THE OREGON SCOUT.

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THE OREGON SCOUT.

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Union, Oregon.

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FIRST CLASS BILLIARD TABLE.

Drop in and the same

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.

CORONATION.

(NEW VERSION.)

All hail the power of old Ben's name,
Let Chinese prostrate fall;
Let democratic sheep men sing—
"Our Savior, Lord, and all!"

Ye cross-eyed, pig-tailed mandarin,
Send forth your dismal wail!
'Som sic, long hi lo Hallison,"
Then shake your braided tail.

Ye sallow, lean-faced laboring man,
With income small and thin,
Lift up your feeble voice and cry,
"The lord hath chosen Ben."

Ye little birds up in the trees,
That sing the live long day,
Tune up your tender melodies,
"Free whisky's mine alway!"

Ye brave old soldiers, one and all,
Whose forms are stained with warfare's dirt,
Come tune your voices once again,
And wave your flag, the "Bloody Shirt."

Ye keen-eyed corporations, too,
Come bend your knee before his shrine,
And let your murmur issue forth,
"Oh Harrison, thou art divine!"

Ye factory workers, ply your hands,
For kind protection Ben will give.
However poor, beneath his care—
'Twill be a pleasure, e'en to live.

Ye farmer, cringe and crawl, always,
Your interests are paltry things;
Kind Ben cares not a whit for you,
He'll grasp the fruit your labor brings.

Ye soft-eyed sheep, with modest air,
Be patient on the barren hills:
You are his angels—worry not,
For you his manly bosom thrills.

Ye patient Cleveland, bag your head;
Why stand before his haughty pride?
The world will praise Ben evermore,
Your tomb shall say, "he lived and died."

Poor, honest Ben, so kind, so true,
I fear your doleful song will be,
"I wish that I were grandpa,
And grandpa were me."

—GABRIEL.

Telocaset Tattlings.

Sept. 4th, 1888.

Warm and dusty.

Harvesting about over.

Guy Becker, of North Powder, was down, Monday.

Born.—To the wife of F. Favre, August 30th, a ten pound son.

Mr. and Mrs. Gorman took their departure for Baker last week.

Ben Mache is going to move his family to Pine valley in a few days, where he will take up his permanent residence.

Miss Ida Davis has been employed to teach the Pyle canyon public school. We chronicle this with pleasure, for Miss Davis is an efficient teacher, well worthy patronage.

James Huffman, one of Union's energetic young men, has rented the ranche and hotel at Telocaset, belonging to Mache, and will hereafter conduct the same in first-class style. Telocaset is bound to be a central point between the mines and Powder river valley some day, and an early location is business success.

A fire occurred at Eccles' mill last Friday which burnt all the down-timber, grass and almost everything else off about two miles square of the best land; also about 20,000 feet of lumber piled a short distance from the mill, the property of John Dobbins of Union. No further damage was done, but it was only a miracle that the entire camp was not consumed, for the combustibles, such as dry boards, grass, tree tops, and such, were thick on the ground.

While threshing in the canyon last week, Heffling broke a shaft with a peculiar kind of crank in it, belonging to his thresher. The broken piece was brought to Union, immediately, for repairs, but the blacksmith at Union could not fix the piece of iron, even if they did have all the tools necessary for a good shop. After some hesitation the shaft was taken to the "Boss" blacksmith, at Eccles' mill, who mended it in good shape, the only tools used being a hammer and pair of tongs. Hurrah for Hanson!

Last Saturday night the lovers of the Terpsichorean art collected at the residence of Charley Tombleson and offered up their only sacrifice—their energy—to the nimble toed goddess of that excellent amusement. A good time was had, even if some of the estimable old ladies present were wreathed in the beautiful emblems of religion and persisted in going home before the clock should say twelve. The beauty and tenderness of this little fragment of by gone times prevents one from getting angry with its zealous adherents.

B. W. H.

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Letter From Tacoma.

ED. SCOUT:—

The SCOUT came duly to hand this morning, and as usual, was glad to get it. I noted with interest a letter from our old townsman, E. S. McComas. I presume that he, like myself and many others who have made their homes in Union for years, cannot lose his interest there, nor forget, no matter where he roams, the pleasant times had with the friendly, sociable people of that community.

The building boom still continues here. When I wrote you a few months ago, I thought there would be 500 buildings go up in Tacoma this year, but it looks quite different now. If the present rate of building goes on to the close of the year, I am satisfied the number will reach 1000 or more—and they are generally good buildings. There is now over 1000 front feet of brick buildings going up on Pacific Avenue alone.

