# THE OREGON SCOUT.

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## THE OREGON SCOUT.

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—THE—

**Practical Horse Trainer,**

Will always be found at Boothe & Campbell's livery stable.

Take your vicious horses to him and he will break them. Charges reasonable.


### BOB BEANPOLE.

(Written for THE SCOUT.)

A dim March sun was sinking down
Behind Pyle canyon's hilltops brown,
The cows came strolling down the vale,
The sheep-bells tinkled on the gale.
The farm-boys, with their horses,
Fulfilled the mute steed's commands;
Each evening true, and faithful chore
Was done—alas, but not before,
Bob Beanpole stopped his weary plow;
His long day's work was finished now.
Old "Tim" an "Nancy" faithful team,
Neighed loud to Bob their kind esteem.
The low shed, with its oats and hay
Had sheltered them full many a day.
His horses fed, Bob takes the pail
And trips to where the homesick wait
For welcome bowl of milk and bread,
When family blessings had been said.
The happy youngsters chatter loud,
And make their boastings strongly proud.
The frugal supper done at last,
And too, another week's work past,
Each chap now calculates the week,
And all for all the young lads speak.
The busied housewife knits her brows,
And wonders who has milked the cows.
Grim, stern old sire, with chronic pain
Gives forth his fierce commands in vain,
For deaf to aught but thunder's crash
The lads are silenced with the lash!
As force can awe them for awhile
The bravest n'er is seen to smile,
But with a face long drawn and thin,
They steal behind the house to grin.
Bob saddles up his war horse grey,
And dons his Sunday school array,
With a split-tailed coat and collar high,
Whose corners lift toward the sky,
With sharp-toed shoes, tight pantaloons,
And socks with colors gay as Joe's,
A white speckled vest, a campaign hat,
Two yards of silk for a cravat;
Long cuffs protruding from his sleeves,
All wriggled up like cabbage leaves.
At last his toilet is prepared,
And all the kids at their have glared,
And e'en grey "Shanks," his pony bold,
At Bob, his curious white eye rolled,
And sniffed the odor of cologne,
As strong as roses newly blown.
Off goes the plow boy like the wind,
And leaves the cackling hens behind.
He speeds along; o'er bridge and stone,
Nor thanks or shanks's remonstrant groan;
The trees and fences flit so fast
It seems they flutter on the blast.
The evening shades were now ring down,
When Bob rode into Union town,
And hitched his horse with hurried hand
Then ran to seek the children band.
Gay lads and maids with beaming eyes,
All revelling in glad surprise;
Deep into fun they soon were cast,
For them life's trouble all were past. [ed
Gay songs were sung gay games were play-
The night a night of joy was made!
The lads and maids forgot the hours—
Forgot all else but pleasure's bowers.
The singing circle's voices sweet
Went out the midnight hour to greet.
Refreshments crowned the evening's fun,
At midnight, pleasure's race was run!
The lads and lassies broke the ring,
Bob's secret mission now is come,
He arms a lovely lassie home.
If all the thoughts that ebbed and flowed
In Bobbie's vision as he plowed,
Could be brought out and plainly seen,
This after session was supreme!
He rode with tearful careless speed.
Of rocks and ruches gave no heed,
All for these fifteen minute's walk,
And with the little maid to talk.

