

# THE OREGON SCOUT.

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## THE OREGON SCOUT.

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**\$1.50 Weekly EXAMINER \$1.50**

No weekly paper published in the United States contains as much or as great a variety of good reading matter as the

**Weekly Examiner!**

The coming year promises to be crowded with stirring events.

In the United States the entrance of new issues into the political arena has been followed by a change of Administration. But the great economic question on which the campaign turned is still unsettled, and its solution is now committed to a Congress almost equally divided between the two great parties.

Europe is a vast camp. Army corps patrol the frontiers, and millions of men await the signal for the most titanic war the world has ever seen.

The Examiner's news-gathering machinery is unequalled. Its correspondents dot the habitable globe. Nothing can escape their vigilance, and no expense is spared in spreading the results of their efforts before the Examiner's readers.

The most noted writers of fiction in the world contribute to the WEEKLY EXAMINER. Jules Verne, Author of "Trip to the Moon," etc.; Robert Louis Stevenson, author of "Treasure Island," etc.; Rider Haggard, author of "She," etc.; Anna Katharine Green, author of "The Leavenworth Case," etc. have all written stories for the WEEKLY EXAMINER, and will do so in the future.

THE WEEKLY EXAMINER has established an Agricultural Department, in charge of a practical agriculturist, who is the best writer in the United States on agricultural subjects. This department will contain sensible discussions of leading topics of interest to vineyardists, orchardists and farmers generally.

THE EXAMINER'S Commercial News is compiled by experienced men who carefully guard the producer's interests in all market reports.

**The Weekly Examiner**

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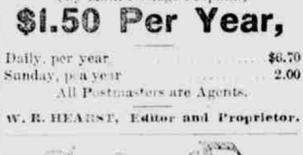
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Effectually Cleansing the System when Constipated, Bilious, Dispeptic

**Colds, Headaches and Fevers**

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**HABITUAL CONSTIPATION**

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**SPORTING GOODS,**

Consisting of

**Rifles, Shot Guns, Pistols and Cartridges.**

Imported and Domestic Cigars, etc.

GIVE ME A CALL.

## OUR OLD SCHOOL HOUSE.

Here around this little threshold

First we saw the scepter shine;

Here it was that mystic fancy

Wove her tender thoughts with mine.

Here we listened for the echoes

Of a voice as from afar,

Telling of the perished legends,

And the glorious feats of war.

Here o'er History's page we shuddered

While Rome's glittering legions tread

Onward o'er the helpless living,

Onward o'er the sacred dead.

Here within these walls resounded

Curse of man and moan of brute,

And in rapture we have listened

To the Grecian's pleading lute.

Here we saw how man, progressing,

Upward climbed the golden stair,

And I ween we dreamed of terror

Crouching in his kennel there!

In this room and with these schoolmates

We have dreamed the dream of Fate—

We have seen the slow progression—

First to think, then calculate,

And how slow the mind, encumbered

With some old relentless fear,

Seems to march with muffled drum beats,

And a shadow hovering near.

Here we heard the harpstrings tremble—

Listened to the Fates rehearse.

Here we learned our youthful lessons—

Fragments from the Universe!

Here we found the hidden treasure

'Neath the towers, by Ignorance reared.

Here our youthful minds oft wondered

At the ghosts our fathers feared.

Day by day, with measured heart beats,

Has the clock struck off the hours,

And we envied Adam's school days

There in Eden's leafy bowers!

For we saw our sturdy master

With precision mark each rule,

While ignoble Adam wandered

Through creation's new-made school!

Often down the pages gazing,

We have heard the fluttering wings

That have borne down through the ages

Argosies of higher things.

Often wondering at the changes

That have kissed this land of ours,

We have seen a high perfection

Growing brighter with the hours.

And the hand outstretched, seemed reach-

Down to lead us higher still—

How the world has bowed, in silence,

To Progress's mighty will!

And we deem that life the rarest

That progresses day by day.

For the grander thoughts shall conquer,

And the low shall pass away.

Some day, when the world grows riper

With its yellow harvest bent,

Men shall look in sadness backward

To the precious days misspent.

Some day, when the heart grows kinder

And the passions all have flown,

Men shall see the broken signets

They, in tears, will have to own.

They will hear their weeping mothers

Pleading only for a word,

And in anguish, swelling deeper,

They shall feel their bosoms stirred.

We shall see the low-browed monsters,

That have hovered round our path,

Turn aside at our progression

And in silence nurse their wrath.

Onward goes the beaming beacon,

And we follow in the wake.

For we see the shining sceptre

Where the surging billows break.