Property remains firm, and while I don't think there is quite so much activity in real estate as early in the season, prices are steadily advancing. With all the building that has been done this summer, you can hardly find a house to rent, for either business or residence.

We expect to have a population in Tacoma at the close of 1888 of 20,000, and it will never be any less afterwards. Seattle has worked hard and used every means that energetic men could employ to keep in the ascendancy, but like the slow horse in the race, she is gradually falling behind, and must content herself with being the second city of the Sound, and while it will be a bitter pill for them, they will certainly be compelled to look upon Tacoma as the future metropolis of the Northwest. Seattle, however, is a good town and always will be, and there will doubtless be other good towns on the Sound that are not thought of now.

Tacoma gets her water supply from lakes about eight miles from the city. These lakes are on an elevated plain above the city. The water is carried from thence in ditch and flume near the south end of the city, where it empties into a reservoir; thence in mains throughout the city, with hydrants arrangod at convenient points with hose attachments for the protection of property in case of fire, and I think the arrangement works better and is much more effectual than any fire engine. There is not a fire engine in the city. They have their regular organized fire companies and hose carts, and that is all they need.

Why not Union have the same arrangements? It is better located for water works than any town I know of. Let the matter come before the people at the coming city election. Do it by an extra assessment on the property. It will lessen insurance, be the very best protection against fire, enhance the value of all property, do away with many little irrigating ditches that become a nuisance in the streets every summer, and for ever do away with the necessity of a fire engine

The citizens of Union will only have to sit still and do nothing a few years more and the town will die a natural death. Everything that has been done the past few years for the benefit of Union, has been done by subscription, that in every instance has been a burden on a few, while the many have paid little or no attention at all to matters pertaining to their own interests. The city council for the past few years have refused to do anything in the way of public improvements on account of the expense. The city was already in debt some and they don't seem to see any way out of it now. The city indebtedness has been reduced the last three years as fast as was possible under the circumstances, and the little incumberance of the city to-day is very trifling, if every citizen of the place would get up and say, "I am willing to help discharge the city debt and advance something in the way of a tax levy that shall go to any enterprise for the upbuilding of the town." A five or ten mill tax, or even more, payable in two three or five years, would hardly be felt by the people, and it would come back to them again, bringing good interest on the investment. Every citizen of a town should feel that he is as much interested in the prosperity of that town as any other one man, and be willing to give some of his time in looking after its interests.

Respectfully,
D. B. REES.

Island City Items.

Sept. 3rd, 1888.

Granger of Starvation Flat
Owned a yellow female cat.
"Tab," while other cats would rove,
Lay around the kitchen stove.

A young sinner, Thomas Kirk,
Hired to do young Granger's work,
Slow at work and sure at play,
Dilligent three times a day.

When he'd earned enough of "tin,"
Thomas bought a violin.
Said he'd learn to play a tune,
Scare the man out of the moon.

To the soul what comfort brings
Music, but he still lacked strings.
To secure them, without price,
"Tab" must be a sacrifice.

In a sack, when he had caught her,
Soaked her in a tank of water,
Then, as we have learned the facts,
Tapped her gently with the axe.

Now as Tom sits in his chair,
Doleful sounds float on the air
Intermingled, here and there,
Groans and shrieks that raise your hair.

The baseball club is a thing of the past.

Prof. Bingamin is on the sick list, under the care of Dr. Honan.

G. P. Frank, of the firm of Frank Bro's., was in town recently.

Robert Halley returned from Wallowa, last week, where he has been for some time.

Frank Childers has rented the Ladd barn. He will run a first class livery and feed stable.

Fred Alexander and Lawrence Caviness left Sunday morning for Alma, Mich., to attend school.

The Big Lake on the Sand Ridge is nearly dry. It has not been entirely dry for about fourteen years.

Reuben T. Couch, a much respected citizen of Island precinct, was stricken down with paralysis on Sept. 1st. and now lies in a critical condition.

George Wilhelm is down from Long Valley on business. He seems to be well pleased with his new home.

John Parker, who was thrown from a wagon and had his leg broken by a runaway team, this summer, is now at his home on the Sand Ridge, but is unable to walk as the bones have never properly knit together.

Last week Jack Farrel, while in one of his happiest moods, slapped a young man, Charles Brannin, a couple of times in the face at the retail price of five dollars a slap which was promptly paid over to Justice Jones.

"LUNA TICK."

Sandridge Sandwiches.

September 3rd, 1888.

Harvesting is in full blast on the Sandridge.

Mrs. E. H. Ruckman's health is improving slowly.

Mr. Henry Young, of La Grande, made a visit to the Sand Ridge, Thursday.

