

THE OREGON SCOUT.

VOL. VI.

UNION, OREGON, THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1889.

NO. 1.

THE OREGON SCOUT.

An independent weekly journal, issued every Thursday morning by

JONES & CHANCEY,
Publishers and Proprietors.

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

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:
One copy, one year, \$1.50
Six months, 1.00
Three months, .75
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.

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Guns, Ammunition, Field Glasses, Fishing Tackle, etc., at

HIGH VALLEY.

Home's Regular Budget of Interesting Local News.

Merritt Wilkinson is hauling lumber to build a new house.

Mr. Alfred Minnick caught a huge black bear in one of his steel traps. He gave up a splendid pelt.

Some of our farmers are cutting their grain for hay. The dry weather made it a failure to utilize for anything else.

A single state of the American union is five times larger than England. The little island gets our commerce. Put on some more tariff.

Should you meet a person whose shoes are worn on the toes you may put it down as a certainty that he spends as he goes. And by the same authority it is said that a girl that has her shoes worn on the side is surely fated to be a rich man's bride.

It goes indisputed that all men have to die. It is the natural consequence of being born. We are thrown into this world of sin without being consulted, or having the least chance to select our parents, and when the grim King of Terrors gathers us into the final round-up we are allowed no liberty in selecting the time and place, or the disease that shall carry us off.

True, a man is allowed to shorten his career by the use of cigarettes or the slower means of liquor, but the ordinary citizen has no more to say about giving up his life than he had in taking it up. Many a philosopher with a large bump of self-esteem, who felt called upon to do the thinking of the world, has figured it out that life is not worth living under any possible circumstances. Yet they, in common with us, all have hated to give it up.

For six thousand years death, the king of kings, has reigned supreme and his grip is as firm as ever, despite the remarkable cures effected by patent medicines and faith cure doctors. Many are the devices that have been suggested to rob him of his terrors.

The soldier on the field of glory, the man who has been appointed judge at a baby show, the woman who can't have a new bonnet every six months, the citizen who is called upon to become the father of triplets, men who take their meals at a restaurant, all these do not look upon death as such a calamity. The disappointed lover and the defeated candidate also look upon death as a boon. But perhaps the most subtle scheme to rob the old tyrant of his terrors is to join a mutual life insurance society. Here you have death as a source of pleasure and profit combined. A tender solicitude for his family and the thought of what a figure his wife would cut as a rich widow, with all the duds in town running after her, will make most men at some period in their lives join one or more of these benevolent institutions. A hog could not ask for more.

HOMO.

LETTER FROM ELGIN.

ELGIN, Oregon, June 12, 1889.

EDITOR OREGON SCOUT:
I wish to correct a little misunderstanding with most of the citizens and taxpayers of Union county in regard to the subsidy now being raised in Walla Walla. Most of our citizens think that if Hunt gets \$250,000 from Walla Walla county the road will be built to Union. But they are mistaken. Hunt only agrees to make Walla Walla a center of all the roads built by him in Eastern Oregon or Washington. That does not say that he will build the Union county branch. So if our citizens and taxpayers want the Hunt railroad they had better get in and dig.

Yours truly,
E. E. TAYLOR.

A Safe Investment.

Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised druggists a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affection of Throat, Lungs or Chest, such as Consumption, Inflammation of Lungs, Croup, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe, and can always be depended upon. Trial bottles free at R. H. Brown's drug store, Union, Oregon.

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

CORNUCOPIA.

A Visit to the Placers in the "Blue Bucket" Region.

FARM LANDS ON THE IMNAHA.

Shipment of Sulphurets--Mention of Various Mines--New Arrivals.

June 30, 1889.

EDITOR OREGON SCOUT:

Mr. Sullivan came in Thursday from East Eagle and gives encouraging word both from the ledges and placers. There has been quite an influx of miners during the past week, several of whom came from Sparta. Mr. Sullivan's mines still continue to look encouraging. Mr. McGee is at work on assessments, and Aldersley is also being represented on his property. The district, or that portion of old Cornucopia district, may yet develop into a second Sanger.

