



THE OREGON SCOUT.

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CURES all Diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, Bladder, and Urinary Organs.

Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's Disease, Pains in the Back, Loins, or Sides, Retention or Non-Retention of Urine, Nervous Debility, Female Weakness, Rheumatism, Jaundice, Biliousness, Headache, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, Constipation, and Piles.

HUNT'S REMEDY

CURES WHEN ALL OTHER MEDICINES FAIL, as it acts directly and at once on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, restoring them to a healthy action.

HUNT'S REMEDY is a safe, sure, and speedy cure, and hundreds have been cured by it when physicians and friends had given them up to die. Do not delay, try at once HUNT'S REMEDY.

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Bladder, Urinary and Liver Diseases, Dropsy, Gravel, and Diabetes, are cured by

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THE BEST KIDNEY AND LIVER MEDICINE.

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cures Bright's Disease, Retention or Non-Retention of Urine, Pains in the Back, Loins, or Sides.

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cures Intemperance, Nervous Debility, General Debility, Female Weakness, and Rheumatism.

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cures Biliousness, Headache, Jaundice, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, Constipation and Piles.

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HUNT'S REMEDY

THE BEST

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NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL

HUNT'S REMEDY has saved from lingering disease and death hundreds who have been given up by physicians and to die.

HUNT'S REMEDY cures all Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Urinary Organs, Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes and Incontinence and Retention of Urine.

HUNT'S REMEDY encourages sleep, creates an appetite, braces up the system, and restores health is the result.

HUNT'S REMEDY cures pain in the Side, Back or Loins, General Debility, Female Diseases, Disturbed Sleep, Loss of Appetite and Bright's Disease.

HUNT'S REMEDY quickly induces the Liver to healthy action, removing the causes that produce Biliousness, Headache, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Constipation, Piles, etc.

By the use of HUNT'S REMEDY the Stomach and Bowels will speedily regain their strength, and the blood will be perfectly purified.

HUNT'S REMEDY is purely vegetable, and causes a want never before furnished to the public, and the utmost reliance may be placed in it.

HUNT'S REMEDY is prepared expressly for the above diseases, and has never been known to fail.

One trial will convince you. For sale by all Druggists.

Prepared by HUNT'S REMEDY CO., Providence, R. I.

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.]

SEE A LITTLE BOY LIKE ME.

If I blunder, do not wonder; Let my errors all go free; Perfect merit, few inherit— Never a little boy like me; But through duty, comes true beauty, And its mandate I'll obey; Mistrusted by it I will try it, In my efforts now today.

In applying thought in trying, Wisdom may seem lame, unsmooth, But 'tis better than to fester Ideas in the minds of youth, Hence 'tis prudent in the student That they strive for high degree, With the notion of promotion— Even a little boy like me.

Never was I a shepherd's boy; Fields of science bids defiance To the rapid suns we meet; But the doing and pursuing, Duty's call, what ere it be, We'll be noted and be quoted— Even a little boy like me.

In abusing and ill using, True and change we have to-day, Brings us sorrow on the morrow. Checks, retards and blocks our way; But by plying constant trying, Fame's fair temple we shall see, And with steps bold seek its threshold— Even a little boy like me.

The brightest gem and diadem That can crown the student's brow Is that which leads to noble deeds, With high aims that glint and glow; It is such traits that open the gates, And bids each one enter free, And claim the crown of fame renowned. Even a little boy like me.

The above poem was written by W. H. Minnick of Oskaloosa, Iowa, for his little nephew, W. A. Minnick, of High Valley, in this county.—Editor.

Powder River Pointers.

Our district is peaceable at present. Some old feuds have been quieted by matrimony—a great quieter in many cases.

Our school, owing to sickness, is not well attended, much to the sorrow of our certificate "school marm," Mrs. Phila Clark.

I am glad to know that Mr. Tucker's family are now convalescent. The Judge, and particularly Mrs. Tucker, were most unwearied in their nursing. It was a terrible trial to have five children down at one time with "typhoid."

