

THE OREGON SCOUT.

VOL. V.

UNION, OREGON, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1889.

NO. 34.

THE OREGON SCOUT.

An independent weekly journal, issued every Thursday morning by
JONES & CHANCEY,
Publishers and Proprietors.

A. K. JONES, Editor. J. B. CHANCEY, Foreman.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:
One copy, one year \$1.50
Six months .75
Three months .375
Invariably Cash in Advance.

If by chance subscriptions are not paid till end of year, two dollars will be charged. Rates of advertising made known on application. Correspondence from all parts of the country solicited. Address all communications to THE OREGON SCOUT, Union, Oregon.

PROFESSIONAL.

R. EAKIN, J. A. EAKIN, Notary Public.
R. EAKIN & BROTHER,

Attorneys at Law,
Union, Oregon.
Prompt Attention Paid to Collections.

JOHN R. CRITES,
Attorney at Law.
Child and probate practice specialties. Office, two doors south of post-office, Union, Oregon.

I. N. CROMWELL, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office, one door south of J. B. Eaton's store, Union, Oregon.

C. H. DAY, M. D.,
HOMEOPATHIC Physician and Surgeon.
ALL CALLS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
Office adjoining Jones Bros' store. Can be found nights at residence in Southwest Union.

J. W. SHELTON, J. M. CARROLL,
SHELTON & CARROLL,
Attorneys at Law.
Office: Two doors south of post-office, Union, Oregon.
Special attention given all business entrusted to us.

T. H. CRAWFORD,
Attorney at Law,
Union, Oregon.
Office, one door south of Centennial hotel.

B. F. WILSON,
Conveyancer and Abstractor.
Abstracts to Real and Mining property furnished on short notice, at reasonable rates. Sales of Real and Mining property negotiated. Collection business promptly attended to. Office next door south of Post-office, Union, Oregon.

A. L. SAYLOR, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
North Powder, Oregon.
Has permanently located and will attend all professional calls day or night. Office: Drug store building; residence, one door west of Rodgers' hotel.

J. W. STRANGE,
DENTIST,
La Grande, Oregon.
Will visit Union regularly on the first Monday of each month.
ALL WORK WARRANTED FIRST CLASS

Cornucopia Saloon,
WM. WILSON, PROP.
The Finest of Wines, Liquors and Cigars always in stock.
FIRST CLASS BILLIARD TABLE.
Drop in and be sociable

Shannon Marshall,
—THE—
Practical Horse Trainer,
Will always be found at Booths & Campbell's livery stable. Take your vicious horses to him and he will break them. Charges reasonable.

Stage Line to Cove.
Leaves Union daily at 2 p. m., arrives at Cove at 3:30 p. m.
Leaves Cove at 8 a. m., arrives at Union at 9:30 a. m.

Connections made with Elliott's coach running to the depot, carrying passengers for east and west bound trains.
RATES FOR PASSENGERS, LEGGAGE and FREIGHT, REASONABLE.
ROBINSON & LAYNE, Proprietors.

NORTH POWDER.

A Record of the Happenings of the Past Week.

THEY WANT TO BE POSTMASTERS

Mining at Haines—Value of Timber Lands—Kicked by a Horse.

February 12, 1889.
Mr. W. J. Kinsey, of the Cove, was in town on Thursday.

Mr. M. Levy and Miles Lee started for Cracker creek, yesterday.

Mr. Mike Riddle's family are again united and residing on the North Powder river.

We learn that Mr. Wm. Charnes is expected to return to Oregon again soon.

Dr. Winters, of La Grande, called here last week. The doctor has poor health.

Misses Annie and Mollie Richardson have removed to their mother's farm on Anthony creek.

Mr. Frank Dolan, of Baker, is negotiating for a lease of the North Powder hotel.

A number of relations of Mr. I. N. Sanders arrived here from the east, recently.

Mr. Dave Beverage left on Thursday for an extended trip to Astoria and Portland.

A lecture was held at the residence of Mr. Powers, lately, with a large attendance.

Mr. Wallace Spence is very low with lung fever at his brother's residence on the North Powder river.

Mr. Brack Utz and A. C. Bell, of Hilgard, have returned here again to reside. "There is no place like home."