And we see the tangled forests

With their spangled wealth of gold,

And as day by day progresses

We some secret gem unfold.

Hope springs bright, and Patience carries;

Labor works with willing hands;

While affection finds the corals

Hidden in Life's shining sands.

Thought grows deeper with a usage.

Genius leaps o'er barriers high.

While the magic wand of Progress

Spreads its beauties down the sky.

Toll and Patience walk together

Hand in hand, through every clime.

While true manhood leads thee onward

With a leadership sublime.

There is some gift freely given—

Something dwells in every heart;

But it lacks the spark of reason

That shall give the flame a start.

Every being is a monster

If but monster thoughts prevail;

But the reason, lying idle,

Leaves us drifting with the gale,

Men are mummies; imitation

Seems the strongest force, indeed.

But in every soul there smoulders

Some of Learning's richest seed.

With a common purpose, living,

All men drift upon the tide.

Weaker wills and feebler fancies

Does our destinies divide.

And as every struggle onward

Reaps some competition here,

Every vicious moment passing

Brings its own attendant fear.

—B. W. HUFFMAN.

What's the Matter With You?

You are not "all right." You feel tired,

Your back aches, you feel shaky in the

knees, you are subject to dull headaches,

are nervous, cross, and all things don't

seem to go just right. In short, you are

full of malaria, and you will continue to feel

worse until you get something to kill and

expel the poison. We recommend Electric

Bitters, because it will just fit your case—

so confident are we, that we guarantee it,

which means that your money will be re-

funded if you are not benefited. No fairer

offer can be made. You have a sure thing.

Try it. Price 50c, and \$1.00 at Brown's

drug store, Union Oregon.

## NORTH POWDER.

"Ajax" Discourses of Matters

and Things.

**PETTY SNEAK THIEVES.**

Cattle Car on Fire—Prediction by the

Farmers—Real Estate Sale.

January 8th, 1889.

School was resumed on Monday, after a two weeks' vacation, with an increased attendance.

All the ice houses in town are filled to overflowing with a prime article of ice in anticipation of hot times next summer.

Mr. Crawford, general agent for the New York Life Insurance Co., was in town on Sunday with a view of establishing an agency.

Peter Stonelburg has been quite ill at the North Powder hotel, recently, but is improving rapidly and will soon be around again.

Insubordination in any branch of the military service is punishable at the discretion of a court martial or court of discipline. "A word to the wise is sufficient," etc.

The ball committee have in charge several articles of feminine apparel lost at the ball, which can be obtained by applying to Sergeant Plummer.

Coyotes are too numerous to be appreciated in this vicinity, hence Mr. Walk, a farmer near town has had in a supply of strychnine and shot guns, let others do likewise.

Kellogg, Punch & Co. sold, during the week, the Occidental saloon building and lot to Messrs. Craig & Thomsen for the sum of one thousand dollars.

Two young men settled a dispute of long standing, on Sunday, by a knock-out, near Mr. Powers' place. The combat was of a bloodless character and soon terminated in peace.

Messrs. Kellogg, Punch & Co. are busy filling a contract for ten car loads of ice for a firm at Huntington. It is taken from the river and is from pure mountain water.

Business men complain of a stagnation in trade following the holidays. It was ever thus and probably will remain so unless some enterprising individual could invent a change.

Petty sneak thieves made a raid upon all the loose overcoats and good hats at the ball on New Year's eve. Some thrifty citizen may "bite off more than he can chew" in case he is not very careful.

A Portland daily says "Powder river has been staked off into mining claims from the mouth to Baker City, lately. Always obtain news from a distance and you get it fresh and reliable—Don't it."

Farmers are lamenting the absence of snow and predict a total failure of this year's crop unless a deep snow should fall, and remain some time, ere the winter terminates. So mote it be.

The Anthony Bros., with the assistance of Ed. Gooden, furnished first-class music for the ball on New Year's eve. "K" company has a number of fine musicians whose services are appreciated on such occasions.

A cattle car in an east bound freight was discovered to be on fire on arriving at this station on Monday. Fire was supposed to have originated from friction. No serious damage resulted.

Work on the new church edifice has been suspended owing to the weather, but will be resumed again shortly. Timber for the foundation and walls is on the ground and it will be pushed to completion when work commences again.

That Accidental Insurance Company has failed to make good its losses in this community until the present. Those claiming indemnity are anxiously awaiting a decision of yea or nay in their cases by said company.

The return of that nice young christian, Chas. Brockin, to the scene of his recent light-fingered exploits may cool his ardor and defer, indefinitely, his damage