OREGON SCOUT.

JONES & CHANCEY, Publishers.

UNION, OREGON.

FROM the land notices in a Western Kansas newspaper it appears that fully one-quarter of the publication notices are of farms taken up by women.

IN Cambridge, England, butter is sold by the yard, a pound of butter being rolled out into a stick a yard long and sold in sections.

MORE than half of the area of Maine is north of the northern line of New Hampshire and Vermont. More than half of Maine is still an unsettled wilderness.

THE cultivation of the bamboo for fencing has begun in California. It is said that an acre will produce pickets enough each year to make six miles of fence.

AMONG the many practical reforms needed on the farm is the abolishment of cattle and horse abuse by hired men. A man who will kick a horse or cow should be discharged at once.

COUNTERFEIT postal-cards have been discovered in Pittsburg which are so skilfully executed that their detection is very difficult. This is the first attempt to put spurious postal-cards in circulation.

THE Grand Rabbi of India won first prize at the Rothschild wedding in Paris recently for the greatest show in diamonds. His exhibit was worn in his turban, and was valued at a quarter of a million.

THE Island of Molokai, the Hawaiian reserve for lepers, has received 2,500 victims of this disease during the last fifteen years, and contains a constant population of 700 to 800 with an annual death rate of 150.

THE wealth of this country has its principal source in labor expended in agricultural pursuits, patient toil that never strikes, never organizes boycotts, or lockouts, steady industry that leaves no time for miscievous devices.

THE island of Arran, off the west coast of Scotland, is said to be so mild that palms and camellias thrive in the open air, without injury, in winter, although the latitude is that of the northern part of Labrador, on the continent.

ARCHBISHOP HEISS, of Milwaukee, says that of the eight million Roman Catholics of the United States three millions are German. Of the eleven Archbishops and sixty Bishops, only one Archbishop, Dr. Heiss himself, and eleven Bishops are German.

THE scheme of building a tower for the Paris Exposition one thousand feet high is likely to fall through, it being found impossible to obtain mechanics and laborers to work at such a height. It is said that the vibrations would involve serious mechanical difficulties.

PRESIDENT ELIOT, of Harvard University, who has just returned from an extended tour to Europe, speaks gratifyingly of the common use of the English language in all the countries visited by him. He says that not only in France, Germany and those countries in which the tide of travel runs so strong, but in Spain, Austria, Greece, and even in Northern Africa, he journeyed comfortably, using "no language but English."

ACCORDING to Archdeacon Wright, leprosy is being spread all over the world by Chinese emigrants. They have carried it to California, New Brunswick, the Cape of Good Hope and the Sandwich Islands, where it was previously unknown; and either they have brought it into Europe themselves or it has been brought by Europeans who have been brought in contact with them. All the specialists in skin disease in Paris are said to have lepers among their patients—soldiers, sailors, merchants, sisters of charity, missionaries and others. Epidemics of leprosy have broken out in more than one of the provinces of Spain, the disease having been brought home by sailors. There are lepers in the hospitals of London, Dublin and Glasgow. In fact the two points to be borne in mind are themselves sufficiently suggestive of grounds of alarm, the first being that the disease itself has of late years increased in activity, and the second that, in more or less degree, it is to be found all over the world. Any accidental circumstance which might develop its virulence would at once produce a world-wide epidemic. The train is laid and needs only to be fired.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

New Woolen Materials—Stylish Jackets—Charming Wedding Service.

Stripes and plaids are a marked feature of new woolen materials of all qualities, as well as of fancy plushes and velvets. They are seen in a larger part of the "suitings" imported for entire costumes, and are the favorite designs for fabrics to be combined with plain woolens. The Hungarian stripes introduced in the spring are repeated in richer and more varied autumn colorings, and are now preferred to larger blocks and stripes. These goods come in light weights of camel's hair and twilled wool for the early part of the season, and in fine but heavy cloths for comfortable winter suits. They are made in regular tailor fashion, with a coat *en suite* made of plain cloth the shade of the background of the stripe or plaid. This is finished with a turned-down collar, revers down the front and cuffs of velvet. This forms a popular demi-season costume for traveling, shopping and general use.