THE IMNAHA.

Last Saturday Jesse Osborne, Clint Duffy and George Bolles left for an exploration around and beyond Banner Lake. The region is particularly designated as the Blue Bucket, which had been previously visited and reported to be rich in placer. The point to which the report directed them ends on a small branch of the Imnaha, but after several days search they failed to light on the place which answered the previously given description. The report upon which Mr. Osborne justified the taking of the present trip, was given by men who formerly worked with success the old diggings on Pine creek. It lies northeast from Cornucopia. Failing to find the promised land of gold, they turned their attention to the mines of fish located in the Imnaha, and Banner Lake. In the former Bolles hooked a small trout weighing, as it was guessed, by all hands, seven or eight pounds. I say guessed because he did not get near enough to place his hands on it, for with one frisk of its tail it left the surface for deep water, carrying hook and line and piscator Nimrod prospecting into a cooling bath. Clint did a little better for he landed two weighing five pounds each. At the lake they found the fish plenty and gamer, but smaller and more gentle in their habits. There is a project now in contemplation to raise the water of Banner Lake by a four foot dam, by which its waters will be utilized for the valley below. Thus it goes. Oh, Utility, how many crimes against nature are committed in thy name! Pleasure and recreation must always yield to thee.

The party struck the Imnaha about fifty miles from its entrance to the Snake, and about twenty-five miles from the Wallowa. Mr. Duffy thinks the Imnaha is at about the elevation of Eagle or Pine valleys and is from one-half to a mile wide, forming a park for five miles up and down the river. The soil is excellent and offers homes for numerous families. Here is a field for the county fathers to do a little road building. The Wallowa people already have a road to the upper Imnaha some distance above where our party reached it. They were all delighted with the trip, the county, and the prospects. Oregon is scarcely prospected--hardly explored, and as yet is unsettled. As each new valley is penetrated, new beauties are disclosed and the golden soil seems begging and saying to man, "come and plant me, dig me, and I will give you of my wealth in abundance." The party will make another effort to find the Blue Bucket placers, as the evidence of their existence is indisputable. In fact, as I have before stated in other letters to THE SCOUT, this is the center of a vast auriferous region, and some day a new Florence will be struck. Should the diggings prove remunerative the men can run the luice box, keeping time to the tune of "Patsy mind the baby, Patsy mind the child," and "The green grass grows all 'round." From Mr. Osborne I have a still more flattering account of the Imnaha at the point where they camped. He is anxious to repeat the trip. Mr. Osborne's story of the fertility of the soil, and the general surroundings, given with all the particu-

larity of an old mountaineer, was so attractive to one of our citizens that another visit with a view to permanent settlement is fixed for the near future.

SHIPMENT OF SULPHURETS.

This morning Morgan's six mule team started for Baker City with seventy-five hundred pounds of sulphurets, for shipment to San Francisco for reduction. The value of the sulphurets is variously estimated from one to two hundred dollars per ton. This is in addition to the free gold caught on the plates.

UNION MINE.

Mr. Burdette was down from the Union and reports that mine looking better than ever. This mine lies west of the Companion, and like that mine shows much free gold.

AMAX.

This is the property of a Portland gentleman, Mr. Cohen, wholesale liquor dealer in that city. He spent a few days in town last week and in company with Robert Kelley visited the mine. The mine will be thoroughly explored this summer. It was examined by Mr. Kelley, who, in addition to being an old practical "pick and shovel" miner, is highly educated, and much of his life has been spent in studying the phenomena of nature, both of land and water.

NEW ARRIVALS.

Last Wednesday's stage brought us an expert from Colorado--Mr. John Ruderberg, who has been looking around the hills, with what particular object I do not know. I think from his associations he is in the interest of Portland capitalists. He likes the outlook, and if left to his own judgment he may induce some one to improve some of the properties which have been called to his notice.

EXPECTED.

Mr. Lacousier, who was in town about a month since, is reported to be on his return. When he left he expressed himself highly pleased with the district, and certainly every change which he finds will be for the better. He will find the various district groups improving under the pick and shovel, and the people in general more hopeful. Mr. Davis is at work on the Last Chance mill, but at what time it will be running is still indefinite.

