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CHICAGO.

Letter From a Former Resident of Union.

MACKS' MEDICAL MANEUVERS.

The Theatrical World--Madam Rawson-- Work of the Newspapers.

Chicago, Jan. 20, 1889.

EDITOR SCOUT--

DEAR SIR: Having just finished my anxious perusal of THE SCOUT, which comes regularly to hand replete with local news of my home beyond yonder desert waste and mountainous peaks and gorges, I strike a Brick Pome-royal attitude in the office of the Totom of Health, 413 Wabash Avenue, and will endeavor to earn my salary (as Mrs. Duniway used to say) as special correspondent of THE SCOUT. Many of your readers will, I presume, remember a ministerial, Santa-claus-appearing, start-and-go-back-kind-of-a-fellow, who it was said flies never located on without skates, commonly known as "J. T." Well I will just say in behalf of Me that he is a stayer and is gradually building up a flourishing business in Medical Lake salt preparations, which stand on their merit. There is but one purpose for which Mack has found Medical Lake salt to be a complete failure, and that is refurbishing and decorating the surface of a desert waste that he tries to hide with his hat. But Mack holds his own as against the march of old King Time, and I don't think he has lost a hair from his head since he came to Chicago. The writer has had several hair-raising escapades since he has been one of the wrangling and hustling multitude of this city, but is still able to enter in the free-for-all with percentage, however, somewhat against him on account of injuries received one year ago by a fall on the icy pavement.

Icy pavements, by the way, are a luxury we have not enjoyed yet this winter. Talk about your mild Oregon winters, the climate of the beautiful, sunny south, and all that, but what's the matter with Chicago without a flake of snow or a day's temperature below freezing up to the 18th day of January, and at this writing the temperature has fallen to 18 degrees above, the lowest of the season.

But the evening News lays before me with signal service probabilities looming up in sensational head-letter, and it almost makes my teeth rattle to think of how Chicago, like John L. Sullivan, will fail in a great reformatory measure and allow fond hopes to be blasted and loving admirers to lose confidence.

It has been a dull season from a business standpoint on account of unseasonable weather, and many establishments have gone to the wall that might have survived by the naturally expected winter trade.

The theatrical world, however, are more than usually thrifty on account of the pleasant weather, and amusements generally are in order. Even your reporter, who has seen better days physically, mentally and financially, no longer ago than last night so far departed from his habitual walks of life as to actually encumber himself with a lady companion and hie away to the People's Theatre where N. S. Wood's popular play, "The Waifs of New York," is on for the week. Such a play, I dare say, although quite inferior to some that are rendered at Hooley's, McVicker's, The Haymarket or Chicago Opera, would create a stir among the townfolks of Union, especially when in the last scene a real New York fire with hose-carts and fire engines is brought into use on the stage. But Billy the newsboy jumps from the flaming window with his little sister in his arms, the ruffian is supposed to perish in the flames, and the assembly of people as leisurely prepare to go home as if they didn't care a snap whether the theatre burned or not.

Chicago people are frequently, to use a board of trade term, short on long wheat and long on short, but they are hardly ever short on sensational matter, such as Madam Rawson's trial for the shooting of lawyer Whitney in the criminal court last summer during the progress of the trial of her son for the shooting of his step-father, Banker Rawson. Her case is now being heard and has occupied the greater portion of the week in the selection of a jury. This case has involved considerable tragedy and has stimulated the Mrs. R. to become the authoress of a play called "The Banker's wife," which she contemplates introducing to the public at the culmination of her trial. Banker Rawson is a cripple for life, the boy is habituated to the bars, and lawyer Whitney, who, very probably, was guilty of using treacherous measures to secure damaging evidence against her in her divorce case, has been taken to the mad house a cripple and a hopeless maniac.

The Chicago Times is at present a variety of sensational work, and has a new libel suit about every day. It aired the work shops of the city, and showed up the hardships of the Chicago shop girls a short time ago, through the reportorial investigations of one Nell Nelson who deserves much credit for her work. It next took the illegitimate practice of physicians up for a hearing, and is now stirring up the animals in police headquarters and are demonstrating to a deaf certainty that Chicago's boasted police department is rotten to the core.