The Norfolk jackets and trim-fitting Garibaldi waists of red or blue queen's cloth are still very popularly worn by young ladies. These have the advantage of supplying the protection needed at this season, without the carrying about of an extra wrap. New fall Eton jackets and coats are handsomely trimmed with braiding, galloons of silk cord, with shoulder ornaments and pendeloques for the front to correspond, or are stylishly finished with a single line of silver warranted not to tarnish with wear. This bit of silver is far prettier and more elegant than the showy silver brading or embroidery in elaborate patterns, and shows simply beyond the tapering revers that reach down each side of the front, from shoulder to hem and the edge of the collar and cuffs. Buttons to match are covered with the cloth, with a tiny star of silver at the top. This silver finish is particularly effective upon coats of dark blue Scotch broadcloth. Covert coats in tan, fawn and ecru are still fashionable, but the newer jackets in plain, dark colors are generally preferred.

Some very charming weddings have taken place recently. At one of these, a church wedding, Keble's beautiful wedding hymn, "The voice that breathed o'er Eden," was sung as the bridal party entered the church. During the service there was a grand anthem, with the wedding march played at the close. The bride wore an exquisitely beautiful gown of white lace, with diamond ornaments, and the bridesmaids' attire was especially pretty and becoming. The dresses were of pale primrose corded silk, draped with apricot gauze, their bouquets of saffron flowers and foliage, and their ornaments Roman pearls. Another group of bridesmaids at a recent wedding wore toilets of cream-colored Valenciennes lace, with Louis XIV. bodices of cream-white moire over vests of lace. There were immense sashes at the back of the moire, and they carried bouquets of tea roses tied with moire ribbon. The bride's gown was of white duchesse satin, veiled with point de gauze; this airy drapery looped up with sprays of natural flowers. Her traveling suit was of gray Venetian cloth, trimmed with silver passementerie.—*N. Y. Post.*

MEN OF LETTERS.

A Subject that Calls Loudly for Judicious Legislation.

A Wisconsin court has decided that a husband can open his wife's letters. Now, if there was only some way of getting a law passed compelling a husband to mail his wife's letters some time the same year that she gave them to him, the women wouldn't care a snap about this other decision. And then, perhaps, in the interest of universal peace, it should be made a penitentiary offense for a wife to give her husband any letters to mail. Or, if she does, she should never again refer to them in any way. How is a man to feel happy, how is he to have any feeling of peace or content in his heart all day, when in the morning his wife stands before him, holding one hand hidden behind her back, and says, sweetly: "Did you mail that letter I gave you yesterday?" How does he know whether that letter is still in his inside coat pocket, whether he may not, in a moment of temporary insanity or transient aberration, have mailed it? How can he be positive that he did, even if it isn't in his pocket, while she stands in that misleading attitude? How does he know what to say? *How* does he? I say, there's heaps of law needed on this subject before it can be satisfactorily adjusted.—*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Essayist in Literature.

The essayist is not the commercial traveler nor the scientific explorer, but rather the excursionist of literature. There may be several ways of reaching a given point—as by railway, or steamboat, or turnpike stage with relays of horses. But there may be also such a thing as getting upon an ambling horse or into a family phaeton, and jogging on through bridle paths or through primrose and hawthorn lanes, going by the sun and not the guide-book, making detours to gather wild flowers, to gain wider prospect, or to visit some old mansion or an old friend. Perhaps the way is worth more than the goal, and is an end in itself.—*New Princeton Review.*

—"I don't see why Snyderly always looks so happy and smiling." "Why shouldn't he?" "Well, his half-brother got every cent of the fortune left by his father." "Yes, and the half-brother is now an umpire, and that's why Snyderly smiles."—*Nebraska State Journal.*

STOVES AND FURNACES.

Hints and Suggestions on Their Daily Care and Keeping.

