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THE OREGON SCOUT.

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The modes of death's approach are various, and statistics show conclusively that more people die from diseases of the throat and lungs than any other. It is probable that everyone without exception, receives vast numbers of tubercle germs into the system and where these germs fall upon suitable soil they start into life and develop, at first slowly and is shown by a slight tickling sensation in the throat and if allowed to continue their ravages they extend to the lungs producing consumption and to the head, causing catarrh. Now all this is dangerous and if allowed to proceed will in time cause death. At the onset you must act with promptness; allowing a cold to go without attention is dangerous and may lose you your life. As soon as you feel that something is wrong with your throat, lungs or nostrils, obtain a bottle of Boesche's German Syrup. It will give you immediate relief.

EAGLE COOPER SHOP.
S. B. Ayles, proprietor. Manufacturer of butter barrels and kegs. A good supply always on hand. Shop south of school house, Union, Oregon.

North Powder Notes.

August 7th, 1888.
Cracker creek or "bust,"
Watermelons in market.
Hay brings \$7.00 in the field.
"Harrison plugs" caught on here.
"Cleveland badges" at G. and R's.
Miss Mary Shaw, of Clover creek, is on the sick list.

Mr. Joe Carroll, druggist, paid a flying visit to La Grande on Friday.
Chas. Scheidhauer has purchased a half interest in Miles Lee's sheep and stock rancho.

Twenty-five tickets were sold to parties here, on Saturday, bound for the circus at Baker.
B. Neff and J. Hardin left on Saturday on a prospecting tour of a week in the Blue mountains.

Messrs. Gorham & Rothchilds have sold and are now busy loading two car loads of oats for Portland market.
Mrs. W. M. Wisdom, who has been visiting at Baker, and Miss Gracie Saylor, on a visit here, returned to their homes in Portland on Monday's train.

Steve Daugharty, foreman at the saw mills, who was injured by a blow on the head in the fracas a week ago, is now out of danger. His assailant has skipped the country.
Mr. John Stoddard, of the Stoddard saw mills, was in town Saturday. He recently returned from Hood river where he has milling interests. He is suffering from the results of a fall received during his stay at Hood river.

Mr. Steve Daugharty, foreman at the mills, was in town yesterday and swore out a warrant of arrest for Hank Davis, his assailant, for assault with a dangerous weapon. Davis is supposed to be in the neighborhood of Muddy and the constable will go out this morning to arrest him.

Mr. Will Charnes, a pedagogue of Clover creek, left on the east bound passenger, on Thursday, for Terra Haute, Indiana. Mr. Charnes will visit Missouri during his absence, and should he find a location, will remain there. If not, he will return home in the course of two months.

Mrs. Geo. Dolan, residing on lower Clover creek, being awakened by a noise in her chicken house the other night, went out without a light to ascertain the cause. The marauder was a specimen of the skunk family who proceeded to make war at once, biting the lady several times on the hand and arm ere he was laid out. Her wounds are quite painful and swollen, with symptoms of constitutional disturbance.

On Sunday afternoon when the west bound passenger train with two engines attached had passed Huntington a few miles, Jack Carson, an engineer, attempted to pass forward to the engine in front when by some mishap he lost his footing, causing him to fall from the train, and alighting on his head, broke his neck. Life was extinct when the train men reached him. Mr. Carson was an old timer on the road, being one of the most experienced employees of the company. His remains were taken to La Grande for burial.

A project is under way, and contributions taken up, to open out a road via Gardner's mill to the Cracker creek mines about twenty-five miles distant. This road will be about fifteen miles shorter than the Baker route and over a less mountainous country, being an easy grade most all of the way. When completed a stage line will be put on by parties here who expect to make the round trip in one day. Already a large amount has been subscribed by all our business men and farmers. Quite an active interest is manifested by our citizens and we opine work will be commenced ere long, and pushed to completion. The advantages arising directly and indirectly by opening up this thoroughfare to the public are manifold to this section of the country and should receive the support of all. The farmer as well as the business man is benefited and should contribute to the enterprise so far as his resources will justify.

