

## THE OREGON SCOUT.

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## Written for THE SCOUT. TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

At close of day, in twilight gray,  
My mind was busy thinking;  
A planet bright was in my sight  
As it went westward sinking.  
Then I wondered and I pondered,  
Till my mind became serene;  
When, like a dot, a little spot  
Was near the planet seen.  
And as daylight passed into night,  
And time rolled on apace,  
More little dots and shining spots  
Shone out before my face.

Where e'er I turned, before me burned  
Unnumbered gems of light;  
And each to me appeared to be  
A world both fair and bright.

I thought, who knows but joys and wees,  
As here, are there as well?  
Or whether strife, or peaceful life,  
Upon those orbs does dwell?

Why not each one a noonday sun,  
To other worlds like this?  
Whereon doth dwell, in glade and dell,  
Beings in earthly bliss.

Why should we call this little ball,  
Upon which now we are,  
The only sphere of joy or fear  
Of all the worlds so fair?

Not as a drop within a cup,  
But a drop within the sea,  
Compared with all this earthly ball,  
An atom seems to be.

The powers that hold, and lives unfold,  
And give to worlds their birth,  
Did they combine, and all incline  
To people only earth?

As mind expands and understands,  
And walks in wisdom's way,  
The thoughts that seem to us as dream  
May yet be clear as day.

H. C. E.

## Union, Or., Nov. 7, 1889.

### HIGH VALLEY.

"Homo's" Regular Budget of Interesting Local News.

Nov. 11, 1889.

Mr. H. C. Robinette is happy over the advent of a son.

Mr. John Welling is enlarging his house.

The late rains make wood hauling to town quite bad on teams, but still they go.

The dancing season is upon us, and Thursday night we all try our hand.

No one takes everything at the shooting match. Everybody gets a piece of meat.

Mr. E. S. Tinkham has a remarkable dog that cannot bark. He has lost his yelp.

The supervisor has about finished work on the High Valley division of the Cove and Big creek road.

Plowing, sowing, butchering, wood hauling and dancing is the order of the day.

Some one tell us who was swinging that big girl on the garden gate. We saw their tracks, not here, but elsewhere.

The seven months term of our public school has just closed. We give a list of those who excelled in each class. Several others had good papers, of whom we hope to speak of at some future time: Pupils neither absent nor tardy, Bertha Wilkinson and Robert Hathaway, Arithmetic—class A, Robert Hathaway, 95; class B, Clara Cline, 95. Language—Jessie Minnick, 84; Bernice Logsdon, 84. Geography—Mary Logsdon, 89; Bernice Logsdon, 89. History—Robert Hathaway, 77. Spelling—Mary Logsdon, 100.

HOMO.

### McCarthy's Pension Claim.

Col. Stone received the following poem by mail from New York Thursday morning, and while it is very humorous, yet it represents the plan by which the government is robbed daily, under the administration of Corporal Tanner, by the thieving pension-claim agent. The country is full of McCarthy's, as the tax-payers are well aware: "Are yez the pansion-claim agent, Whose name is down there on the dure? Well, me name, sor, is Terrance McCarthy. An' I'll put me hat down on the flure. While I tell yez me business. Tim Murphy—

He's a neighbor of mine, sor, is Tim, Has jist got his pansion, an' I, sor, Did the book of the swearin' for him.

These pansion are very convenient, An' they're aisy to git, too, yez see, So I thought that I'd take me meself, now,

An' have Tim do the swearin' for me. So many are thyring for pansion, That I thought I'd thry it a whack. For someshow in leppin' the bounties, Bedad, sor, I hurted me back."

Subscribe for THE OREGON SCOUT.

## SPARTA.

The "Little Pittsburg" a Regular Bonanza.

### GENERAL ACTIVITY IN MINING.

Mining News, and Notes of Interest, by Our Regular Correspondent.

Sparta is having quite a building boom and more new buildings have been erected than for several years.

Mr. Langrell, the saw mill man, appreciating the permanency of our camp, has moved his saw mill from Cracker creek and is located two miles north of Sparta in one of the finest lumber woods in the state and will be ready to fill orders in ten days.

The Little Pittsburg is dropping her stamps on very rich ore and in a few days a big clean-up will be made which, from present indications, will be the richest one hundred ton run made in Eastern Oregon in 1889. There are many tons of the same class ore in sight, and, as we predicted some time ago, the Little Pittsburg is another successful mining enterprise for Union county.

The owners of the Oro Dell have made arrangements with the Little Pittsburg Co. to tread several tons of their ore and the same is now ready at the mill, and if this mill run will show the ores as valuable as the assay and pan tests made by some of the best metallurgists in the country have reported them, another mill will at once be built, and as it is the intention of the owners to establish a custom department we are all anxious for the success of the Oro Dell.

Another large mining deal, embracing some of the best mines in the vicinity of the Dolly Varden, and amounting to many thousands of dollars, is now on the books and will be reported in my next. The late cold weather has closed the placer mining season which has been very successful the past summer, and it is believed from the best information obtainable that the Chinese companies working on Thorne gulch have cleaned up at least \$45,000 in dust.