"Why is it that I burn out so many sets of stove lining?" some one asks. Let me tell you. Use a little more care than you have been using, watch and see that a clinker is not allowed to form on the linings, and if one does form, remove it carefully with the poker. At night, the fire-box should be even full of coal after raking out all the dead cinders and ashes in the range; never fill your stove with coal above the top of the linings. Never use a shaker when it is possible to avoid it; instead, use the poker freely and you will have a better fire and use less coal. Shaking the fire banks it down into a solid mass and the air can not circulate through. When the fire from any cause becomes dull, do not stir it over the top or put in wood, but rake out the cinders and open the drafts. At night do not close the drafts as soon as the coal for the night is put on, but let it burn for a short time, or as one man expresses it, "until you think the coal is warm all through." There is then very little danger of gas, even if the stove is a poor one. The ashes should never accumulate in the ash pan until they reach the grate. If this happens even once, the grate will usually be burned out. Always run the range so that you can get all the heat needed without having the top red hot, as this will warp the covers and centers, and if a little water should happen to fall on the stove while so hot the top of the range is very apt to crack. Keep the stove well blacked; if the lids get covered with grease turn them over and let the top of the lid come next the fire until the grease is all burned off. If the covers are red and the blacking does not adhere, let them get wet so that they will rust a little and then black them.

Some stoves require more draft and a stronger chimney than others. On days when the wind is in a certain direction the drafts usually left open, will have to be closed. Have the smoke pipes of the furnace and range taken down and cleaned out, and at the same time clean the inside of the chimney as far as possible. When soft coal is used this must be done very often. An ordinary chimney and range will need to be cleaned about every two months; the furnace just before commencing to use in the fall, and once or twice during the winter. Let the coal in the range or furnace burn long enough to get all the heat there is in it before refilling, not until almost burned out, but until if left longer the fire would commence to cool. A good housekeeper will know by the appearance when it is time to fill. Never use oil of any kind to kindle a fire, as it is not safe.

When buying a range buy one that is moderately heavy and made of the best quality of iron. All the joints of a heating stove or range should fit well; because if they do not, when the range has been used a short time you will notice gas escaping and will not be able to tell where it comes from.

The nickel on a heating stove can be kept bright by wiping often with a dry, clean cloth. In the spring when the stove is taken down for the summer, rub the nickel well with a dry, soft cloth and then wrap in newspaper; be careful not to let the hand touch the nickel after it is rubbed, as in the fall every place that has been touched will show a rusty spot. If it has not been touched, it will be found to be as bright as when put away. To clean zinc under a heating stove, never wet it if it can be avoided. When new, rub often with a dry, clean cloth and when more is necessary use tepid water and no soap.

In buying furnaces there are several things to be avoided—one is, a furnace that will allow the gas to escape. A furnace to be properly set should have all the joints well packed with a cement that will not burn out. Some cement used in packing furnaces will turn to dust the first time a fire is built and will no longer keep the gas from escaping. The best cement to be used is made of a mineral that hardens under the action of heat; such a cement will become so hard that it will take a chisel to remove it. The best furnace to buy is a return flue furnace or in other words one that carries the smoke down to the base before it is carried out of the chimney. This makes the furnace burn less coal for the amount of heat obtained than those in which the smoke is carried directly to the chimney. Buy an all cast iron furnace, it lasts so much longer and requires so much less repairing; and be sure the furnace has a water pan. Always fill the water pan with strictly fresh and pure water. The amount of water in the pan can be regulated by the amount of moisture you like in the house. If this is properly attended to, the objection a great many make to a furnace, namely, that the air is too dry, is removed. Furnaces are very easy to manage and are so much nicer than stoves that the wonder is that more people do not use them. If possible have the furnace set so as to take the cold air from outside; have the cold air box large enough to give at all times plenty of fresh air. There is never too much fresh air until the air comes cold through the registers and then the supply should be decreased. It does not take any more coal to run the furnace with pure air from the outside than with foul air from the inside. Be sure all the pipes between the floors and walls are made double. With proper care a furnace can always be made safe, healthful and pleasant.—*Nellie Willey, in Good Housekeeping.*

WOOD PULP PAILS.