* * * * * * * *

The dark clouds hang with dullness down,
In slumber lay the silent town.
The wind with low-pitched accents moaned,
The swaying willows creaked and groaned.
Bob shuffled down the silent street,
To mount his horse with ready feet.
Alas, some wretch with purpose low,
Had cut the rope and let him go;
And now perhaps at home "Shanks" waits
For Bobbie at the stable gates.
Ah Bob! Ah Bob! Your sorry plight
Will drive your mother wild to-night!
She told you of the five long miles
Between your home and Ella's smiles.
Your sturdy sire with long drawn face,
Said, "Home for you sir, is the place,"
Your brothers said: "Your night-hawk flights
Would end in sorrow's wary plights."
In gusts and fits the west wind flew,
The rain soaked Robert through and through;
His high raised collar lost its starch,
His white vest lost its sortly arch,
With downcast head and solemn face
Bob took the road with manly pace;
Knee-deep in water pools he stepped,
Then gained the edge and softly wept.
With long-drawn breath and secret smiles
Bob measured fast the weary miles.
He gained the canyon's gloomy way,
Unguided by a single ray.
Here, sombre caverns broad and deep,
Far back into the hill side creep.
The old-time stories tell the tale,
That here the mighty phantoms wail;
That ghosts and ghouls with horrid pace
At midnight walk this haunted place;
That every rock has glaring eyes
And sings some death-like melodies.
All these came into Bobbie's mind;
He hears the lingering sounds behind,
As carefully he steals along,
Afraid lest he should do a wrong
To his high chastship in the dark—
Bob sighs for the old fireplace spark.
He trips, he stumbles—what a noise!
Ugh! Heavens! what was that dreadful voice?
His derby hat stands out aghast,
His breath comes rifled, thick and fast.
Some form is following on the rear—
Oh, Lord, its steps is awful near.
The wild coyotes glaring eyes
Peer at him now in great surprise.
The weary owl in doleful drawl,
Sends echoing down the sombre wall
Her dreary, doleful, midnight call.
Ah, giddy Bob, your blankets warm
Could now be wrapping your tired form,
But you would heed no good advice;
Now, take your pill, Bob, at the price.
Your waiting mother in a stew,
Will burn up tallow candles two,
In watching for her son to come,
With soaking garments, to his home.
A Sunday morning dawned with light,
The muddy straggler came in sight;
His ruffled vest, his dripping coat,
His collar on the wind afloat;
Like sleepy lap, he shuffled in
Just as the morning prayers begin.

MORAL:

Boys, when the evening clouds are damp,
Remember Bobbie Beanpole's tramp.

—R. W. HUFFMAN.

UNION, March 20, 1889.


Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale at Brown's drug store.


## CORNUCOPIA.

### A Review of Some of its Most Noted Mines.

### THE WEALTH OF UNION COUNTY.

### The Opinion of an Able Writer and Mining Expert.

EDITOR OREGON SCOUT:—

In my first and last communication from this point, I spoke in general terms of the mineral supply of Cornucopia and adjacent districts, promising to in a future letter specify the properties that are still in the hands of the original locators. I will take those that have been first brought to my notice.

The "State" mine is situated one mile north of town, and is the property of Bolles & Senor and R. Brown, three business men of this place. The ledge is seven feet wide between the walls, with three feet of solid ore. The ore is dark, like black silver sulphurets, containing, however, but little silver, but using a common expression, is "lousy" with free gold. The wall rock of slate also carries gold in paying quantities. The average of all the ledge matter assays—or rather mills—$30 per ton. I have just been shown an assay from this ledge, of ore which was not considered worth saving, which reached $29.25. This ledge runs, in direction, a little east of north, directly over the mountain, and work can be commenced on the ledge, increasing in depth six inches from the surface to each foot of tunnel. It is most favorably located, as a good wagon road runs to the mouth of the tunnel. Water power in a small stream lies within fifteen feet of the tunnel, with timber on the ground sufficient for an almost endless exploration of the mine. This location is about three fourths of a mile from the O. G. M. Co's mill which drops twenty stamps. Thirteen hundred pounds of the "State" mine ore run through this mill, left on the plates $73.50, and had the ore been roasted a much larger resnlt would have been obtained. There is no use in denying the fact that roasting eliminates the base element that accompanys the ore, giving a much larger return of the precious metal. The mine can probably be bought for sixty thousand dollars, which, if your correspondent were allowed to judge of its value, he would call a good investment. Its accessibility with its surroundings of wood, and water power, make it really a bonanza for some one with capital. One piece of ore reached by assay the enormous sum of $20.000 per ton. I don't desire to carry the idea that there is much of such ore in the "State," for that class of ore is found only in pockets, while enongh is distributed through the ledge to make it of great value. At the depth of fifteen feet from the sur face a "lime horse" was encountered which is gradually diminishing in size, but has all the way carried gold on an average of $17 per ton, so it may be safely said that all inside the walls carries gold in paying quantities. The same description and remarks will apply equally well to other mines in its immediate vicinity, among which are the "Comet," "Way Up" and "Gorge," which were referred to in my previous letter.