The McGee group of mines, owned by Frank McGee, on East Eagle are under bond to a strong California company and two cash payments have already been made on the property and ten thousand dollars more will be paid next August, if the mines continue to improve, and the final payment will be made a year later. The mines in the vicinity of Ft. McGee are pronounced by experts the most promising free gold properties in Oregon. The Mint, owned by Jud Cook and John Younger, adjoining the McGee property, is developing into a veritable bonanza and the fortunate owners decline to entertain a ten thousand dollar proposition.

Several important sales have already occurred and other properties are in the hands of the experts for final examination. Davis and McGee sold their entire interest in and to the Gold Ridge, Legal Tender and Hidden Treasure to Jay Guy Lewis of the Del Monte company, and rumor says that gentleman has already placed an undivided half interest to New York parties who are now on the ground. A car load of ore is being sacked from the Gold Ridge and will either be treated at the Little Pittsburg or shipped to Denver, Colorado. A. G. Waldron sold the Gold Hill mine, which is the north extension of the Gold Ridge, to John Rapelje and T. A. Hetherington, late of the Union Pacific R. R., and extensive explorations will commence under the new management at once. Ed Hardy, the irrepresible rustler of Baker City, has in bond extensive mining interests and it is announced that he has just sold an interest in the Hazel White to the well known mining engineer, W. B. Fisher of Denver. Major Wilkinson has sold the Blue Gulch mine to Charles Reed, of Polo, Illinois, and Captain Clough and Reed are now the lucky owners of the celebrated Gray Eagle mine, which adjoins the Winter mine, now being successfully worked by Dr. Morotte and brother.

O. S. B.

## THE PARK.

Shooting Match For Turkeys—Literary Society Organized—Farm Notes.

Items scarce. Health is good and everybody happy.

The school is progressing nicely and everyone pleased.

There has been rain enough and the farmers are busy plowing.

I hear that Mrs. Ike Van has had an attack of the asthma, but is better now.

Messrs. Jo South and Wallace Rank are hauling lumber to Sparta and Eagle valley.

Mr. Matt Shaw has been making improvements on his farm by fencing in more of his land.

Mr. Rutledge's hand is getting well very fast. He thinks he will not lose the use of his fingers entirely.

Mr. Jared Shaw has built a nice and commodious house on his homestead on Shaw creek and has come to stay.

A shooting match for turkeys next Saturday at John Wilson's on Big creek. The Park will be represented.

Mr. Archie Boyles and Mrs. Mary Cougar, of the Cove, were in the Park a few days, but returned this morning.

Mr. Samuel Vanorster and his two sons, A. and John, have gone down on the Grande Ronde to trap for beaver.

We have had one sermon preached in the Park—one sermon only—by Mr. Johnson, and he left no appointments.

The weather has been very nice this fall, with enough rain to make the grass grow nice, and stock do well on the hills.

Mr. R. M. South, the station keeper, feels happy in cleaning the stage horses since Mr. Elliott is paymaster. He thinks his pay sure now.

The cyclone has left and gone back to Moscow, Idaho. He came to see his relations in the Park. He was a great talker and therefore got the name of cyclone by the boys.

Ezra Van and wife have moved down to their home on Powder river. He has been at work at the saw mill nearly all summer. Elza Van has gone to Moscow to be away all winter.

Mr. Haller, of Lyon's hill, has moved his family to the Park to send his children to school. He stays on the place to attend to the stock and keep the coyotes from eating up his pigs and other stock.

The literary and debating society opened for the winter last Saturday night. Next Saturday night there will be a spelling match and the question, "Resolved, That there is more in-harmony than harmony in nature" will be debated. Anyone wishing to take part, let them come on; they will be welcome. So take choice and come on and help us. No difference which side is taken it will help make it interesting, anyway.

Praise God from whom all cyclones blow, Praise Him when rivers overflow, Praise Him who whirls the churches down, And sinks the boats, their crews to drown. MOIKE.

### Please Digest This.

The power of the local press is unlimited. It attracts wealth from abroad, and makes known the resources and capabilities of the city or town. Every advertisement in a local paper is an advertisement of the town—it is the voice of the merchant to his customer and to those who dwell at a distance. It acts in many different ways to benefit the town and increase its business prosperity. For these and various other reasons, it is the part of patriotism and honesty for men interested in the growth and prosperity of a town or city to patronize those who patronize them, and to help support and build up home institutions rather than those abroad. In other words, advertise in your home paper and show to distant communities that you can appreciate the efforts made to develop your town or city.

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## THE COVE.

Necktie Party for the Benefit of the School.

### A VERY SERIOUS ACCIDENT.

An Old Pioneer—The Fruit Business—Improvements.

Cove, Or., November 13, 1889.

Mr. Jennie West, of East Portland, accompanied by her two sons, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Jas. Hendershott.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Foster, prominent and popular citizens of Union, visited their many Cove friends and relatives this week.