Mr. F. Stiekney left, on Monday's train, for the vicinity of Hilgard where he will be employed in the mills for the next six months or more.

"Give me a postoffice or I perish," is the ghastly wail of some people who would prefer to do nothing and have Uncle Samuel foot the bills—Rats!!!

Mr. Burns is rapidly recovering from a severe attack of lung fever, complicated with erysipelas, and will be able to resume his duties as watchman of the tunnel in a short time.

The North Powder end of Union county has not the highest regard for Baker since its recent attempt at gerrymandering us into its domicile without license. Truly self interest as well as politics makes strange bed-fellows.

The mining interest at Haines still remains unabated. Eastern capitalists, it is reported, are prospecting there with the intention of purchasing should results be satisfactory. So note it, John.

Gen. John S. Stevens, of Clover creek, has recently been offered and refused the handsome sum of \$1200 for a fine body of timber land, 160 acres in extent. It would appear that timber lands are of some value hereabouts.

A six year old son of Thomas Spence's, on Bulger Flat, was kicked in the face by a horse on Friday. A wound two inches in length, severing a wing of the nose and penetrating to the jaw bone, resulted. Dr. Saylor's services were called upon to attend him.

Rev. J. Newman, of the Unitarian denomination, will deliver a lecture at the church in this place next Sunday evening, the 19th inst., upon the "Signs of the Times, or Growth of Religious Thought." Rev. Newman is a pleasant speaker and laudible subjects in a clear and logical manner, thereby attracting a good house on all occasions.

Mr. J. W. Kimbrell, our very efficient county and deputy United States surveyor, is in receipt of a new solar transit of the latest improved pattern from a reliable firm in the east for use in his line of business. Mr. Kimbrell is a man of progressive ideas and is fully competent to transact business in his line with accuracy and despatch.

—AJAX.

Would Rather "Scoury Around."

The following plan for caring for paupers, adopted by Baker county, seems to commend itself as efficient, beside having the merit of cheapness:

Baker county has paid during the past five years over \$15,000 for the care of paupers. They are kept by private contract, the present rate being \$2000. The contractor has inadvertently discovered a way to make his bargain a profitable one. He fitted up a place in the county at some distance from town for the reception of county guests, and during the four months in which his contract has been in force he has had but two paupers on his hands. From this record it appears that the average pauper of that district would rather scurry around and maintain himself about town than to be fed, clothed and sheltered by public beneficence and confined to a lonely country house.

—THE SCOUT.

The SCOUT is just the paper to send east to your friends. Try it.

FROM SALEM.

The Portland Schemers—Wallawa Canyon Appropriation—Notes.

EDITOR OREGON SCOUT:—

The Bull Run Water Bill, in my opinion, is the biggest "job" that will come before the present Legislature. The only positive and formidable opposition to the bill is on account of the provision that that \$1,500,000 of bonds issued and running for thirty years are non-taxable. This bill was taken up in the House on the first instant, after passing the Senate by a handsome majority, and the amendment, which would have made the bonds subject to taxation, was voted down by a vote thirty-eight to twenty-seven. The Governor has expressed himself unreservedly as opposed to the bill, and as he is certain to veto it, the question now presents itself, (to some of those who voted against the amendment upon the promise of the Multnomah delegation to support their internal improvement bills), "Shall we vote to pass this bill over the Governor's veto, after Messrs. Hume & Harrington have gone back on us, or shall we give the whole world to Portland and donate to them our interest in the Moon and Sun?" We predict that when this bill comes back to the House with the Governor's veto thereunto attached, the veto will be sustained and Portland will be justly rebuked for her parsimoniousness, as she should be.

There are already two hundred and twelve bills on the calendar, and God knows how many more awaiting the order of business, known as the "introduction of bills."

Senate Bill No. 161, for an enabling act, the object of which is to change the county seat of Union County, was introduced by Raley, and referred to the "Committee on Counties." Both Union and La Grande have a heavy lobby here, and we anticipate a lively time in the House when this bill makes its appearance there.

Hunter's bill, praying for an appropriation of \$8000 to open up the Wallawa Canyon, is a laudable one. The bill passed the House on the afternoon of the 5th instant.