Rumor says that a certain party is going to give a handsome prize this Xmas to the best looking girl on the river—no two bit album business. But does not every one own the best looking girl? Ask some people about huckleberry and trout fishing time.

The lane through Mr. Keating's ranch is not yet opened, so we are virtually without a crossing, excepting through the courtesy of Mr. K. and Mrs. Pearce. To open this road would not cost a hundred dollars, while the tax-payers have to contribute thousands to petty criminal cases, the criminals, usually, getting free.

The winter, so far, has been beautiful. The boys and girls are lively, and dances are to the fore. Last Friday Messrs. B. P. and N. L. got up a dance at the school house, and very successfully. Twenty-nine numbers were sold at \$2 each. Like admirable young men they will hand over a handsome balance to the school fund.

I suppose you think the "Cow Boy" is dead nothing having appeared in THE SCOUT from him for a long time. The fact is a certain young lady said if she caught him she would give him a sound spanking for writing "trifling light as air." Well, she would have much to do, to spank two hundred pounds.

Hippo.

A GIFT FOR ALL. In order to give all a chance to test it, and thus be convinced of its wonderful curative powers, Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, will be, for a limited time, given away. This offer is not only liberal, but shows unbounded faith in the merits of their great remedy. All who suffer from Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, or any affections of Throat, Chest or Lungs, are especially requested to call at Wright's drug store, and get a trial bottle free. Large bottles \$1.

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THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For Sale at Wright's drug store.

TELOCASET.

Synopsis of the Week's Events, dotted down in Verse.

December 14, 1887.

Well, dear SCOUT, please don't ignore This letter, full of modern lore; Your correspondents all around With dull, dry letters do abound, And I have chosen this design To give such knowledge as is mine, So, in a quaint old style of verse, The news of this place I'll rehearse: We have a little bit of snow— Enough to call it snow, you know. The weather, like a pretty girl, Has set its caprice in a whirl; First, cold and windy, then 'tis rain— O, bless us, joy is all in vain! We try to play a little fun, But gosh, before it has begun Some circumstance from hell ascends, To rob us of all fun and friends! Then in a quiet, dotage all To Duty's trust must ever fall! Our people, sheep, and items too, Next spring their spirits must renew; The first, in indolence obscure, Are sitting 'round like thieves inamure; Their conscience is their only foe, It urges them to work, you know; The second, from the hills so green, Are looking wonderful serene; Perhaps if consciences they possessed, Their herders would be free from rest— A boon that every man will share, A rest from grief, a rest from care. The latter subject of my verse— SCOUT items, is a thing accused; Not cursed because they claim a place Within that dear old paper's grace, But cursed because the people here Don't stir enough to give me cheer; It's like a blind man in the dark— When all's alike he seeks a spark. Miss Ollie Prescott, bless her soul, Came home from Big creek, through the cold.

To visit many a happy friend And in their joy and hope to blend, Last week there happened something here, That gives us just a little cheer: Jo, Yowell, our honest christian neighbor, Has been enjoying healthy labor, Down in the Cove, abating hay; He's sold it all, so people say. The trains in passing in the night Deprive us of their pleasant sight; And so we have the world to tell We're all progressing very well; And so, dear SCOUT, with love for thee, I sign myself, Yours Truly, B.

High Valley Happenings. Quite an interesting land case contest will be had during January next. A jolly good time is reported at the dance recently given at the residence of Mr. Hathaway.

A valuable cow belonging to Mr. E. Taylor was choked to death endeavoring to eat a raw potato.

Mrs. Al. Minnick, who has been, for the past two years, visiting relatives and friends in Iowa, has returned home.

The grass is growing green and the people and stock are not without food and water. No danger of anybody starving up in this valley.

There is no use trying to write any definite prediction of the weather. We tried that recently and wrote a very interesting item, one of which we justly felt proud; but now we console ourselves immensely that its failure is everybody's gain.