The "Comet" is three feet between walls of solid quartz carrying gold, with sulphurets carrying two or three dollars in silver. Twenty sacks produced twelve dollars of free gold, besides the metal left in the tailings which assay twenty dollars per ton. It is generally shown that about one-half, or one-third is saved on the plates. The ore from these mines all requires roasting, but the working without roasting loses none of the gold. Parties are now putting in chlorination works similar to those now in operation at Deer Creek, Nevada City, California. This process has proved satisfactory and is generally adopted where the ore is accompanied by rebellious or refractory elements. The ore is exposed to the action of chorina for forty-eight hours. It is no experiment which the Cornucopians are trying, but simply obeying scientific teachings. Even the free gold in these mines is shown to be in sufficient quantities to justify the wildest anticipations of the owners.

Cornucopia has evidences of refinement and civilization which strongly mark its material prosperity As I write the sweet tones of a piano are wafted, through the clear mountain air inspired by the master hand of one of our fair daughters, and I recognize the music of Dipie and the more difficult strains of the German Opera. I am told that there are three pianos in town. The terpsichorian deity has has also its worshippers—two dances having taken place during my short sojourn of one week.

There was a meeting of citizens held the other night to consider a proposition to shorten the road between here and Union. In one place a distance of eight or ten miles can be saved, which, beyond the peradventure of a doubt, will make Union, by far, the nearest and most practicable route. We shall expect at the next meeting of the commissioners that they will take steps to materialize the proposition. Cornucopia will in a few days report progress in the project.

Six or seven miles east of Cornucopia is the new district of Okanagon, which has of late attracted considerable attention. In this district the walls of the ledges are the familiar porphyry which is so welcome to the eyes of the old California prospector. The ledges are mammoth in size and well defined. When more development is made and assays are reported, I will send you the results. Verily this is a rich land—rich in hardy, enterprising men—rich in healthy and intelligent women—and rich in the precious metals. Good-bye until next week. BANDIN.

P. S. Since the above was deposited in the mail, I learn of important developments in the "Red Jacket" mine. A body of rich ore has just been reached in the lower tunnel. This is 400 feet from the surface, thus dispelling all doubts about the depth of the ore deposit. The surface showed two veins of which the one just struck is the smaller. It was found just where it was expected to be found, and the superintendent, Mr. Smith, has no doubt but what the two veins will come together in about 25 feet more. The ore contains both sulphurets and free gold.

### "IN FURRIN LANDS."

A Former Resident of Grande Ronde Hankers After the "Flesh Pots of Egypt."

COINMO, (W. T.,) March 20, 1889.

EDITOR OREGON SCOUT:

Looking over your issue of March 14th, I see a correspondence from Centralia, W. T. It appears that a young blood from Pyle canyon was traveling through this country nearly out of stamps. There are plenty of men here in the same fix. I have lived in the vicinity of Summerville for 26 years, from the first settling of Grande Ronde valley, and never saw as many destitute people in that time as I have seen here since the 9th of February last. There are from six to ten men walking the railroad track every day, hunting work and begging something to eat. Some of them well dressed, respectable, and intelligent looking men, but without money or employment, and more are coming. The west bound trains are full of emigrants coming to Puget Sound. I can't see what they are coming for. There are three men for every job now. This is a country with nothing but fir timber, poor beef, hard work and saw mills. It looks about the same compared to Grande Ronde valley that chalk would to cheese for eating purposes. For humanity's sake stop all the emigrants in Grande Ronde you can, where there is plenty to eat, and work at some wages. There they will not go hungry. There are plenty here that will do anything for a little grub and sit down on a log and eat it. Some that will pick up the scraps that are thrown out of doors. I would advise all to stay there that are thinking of coming here to labor, if they can get board, for a man without money does not fare better than a good dog does there. I would tell you more but fear your space would not admit of it. I hope the people of Union county will raise the subsidy to build the Hunt railroad.

