

THE OREGON SCOUT.

VOL. III.

UNION, OREGON, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1887.

NO. 26.

THE OREGON SCOUT.

An independent weekly journal, issued every Saturday by

JONES & CHANCEY,
Publishers and Proprietors.

A. K. JONES, Editor. B. CHANCEY, Foreman.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:
One copy, one year, \$1.50
Six months, .90
Three months, .50
Invariably cash in advance.

If by any chance subscriptions are not paid till end of year, two dollars will be charged. Rates of advertising made known on application.

Correspondence from all parts of the county solicited. Address all communications to A. K. Jones, Editor Oregon Scout, Union, Or.

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A WOMAN AT THE WHEEL.

Romantic Life and Tragic Death of a Girl Mariner.

The following account of the wreck of the Maggie Dalling last month and the heroic death of her girl skipper at the Pebaloff Islands, Alaska, is related by the only survivor of the crew, a man named Hine, who has just arrived at Victoria, British Columbia:

The Maggie Dalling was a small craft chartered by the Alaska Commercial Company for hunting seals near the Pebaloff Islands, which the company lease from the United States Government. The skipper of the little craft, Captain MacDonald, was an old seafaring man in Alaska waters. His crew consisted of two hunters and his daughter, who bore the peculiar name of "Clam." She was about 17, pretty, and as brave a girl as ever sailed. The sea had always been her home—in fact, she was born in a snug little cabin of the Dalling, and grew from a babe to a maiden aboard the schooner. Many a night she relieved her father at the wheel and took her "trick" like a man.

Captain MacDonald died about six months ago and "Clam" took command of the schooner and continued the seal fishery with an enthusiasm that surprised even the oldest hunters. She was recognized as "Captain Clam," and the sailors were obliged to acknowledge her right to the title.

There was very rough weather in the Behring Sea on December 10, and the Maggie Dalling was put about on the homeward tack and headed for the Pebaloff Islands. While running for harbor a sea boarded the frail craft and carried Henry Jackson, one of the crew, overboard. "Clam" stood bravely at the wheel while Hine, the only remaining sailor, tried in vain to keep control of the craft. About midnight she was driven upon a lee shore, where she was firmly wedged between two reefs. When she struck the mainmast fell and Hine, becoming entangled in the rigging, went overboard with it. Clinging to floating debris he succeeded in reaching the shore after hours of terrible exposure in the freezing water.

The following morning the wreck was sighted and a boat's crew put off to save the heroic little skipper. As they approached the doomed vessel it was noticed that the foremast had also fallen over the stern. They called loudly for "Clam," but no answer came. Two of the boat's crew managed to reach the deck of the little craft, where they were horror-stricken to find the lifeless form of poor "Clam" still hanging to the wheel, where she had been crushed to death by the falling spar. The body of the brave girl captain was taken on shore to Oonulaska, where it was buried beside that of her father in the little graveyard.

John L. Sullivan as a Gentleman.

Philadelphia Times

His frequent debauches became town talk the world over, and his name became a synonym for all that was coarse, brutal and indecent in sporting. However John L. grew good about six months ago. He had commenced to see that his path was not so smooth and flowery as at one time. He was broke. He didn't have a dollar to his name, and worse than that, he owed thousands on thousands of dollars. For a man who has made at least a quarter of a million dollars in the past five years by the sweat of some other fellows' brows Sullivan had done royally well in getting away with the spoils.

However, the time for reform was dawning near. "I will go to," said John L. to himself one bright morning about six months since. "I will, forsooth, reform. I will be a gentleman."

Since that day Sullivan has dallied little with the wine cup and punch bowl, while Tom and Jerry and John L. are no longer on speaking terms. More than that, the gruff, surly champion has cultivated the smooth suavity of a real duke and truth to tell, he makes a very fair imitation. "I beg your pardon," or "excuse me, please" slips from his tongue now, with all the unctuous fervor that was wont to lend a pointed force to his strange oaths, and by the change in his manner of speech Sullivan has already increased the number of his friends three or four fold. He is but little more than twenty-eight years old, and there is yet time for him to study French and become a polished courtier. And if he can ape the courtly graces of manners so much affected by that most polite of nations but little will be left undone, and it will certainly be far more pleasant for his rivals to be put to sleep with a cavalierly "By your leave, sir, than with an ugly, morose, "Take that, you chump."

