



THE OREGON SCOUT.

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OUR POETS.

[This space is given for the use and benefit of our local writers of verse, and we hope to make it a pleasing feature of the paper. To that end contributions are solicited, but they must possess undoubted literary merit to obtain place and recognition here.—Ed.]

Written for the SCOUT.] MY DAISY.

Her eyes are like the blackest jet, Her hair is like a raven,

Her lips are coral, her kisses yet, That I'm forever craving.

Her walk is like a fairy's walk, Her voice is low and ringing;

It stirs my pulse to hear her talk, My heart jumps when she's singing.

She's stole the only heart I had, And fringed with my sorrow;

But I'll admit that I am glad, Another heart I'll borrow.

Perhaps she thinks that I'm too good To quit, because I've kissed her,

But while she's flirting with my foe I'll make love to her sister.

And when kind fortune gives me wealth, He father has consented,

I'll take her sister for my wife— Her fun will be resented!

But, if this sister also kicks, And I find out I've missed her,

Alas! my love is gone, I'll take Some other fellow's sister. —R. W. H.

Cove Cullings.

November 30, 1887,

Fine beef is plenty in the market. Six and seven cents is the current rate per quarter.

Several from Cove attended the teachers' examination in La Grande, this week, and underwent the trying ordeal.

Chas. Doney is erecting a house below town on the place which he expects to arrange into a fine nursery next season.

R. J. Cochran, accompanied by his two daughters, Altie and Nettie, is down from Coer d'Alene and will remain during the winter.

A Cove girl is talking of learning to play on the cornet. It is expected her admirers will then speak of her as the fairest flower that blows.

Miss Holtby, of New York, a niece of Mrs. Conklin of Cove, is in town. The lady is a teacher of experience and will engage a school in this county.

Thos. De Borde, while on Big creek, was suddenly taken very sick and his life despaired of. Tuesday he was brought home where he is now under a physician's care.

W. W. White, one of the solid men of Wallowa county, is in town this week. He expects to extend his travels, soon, to Polk and Marion counties, to be absent several weeks.

Frank and Quincy Mitchell have driven their stock in from Rye valley and will winter them in Cove. About sixty head yet remain to be brought in. They are being collected this week.

Letters remaining uncalled for in Cove post office, Nov. 29th: Jas. Allen, Jas. Baxter (2), W. A. Fuller, A. N. Hill, J. M. Jones (2), Martin Siersdorfer and L. W. Smith.

The dine sociable at Mrs. Hendershot's, Saturday eve, was very well attended and was a decided success, socially and financially. It is to be hoped that is the beginning of a large number of such pleasant gatherings during the winter months.

No, thanks, I never indulge in the mazy waltz.—E. I don't think L. B. will ever solve the great mystery on account of weak lungs.—F. The language of the Cove correspondent is correct.—B. Thanks.—C. It is pleasant to be able to recall ones babyhood days and ways.—A. Two is company; three is none.—Q. Will you give assent to my marriage with your daughter, sir?—C. Not a cent!—Old man. Marriage is a lottery; lotteries are illegal; therefore I simply obey the law by keeping single.—D.

EXCITEMENT IN TEXAS.

Great excitement has been caused in the vicinity of Paris, Tex., by the remarkable recovery of Mr. J. E. Corley, who was so helpless he could not turn in bed, or raise his head; every body said he was dying of Consumption. A trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery was sent him. Pending relief, he bought a large bottle and a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills; by the time he had taken two boxes of the Pills and two bottles of the Discovery, he was well and had gained in flesh thirty six pounds. Trial bottles of this Great Discovery for Consumption free at Wright's drug store.

Do not forget the New York store when in La Grande. If you want bargains there is the place to go.

ISLAND CITY.

Poetical Paraphrases, News Notes, New Style of Book-keeping.

Nov. 28, 1887.

Yes, Jones is smart we'll all agree. But then some men are smarter

In games of chance or misery, Or in a horse-flesh barrier.

But when its millinery goods, You'll find Jones takes the lead;

He'll tell when Spring hats are ripe And when to save the seed.

It was a stroke of genius, And pretty safe at that,

In winter time to bet with us A Misses Summer hat.

J. M. Church, an enterprising merchant from Wallowa, visited our town, recently.

Mrs. Edith M. Gekler has been visiting her mother at Tacoma, W. T., the past three weeks.

Mrs. Henry and Miss Payne, of Cove, paid our town a visit, Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore, accompanied by Mrs. Shirley, are visiting at the Oregon hotel.

Miss Bidwell, the efficient teacher of the primary department of our school, visited her parents in Union, Thanksgiving.