A TERWILLEGER.

## ISLAND CITY.

### "Luna Tick" Relieves Himself in Prose and Poetry.

### A BRANCH RAILROAD TO ISLAND.

### A Young Lady Has a Set-to with the Infuriated Family Bovine.

March 24, 1889.

TAFFY FOR PEARL.

When e'er I see those sparkling eyes
And winning smiles so sweet,
Methinks I hear the lovers sigh
As they kneel at your feet,
Declaring that one word would make
Their happiness complete.

In fancy all my boyish years
Come trooping back again;
The smiles, the tears, the hopes the fears
That followed in their train;
When I was very much in love
And courting Anna Jane.

Of boyish love the world is full
Amid life's busy whirl;
And following the general rule
You'll be some fellow's girl.
Whoe'er the lucky one may be,
He'll surely have a Pearl.

The hearts you innocently lure
Will often cause you pain,
But Mustang liniment will cure
Disease of heart and brain.
Oh, madamoiselle how oft I wish
That I was young again!

Seymour Corpe has been engaged to teach a three months school in Russell district.

C. D. Goodnough has moved to his ranch below Elgin, to engage in the dairy business.

J. L. Carter, of this place, has sold his residence to the Catholic priest.

L. S. Pearson arrived here a short time ago and now has charge of the Knapp, Burrell establishment.

Luke McGinnis has rented his place near here to Egbert Vandermeulen for a term of four years. The former will move to Portland.

General Bussy, brother to our fellow townsman Ed. Bussy, has been appointed assistant secretaay of the interior.

Miss Bishop, who has been employed in the primary department of our school during the last term, has been employed to teach a term of school on Ladd creek.

Dr. Garfield, who recently located here, has passed on and now Dr. Winters holds himself in readiness to alleviate the pains of suffering humanity in this community.

Mr. Goodnough has lately been informed that the M. & M. Co's. proposition regarding the railroad to this place has been accepted and no doubt work will be commenced in a short time.

At the annual school meeting in school district No. 40, A. S. Swain was elected clerk and M. L. Carter director. The school house in this district has recently been furnished with patent seats from the Sherwood Co. of Chicago. A three months school is in progress under the tutorship of Mr. L. Couch.

Messrs. S. and W., of North Powder, dealers in all kinds of feathered game, wild geese a specialty. Five thousand for sale, cheap for cash, or taken unbranded on the range. Also one seaside cottage on the shores of the Big Lake, where the balmy air of spring is so exhilarating to the despairing invalid. Said cottage is shingled with alkali grass and has a bathroom in the basement. Will be traded for decoy ducks or any other game of a quiet disposition.

Some days ago a young lady near this place was attacked by the family bovine. Being hemmed in by a fence on one side and an infuriated cow on the other, the situation to most maidens would have been very alarming, but this one fearlessly grasped the brute by the horns. What occurred at this critical juncture is not made clear, but from the sad and dejected look of the cow, the apparent crick in the back and kink in the neck that impedes the progress of this quadruped when on the travel, it is made clear that the young lady came off victorious. If this had been Mrs. Garfield or Mrs. Cleveland, the Press all over the country would be extolling their bravery and possibly history might make mention of their great personal daring, but being only a sweet country lass it makes all the difference in the world, you know. "LUNA TICK."


The Verdict Unanimous.

W. D. Sult, druggist, Bippus, 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 10 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.


### NORTH POWDER.

News of the Week—Notes Concerning the Third Regiment O. N. G.

March 26, 1889.

Wm. Castle returned from Walla Walla on Saturday.

Mrs. McCurry is rapidly recovering from her recent illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Punch made a flying trip to Baker during the week.

Mr. N. Tartar, of Union, was in town on Monday, looking up his business interests here.