Miss Lennie Vermillion, and friends, visited her mother, Mrs. Ingram, last Sunday.

Mr. A. E. Imbler and Mr. C. E. Imbler will start below to school in a short time.

If it don't get cooler weather I can't take anybody out buggy riding.—G. W. Why is it that S. W. looks so pleasant.

Mr. R. D. Ruckman has got his threshing done and he has 6,000 bushels of wheat.

Mr. George Childers' eldest son fell off of a horse and got his arm broken a few days ago.

Mr. Milton Cochran, of Wallowa county, is over visiting his brother, Samuel Cochran.

If it does not rain soon the people of the Sandridge will suffer for water. All their wells are going dry.

Miss Mary Cochran is expected home from the east, where she has been visiting, the last of October.

Mr. Corpe, of the Cove, will commence school at the Fair View school house, Monday. He is liked by all because he is a good teacher.

Mr. Whitmore and family made a flying trip to the Sand Ridge to visit Mrs. Thos. Ruckman. Mr. Whitmore's health is improving slowly.

Mr. Thomas Ruckman is enjoying himseft splendidly with his new steam thresher this fall He says he would not give one steam thresher for a dozen horse power machines. Mr. Mike Riddle is the engineer of the Imbler, Cochran and Ruckman machine which is threshing near Summerville at this date.

It is no use for G. W. R. to buy candy hearts for me, for I want sticks. —C. It is no use talking, I never bought that high top buggy for my son, C, I bought it for myself and my intended.—C. Charlie what makes you look so sad? Is it the warm weather, or is it because J. L. Carter beat you? Why was it that Wm. R. could not go to the header last Sunday evening? Was it because G. M. M. was to see his best girl? I will ride fast when I go to see Grandma if it does hurt John's horse.—A. O. Since Annie is gone I will take the kids and to Sunday School I'll go. Geo. M.

Good farm for sale, on easy terms, at Mortgage Bank.

North Powder Notes.

September 4th, 1888.

Miss Della Woods has been visiting friends and acquaintances in town of late.

Mr. D. Beverage and Mr. Spencer paid a flying visit to Haines on Monday.

Mr. Wm. Lee, nephew of Miles and Daniel Lee of this place, arrived here a few days since from Illinois.

Mr. J. M. Hager has returned from Seattle, W. T. He reports the horse market very quiet on the Sound.

Ed. Gardner has been removed back from Union to this place. We understand his condition is very critical at present.

Thirty thousand feet of lumber sold to Mr. Dobbins at the Eccles mill was burned last week by accidentally catching fire.

Extremely hot weather in this valley. The thermometer has ranged from 90 to 100 in the shade during the past week.

Mr. Henry Gorham's youngest child was severely scalded on one arm by the upsetting of some hot water a few days since.

Mr. J. D. Wilcox, of Haines, was in town on Sunday. He is now engaged in the mercantile business at that place with his brother.

Mr. Geo. Venable, the genial railroad agent, contemplates a tour to the Willamette valley, soon, in quest of pleasure and recreation. We wish him "bon voyage."

Miss Bessie Murray opened the public school here on Monday with a good attendance of "young ideas." A larger number will be enrolled as the season advances.

The horse racing fever has suddenly returned and troubles us once more. A couple of Idaho sporting men with a horse they would consent to "run at times" was matched against one of Harry Parker's flyers for $75 a side and the race came off on Friday. Result, North Powder specie in the hands of strangers and N. P. sporting men sad, but wiser. Please "come again no more" strangers, but if you do bring a "slower" horse.

An incorporation of a company consisting of farmers of Lower Powder, will soon be consumated, having for its object irrigating purposes. A ditch some seventeen miles in length has been surveyed by Mr. J. W. Kimbrell in that section. The capacity of the ditch will be about 2000 inches and will afford sufficient water to supply a vast amount of dry, arid sage brush land with Nature's life giving beverage thereby fitting it for cultivation.

Messrs. Spencer, Ramsey & Hall have shut down their mill on Anthony creek, paid off their employees and are now closing out their stock of merchandise at this place. Nothing is known here of their future intentions, but it is hoped the mill will resume operations again this fall as its suspension seriously affects business here, however the gentlemen interested in the business will solve the enigma and we bellive in their own interests as well as ours.

That Telocaset man's sweep of imagination must certainly be very illusory should his dreamy fancies of "mossy stones, babbling brooks, billowy banks of leaves and unassuming birds" be located any where near that city as we have been "thar" and fail to see the point. If his visionary imagination is any consolation to him we would fain dispel the illusion and wish him all the enjoyment possible, but delusive denizens of the surrounding country are in danger, however, per-adventure it should only be "nightmare" that is troubling him.