J. O. Kuhn, the redoubtable ex-editor of the La Grande Journal, has a reporter's desk inside the bar of the House. He tried to get a clerkship on some committee, but his record was too unsavory for either Democrat or Republican, and he was relegated to the reportorial chair of the La Grande Journal, with the best wishes of the House.

Glen O. Holman, a cheeky fellow of the Republican party, after being set down on for every office from Door-keeper of the House to Chief Clerk of the same body, finally "insinuated" himself onto the Speaker, and in order to get rid of him, he was appointed Assistant Reading Clerk of the House of Representatives.

Finch, Sargent-at-Arms of the House, now arises in the majority of his office and asks for the appointment, (modestly, though persistently), of Railroad Commissioner. What gall! Oh! ye gods. Why didn't he ask a seat in the United States Senate?

—SAM HAYMAKER.

The Chaplain's Prayer.

The Chaplain of the Dakota House of Representatives, at a meeting at Bismarck, last week, found most of the members absent when they began to pray, and consequently delivered the following unique prayer. If the name Salem is substituted for Bismarck and Portland for Grand Forks, the prayer might be applicable to some Oregon legislators. The prayer was as follows:

"Oh! Lord bless this House. Of course, as can be seen by careful observation, there are not many of us here; the majority having gone on a junketing tour to Grand Forks. Oh! Lord, thou knowest their motives in going. If it is in the best interests of the country, (which seems to be very doubtful), thou wilt bless them, but if it is for the wayward pleasures of this wicked world, thou mayst do with them what seemest best in thine eyes. They have gone, oh! Lord, where the ensnaring beauties of the northland dwell and the cunning jack-pot doth allure; they have gone to the home of the boomer and the "flush"—to the land of Jud Lamour, but foolish and wicked as the expedition may seem, we ask thee for the sake of their wives and children not to visit Thy wrath upon them too severely. Oh! Lord, smile Thou upon the prohibition cause, and let Thy blessing be with the woman suffrage measure, and save all at last—junketers and all, if possible.

HIGH VALLEY.

A Few Chunks of Condensed Wisdom from "Homo."

ABOUT WIVES AND GRASS-WIDOWS

Remarkable Geographical Discovery—News of the Week.

HIGH VALLEY, Feb. 11, 1889.

The scarlet fever has gone with the approach of spring.

The mild winter weather will leave on hand a large surplus of hay.

Put us all down as kickers on the forty-second parallel against being annexed to Baker County.

Our enterprising farmers are already planning their spring work, and certain harbinger of the season of sunshine and roses.

The office-seeker is out on his tail-grime. We caught one! He is a comrade and wants to be Postmaster. In pompous style the "whangdoodle," sautee, arrayed in comrade glory, asks a land office. May all the efforts of the Grand Army of the Republic and O. P. be successful. Such was the campaign promise.

Everything is moving quietly in this part of the vineyard with the exception of the considerably agitated railroad question, which holds the balance of thought. We have heard many favorable comments and expressions. There is another deal in which farmers and all others are interested; here is a bird that will lay a golden egg for us if we can help feather the nest.

Some men never know how to take a woman and, indeed, there is but one way, namely—let her go. If worse; and then at the convening of the courts the divorce laws are ventilated. Taken as a whole they are unjust and discriminating, and what might be called class legislation. In sixteen States, the husband being to provide for the wife, and in no State does the failure of the wife, in furnishing provisions, give the husband the same chance. And why are they called grass widows? Why not call them hay widows? Hay is grass with the greenness squeezed out.

Mr. D. J. Davis and William Porter prepared to take a trip to the new gold mines on the Yukon River in Alaska, when, by some mysterious method, better known to himself, Tom Wilkinson divulged the secret to them that a prong of that same river had been discovered on the head waters of Catherine Creek by Lanere Young and Sullivan. Being fully convinced of the fact, they will wait and visit the great prong early in the spring. Reports have it that fifteen dollars to the pan is only common. The band of sheep that was ranged there the past season have been indiscriminately slaughtered for the fine gold contained in their droves. Water will have to be carried some distance burlap sacks or forced up by hydraulic rams.

—HOMO.

What He Planned.