An Interesting Description of the Process of Their Manufacture.

The pail is entirely in one piece and without hoops, so it never leaks or falls to pieces, besides being lighter by far than any other material from which such vessels could be made. The process of their manufacture is thus described: The wood, preferably spruce, although any soft, fibrous wood will answer, is first cleared of its bark and cut to a length uniform with the grindstone to be used, generally sixteen to twenty-four inches. It is then placed against the face of a rapidly revolving grindstone, the grain of the wood being in a line with or parallel with the axis of the stone, and a hydraulic or worm screw piston keeping the wood constantly pressed against the stone. The result, which is washed off the stone by a shower of water, after being screened of slivers and sawdust, is a milky-white liquid. With the water sufficiently extracted this is the wood pulp used in the manufacture of paper and indurated fiber ware. The process of manufacture of ware from the pulp is exceedingly simple, and is similar in all the lines made by the company. In making a pail, for instance, the machine for first molding the pail from the pulp is provided with a hollow perforated form of cast iron, shaped like the inside of a pail, and covered first with perforated brass and then with fine wire cloth. This form, worked by a hydraulic piston, is pushed up into a large cast iron "hat," which fits over it very tightly. Within this hat is placed a flexible rubber bag, and between this and the inner form first mentioned is admitted the pulp, still in a liquid state. The pulp being pumped in under pressure, the water immediately begins to drain off through the wire cloth and perforations, and the rubber bag swells until it fills the hat. The supply of pulp is then shut off, and water under high pressure is admitted within the hat and outside the rubber bag, thus squeezing much of the water from the pulp. After standing some eight to ten minutes the pressure is shut off, the inner form lowered, and the pulp pail removed. At this stage the pail is still nearly fifty per cent. water, but is sufficiently strong to allow handling. This water is first all dried out in dry kilns, and then the pail is turned off on the outside with a gang of saws. After sandpapering inside and out the pail is ready for the treatment house, where it is charged with a water-proofing compound which permeates thoroughly the material of which the pail is made. Baking in ovens at a high temperature succeeds each dip or treatment. The polish which the goods present is described as being the result of the final treatment. After this the handles are riveted on the goods, which are then ready for the market.—*Railway Review.*

LIFE IN THE WEST.

A County Coroner Who Has an Ever-Watchful Eye for Fees.

A man who had just moved to Nebraska with his family was called on before breakfast the other morning by a tall native.

"Mornin', stranger," said the Nebraska man. "Jes' movin' in I see?"

"Yes, sir."

"I unnerstand one o' your sons was mysteriously killed a few months ago?"

"No, sir; you're mistaken."

"Am? Well, that's cur'us. But your wife tried to drown herself last spring?"

"No, sir, she didn't."

"But one of the gals took pizen an' died 'bout that time?"

"No."

"Ah, wrong again? I unnerstood she did. Your whole fam'ly is subject to fallin' sickness an' such I'm told?"

"You've been wrongly informed—my family is perfectly healthy."

"Gosh, that's funny! But, say, ain't there been a good many violent and unexpected deaths in the fam'ly somewhere?"

"Never one."

"Well, you shot a man 'bout a year ago—I got that straight?"

"No, sir, I never did!"

"Well, well, I must have struck the wrong house somehow—there's such a fam'ly jes' moved in 'round here somewhere. You see I'm county coroner, an' I'm very anxious to make their acquaintance an' tell 'em that they're welcome, an' that if they care to indulge in their specialty I'll see that they have just as slick an inquest as was ever held in Newbraskey! Good-bye' stranger!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Streets of Paris.

From a report published in the *Nouvelles Annales de la Construction*, the total area of the streets of Paris, measured between the kerbs, amounted at the end of 1886 to 8,517,100 square metres (91,678,065 square feet), of which 6,250,000 square metres are laid in granite, 1,608,100 square metres macadamized, 302,000 square metres asphalted, and 355,000 square metres provided with wood pavement. The cost last year for relaying and repairs amounted to 11,000,000 francs (£440,000). To put all the streets of Paris into thorough order would require about 75,000,000 francs (£3,000,000), of which 15,000,000 francs would have to be spent in changing macadamized roads into pavement, and 60,000,000 francs in improving existing pavements.