Physically, Sullivan has also made a marked improvement in the past half year. He is no longer bloated and puffed up with bad liquor, and but for his broken arm would be ready to whip any man in the world with more ease than at any time in the last three years. All in all, the general improvement in John L. Sullivan champion fighter of the world, is so marked and conspicuous that he merits commendation for having come to his senses at last.

THE WISHING BONE.

I stood with Kit,
The roguish chit,
Beneath the lamplight in the hall
The feast was o'er—
The opened door
Invited us unto the ball.

She dropped her head
And softly said:
"I took this bone from off my dish:
Will you join me
And break to see
Which of us two will have the wish?"

Her blushes came,
And mine the same,
The while I wish and fates invoke
That I may dare
Some day declare
My love—the bone it bent and broke.

I culprit stand
With bone in hand—
The fragile thing is now undone
And pretty Kit,
The roguish chit,
She softly said: "Your wish is won."

"Ah! pretty maid,
I'm sore afraid,
I'll have to tell my wish to you,
I wish that I
Might by and by
Declare my love as lovers do."

"And I wished just the same thing, too."
—Judge.

TOM PERKINS' WIFE.

"Now, I wouldn't stand it Mrs. Perkins, I'd do one thing or another. I'd make him stop it, or I'd leave him and get a divorce."

"Perhaps you wouldn't after all. You know Mrs. Allen is an old friend of Mr. Perkins', and he likes to go there because she is good company."

These words were uttered with quivering lips and tears gathering in her hollow eyes, by a slight pale-faced young woman in answer to the above vehement speech, made by one of her neighbors, whose friendliness, well meant enough though it might have been, had prompted her to bring to the young wife a bit of unpleasant gossip concerning the latter's husband.

"She is a heartless coquette," she replied now, "that's what she is, and always was, even when her husband lived. He was a good, honest man, but she worried the life out of him by the carrying on as she did. I knew Sadie Allen when she was a school girl, and I never thought much of her at any time, and I don't want anything to do with her now."

The young woman replied to this with tears only.

"I declare," the other went on by way of consoling, "I don't see what Mr. Perkins can be thinking about. Here he has a nice wife and two children, as beautiful as one wants to see, and to think that — Well, I wouldn't stand it, that's all."

After her visitor had left, Mrs. Perkins tottered more than she walked to the crib where her eight-months-old baby boy lay sleeping soundly, all unconscious of the sin and sorrow of the world into which he had so lately entered. Sinking into a chair beside the little bed, she burst into such a passion of tears as caused her little girl, sitting on the floor, to drop her playthings and come to her knees.

With a look of surprise in her wide open eyes, she stared at her mother. "Ar' 'ou sick, mamma," she finally asked.

The mother bent down, and taking the child up into her arms, and pressed it to her heart. "No, darling, I am not sick, but I wish Mamie, and baby, and mama were dead, and in heaven," she replied, and her tears flowed afresh.

The little one, half frightened, nestled close to that sheltering bosom and soon fell asleep.

And there, with no other sound save the soft breathing of her infants to break the stillness, the young woman's thoughts led her back to the time when she was pretty Emma Bennet, living with her uncle on a farm not many miles distant. Orphaned young, she had known no other home but his. Well she remembered how, on her wedding day, as she was momentarily expecting him with whom she was ready to go hand in hand through life, the dear old man had come and placed his hard, brown hand on her blonde head. "Emma, my girl," he had said, "you are my brother's only child. God knows I love you as my own. I hope you will be happy with Tom Perkins. I have known him since his birth, and I always thought him a good, honest boy. But, somehow, since he has lived in town, he seems changed to me. I hope it is not for the worse," he added, as he brushed a tear from his eye.

And how cheerfully had she looked up into his face, and replied, "Why, uncle, are you not rid of your suspicions yet? Why, only a little while ago you thought Tom had forgotten me, and yet he had been true to me all the time, and came to claim me when you least expected it. Why, then, do you mistrust him now?"