"My father planted that windbreak" said a young farmer we were visiting recently, as he pointed toward a triple row of magnificent willows, twenty-five to thirty feet high, which bordered three sides of the ten acres of the farm devoted to house, barn, sheds, garden, orchard, etc. Sheltered by the willows, ash, maple, black-walnut and other hard and valuable timber was growing. Fruit trees and vines were strong and healthy and had borne bountifully in their season; around the whole place was an air of comfort and thrift never found around a treeless, shadeless, and wind-swept habitation.

"My father planted that windbreak" The voice was tremulous with gratitude and love, and there was just a promise of a tear in the eye, but a tender smile hallowed voice and tear, and it was plain to be seen that when the thoughtful, provident father planted the windbreak around the home of his children he also planted in their hearts monuments of affection and grateful remembrance which will ever abide with them. It is within the power of nearly every farmer to insure his children the inheritance of a windbreak; we wonder more of them do not do it.—Minneapolis Farm, Stock and Home.

A Woman's Discovery.

"Another wonderful discovery has been made and that too by a lady in this country. Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly and could not sleep. She bought of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and was so much relieved on taking the first dose that she slept all night and with one bottle has been miraculously cured. Her name is Mrs. Lillian Lutz. This was W. C. Hamrick & Co., of Salem, N. C. Get a free trial bottle at Brown's drug store, Union, Oregon.

A Missouri man says he can fatten 1000 in sheep and make every pound of wool for five years and make more clear money than he can make on cattle, horses or hogs.

WASHINGTON.

An Interesting Letter From Our Regular Correspondent.

Washington, Feb. 1st, 1889.

Editor OREGON SCOUT:—

Now the winter's wind, ever searching for forgotten paths, sighs and moans through the whiskers of Blaine's enemies. Inside the Normandie, the man from Maine softly taps the letter from General Harrison in his inside pocket and nurses his triumphant wrath. He watches in the fire figures of a vigorous foreign policy—deeds that shall be in all men's mouths, and best of all, long delayed, supreme revenge. Such things may be. The Secretary of State is his, and the young man, who is to be of his school.

Indeed, if Senator Allison declines the treasury portfolio, Mr. Blaine will be the only really great Republican in the Cabinet. Largest calculations omit all party Republicans, such as Sherman, Edmunds, Keats, Depew, or even the younger men, Quay and McKinley. To leave his Cabinet from the accusation of being composed of one great man and an assorted collection of small men, General Harrison must look towards Senator Allison with confidence.

In the meantime Senator Allison has his own interests to consider. A Cabinet position is a dangerous thing for a presidential candidate to accept, and Senator Allison looks forward to 1892 with fondest hopes. It was stated last night that he was in consultation with Mr. Blaine.

He answers the suggestion that unless he accepts Iowa will be unrepresented in the Cabinet by proposing the name of Mr. Jackson.

But General Harrison demands a really first-class man, in whom the people, not the politicians of his party, have implicit confidence. Without Senator Allison in the treasury, considerable delay may occur in securing a man.

The other members of the Cabinet, scheduled are General Russell A. Alger of Michigan, for Secretary of War, and Thomas C. Platt of New York, and John W. Wadsworth of Philadelphia, who will divide the Postmaster-Generalship and the Navy portfolio between them. Mr. Platt probably getting the former, where the spoils are greater. This leaves the Warner Miller party out in the cold, although that eminent disorganizing statesman may accept the office of Commissioner of Agriculture, and thus by the organization of that bureau as a department, become a Cabinet officer. A Pacific coast man will probably be Secretary of the Interior, and General Harrison will follow Mr. Cleveland's example and select his Attorney General from the south; let us hope with better results than attended his predecessor's selection.

General Alger is only a name to most people, and his representatives merely the wealthy men of his State. Mr. Wadsworth is likewise unknown except as a wealthy Philadelphia advertiser. Mr. Platt represents the "boss" system as it flourishes in the great State of New York. These three men, in an eminent degree, represent the politicians. Some one must represent the people of the country from Maine to Dakota, and it is no wonder that General Harrison looks with longing eyes toward Allison and cries "Save me, Cassius, or I perish."