—Party in the chair—"Hullo, there! You've got my coat." Seedy party—"Ah! what's de matter wid you? Ain't I leaving you my new mackintosh instead? If yer ain't satisfied I'll leave my hat, too."—*Texas Siftings.*

'A DELIBERATE NATIVE.

The Discouraging Experience of a Talkative and Thirsty Stranger.

"A "gangling" fellow stood turning the crank of a groaning windlass over a well in a sand hill town of Western Tennessee. He was tall and of that peculiar form to which the inhabitants of that part of the country give the name of "hip-shot." He evidently wanted water, but turned the crank with such lazy unwillingness of movement that he might have been mistaken for a man who had been compelled to perform some wearing task which would end in a climax of pain. Just as the well-bucket came up, a stranger dismounted from a horse, approached and said:

"I have been riding through the swamps and I think I can enjoy a good drink of water."

The native—for such he was—lifted the bucket up on to a sort of shelf, took off his limp wool hat and began to fan himself.

The stranger, after waiting for a few moments remarked, more by way of hurrying the native than by a desire to be communicative, that during his long ride he had been unable to get a drink of cool water.

The native slowly looked around, hung his hat on a nail, blew his nose, threw out a quid of tobacco, rinsed his mouth and then turned to take up his hat, which, in the meantime, had fallen.

"Look here," said the stranger, "are you going to drink to-day?"

"Hah?"

"I say, are you going to drink to-day?"

"'Lowed I would. Hadenter 'lowed ter drink ter-day wouldenter drawed thish yere water till ter-morrer."

He hung his hat on the nail. It fell down. He took up the hat, looked around, and hung it on the nail, but just as he stooped to drink it fell again. He took it up and was slowly striking it against his leg to knock off the dust, when the stranger said:

"You certainly don't want a drink."

"Hadenter wanted water wouldenter drawed it. Ain't roun' drawin' water fur fun."

"Then why don't you drink?"

"Ain't in no purtickler hurry."

"But I am."

"Say you air?"

"Yes, I do. Drink if you are going to."

"Hah?"

"Confound you, drink if you are going to."

He put his hat on the shelf, and, in grabbing at it as its gradual unfolding assured him that it was about to fall, overturned the bucket, which, with jingling chain, fell to the bottom of the well.

"There you've done it!" the stranger exclaimed. "I'll bet it will take you an hour to draw it up again."

"How much do you wanter put up?" the native asked.

"Confound—"

"That's whut yer 'lowed jest now."

"Look here, I'm famishing for water, and if you don't draw up that bucket this instant I'll kick you all around this infernal town. Go ahead there now."

"That's whut I 'low ter do, but when yer feel like yer air jest nachully bound ter kick—when yer think that yer kaint breathe right well lessen yer do, w'y let yerse'f out, an' the fust thing yer know the a'r will be plum full o 'feet an' shin bones an' sich. Say, is that yo' hoss goin' over ther hill?"

The stranger, wheeling around and catching a glimpse of his treacherous horse as he disappeared over the brow of the hill, started off at the top of his speed, while the native, slowly turning the crank, muttered:

"Ef folks would l'arn ter pay mo' ertention ter ther erfairs an' not talk so much, this yere country wouldn't be nigh so full o' weeds an' sich. Ever' body comes erlong wants ter talk, it 'pears like. I'm gettin' sorter tired, myse'f."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Five Costly Dinners.