Your correspondent has been for some time engaged in feeding the hungry multitude on 15 and 50 cent meals, but profits are light, and to make a howling success of the restaurant business one ought to be endowed with that historical faculty of multiplying loaves, fishes and beef-steaks to supply the demand. There is a sort of fascination or hallucination of the mind that takes hold of a person after having been rounded up in Chicago for a few years that it seems almost impossible to overcome, and I guess I have fell a victim to it like many others who have wasted their lives in wrestling with fate in Chicago. However, I may make my escape from Chicago in the near future, in which event I will review the scenes of my childhood near Iowa city and endeavor to reach the land of bunch-grass, sage-brush and fifty dollar nuggets when the robins nest again.

W. H. Mr.

ELGIN.

News of the Week, and Pertinent Mention by an Occasional Correspondent.

The snow is leaving the hills.

There is talk of a new doctor coming to our town in the early spring.

The Methodists are holding a protracted meeting at the Pleasant Hill schoolhouse.

Our barber, W. M. Saylor, is erecting a dwelling house. He calculates to stay with us awhile.

Rev. Mr. Jones' meeting closed, after a three week's session, without getting any one into the river.

J. T. Galaway will start his saw mill the first of March, and will be able to furnish all kinds of rough and dressed lumber.

Prof. N. S. Wise's school, at Pleasant Hill schoolhouse, will close this week. He gave very good satisfaction as teacher.

The Baptists are trying to interest the people of Elgin in a protracted meeting. Rev. Mr. Waltz, of Baker City, is assisting.

The citizens of Elgin and Cricket flat held a mass meeting on the 26th inst. in behalf of G. W. Hunt's railroad. Hurray for our town.

Mr. J. H. Payne is putting up a hardware store and will be rattling the tinware and nails around in about three weeks. We wish him success in the business.

Mr. H. S. Galaway and brother have bought a ten horse power engine, and shingle mill, from Staver & Walker, and will have it running in this place by the first of March. Good luck to the boys.

GRANK.

A Sound Legal Opinion.

E. Bainbridge Monday Day, County Attorney, Clay Co., Tex., says: "Have used Electric Bitters with most happy results. My brother also was very low with Malaria Fever and Jaundice, but was cured by timely use of this medicine. Am satisfied Electric Bitters saved his life."

Mr. D. I. Wilcoxson, Horse Care, E. G., adds a like testimony, saying: "He positively believes he would have died, had it not been for Electric Bitters."

This great remedy will ward off, as well as cure all Malarial Diseases, and for all Kidney, Liver and Stomach Disorders, stands unequalled. Price 50c, and \$1.00, at Brown's drug store, Union, Or.

The farmers of Union county should look to their best interests and buy their farm implements where they can do the best. Frank Bros. Implement Co., Island City carry in stock a large assortment of everything in this line, and can undersell all competitors.

VENICE.

The Beautiful Queen of the Adriatic.

ITALY, ITS PEOPLE AND CUSTOMS.

An Oregonian's Description of Scenes in Far-off Lands.

Venice, Dec. 17, 1888.

EDITOR SCOUT--

The Apennines are glorious now.

The high, glittering pinnacles of snow clad peaks tower above the pass through which we must go from the Genoa side, to that of Venice. We left our quarters in the city of Genoa, at 7:30, Dec. 13, and started for an overland journey to the upper part of Italy. As we ascended the sloping hills that steal far down, vine-laden, to the outskirts of the city, a magnificent scene was beheld. It is too rare to portray with pen, for we cannot put it in peaceful animation in words, as in colors. The low foothills are covered with grape vines. This forms a very valuable branch of industry here. The occasional little hamlet nestled close to the side of a brown high slope forms the home of the mountaineers of Italy. They are beautiful people. The vigorous climate and cool atmosphere gives a tinge of health and loveliness to their cheeks that is not possessed by some of our American maids in the malarial districts of old Missouri. These girls trip around over the rocks and cliffs like the goats over which they watch. Slowly we gained the dense heights, and as the first day closed we were anxious to be down, amid the clouds, scarcely to the summit of the pass. Night in these mountains is the concentration of all that is sweet and invigorating in life. Even when tired and weary from a hard day's tramp, we cannot go to sleep for looking at the sky, the sea, the trees, the wide, wide valley of the bounding Po, the jagged peaks of the Alps, and all that the luxurious hand of Beauty can pour into the lap of Night.

We can sit on a stone and gaze at the shimmering bosom of the tranquil sea and think of our own dear wives at our feet, these peaceful billows, but how many a long, long mile to the noisy waves of the Willamette!

The second day's travel brings us to the verge of the mountains. How beautiful! On both sides for miles we have a boundless expanse of waves, the Mediterranean behind us, the Adriatic before us. The lovely green valleys lay smiling below on the shores of both. Little villages cluster here and there with their adjoining belts of flowers and vines.