AJAX.
A WARNING.
The modes of death's approach are various, and statistics show conclusively that more people die from diseases of the throat and lungs than any other. It is probable that everyone without exception, receives vast numbers of tubercle germs into the system and where these germs fall upon suitable soil they start into life and develop, at first slowly and is shown by a slight tickling sensation in the throat and if allowed to continue their ravages they extend to the lungs producing consumption and to the head, causing catarrh. Now all this is dangerous and if allowed to proceed will in time cause death. At the onset you must act with promptness; allowing a cold to go without attention is dangerous and may lose you your life. As soon as you feel that something is wrong with your throat, lungs or nostrils, obtain a bottle of Boesche's German Syrup. It will give you immediate relief.

A Modern Prodigal Son.

"Come down from off the mountain height, for love is of the valley." So sang a youth as he descended from the shady banks of Little Indian creek, to the more favorable looking agricultural district of Grande Ronde Valley. That morning his mother had insisted on his diluting the sediment deposited on his noble countenance with the unadulterated ale of Father Adam, before partaking of the morning meal, in a way not consistent with this youngster's idea of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Recognizing discretion as the better part of valor, this outrage was quietly submitted to. But the straw that finally played the vice denture with the spinal column of the hump-backed animal, was being compelled to extract the lacted thail from the family bovine gathering his much hoarded wealth of 25 cents together he eluded the vigilant eye of his maternal ancestor and we find him in search of climes more congenial to his lofty nature. As he traipsed along he mused over the uncertainties attending the mortal career of an unfortunate junior member of the bovine family, who after withstanding the rigor of our most inclement season, is gathered unto his father's when vernal pastures scarcely have appeared. He traveled the dusty roads and looked in vain for the cheering sight of a watermelon patch or a tree of ripe apples. As the sun crossed the meridian line he reached the pleasant little village of the Cove. Being hungry and weary a part of his wealth was spent for chewing gum, and as he loitered about the cherry streets, one pocket filled with gum and ruminating on another day, he thought of the renewed philosopher who, something like a century before had gnawed upon a baker's loaf of bread while wandering through the busy thoroughfares of the fraternal city. Time traveled on apace, as also did this wayward prodigal, until "the shades of night were falling fast," one of these misdeeds struck our hero to the earth and dragged him "neath the friendly shelter of a stack of hay." During the night he heard a steady drip, and wondered if the red men were again at war, and pondered on the possibilities of getting his hair raised—although if the facts were known it had already risen. Upon a near approach the martial bearing of his worthy dad was recognized. The latter chap crossed him with a strap, and spake unto him, saying, "dust thou art, to dust thou shalt return," and the boy staid. While visions flitted over the youth's excited mind of "shaved ones gone before," the old man closed behind.

Around this mountain home peace reigns supreme.
And everything more tranquil than before,
The fatted calf rests by the smoldering sconce,
Gets all the milk and lamb's after noon,
"Lads as they are."
Cove, August 6th, 1888.

Teloceast Tatlings.
August 7th, 1888.
Joseph Bradford, of Ladd canyon, was over, Sunday.

F. M. Standley, of Island city, paid us a visit the first of the week.
Haying is progressing finely, but huckleberry trips are finer.

W. H. Huffman, of Pyle canyon, took a flying trip to North Powder, recently.

A. L. Haynes, of Union, passed through, Sunday, en route to Spencer & Co's. mills at Powder river.

Mr. Price Green came down from the Malheur range, last week, with a bunch of selected horses.
The people of Antelope are busy all the time—Sunday and all. They are going down to hear Putnam lecture.

John Hanson, Eccles & Co's. "boss" blacksmith, paid Union a speedy visit, Saturday. John is all business—all that isn't fresh and bone.

We are going to open negotiations with Seils' circus, in view of furnishing some genuine, sensible, bareback riding talent. Teloceast is not the least behind.

Brother "Ajax," that black hand encircling the stately crown of the new Cleveland hat signifies the doubtful shadow we are going to cast over the illumined faces of Harrison's vice-generals this fall.

"Reader," in last week's issue, must certainly be a patent interrogation point. He is something like the boy who asked questions until his interrogative talent was exhausted, and wound up by asking, "How many questions have I asked?"