Obvious to the prayers of certain preachers, the preparations for the inaugural ball are now in full swing. The south side of the city is the most beautiful and elegant ever issued. The tickets are also out, together with the complimentary invitations. Eighty-five invitations were issued to the last inaugural ball, but it is supposed that even less will be issued this year. The pressure of places in the inaugural procession is simply astonishing. Of course the attendance of the general public from New York City like New York and Philadelphia will be greatly restricted by the weather. If it give prospect on March 3d of being fine the next day, even the concentrated railroad facilities will be unequal to the task of carrying the people from central points in the east. On the 3d trains will leave New York for Washington every quarter hour, and it is probable that from Maine, it made into the solid steam, would cover seventy-five miles of track. Thus a leaping herd of the immensity of the prospective crowd may be gained.

—J. H. C.

THE COVE.

Great Convenience of the New Telephone Line.

SEVERAL SERENADERS SETTLED.

Entertainment to be Given at Frosty—Social Notes—Pointers.

COVE, Feb. 13, 1889.

Miss Kate Thomas of Island City, visited friends in Cove this week.

Frank Meacham is buying apples and disposing of them in Baker City. He finds ready sale for the fruit.

Babies of school girls are seen out horseback riding. It is said to be a sure indication that spring is coming.

Miss Mollie Hendershot goes this week on a visit to friends and relatives in Portland and Salem. She expects to be absent several weeks.

Mr. Hilderbrand and family have moved from near Doney's nursery to a house belonging to Mrs. Babington, in the upper part of town.

Born to the wife of William Martin, February 8th, a son. All parties to the episode doing well. Billie has been wearing a "bald" shirt and store clothes ever since the event.

The band was out serenading, Friday night, and were treated right royally wherever they went. Luncheon was passed at Mrs. McDaniel's and H. H. French's.

Professor A. J. Hackett of Union, accompanied by Miss Rees, an accomplished young lady, visiting relations in that city, paid M. B. Reese, of Cove, a brief call, Sunday.

The roof of S. Barron's planing mill took fire from the smoke stack of the engine, Tuesday. Luckily the incipient conflagration was discovered and quenched before serious damage was done.

Wesley Matlock of Pendleton, came over, Monday, and again entered Leighton Academy. His many friends are glad to see him back. Wes is a first-rate baseball player and his wonderful one-hand catches has brought down the grand stand on several occasions.

A variety entertainment will be given at Frosty school house on the evening of February 20th. The programme will consist of music—vocal and instrumental, dramas and farces. Admission free and a cordial invitation extended to all to attend.

The telephone line proves a great convenience. Many whose business would otherwise necessitate a trip to Union or other points on the line, at a considerable outlay of time and money, now communicate per telephone, transacting their business expeditiously and satisfactorily.

As M. Levy and L. Swaggart were enjoying a cart ride behind a fast colt, last Saturday, one of the wheels struck a rail with the result of elevating the young gentlemen to such a height that a flock of birds were seen to fly under them before they struck terra firma. Very fortunately they chose a soft place to alight, and escaped with a few bruises and scratches.

Produce your warriors and take the cane—L. Where's the cart?—L. Can't find the cart! rub my back.—M. I don't think I did it during hostilities.—C. I took the cane and had business outside.—W. My turn has come and I am awfully sick.—Dave. There is no use of a man leaving me to attend shop alone just because he has a new boy at his house.—E. He told me by telephone that he liked me better than ever.—Miss H. I secured the prettiest valentine in town for my girl.—R. I calculate to pay up old scores in that line this year.—C. I shall shortly write a book on the rise and fall of the mumps.—W.

The boys of Lower Cove find various ways to amuse themselves before spring work commences. One night last week they gathered their instruments of warfare and serenaded, in rather an unmannered manner, one of their neighbors, who, they supposed, had begun that journey which so many are prone to retrace. Their visit was premature, but they were innocent of the fact. At last, wearying of the walk around, they all entered a cellar, and, discovering a keg of splendid hard cider, at once began to make merry. About this time the owner of the premises discovered his guests' location, and carefully closed and barred the cellar door. When the boys realized their predicament their feelings were hard to describe, but they made the best of it, and it is said when the prisoners were freed a number had fallen in the fray and had to be assisted homeward.

The Verdict Unanimous.

W. D. Salt, druggist, Bippis, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles and was cured of Rheumatism of 40 years' standing." "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years' experience, is Electric Bitters. Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidney or Blood. Only a half-dollar a bottle at Brown's drug store.