It was well for her that she did not know then, or even now, that his claiming her finally was on account of the little inheritance left her by her father, and carefully kept for her by her uncle, which would come handy in paying the several uncomfortable debts which he had contracted. It was also well that she did not know that, entirely unmindful of his vows to her, he had fallen desperately in love with a young lady in town, who, aware of the tie that bound him to

another, had scornfully rejected him.

Ah, how strong had been her faith in him when she had placed her hand in his at the marriage altar! How she had loved him then! How proud she had been of him! And she was ready to leave him now.

"Till death shall part you." Those words which had impressed her so solemnly at that time suddenly came to her mind now. "Till death shall part you," she thought, "and I said, 'yes' to those words. Then I must not shrink. I must hold out, and I will, she broke out aloud, as the light of strong resolve suddenly illumined her careworn countenance. "I will have faith," she continued, "Our minister said last Sunday, 'By faith we may conquer all things.'"

And then and there with the breathing of her pure babes to accompany it, there arose from her lips a prayer to the "Throne of Grace" for strength and patience to endure whatever her Heavenly Father saw fit to lay upon her.

Even Tom Perkins, when he came home to supper this evening, unapt as he was to notice his wife's appearance, became aware of a change in her. A strange brightness seemed to o'er-spread her thin face to-night. Perhaps, instinctively, because agreeably thereby impressed, he wished to retain it there, and was therefore prompted before making his toilet, to say more kindly than was his wont, "Emma, I've an important errand to do for Mr. Elliot, and I may not be home till late."

She smiled sadly in reply, bright tears glistening in her eyes. She knew he had not told her the truth. She knew where he was going, but she said not a word. She had prayed for strength, and she had received it.

True, there followed many dreary days and nights of longing and waiting. Again, and again, the faint heart was lifted heavenward, but not in vain. He who hath said "My grace is sufficient for you," made those words gloriously true to this weary soul. One evening, sitting by an open window, with the shutters closed, Mrs. Perkins unintentionally overheard the following conversation between two of her neighbors.

"Say," said one of them, "Frank Mills is going with Sallie Allen, lately."

"You don't say," was the reply, "I wonder how Tom Perkins will like that. Perhaps he won't run there so often, when he finds out she can have other friends besides him."

Frank Mills was Tom Perkins' most intimate friend. Just to what extent he was to blame for the change in Tom since the latter had come to live in town, of course Emma could not tell. But the thought passed through her mind, as she sat there musing, that, perhaps, had her husband never met Frank Mills, he might still be the Tom Perkins' of old, trusting and trustworthy.

Shortly after this, early one morning the Perkins' were unceremoniously awakened by loud knocking at their door. Upon opening both Tom and Emma were startled at seeing two policemen who soon made known their errand, which was to arrest Tom.

"What have I done?" gasped the latter, turning deadly pale.

"You are arrested for the murder of Frank Mills," was the answer.

"For murder?" cried Emma. "Oh, no, no. There must be a mistake. It was not Tom. He could never commit a crime like that." And to her dying day she will never forget the grateful look her husband cast upon her, as pale and agitated, he was being led away by the officers.

The indications of Tom Perkins' guilt were strong. Public sentiment was against him. He felt this, and it depressed him greatly. But, when he heard that the woman, or account of whom he had neglected his wife and children, had been the first to point him out as the murderer, he was quite overcome. The body of Frank Mills, with his skull crushed, had been found but half a block away from the residence of Mrs. Allen. There had been a party at her house on the night of the murder. Frank Mills had told her that on account of urgent business, he would not be able to be there till about half past 10 o'clock. Tom Perkins had left her house at a little after ten.

For several days previous to this he had not been on good terms with Frank Mills, having accused both him and Mrs. Allen of ridiculing and making fun of him. On the night in question he had become quite violent, accusing Mrs. Allen of being false and deceiving him and etc., and had finally left the house in anger.

It was finally surmised, that, as the body of Frank Mills had been found so near the house which Tom Perkins had just left, the latter must have met him, and in his excited state dealt him the fatal blow.

In vain the accused man protested that he had not seen Frank Mills at all that night, and after leaving the house of Mrs. Allen he had gone in the opposite direction from where the body lay, crossed the street and turned the next corner.

The watch and purse of the murdered man had been found on the body, therefore it was reasoned the murderer could not have been committed for robbery. Some other incentive must have induced the crime. And although the dead man had not enjoyed the best of reputations, he was not known to have an enemy to whom the bloody deed could be attributed.