"We'll 'protect' the iron that killed Li Hung!"
Oh Gosh!
"Oh Gosh!" was the song he sung!
(No Gosh!)
One star more is gone away.
Crushed in the bloom of its natal day;
Good Bye!
It reigns with republican angels bright;
In Heaven!
It wears a robe of soft wool white,
"Unprotected" even!
What a hollowed spot he wears here, now,
Since we have lost the angel "ehow!"
Shoo Fly!
B. W. H.

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Cove Cuttings.

August 9, 1888.
Mrs. C. A. Johns, of Boise City, is spending several days in Cove, visiting Mr. and Mrs. Pley.

Miss Emma Millington, a school teacher from Indiana, is visiting old acquaintances in Cove, L. Corpe and family.

A Cove married lady who attended the circus at La Grande, saw and inspected a train of cars for the first time in her life.

J. S. Shoemaker, deputy sheriff of Wallowa county, was in town this week. He reports court matters lively in the new county.

S. G. White while hunting near town last week witnessed the extraordinary sight of a pair of crows climbing a lofty pine tree. Saw says he expects to see crows climbing in tree tops next.

The Grande Ronde baseball nine will meet the North Powder club at Union, Saturday, August 18th to play the deciding game for the hundred dollar prize offered at the Baker City tournament. It will be a game for blood.

A party, consisting of Mrs. Lou Fegan, Mrs. Scammon and daughter and several others, have established a cozy camp on an ice-cold spring near Mount Fannie, and will rusticate during the warm weather.

Mrs. C. Doney, Goodwin Cowles and L. B. Stearnes started for Enterprise, last Monday. Mr. Stearnes intends remaining several months, his services being in demand for building the numerous structures now under way in that town.

The following gentlemen compose the Cove Brass band: Eugene Conkling, Frank Newell, C. Koenig and Jasper Stevens, cornets; Ed. Robinson and Albert Conkling, altos; Bruce McDaniel, tenor; O. G. Olson, baritone; W. H. Wright, tuba; W. Ross, snare drum; S. McDaniel, bass drum. They hope to be able to furnish music for political jubilation meetings next November.

Will the gentleman who purloined eight bags of apples from the Mitchell orchard please consult their own interests and return at once the sacks, which belong to Tom Hollick.—J.M.P. I have concluded not to hunt up any more bargains in the La Grande Chinatown.—Date, I am a dandy when it comes to hitting curved balls.—O. P. J. I am learning admirable habits in the Far West; I arise at 4:30 every morning now, but I can't learn to talk tariff fluently.—Miss H. If I were you I would not invest in any more cheap dresses.—L. Pailing cows bath lost its charms for me.—Elmer.

The Cove Masonic lodge was duly organized last Saturday evening by Hon. W. T. Wright, of Union, and a number of invited guests witnessed the installation at the hall. The following are the officers: E. P. McDaniel, W. M.; J. J. McDonald, S. W.; Jas. Payne, J. W.; A. J. Foster, Treas.; Jas. Houshoush, Sec.; L. R. Holmes, S. D.; Geo. Thomas, J. D.; E. T. Foster, T. After the ceremonies, all repaired to an elegant supper, in the lower part of the building. The tables were very attractively arranged and the supper thoroughly enjoyed. During the evening there were solos by Miss Hendershot and Miss Meacham, songs by the choir, an address by Rev. Irwin and readings by Miss Sullivan.

Self-evident Facts.
Ed. Scott:—
Whether a man professes Democracy, Republicanism, Liberalism or Mugwumpism, it is certain beyond a reasonable doubt that he does not possess a degree of party zeal and prejudice that will make him vote for the continuation of a curse and damage to his own vital interests.

It is certain that a man of the smallest amount of brains will not aid in perpetrating a curse and injury to his private welfare.

If a man owns a small farm, and is comfortably situated, supporting his family and accumulating a little property constantly, it is a self-evident fact to any rational mind that that man will not sacrifice his opening prospects, and unfolding fortunes, only to satisfy the corrupt desire of a political party. Why a man had just as well cut his throat, and be called a suicide, as to let his party swindle him out of an honest living, and be called a fool! Still, this is what the republican party proposes to do. It offers a proposition to its constituents whereby sheep shall be protected and at the same time the selfish and cramped sheep owner is endeavoring to starve the very man to death by eating the range from around his door, of whom he is asking aid. The sheep man points his finger at his brother-in-politics and says: "We need protection and you, as a republican, are bound to aid in securing protection for us sheep owners, for the sheep owner is the backbone of your welfare; the sheep owner supports you; the sheep owner furnishes you and your little children with clothing," and all such bosh, but he says to himself, "I will starve you out if you stay here and get your land myself." The sheep owner does not tell the farmer that he has the right to vote according to his own belief, but says: "We furnish you with what you are bound to wear, and so you must aid in having our interests

protected." Yes the sheepman is burdening the farmer with vexation by herding to his very door and still crying like the devil for more protection, and claims the laboring man must be protected.

