally care less-well, they have their work to do. and they generally do it. Scrubbing bunks and digging sand have their several hours, while an armed sentry stands over him, may possibly be excused for thinking that the world has

Of course there are many stories to be told of the humorous side of the recruit's life, and the pathetic

#### SCIENTIFIC SLUGGING.

John L. Thinks A Good Fighter Most Have a Good Head-He Criticises Dempsey.

From the Sacramento Bee. in answer to the question, "What are the essentials of a good fighter?" Sullivan said:

"Pluck, skill, endurance and a good head on his shoulders," said the gladator. "I tell you, sir, a man fights with his head almost as much as he general opinion is in error. The Gov- does with his fist. He must know where to send his blows so they may do the most good. He must economize his strength and not score a hit just for the sake of scoring it."

"What portion of your antagonist's

"I endeavor," said Sullivan, "to hit mering away at that spot. If Demp-Lieutenant Colonel R. F. O'Beirne, sey were a long-headed fighter he

> in generalship. "You can tell when your man is giv-

"Certainly I can," said the pugilist. "I watch his eyes and I know at once Many of them, indeed, are turned when the punishment is beginning to away on general principles before ex- tell on him. And when I talk to a amination, and only one in six is ac- man before I stand up before him at cepted after. The physique must be all I can make up my mind whether good, the character (as far as can le he is a fighter or not. There is learned) must be good, and if it is dis- more intelligence required in this busicovered after enlistment that a recruit ness than outsiders give us credit

> "Can you remember any case where you brought any special tacties into

"Yes," said John L. "I just happen all right. He is kept three months to remember one circumstance, and I'll tell you of it. A young and pretty clever boxer-I won't mention his name now-undertook to stand up beed to give the public a good show for their money's worth, so I allowed the young man to hammer away to his heart's content. When, after the second round, I was being sponged off in my corner I said to my second, 'About half a minute before this next round is over you call out "John!" loud enough for me to hear you. Time was called, and after a few passes I rushed in and laid my head upon that young man's breast and let him belt away at meas hard as be could. The audience cheered because they thought he was knocking me out, sure, but at that close range his blows hurt me about as much as you could now by fibbing me on the top of the head with a soft glove. There I lay, as snug as you please, taking a deal of amusement out of the enthusiasm of the audience. Presently my second, who had kept his eyes upon his watch, called out 'John'-and then I stepped back and landed my young man one under the ear, and that was the last of him.

"Do you train for these fights?" "No," said the purmst, than to waste cally. "I know bette, than to waste until 10 o'clock in the morning, read all the papers, smoke a cigar, take a cup of black coffee, then get up and have my bath and breakfast. Now, the afternoon. The recruit when I meet a man that I think is going to give me some trouble I will train, but I have not met that man "How about you and Mace, Sulli-

van, were you not to have met at or e

"Jem Mace and myself talked the matter over, and I said 'Mace, him: spar you four rounds on the following I will act solely on the defensive, and

trader's for beer, and that is not al- sent to this so the matterfell through."

#### BOBBERY AND ME.

From Harper's Bazar.

It's just a bit of story, sir, that don't sound much to stranger's, but I'd like to tell you about it, if you have time to listen, for they've all forgotten Bobbery down here, except me; they're poor folks, you see, and things drift out of folks' heads when poverty drifts in.

Bobbery? Yes, sir, that was his name, least-ways the name we gave him down here. As to a father or mother, he never had any, I think; never had any one in the wide world to belong to except our two selves, Bobbery and me. I was the elder, two long years older than him; but then I was blind, you see, so the two years didn't count so much, and Bobbery got ahead of me after the time when the long days of pain slipped into lone night, and God shut me out of the world, not that I grumble, sir; I've given over that, and Bobbery was always such a gook lad to me that perhaps I didn't miss so much after all.

I grew to fancy things and make beneve I saw a great deal, particularly after Bobbery took to working at his trade, shoe-black, sir; and sometimes, when I became accustomed to being always in the dark, I went out with Bobbery and held the money that he made.

river; only Bobbery was an extrava- straight as you can go, and I will folgant lad, not in drink, sir, we were al- low.

vays a sober lot, but in oranges. They were almost his ruin, sir, those oranges. He use to come up stairs sucking them softly, so that I might not hear, and thinking to deceive me; but I somehow smelt oranges, and it always made me sharper to catch Bobbery whistling little tunes to himself on the way up, just to put me off. He made a great deal of me, did Bobbery, along of being blind, you know what it is, sir, to sit alone in the dark all day, and then, on a sudlen, to hear a fellow call out, "Here we are again! Come down and feel the sun set, and we'll count the coppers." It would make you love any one, sir, who had a voice like that, et alone a fellow like Bobbery.

Perhaps you didn't happen to be want to thank you.' n Kingston, sir, last spring, when was under water for miles around. Bobbery had to wade a little going lown to his work, but he rather liked t he said; and he used to tuck up his rousers and call back to me and augh as the water crept around his eet; and he said folks wouldn't want heir boots blacked, he feared, for the water would soon take off the polish.

I used to sit on the window-sill to eel the sun, and if Histened very hard could hear the ripple-ripple of the shallow water at every step that Bobpery made, and it had a pleasant sound, and made a kind of company eeling; but when he was out of hearng, and it still kept rippling up against our walls the company feeling went away and lett me lonely, because it ay for so very long between me and Bobbery.

Well, once I was sitting alone on the window-sill and the day was very quiet, so quiet that I grew frightened at ast, and stretched out my hands across the sill to feel my way down. I lelt something that made me shiver and draw back out of the sunlight; that made my whole dark life grow suddenly a beautiful and precious thing; I felt the water rippling almost up to the level of the sill, and I was er know.

sat down on the bed where Bobbery aands over my ears to shut out the oar of the waters.