M. McKerchenvl and Mr. Marshallsay have gone to the Cracker creek mines.

E. H. Mix, county clerk of Baker county, came down on business, Tuesday last.

Harrison Pearson is slowly recovering from a severe type of lung fever.

Wm. Hart, of Warm Springs, left for a visit to Willamette valley on Sunday.

Mr. Frisby sold his farm near the foot-hills to Mr. Jas. Gilkinson, last week.

Telegraphic dispatches announce the appointment of O. D. Thomlinson as postmaster for North Powder.

Mr. Frank Huff returned, on Friday, from Omaha, Neb., accompanied by a new bride.

J. B. Miller has sold his interest in the butcher business to Mr. Forsey, formerly with Geo. Bobier.

Mrs. Ed. Stout returned to her home near St. Helen's, on Sunday, after a two weeks visit.

A lady teacher has been employed in the public school which will probably commence about the 1st of April.

Mr. Mike Riddle has accepted the position of foreman in Mr. C. W. Hamilton's saw mill near Island City, and will go down in a few days to take charge of the same.

Mr. Chas. Schiedhauer has sold the Occidental saloon to Messrs. Clarke & Co. of La Grande. The latter firm took charge of the business on Tuesday last.

A runaway team on Sunday last caused some excitement by damaging a buggy and throwing the occupants to the ground. No serious damage resulted. "Surgeons" attended the wounded.

Messrs. Starbird & Bell have taken a contract to furnish 3,000,000 feet of railroad ties at Smith's mill near Hilgard, for Mr. Ramsey, the tie contractor for the Oregon Short Line.

A school meeting is called for the 29th inst. for the purpose of levying a tax to purchase lots and build a new school house. The present school building and lots will be sold and the proceeds applied towards the enterprise.

Sam'l Dye, the blacksmith, fractured the fifth metacarpel bone of his right hand in knocking out a railway fireman in an altercation with fists and without gloves, on Monday. Mr. Dye has suspended work for the present.

About the first of next month Messrs. Kellogg & Punch, who have been engaged in the general mercantile trade here for the past four years, will suspend business in this place and transfer their stock to their saw mills on Anthony creek, and with the suspension of Spencer & Co's. store to follow, North Powder will indeed present a lively business attitude.

O. N. G. NOTES.

Capt. E. H. Mix, of "F" company, is the present very efficient and courteous county clerk of Baker county.

Ex-Capt. W. H. Pearson, of "D" Co., Lexington, is now a resident of this place. He returned from the east last week.

First Sergeant John R. Hardin, "K" company, was called to Boise City the present week on account of the death of his brother.

Col. Morgan, commanding the 3rd. regiment is anounced to hold an inspection of "K" company on the evening of the 30th inst. at thier armory hall in North Powder. Welcome.

By direction of detail from Col. Chas. E. Morgan, commanding Third Regiment, O. N. G., Col. A. L. Saylor, accompanied by Corporals Wm. Sanders and J. B. Miller and musician Robt. Lloyd, organized "F" company at Baker City on the evening of the 21st. The following persons were elected officers of the new company:

Captain, E. H. Mix; 1st Lieut., John O'Brien; 2nd Lieut., John Basche; 1st. Sergt., H. C. Bowers; Q. M. Sergt., A. S. Shackny; 1st. Duty Sergt., L. D. Sheets; 2nd Duty Sergt. H. H. Hindman; 3rd. Duty Sergt., D. M. Kelley; 4th. Duty Sergt., Wm. Griffin; 1st Corp., R. R. Virtue; 2nd. Corp., I. Fuchs; 3rd. Corp., A. C. Shinn; 4th. Corp., Wm. Edwards.

"F" company starts out with 41 men and fair prospects of enlisting a full complement. The company consists of whole-souled, lively and intelligent gentlemen and will be welcomed in the ranks of the Third regiment. Lieut. John O,Brien is a veteran militia man, well drilled in the school of the soldier, and "F" company under his instructions will no doubt soon take high rank among the best drilled men in the regiment.

AJAX.


☞ Have you examined the fine assortment of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, just received by A. N. Gardner & Co? ☜