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 Boschee's German Syrup. It will give you immediate relief.

PERSONAL.

Mr. N H. Frohlichstein, of Mobile, Ala., writes; I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, having used it for a severe attack of Bronchitis and Catarrh. It gave me instant relief and entirely cured me and I have not been afflicted since. I also beg to state that I had tried other remedies with no good result. Have also used Electric Bitters and Dr. King's New Life Pills, both of which I can recommend. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, is sold on a positive guarantee, Trial bottles free at Wright's drug store.

Cove Cullings.

Sept. 6, 1888.

Miss Pearl Payne visited North Powder this week, as the guest of Miss Clara Parker.

John Faucett has gone to Enterprise, and will be employed in Ben. Boswell's livery stable for some time.

Mrs. S. Shoemaker and daughter, Miss Sarah, started to-day for a visit with friends and relatives in Ohio and Iowa.

Samuel McDaniel is in Baker and Grant counties, disposing of a load of cheese from the Cove Dairy Co's factory.

No watermelons have been in Cove market this season. Some producer of the fruit should bring in a load and treat us to a melon-choly time.

Dr. Thomas offers for sale his dwelling house. It is almost new and is conveniently situated. This is a fine opportunity to secure a pleasant home at a reasonable price.

Wm. Garland, the popular upholsterer and paper hanger, of La Grande, is at work in Jno. Martin's new house. He has other work sufficient to keep him aome time in town.

The fall session of the Ascension school and Leighton Academy, will be opened to-morrow morning, (Friday,) with appropriate ceremonies at Ascension church. The schools have a corps of first class teachers and will be well attended.

Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Phy, accompanied by three children, will visit the Willamette, next week, and remain until the latter part of the month. They will be in Portland, Salem and Polk county, also spend several days at the State fair.

Mr. C. G. Radabaugh, herding Hopper's band of sheep on the Minam, met with quite a misfortune last week. While away from camp a forest fire swept over it, entirely destroying all his effects, includlng supplies, gun, blankets etc. He was forced to let the sheep look after themselves, and come into the settlements after necessaries.

Wonder what the crack baseball club of Pendleton will take for themselves after being so disastrously done up by the Salt Lakes? No one can ever say again I have never had a ride on the cars.—A. B. Venit. vidit. vincetur.—M. I found the Baker City people awful nice.—S. I have bought me a new building which I will turn into a fashionable shoe shop emporium.—J. F.

A quartette of mighty nimrods betook themselves, with necessary paraphanalia, to Indian creek, this week, and will proceed to exterminate the largest bear and the fattest bucks in that vicinity. S. Bloom went as manager of conveyance, and as he is blessed with a game leg at present, will abstain from following full grown specimens of the bruin family into their lairs. S. White accompanied the expedition with a dead-center 45 Ballard and a bad knife. If his expectations are realized, he will be covered so deep with glory and gore that it is doubtful if he can ever be dug out. C. Olson went with a Hatchkiss repeater and—much confidence. His friends are awaiting with undisguised expectation to see what he returns with. Ben. May, having been indisposed, and able to do light work only, accepted the position as game carrier. He took a shot-gun, in hopes that grouse could be shot to keep the camp in meat, also a pair of tree climbers to be used in case a mistake was made and the party encounter a bear. Chapter second next week.

Medical Spring Spray.

The saffron man is going to apply for a patent for making cool nights in the summer time.

Mrs. Celia Phillips made a flying trip to Union last week.

J. N. Mitchell, the sheep man, has taken 3000 sheep to Idaho. Gone, gone, gone: Gone like a dream of the beautiful.

It is currently reported that THE SCOUT has hit the "Whangdoodle" among the Mugwumps.

T. H. Foster, of Shellrock, the genial Tom, is making arrangements to move to Union for school purposes this fall and winter.

There is a lady in the Park who is the champion duck raiser, having successfully raised one duck. She defies competition.

Master Dan Van, of Park, is the happy owner of a pony and saddle. His riding and driving is like Jehu, the son of Nimshi, who caused Israel to sing.

We are sadly disappointed in consequence of tournament failure at Union. Medical Springs, Big creek and Shellrock were coming in one solid phalanx. Park and Powder river are antagonistically related to each other like two young rams ready and anxious to beat the beater. Squire Dolby and Tom Martin intended to meet the emergency, like brave soldiers, with taffy and lemonade. Also Dunham Wright with the hottest of hot water. Oh man is born to mourn. Our hopes are again blasted. "We never loved a bud or flower but 'twas sure to fade away."

M.