We start down to the other side. Genoa is a place of the past with us. We can only remember how it was, for the high old peaks are between us and the city. The Adriatic side is more beautiful still. We wander downward for several days--we see the grassy upland where rises the famous Rubicon--we pass in sight of Ravenna, and at last we enter the classic city of Venice. Here we do not see the velocipede, the buggy, the bicycle, but canals for streets and boats for vehicles. The back grounds of Venice are very picturesque. The city is somewhat larger than Genoa, and is seemingly livelier. We can look farther down the bay and see more vessels riding at anchor, and floating peacefully away in the blue haze of the twilight.

The people look more intelligent. Foreigners are welcomed here much more heartily. But it still seems Italy. The same pure, blue sky, the same softness of the Liden air. Melody blows on the breeze. It is queer what an effect a change of climate works on a person. It imparts a freshness of life, and a renewal of the exhausted vigor.

Shakespeare chose a good place for the location of his Venetian merchant. The swarthly fellows look at us with the self-same expression that was poured out in "I am your Oracle, and when I ope' my mouth let no dog bark."

Long may Venice thrive! and when the twilight of this world shall come, may she prosper in her glory still!

CARL ROSS.

THE SCOUT is just the paper to send out to your friends. Try it.

HOW DOES THE TAX-PAYER STAND?

A Few Sensible Remarks on the County Seat Question by a Correspondent.

EDITOR SCOUT--

Within the last few weeks the citizens of this county have been disturbed by a commotion that is not entirely dead yet. A few of the people of our neighbor city, La Grande, have taken it into their heads that Union has been the county seat of this county long enough, and that it will advance some personal interests to remove the place of law and business to that out-of-the-way place.

Our taxes are high enough at present, and to remove the county property, and to build new buildings at this time will necessarily incur a heavier rate of tax for seven or eight years to come, and then it will not better the county when the extra expense shall have been paid.

We are just entering on an era of prosperity; our mines are just being opened up, our markets are beginning to be more ready and better, so to go to the very unnecessary expense of removing the county seat at this time will surely make us drop back once more into that state of heavy taxation and financial stagnation from which we have so recently emerged. Such a state is uninviting to immigration, to business men, and to capital. If we wish to prosper, and to have men of means come among us, let us offer some inducements, and the first one is a low rate of taxation.

It is said by the La Grande papers that the appointment of J. W. Norval as chairman of the committee on counties is favorable to La Grande, but the people in general place too much confidence in Mr. Norval to believe such an insinuation, and it is sincerely believed that he is under no obligations to certain sections of people, but that he goes to the legislative halls of Oregon with a feeling of deepest respect and conscientious regard for the combined interests of the people of Union county, and not under obligation to a few long-sighted speculators at the city of La Grande.

If the good Lord had wished to save time, and curtail the expense of feeding a large army, he would have sent a cable-gram to La Grande and had some of her "blowers" sent forthwith to blow down the walls of Jericho, for it would not have taken seven long days to tear down the walls if he had given them a county seat move to blow on.

If the matter is put to a vote of the people in two years from last June, it will be voted down, unless some foul and sly means are employed to overbalance the majority vote of our tax-payers. Our tax-payers are the men to settle this matter, and if they are allowed to exercise their voice then they will stand the result. If the people of La Grande could see the burden of taxation that will follow this move they would surely, like business men, let it drop and go to work on improving the property, offering more extensive inducements to manufactures and all other kinds of enterprises so it might, by virtue of its merit, location and business, attract people who seek a lively and prospering town.

Union is the natural location for the county seat. Our southeastern people have far enough to come now to attend to the business which must of necessity come to the county seat, while the most extreme northern portion is within an easy day's drive of Union.

If the railroad company, which owns a few depots and warehouse grounds along the line, that were given it by the settlers, is to be made a silent but very active factor in this move, and by aid of its funds and votes carry the selfish designs of La Grande into effect, our citizens who do their duty in supporting the county and its business are in a poor way to exercise their rights.

A TAX-PAYER.

Don't Experiment.

You cannot afford to waste time in experimenting when your lungs are in danger. Coughing always seems, at first, only a cold. Do not permit any dealer to impose upon you with some cheap imitation of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, but be sure you get the genuine. Because he can make more profit he may tell you he has something just as good, or just the same. Don't be deceived, but insist upon getting Dr. King's New Discovery, which is guaranteed to give relief in all throat, lung and chest affections. Trial bottles free at Brown's drug store. Large bottles \$1.