The party given Mrs. Eli. Baer by the young people, Saturday evening, was highly enjoyed by all who attended.

Teachers seem to be rather scarce. Liberty on the north, and Russell on the south of us are both in need of teachers.

The concert given by some of the young men after the party was a decided success. Plenty of old bourbon at the end of each play.

The Cove nimrods have improved considerably in marksmanship during the last year, and as the holidays are approaching, Conley and Carter in the Big Lake district had better take in their wash-tubs and prepare a temporary hospital for wounded stock.

The Island mills have been shut down for repairs for about a week. Farmers who were unlucky enough to be out of flour had to content themselves with such as they could get from the other mills.

The irons for a new bridge at the Fay crossing are being hammered into shape at the Wilcox blacksmith shop on the Sand Ridge. There is some complaint in road district No. 8 because this bridge was to be built and the old one repaired, in place of a new one across the state ditch on the Island City road where the travel is much greater. The people in the vicinity of the Fay crossing have been fording the river for some years and thought that the county might "ford" to build them a bridge, while the ditch bridge could be repaired with a small outlay to make a safe crossing for some time. The people certainly have no cause for complaint in regard to the interest manifested in roads and bridges by the present county court.

Book keeping on the Sand Ridge showing the advantages of the double entry system: An old gentleman the other evening settled up with one of his hands. Their books didn't correspond. They were both determined book-keepers. To overcome a deficiency the old granger makes a desperate charge and insisted on its being considered as "Bills Receivable." The "hand" got up and said that although there seemed abundant evidence that it was "Bills Receivable," it struck him more forcible as "Bills Payable" and he was going to consider it as such. Granger resists. Here charges and counter-charges became so numerous that it would be hard to clearly define them. There was as much scratching as at a county election, and was exhibited a reckless confusion of ledger lines and ledger-de-main-strength and awkwardness. Here a draft was discovered which came through an outer door. This was quickly followed by a double entry of the two experts. One of these gathered the old granger to his fold and showed him that "the mistakes of his life were many," while the other labored with the "hand" to convince him of his miscalculations. The hired girl was found crouched under the table and an emigrant boy behind the wood box. These of course went to make up the Cash account. The granger and "hand" were both able to see with one eye closed that there was too much of the old primitive single entry style about their book-keeping to ever prove a success at this advanced age of civilization.

"LUNA TICK."

Buy a "Victrol" now.

POCAHONTAS.

Interesting Mining News, Written up for The Scout by a Regular Correspondent.

November, 26th 1887.

ON THE WAR PATH.

Mr. L. W. Wilson, who has been in Portland, returned home a few days ago.

Mr. J. W. Robbins is running a new tunnel that will tap the ledge 100 feet below the surface. They will work all winter.

The company who have been at work prospecting for the extension of the great "Tom Paine" mine, have discontinued work for the winter. They will probably commence early next spring.

Mr. S. B. Baisley, who has been foreman on the Pine creek reservoir for the past six weeks, takes his departure for Chirton county, Missouri, on a business trip and will be gone several weeks.

This fine weather is taken advantage of by the Oakland and California Co., for the building of their reservoir, and enlarging their ditch. They have finished their large reservoir on the headwaters of Pine creek. It is one of the most complete jobs we have ever seen. The levee is about 15 feet high, and will overflow about three-fourths of a mile in length and twelve feet deep.

In answer to an article in THE SCOUT dated Oct. 22nd and signed "Climax", written from Wingville Baker county, I will say that the portion alluding to me—H. W. Lee—is absolutely false. Well, I do have enough business to attend, quite enough to keep me from trying to attend to other people's business. The gentleman above referred to, must be moon-eyed, have night mares and walk in his sleep, and while in that condition concluded he would write a letter to THE SCOUT. He is a coward and dare not sign his name. As for the articles I have written, you may depend that they are substantially correct.

The Oakland, Cal. Co., have taken possession of the Auburn ditch, and are making preparations to use the water in their Salmon creek mines next season. The company paid \$35,000 for the ditch. It is 38 miles in length, and a splendid property. The company are working over fifty men on the Nelson ditch, and are crowding business along in hopes of getting through before the winter sets in. They will finish in about ten days. The company have purchased the right of way across Mr. David Cully's ranch, below Wingville. They will, probably, put on a force of men at once, and cut a canal through to Powder river, sufficient to run all the tailings into the river. They propose to take care of their tailings and will bother no one.

H. W. LEE.

WHAT AM I TO DO?

The symptoms of Biliousness are unappetite but too well known. They differ in different individuals to some extent. A Bilious man is seldom a breakfast eater. Too frequently, alas, he has an excellent appetite for liquids but none for solids of a morning. His tongue will hardly bear inspection at any time; if it is not white and furred, it is rough, at all events.