Several letters from Iowa inform us that the people of Oregon have shown their good sense in downing prohibition and high salaries. Let them stick to this and they will never know, as Iowa does, the withering and blighting curse it is, nor the enormous expense that would be heaped upon the people through the operation of such puritanic laws.

WHAT AM I TO DO? The symptoms of biliousness are unhappily 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.

RENEWS HER YOUTH. Mrs. Phoebe Chesley, Peterson, Clay county, Iowa, tells the following remarkably story, the truth of which is vouched for by the residents of the town: "I am 73 years old, have been troubled with Kidney complaint and lameness for many years; could not dress myself without help. Now I am free from all pain and soreness, and am able to do all my own housework. I owe my thanks to Electric Bitters for having renewed my youth, and removed completely all disease and pain." Try a bottle, only 50 cents at Wright's drug store, Union, Oregon.

ISLAND CITY.

Masters and Things as Noted by a Regular Correspondent, Inter-esting Items.

Island City, Dec. 12, 1887.

TWO SIDES OF A QUESTION.

What means this throng that fills the street With loud huzzas, and hurrying feet, Young men and old and maidens fair, With banners waving in the air? "La Grande has got the depot."

They marched the street the five-long night, Till eastern sky showed morning light, Then morpheus claimed them as his own; But from the flying banners shone: "La Grande has got the depot."

SEATTLE.

The depot on a gravel flat, Looks 'round to see what folks are at; It sees the houses on the east, And on the north and on the west, It sees them coming from the south, Sometimes they're in and three abreast, Coming to join the ancient band, "The depot thinks 'Tve got La Grande."

Wheat 43 cents per bushel. Barley, per cwt. 60c. and upwards. The building of the Fay bridge is progressing.

Fire in Island City last night—everybody had one. Some of the farmers say that if hogs doesn't raise to 50 per lb. live weight, that home-made bacon will be the result.

The old Russell school house has been sold for \$25.50 to Mr. A. Good. Probably never more within its walls will be danced the double-shuffle step to the tune of a raw-hide.

Mr. Frank Rafter, a gentleman lately from Illinois, teaches the Russell school this winter, commencing to-day. The new school house is warmed up. Boys, look out you don't get warmed up too. All those that ever had any experience as to the warming qualities of a shingle, probably have a faint idea how it feels to be hit by a "rafter."

There is to be a Christmas tree the coming Christmas, at the Moss Chapel. On a former occasion of this kind, the Rev. Yokum received one dozen chickens. The committee of arrangements wants it distinctly understood this time, that persons desirous of presenting their friends with poultry, will have to bring an extra tree along for them to roost on.

You and Ulysses try and find out who it is that writes for THE SCOUT, from Island City.—Miss B. Boys, I'm going to be married next Sunday; only three more days to wait.—Albert H. Subscribe for THE SCOUT, the best paper ever published in Union county.—Luna. Lu going to have my pedigree recorded in the clerk's office, so that the old folks can't go back on me if I go to marry the wrong girl.—Charley.

Knowing your disposition to be fair with everyone, I would like a little space to correct a statement made in your paper last spring in regard to a "Dastardly Assault" made on Catherine Crick, by my old friend Snow, whose reputation for purity of character is and always has been clearly established. The facts of the case are that hundreds of years ago Snow and Catherine Crick were joined together in the holy bonds of live together in the winter and skirmish around on other pastures in summer. But Snow in his younger days had a severe sunstroke, so that every spring when "Phoebus," the old masher, put on one of her most winning smiles, Snow, with his customary bashfulness, betakes his sunstricken constitution to higher climes more congenial to his affections. Catherine is a faithful spouse, and every spring about the time of Snow's departure, gives birth to numerous progeny. 'Twas about the time of one of these annual "critical periods" that your reporter met the lady Catherine. She had hurried to the city of Union where medical aid would be close at hand. Already she had taken to her bed, and the only trouble was your reporter did not know a "dastardly assault" from a child-birth.

"LUNA TICK."