There is almost inexhaustible range back in the mountains, without a hoof of stock to bother, and still the bands of sheep are clustered close to the fence corners and door yards. They are not driven to range at all, but languish on the barren hills and heated cliffs close to the home of some hard working farmer.

Is this the class of beasts the farmers are going to bestow protection upon? Is this the kind of men that need protection? Do the sheep owners comprise the entire population of America? No! And gentlemen, if you please, the honest minded farmer is not going to assist in tearing down his own "wee fortune." The honest farmer is not going to have the industry that corrupts and injures the civil world, predominate—live under the protection of the government.

There are more honest republican farmers who will vote against the protection of wool than there are democrat sheep owners, and this fall will prove the fact. There are more honest republicans in the republic, who regard the welfare of the farmer and the farmers interests, than dishonest democrats who fight for their personal interest and the interest of their sheep.

Bah! Bah! Bah!!!

Eagle Valley Letter.

New Bridge, July 26, 1888.
EDITOR SCOUT:—

For some months past the correspondent to THE SCOUT and other papers has taken upon himself to tell the public how ignorant this community is, and to circulate and credit to others reports that got their start in his own camp. "Outsider," as he signs himself, is very much disgruntled over the way things went on at the Fourth of July celebration. How an outsider should be so wise is more than we can see, and his own language, coupled with other things we know of, catches him in a falsehood from the start.

Your correspondent modestly informs the public that they were to all the expense of the celebration. This is not strictly true. The expense and trouble of the two crowds were borne by each. The band had some posters struck and posted up over the country, and outside of that they were to no more expense than were the others. Their good nature was in no way imposed upon. The opposition, as "Outsider" calls the citizens of the valley, had the same right there as the band had, and to represent it otherwise is to tell an untruth, and no one knows it better than the writer of this piece.

The only reports circulated that were detrimental to the success of the celebration was a story started by a member of the brass band, that there would be a small fee charged for admission to the grounds and also for dinner, the proceeds to be used by the band, and at the same time the dinner was to be furnished by the people who attended. When those sages of our valley found they had started an elephant in the way of these two reports, they being at no loss for lies, proceeded to lay these same stories at other people's doors.

If there is anything too mean or low for some of that crowd to do we would like to know what it is. We cannot see why "Outsider" is obliged to live in a community where he has to shudder on account of the ignorance of the people. The use of such language shows the sense of "Outsider" and proves that as we judge so shall we be judged. Let us ask you a question: Did you not agree to mention in the posters that there would be a photograph gallery on the ground, and when the bills came and it was left out did you not then agree to correct it, and did you fail to do even that?

There was a dance at Mr. Moody's at night, but it was not gotten up as "Outsider" charges it was. There were some who would not attend the other dance, and they gathered at Mr. Moody's, and he let them dance at his house, and a very enjoyable time we had. We spent the most of the night in dancing and not in studying up stuff to write for publication in regard to how smart we were and how ignorant are our neighbors. "Outsider," have you not learned that "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise?"

The band has not been discouraged and has had a fair show. The truth of the whole matter will be substantiated by the following citizens, whom it will be easy to find any day: Dick Makinson, G. W. Moody, S. Gover, G. T. Perry, John Fraser, Ben Langley, J. H. Hobbs, Wm. Babcock, Oscar Kendall, Noah Sitz, C. Ewing, J. P. Zeigler, W. E. Summers, Joseph Beck, G. L. Holcomb, W. W. Kirby, W. G. Saunders, C. H. Canahan, John W. Young, F. Brown, W. N. Young, A. N. Young, F. A. Denney, T. B. Ewing, Jas. Graham and Baker M. Daniels.

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