All these circumstances served to make the guilt of the prisoner evident. Instigated by jealousy, perhaps, after words of provocation, he had committed the act.

Even his widowed mother, when he declared his innocence to her, said to him: "Tom, do not make matters worse by denying your guilt. Confess your sins, that you may obtain forgiveness of God. I would gladly believe you innocent, but a man who is capable of one crime is capable of another. I can not trust you since I know what a life you have been leading."

A feeling of despair came over the accused man under this weight of suspicion.

"Have you come to condemn me, too," he accosted his wife, when she came to visit him in his cell. "No, Tom," she answered mildly. "I do not condemn you. Let all the world believe you guilty, I know you are innocent. You have your faults, but you are incapable of committing the crime you are charged with."

Covering his face with his hands, he burst into tears. "Oh, Emma, Emma, I have not deserved it," he cried. "You, whom I have betrayed and deceived, you stand by me, while everybody, even my mother, forsakes me."

"That's what I am your wife for, Tom," she replied, consolingly. "It is my place to stand by you, and Tom," she continued, as she took his hand and pressed it to her heart, "I have prayed that your innocence may be proved, and I am confident that my prayer will be answered."

One morning in answer to a faint rap, Emma opened her door, when she beheld a man standing there whose appearance caused her to draw back in affright. He was evidently a tramp, ragged, dirty, and hard looking. "If you please," he began timidly, "is this the wife of the man who is accused of murder?"

Emma nodded.

"May I come in?" he asked. "I have something important to tell you."

Emma looked at him, doubtful as to whether she could trust him. He noticed this. "You need not be afraid of me," he said. "I am tough-looking I dare say, and it's a tough life I am leading. It's drink that's brought me down. But I have not come down so low yet that I would take the life of a fellow being, or I would not come to tell you what I do."

At this Emma ventured to let him in. Seating himself near the door and coughing slightly, by way of clearing his throat, he began: "I accidentally heard that your husband was accused of the murder which was committed a few days ago, and that he pleads 'not guilty' to the charge. Now, I believe I can put them on the track of the guilty party, and I thought it best to consult you first, as you are naturally the most interested."

Emma looked at him in surprise. "What proofs have you," she finally asked, "for thinking that this party of whom you speak is guilty?"

"Well, mum," this man that I have reference to is a bad lot, like myself, only worse, and I believe he has committed more murders than one in his life. Now, on the night of the murder, I was sleeping in an old shed on the outskirts of the city, and it must have been considerably after midnight, when I heard some one coming to join me there. He did not notice me, however, but threw himself into an opposite corner, and I heard him muttering several times, and by that I knew who it was. At daylight I got up and found him asleep. Going up to him I saw that his coat was bespattered with blood. "Aha!" thought I, "he's been up to some scrape. Then, when I heard of the murder I put things together and I made up my mind that what I had seen might be worth telling anyway."

A ray of hope lit up the face of the hardy tried wife as she listened to the words of the tramp. The latter's statement led to the real perpetrator, who when brought face to face with convincing proofs, confessed all.

It seems that Frank Mill, exasperated by the insolent importunities of the wretch, had kicked him from his premises a few days before the murder. And to revenge himself, the tramp had waylaid him that night, and with a club, which had been found near the spot of the crime, had beaten him in his brains.

The fact of the watch and purse of the murdered man having been found upon him was owing to the circumstance of the murderer's having been disturbed by an officer nearing just as he was about to rob his victim.

Tom Perkins was released from custody. He tottered home and without uttering a word fell upon his wife's neck and wept as if his heart would break. The experience through which he had passed had been too terrible that he should again dally with those sins which had led him into it.

He made a full confession of all his wrong doings to her who had proved herself so worthy of his confidence. But, even after he told her, she generously forgave him. And henceforth, his love for his wife and children, became to him the star which pointed, for him, to higher and noble aims in life.

Tom and Emma Perkins are an old couple now. Their children are all married, and they have a number of grandchildren. But even now, Tom, with hoary lock and wrinkled face, will look lovingly into the dim eyes of his Emma as if he would say "Thy love hath been the greatest of the many blessings bestowed on me by our Heavenly Father."