The digestive system is wholly out of order and Diarrhea or Constipation may be a symptom or the two may alternate. There are often Hemorrhoids or even loss of blood. There may be giddiness and often headache and acidity or flatulence and tenderness in the pit of the stomach. To correct all this if not effect a cure try Green's August Flower, it costs but a trifle and thousands attest its efficacy.

THE VERDICT UNANIMOUS.

W. D. Sult, druggist, B. pous, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles and was cured of Rheumatism of 10 years' standing." "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years' experience, is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidney or Blood. Only a half dollar a bottle at Wright's drug store.

Frank Bro's Implement Co., of Island City, carry the largest stock of standard implements to be found in Eastern Oregon. Their terms and prices defy competition. They always have on hand extras and repairs for goods they sell, which is a matter of great importance to the purchasers of

implements on this place.

PINE VALLEY.

Letters on Various Topics, From an old Contributor.

Pine Valley, Nov., 25th 1887.

Ed. SCOUT:—If I do not trespass too greatly on your valuable space, allow me to make my few remarks in the form of a letter, as I have a few things I can say to better advantage in this manner—and right here let me say I trust both you and your readers will allow me to drop the pronoun "I," having as you know, Mr. Editor, spent about four years of my life in the Scout office, and six months a partner in the SCOUT office, where it is customary in writing an item or an article to say we and ours, it sounds rather too egotistical to us, even though correct when writing individually, to besaying I, I, I, every few words.

As you are aware we but recently returned from a visit to relatives and old friends, (among whom we number the Scott family,) in Grand Ronde—that most beautiful of all valleys—surpassed in two respects, however, by our beautiful Pine, viz: grandeur of scenery and freedom from winds.

To say that we enjoyed our trip outside would be drawing it mild; we spent a few days the guest of Mrs. J. A. McWhirter of La Grande, visiting old friends there—took dinner with the family of Prof. J. L. Carter of Island City. With him as our principal, we taught the young idea how to shoot, some years ago in La Grande; were hospitably entertained by Judge Craig and lady of Depot Hotel, Union, Dr. I. N. Cromwell and bride and many others.

We left Union by stage, at 5 o'clock A. M. of the 7th inst., coming over the new road as far as D. F. Moore's, and being anxious to see our "Little old log Cabin in the Lane," and our better half, we jumped at a chance to ride on a hay-rack as far as Mrs. Lloyd's—about a mile from home—and from thence accompanied by the graveyard (where "spooks" are generally supposed to prowl) by Mrs. Lloyd's clever daughters, and the other half mile by a lantern and a big club (just as a walking stick, you know) we landed at "Forest Dell" (perhaps "Den" would be more appropriate) at 8 P. M., and that once we made the through trip in one day.

Mr. Editor, as many horses have died recently, both here and in other localities, from different diseases, and as we have just had to pay dearly for our lack of knowledge in regard to the diseases of horses, (though perhaps we would have paid all the same) we mention our experience as it may prove of interest to your readers. A few days ago we had the misfortune to lose a powerfully built young mare, valued at \$125. The animal was ailing for two or three days, acting as Mr. Doney expressed it "dumppish," then she seemed almost well for about three days, when she grew worse and after an illness of about three days, died. Those who saw her during the last stage said "blind staggers," "kidney disease" etc.; only one man, Mr. Allen, who saw her a few minutes before she died said she had "botts" and if we had doctored her for that a day or two sooner she might have been saved. The animal acted very stiff, sore and thirsty, would try to eat seemed lose the use of her jaws to a great degree, acted restless neasy, moving around, lying down and getting up, although not rolling over; toward the last trembling and jerking spasmodically. After she died she was dissected by Messrs. Denney, Thaysen and Hinkley, in hopes of learning something useful. The stomach was taken out and found to contain a number (perhaps over 200) of worms, exactly resembling Botts as pictured in Veterinary works. The inside coating or membrane of the stomach was one-half eaten away. It would seem plain enough what caused her death, although some claim that Botts are naturally in the horse and never killed one in the world and that if you give medicine to kill them it will kill the animal; that as soon as the animal dies they go to eating their stomach. Mr. Editor we are no Veterinary surgeon—wish we were—but it don't look reasonable to us that those things are naturally in an animal; if so why do veterinary works go on at such length to explain how a fly lays the eggs on the horses limbs, and they lick them off in order to get them in their stomach, and besides in the short space of one-half hour, or less time, could those "Botts" eat almost twice their bulk? We would like to have some good reasons for such seeming "boob," before we believe it. Some here say that sage tea and alum given, and turn the animal on its back until