The fees demanded by eminent New York lawyers are seldom small. A prominent lawyer relates that in a matter of litigation he recently called in the services of a distinguished Wall street attorney, whose career in public life has given him great prominence. The affair terminated in a settlement outside of the court, pending which some dinners were given, at which the principals and their attorneys came together. When the banker asked for his bill from the attorney the figures were fifteen thousand dollars. It struck the man of money that this was a trifle high, and he asked for an itemized account. The itemized bill read as follows:

To retainer	$ 5,000
To attendance on five dinners at Delmonico's, $2,000 each	10,000
Total	$15,000

The banker is not likely to invite lawyers to dinner hereafter.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Masculine Superiority.—"I see that a post-mortem examination is often made in murder cases. What does a post-mortem examination mean?" asked a young wife of her better half. "A post-mortem examination, my dear, is intended to allow the victim to state, verbally, his own testimony against his assailant, and is taken down in writing." "Thanks, darling, and you won't look down on me, will you, because I haven't your education?" He said he wouldn't.—*Exchange.*

—Saratoga Bartender—"Will you have a little Apollinaris water with yours, sir?" Customer—"Yes. I told my (hic) wife that I was coming up here to drink the waters, and I propose to (hic) keep my word."—*N. Y. Sun.*

PITH AND POINT.

—It takes much less to start a quarrel than to stop one.

—Some men get down on their neighbors when they find that they can't come up to them.—*Boston Courier.*

—True criticism consists in asserting the just things from the false, and not the false things from the just.

—A girl may be like sugar for two reasons. She may be sweet, and she may be full of grit.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—Be thankful every time a friend deserts you, and thus forces you to strengthen yourself.—*Pomeroy's Advance Thought.*

—The *Journal's* ideal reckless man is the one who does not take off his hat when speaking to a railway official.—*Lincoln Journal.*

—"Do you know why Mr. S—— allows his hair to grow long, while Mrs. S——keeps her's cut short?" "Yes, they're both literary.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—A loving wife, at Long Branch, said: "The horrid surf makes me keep my mouth shut." Sarcastic husband: "Take some of it home with you."

—The age in which we live thinks the accumulation of money the most practical matter of life. But it is a mistake, a great mistake.—*Western Rural.*

—If you wish to know just how little patience you have left, try to raise a refractory car window to please a fidgety woman on a hot day.—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

—Let no man boast that he is free from color blindness until after he has been sent to the dry goods store to match his wife's black silk and has come out of the ordeal satisfactorily.

—"No," said an old maid, "I don't miss a husband very much. I have trained my dog to growl every time I feed him, and I have bought a tailor's dummy that I can scold when I feel like it."

—The reason.—

I asked a bachelor why he
In singleness had tarried:
He answered thus: Be ause, you see,
I've friends who've long been marrie d.

—*Boston Courier.*

—No hoodlum could be hired to strike an average, lick a postage stamp, beat a carpet, or do any thing useful. He wants to be in a crowd of his kind and strike a little fellow.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—Pastor—"Thomas! Don't you think your parents would feel very sore if they knew you were fishing on the Sabbath?" Thomas—"Yes, sir; but not half so sore as I'd feel if they found it out."—*Judge.*

—"Will you please insert this obituary notice?" asked an old gentleman of an editor. "I make bold to ask it because the deceased had a great many friends about here who'd be glad to hear of his death."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—"Who is your lawyer, young man?" asked old Hyson, looking over the papers. "O. N. T. Coatsanvest," replied Sapling. "Why, he's no lawyer; he's a tailor." "Can't help that; he's brought more than a dozen suits for and against me, and I'd like to see any lawyer do better than that."—*Burdette.*

—A lady writes the Nantucket (Mass.) *Journal* that many years ago a small army of tiny red ants took possession of her store closet and remained until cool weather. Every year they returned. She was advised to try tar, which she did, placing a large chunk on a dish in a corner of the shelf. The ants left, and have never returned. The same piece of tar has stood in the same place for fifteen years.

—An old mailing table in the Ogdensburg (N. Y.) post-office was torn to pieces recently, and between the linings and the outside of the shutes leading to the bags were found sixty-seven letters that had slipped through cracks in the table. Some of the letters bore postmark dates showing that they were mailed in 1873, and one contained a foreign money order that the Post-office Department made good several years ago.