How long I sat there I don't know, out I think it must have been for hours, for I felt the sunlight on my ace and the waters rushing round me pefore I moved again. I was hungry, reach the cupboard the water took ped and on to the shelves of the dresser to be out of the way. I said my prayers two or three times, and I said some prayers for Bobbery, too, for I knew he would be sorry when he found me some day where had died all alone, and in the dark. And then I tried to think how things looked from our window, with the water sweeping up to the very sill, and the red sunset lying on it, and beyond the pretty town and the steeple in the clock; and I thought it was better for me to die than Bobbery, after all, for he could see, while I-I had no pleasure in my And yet I wanted to live; I wanted to hear Bobbery's voice again; I

was afraid. Well, sir, God answers our prayers sometimes in a way that is terribly at Johnstown, Jan. 24, 1846. Gov. just. It takes us a long time to find Wright declined to interfere. Mrs. out that everything is very good, I Runkle of Utica, was hanged at Whitesthink, but we come to learn it at last, boro in 1849. Ann Hoag, for killing and learn, too, to leave our prayers her husband by poison, was hanged as well as the answers to God. Some May 7, 1852, Gov. Hunt refusing to body did remember me at last, and commute her sentence to imprisoncame back: somebody whose laughing | mer t for life.

voice across the waters was nearer every minute; somebody whose hands were on my shoulders, whose eyes, I felt, were on my tace; somebody who had never forgotten me—Robbery!
"Bobbery! Bobbery!" I cried, and I

stretched out my arms to him. Bobtery said: "I came over in a tub, only think! such a lark! but as I climbed in at the window our tub drifted away, and however we're to

get over I can't tell.' "You must think of something," I said, "Bobbery, it was a long day. "Why, of course it was," Bobbery answered, "without me. Come along

the river's rising like fury "Is it very wide?" I asked. "O, not more'n a good stretch from here to the dry land, but deep, over six feet, I should say, and rising."

"But the bed, Bobbery," I said, and the other things. "Well, we must just leave them until it's all right again.'

"Will it ever be all right?" I asked. "Why, yes, of course, said Bob-

He was such a splendid chap, sir, was Bobbery, and so clever! He took the two chairs that were drifting about the room and tied them together, and then we waded across to the window and stood upon the sill.

"I think it's jolly fun said Bobbery, "If you could only see how your boat's bobbing up and down in front here! Get in quick or I can't hold her. Here! port her helm, or something! Are you all right?" .

"It's splendid," I said come along." But when Bobbery put his foot on the unsteady raft she went down on Well, not much, perhaps, but enough for us two, and the little room we had down at Kingston, over against the yourself ashore with this pole as one side with a plunge. "Never mind."

I thought that was true or I never would have left Bobbery. I took the pole he gave me and went out on the restless waters that I telt were blood-red where the setting sun had touched them. People on the opposite side cheered, and cried and called me, and Bobbery behind called out once or twice, "Ship ahoy!" in a shrill voice that I knew and loved better than anything on earth and once see, and so did the neighbors; but I | I heard him say faintly—he seemed was rare proud of him. You don't so far away—"In port at last." At last!

The people on shore had ceased their shouts of excitement and encouragement; the light had died utterly away. In an awful silence and an awful darkness I jumped to land and held out my hands.

"Bobbery!" I cried, "I

Did Bobbery bear, sir, do you he floods had risen and the land think? Do people hear anything, do people understand anything after they have gone away?

I only knew that the awful silence was turning me to stone, that the awful darkness was rising like a stone wall between me and Bobbery, and I was afraid. When I called no one answered, and I was glad. If his voice was silent any other voice would have maddened me just then, and I wanted nothing more to tell me all the truth. I learned through the silence on land and sea how God had answered my prayer.

They told me afterward how the plank he was launching to help himself to the shore drifted away from his hand and was out of sight directly, how they would have saved him if they could, and how, when they began to shout to him directions, he made a sign for silence and stood straight upon the sill, with the sunset creeping all about him and the waters washing at his feet. They wondered why he had made no effort to reach the shore with me; they used to wonder for long after why he had stood so silent, with his eager eyes and restless feet so strangely still. I knew, of course; but what right had any one else to come between me and Bobquite alone, and Bobbery would nev- bery? It wouldn't have done any I did not call out or go mad with knew—that Bobbery wouldn't let right, as I thought at first I might do; me lose the faintest chance; thought only I crept away in my everlasting my blind, helpless life quite as larkness from the warm sunlight and well worth saving as his own. I would have done the same for him, sir, and I slept together, and put my any day, for Bobbery and me were always fond of each other.

The story's been longer than I thought, sir, but just the evening and the floods again, and your wanting to know about the cross, brought it back to me like the same evening somehow, an' its company like to talk of the oo, but when I tried to get down and lad. And Bobbery? he just died, sir; and the folks thought such a deal of me off my feet and I crept back to the him that they collected a bit to set me up, and I took half of the money just to put this little cross by the river side, for we always divided the coppers, sir; and I havn't forgot him -not in these two years!

That's all, sir-just all about Bobbery.

Women Hanged in New York. Utica Herald:

Four instances of the hanging of women in this State are recalled: Margaret Houghtaling, alias Peggy Dinsmore, was hanged at Hudson, Oct. 17, 1817, six weeks after her indictment for the murder of her child, and a few years afterwards a woman wanted the waters to go down and on her death-bed confessed that she somebody to remember me at last, for was guilty of the murder, and not poor Peggy. Mrs. Van Valkonberg was hanged for poisoning her husband,

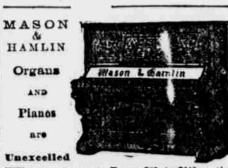
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