RENEWS HER YOUTH. Mrs. Phoebe Chesley, Peterson, Clay county, Iowa, tells the following remarkably story, the truth of which is vouched for by the residents of the town: "I am 73 years old, have been troubled with Kidney complaint and lameness for many years; could not dress myself without help. Now I am free from all pain and soreness, and am able to do all my own housework. I owe my thanks to Electric Bitters for having renewed my youth, and removed completely all disease and pain." Try a bottle, only 50 cents at Wright's drug store, Union, Oregon.

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THE COVE.

News of the Week as Noted by our Wide-awake Correspondent.

Cove, Dec. 14, 1887.

Bishop Morris will leave this place for Portland, on Saturday.

Rev. G. M. Irwin will preach on Sunday at Morrison church at 3 o'clock P. M.

Annie Randall has disposed of his horses to Lyman Wright, for \$850.00. They will be wintered on Big creek.

Mrs. Lou Payne started, Monday, for California. She will spend the winter in the southern part of the State.

Extirminating the swine crop is the popular pastime nowadays. A. J. Foster has killed several weighing over 400 pounds each.

Miss Ninzhia Sanborn entertained a number of her friends at her home, Saturday evening, with progressive euchre and an excellent lunch. The party broke up before twelve, one and all declaring Miss S. a most pleasing hostess.

Our best known and most reliable Wiggins, Sam White, announces it as his opinion that the coldest weather of the winter will be experienced between now and Jan. 1st, and that the snow-fall will not be unusually heavy this winter.

Father's day was observed at Ascension hall and at the church, where an address was made by Bishop Morris. In the evening a pleasant gathering was had at the school and the guests treated to some excellent music, declamations and a lunch.

The Band of Hope will give an entertainment consisting of recitations, dialogues, pantomimes, tableaux, military cadet drill and singing, on Friday evening Dec. 23, at 7 o'clock P. M. The object is to raise funds for the purchase of an organ.

Leighton Academy and Ascension school will close on the 17th inst. for a vacation of two weeks. Most of the boys and girls are going home to spend the Christmas vacation. Whilst we regret to have them leave our midst, even for so short a time, we are glad to note that they have been deserving students, and have applied themselves in a scholarly manner. It is only a question of time, and that in the near future, when our educational institutions here will rank among the best in the State.

A Christmas tree for Ascension Sunday school will be arranged at the Ascension school building Dec. 28th, evening. Every effort is being made by the superintendent to insure the success of the event. Thanks to the good people of the Cove. A substantial sum has been contributed and we have no doubt the tree will be loaded with toys and trinkets, which will be pleasing to the eyes of the young hopefuls. A lunch supper will be prepared in which the parents as well as the children will participate. All in all, those who attend may be sure of a general merry time.

The most complete case of absent-mindedness ever heard of in Cove, has just come to light. A popular young married lady living not more than a thousand miles from the post office, had occasion recently to visit Baker City. While sojourning in that would-be Cornucopia adjunct, it entirely escaped her mind that she had a "living hubby" at home, and she introduced herself as an unnumbered Miss, it being some time before she remembered her identity. It isn't learned what course her husband will pursue to play even.

One day we hope to again listen to Miss B.'s charming rendition of "One Day."—J. Whispers heard in the audience: "Hasn't Miss G. M. a splendid voice!" Wasn't it fun to get Dave up a tree stealing chickens and then turn the dark lantern on him.—Ed. My better half has discovered that the finest article of lard can very soon be changed into a good article of soap by the addition of a little concentrated lye.—J. B. Passing our worthy citizen J. W.'s house, Tuesday, I witnessed a deplorable but good-natured conflict between a prominent and dignified bachelor and a very comely young lady, who has lately come west. As snow, soil and debris filled the air, I was reminded of my old home in the Kansas cyclone belt and it was difficult to discover whose face was getting the best of a forced ablation. If I was not a strong disbeliever in telling secrets out of school, I would be tempted to say that J. G. retired from the scene of action completely vanquished, with the mudslide face ever seen, at last entirely conquered by woman's charms—and strength.—A.

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