BAUDIN.

JIMMIE CREEK.

June 21, 1889.

Sunday school on Clover creek almost every Sunday.

George Ashby was visiting in this vicinity last week.

Ed. Ashby has commenced the sinking of a well on his premises.

The school still runs along smoothly in this district, with an attendance of ten pupils.

Grain, grass and hay have suffered from the dry weather and will not be as good as last year.

Born--To the wife of W. H. Bradford on the 20th of June, a daughter, weight ten pounds.

A. Prescott was in North Powder on the 20th and reports things all right in Antelope valley.

Miss Libbie Ashby was visiting at S. F. Cusick's on the 20th and at Ed. Ashby's on the 21st.

Clark Newman expects to commence haying in a few days. He secured some of his help from here.

It goes against the grain, a good bit of the time, for "Coyote" to come out of the rocks and crags this warm and dry weather.

The place to find outside stock is around the watering places in the heat of the day. About 300 head visit the Jimmie creek spring daily.

The following-named persons were visiting at J. Bradford's residence on the 16th inst.: Mrs. B. Ashby and daughter, Mrs. Thomas Gorman, Mrs. Ed. Ashby and Mrs. S. F. Cusick.

A party consisting of A. T. Hewitt, C. Hewitt, Ed. Ashby, Wm. Ashby and A. Clemens left on the 20th of this month on a fishing and hunting excursion in the vicinity of the North Powder lakes.

C. L. Caylor, the florist, living on Clover creek, has improved his flower garden by putting up a flag pole and a swing. The beautiful roses and the magnificent shade trees attract the attention of quite a number of all classes of visitors.

COYOTE.

CINCINNATI.

Interesting and Spicy Letter From E. S. McComas.

"A PROVIDENTIAL VISITATION."

Mac. Develops Extraordinary Ability as a Spring Poet.

The flattering reception that my recent rambling correspondence elicited at the hands of your Summerville itemizer, induces me this roasting, red-hot, "Lard-day" afternoon, while all around is still in an occasional snore, to spill some more pencil in order to "draw feelingly nigh" and bring me in "close communion" with many old-time friends of the good "Auld lang sine."

Hot, hotter, hottest, "hottern-L," is just about how hot it is at this time. This is a hard climate to analyze, anyway. I heard a fellow say, a few moments ago, in praising some exploit of the Cincinnati club, that one of the players "just froze to a red-hot ball." This remark, properly interpreted, shows up about what kind of a climate Cincinnati has anyway.

I have been quite an admirer of the many really able poetic efforts that I have from time to time read in THE SCOUT. Huffman has more poetry to the square inch than Joaquin Miller had when I first knew him many years ago. Minnick shows up well, and I have often imagined that I could find traces of the genuine stuff after panning out some of the tailings that I have supposed came from the SCOUT's editorial Faber. I propose that the SCOUT hang a sort of a free for all purse for the best poem on some grand theme that of itself should inspire even the "soul of things." Take something like "Spring." Have you, in all your editorial experience, ever had any lines or odes on "Spring?" I'm in, and although I'm getting a little old and know that young blood will tell, here is my lay:

SPRING.

Nature's hallelujah!
Robins, blue birds sing,
Bad blood and skin eruptions,
Et cetera--spring.

Nature's resurrection.
All that sort of thing;
Kidneys out of order,
Dyspepsia--spring.

Nature's new creation!
Songsters on the wing;
Doctors' bills--darnation,
Easter bonnets, etc.--spring.

Nature's jubilation!
Let the joy-bells ring;
Use "Fotom of Health" remedies,
From Medical lake--spring.

Tinkle, tinkle, ting,
'Tis the supper bell's welcome ring;
Strawberries, cream and chicken wing,
Betcherlife I spring.

Well, I did not write you concerning the Johnstown horror for the reason that it required volumes and the papers were full of this awful calamity. This wholesale devastation of property and slaughter of innocent people I see has had one common tendency, and that is to cause people who harbor the theory of a personal, all-wise, omnipotent, omnipresent being, who "doeth his will among the armies of heaven and the inhabitants of the earth" to ask, like the old darkey, "what foah?" Last Sunday this "visitation of the awful power of divine providence" was made the especial theme of hundreds of pulpits, and as many drummers, doing business for the Father, Son & Co., expressed as many vague and nonsensical conclusions, none of which to my clouded mental vision, were entitled to any more candid respect than is the beating of gongs and the firing of crackers indulged in by the mongolians to scare away the "debble." It is fast becoming a well-grounded belief in the minds of thinking people that if it be true that the individual personal ruler presides over the destination and things terrestrial that it is a great calamity to the people that the term could not be shortened to four years and the choice be left to the people. If such were the case the present occupant would get beautifully black-balled by the Johnstown survivors and would not run up with his ticket in Seattle.

That Seattle disaster, I am afraid, will be a great damage to my old and dear friends in Grande Ronde, for it will cripple their ability to aid Mr. Hunt; and on the effort of Mr. Hunt depends the future prosperity of the people east of the Blue mountains. Seattle will soon recover, but her liberal, broad-minded, unconquerable people will be compelled to be charitable to themselves for a time at least, but I shall hope for the best, for George Hunt is not a man that will be put down by anything but positive impossibilities.

MAC.

THE COVE.

An Interesting Letter From Our Regular Correspondent.

June 26, 1889.

The query on everybody's lips: "When will it rain?"

Dr. Mason, of Wallowa county, was in town a few days since with some fine horses for sale.

The kid band, composed of children--boys and girls, will probably play in Union on the Fourth.

E. T. Foster is spending the week on the Sound, looking over the financial prospects of that country.

Our accommodating butcher, Ed. Robinson, now disposes of two beeves weekly. He runs a wagon on the Sand Ridge.

The summer term of select school taught by Miss Nellie Stevens closes this week. The attendance has been about thirty.

James Crane received a painful cut on the wrist, last Monday, while chopping. The wound was sewn up and is doing well.

It is expected that the Cove-Union and North Powder nines will contest for the baseball prize offered by Union on the Fourth.

Adam Crossman, with workmen, is repairing the water power at the tannery. A supply of bark is being conveyed from the mountains.

Moore's specialty company showed to a small audience at Posters' hall on Monday night. The Cove kid band furnished the street music for the troupe.

Dr. Hardinge performed a neat operation last week in removing three wens from Mr. Wm. Boothe's head. They had been gradually increasing in size for years.

Frank Newell is doing a good business in Whitewater, Wisconsin. The factory, of which he is superintendent and part owner, receives over 12,000 pounds of milk daily.

Two coaches of gypsies remained two nights with us this week. They dispensed lace and opened the book of the future for those who had doubts as to their ultimate fate.

The moderately cool weather of the past few days has been of great benefit to grain, but a drenching rain is badly needed at once. Unless it comes the crop will be very short in many places.

A meeting of citizens has been called for this evening, when it will be endeavored to make the necessary arrangements for a liberty car, etc., to join the Union procession on the Fourth.

H. J. Baker and family, of Pine valley, visited at Mr. Phy's this week. Mr. Baker is a brother-in-law of Mrs. Phy. He reports that crops in Pine valley are not suffering for the want of rain, a heavy shower having fallen lately.

The strawberry season is about over. The crop has been a large one and no difficulty has been met with in disposing of it. Cherries are ripe this week and are of fine flavor. Anyone wanting a supply of the fruit can obtain it in any quantity.

Jake DeHaas and Geo. McDannell, who have been at work on the Pendleton branch railroad, returned home last week. They say the road will be completed into Pendleton in a short time. Judging from their description of the toil they have undergone in being under overbearing bosses, in dust knee deep and with a defective culinary department, pitching hay is a moonlight ramble with a beautiful girl in a fairy bower, with free ice cream and strawberries under every bush, compared with work on a railroad extension.

Greatly Reduced Prices at A. N. Gardner & Co's Jewelry Store.