The new machinery for the Cove flouring mill is expected daily. The ditch is completed and grinding should soon be commenced.

Mr. J. E. Hough has bought the land opposite the public school building, of E. P. McDaniel, and is enlarging the dwelling thereon. Mr. H. will embark in the fruit business and being a gentleman of energy is sure to realize handsome profits in the venture.

A. J. Foster & Son have sold the Doney nursery to H. H. French who intends building a fine dwelling on the property next season. Messrs. Doney and May have rented the nursery portion of the premises for a term of years and will conduct the fruit tree business as heretofore.

Mr. Thomas Arthur, who has been employed for some time past in the Excelsior Tanning Company's works, leaves this morning for Portland, where he will work at his regular business as a plumber. Tommy says that men in his business are not such highway robbers as they are credited with being.

Gen. J. H. Stevens, of Clover Creek, with his niece, Miss Nellie Stevens, was down this week. The General is probably the best preserved man of his age in the county of Union, being in his 85th year and with none of his senses seriously impaired. His memory is particularly correct and it is very interesting to hear him talk of the many incidents of his eventful life.

The ladies' guild will give a necktie party at the hall Friday evening of this week. Tickets for the dance and supper have been placed at the low figure of one dollar per couple. The proceeds will be applied to completing the fence around Ascension school. A pleasant, sociable time will be had and all should attend and purchase a ticket, thus aiding in the worthy cause of beautifying our town.

Mr. Geo. Barnes, while working in the camps above La Grande, suffered a dislocation of the hip by a load of ties falling on him. Not realizing the extent of his injuries, he did not call medical assistance until ten days after the mishap. On this account the operation of replacing the hip was severe and painful. Dr. Hardinge, assisted by Dr. Cromwell, performed the surgical work successfully and the patient is now resting easily.

### A Supreme Court Decision.

The following supreme court decision of the state of Indiana proves interesting at this time as it is a parallel case to that now before the supreme court of Oregon, wherein Gov. Pennoyer asks to be sustained in his appointments on the railroad commission. The constitution of Indiana and Oregon are identically the same and while in Oregon Governor Pennoyer is called a "crank" because of the stand taken by him, in Indiana the supreme judges decide that it is law. The decision is as follows under the date of the 7th:

The Indiana supreme court to-day handed down a decision in the cases brought for the purpose of having an interpretation of the provisions of the constitution relating to the filling of minor state offices. The case decided, and those which the decision affects, are those in which the officials appointed by Governor Hovey sought possession of offices filled by the democratic legislature, regardless of Hovey's appointments. A majority of the court holds the election by the legislature was illegal; also, that the governor has no inherent right to appoint, because the offices should be filled by election by the people, but as the offices exist legally they are now vacant and must be filled by the governor's appointment.

## ATHENA LETTER.

Notes from over the Mountains—Effect of the Hunt Road on the price of Wheat.

ATHENA, Or., Nov. 10, 1889.

EDITOR SCOUT:— Not seeing any items from this section of the country in your paper I thought a few might be interesting to your many readers.

The weather is fine for farming at the present date. The late rains have put the soil in good condition for plowing.

Quite a number of teams are busy hauling wood from the mountains and piling it up here for sale this winter.

Wheat buyers on the Hunt road last week were paying 57 cents per bushel for good wheat. Those on the O. R. & N. were paying 52 and 53 cents.

The Justice court has been so crowded with litigants that it was necessary to hold court last Sunday.

Sam. Mansfield, one of Athena's saloon men, has two pet bears and a badger in one cage in his rear yard. It is one of the most laughable scenes of the day when they get to fighting. The badger comes off victorious every time.

Mr. Jack German has quit the jewelry business and accepted the agency for selling Kirk's patent leaf store shelves in Grant, Baker, Union and Wallowa counties and will canvass Union this winter, commencing some time in December.

The Athena Press gave an account of six births in the burg this week. There were two more out in the suburbs, but for lack of space the paper could not give an account of them. Too bad.

### Kissing by Mail.

A young postmaster in Garfield county was hard at work, says the Independent, when a gentle tap was heard on the door and in stepped a gentle maiden of 16 with a money order which she desired cashed. She handed it with a bashful smile to the official who, after closely examining it handed her the money it called for. At the same time he asked is she had read what was written on the margin of the order.

"No I have not," she replied "for I can not make it out. Will you please read it for me?"

The young postmaster read as follows: "I send you three dollars and a dozen kisses."

Glancing at the bashful girl he said: "Now, I have paid you the money and I suppose you want the kisses?" "Yes," she said, "if he has sent me any kisses I want them too."

It is hardly necessary to say that the balance of the order was promptly paid and in a scientific manner at that, and eminently satisfactory to the country maiden, for she went out of the office smacking her lips as if there was a taste upon them she never encountered before.

After she arrived at home she remarked to her mother: "Oh, mother, but this postoffice system of ours is a great thing, developing more and more every year, and each new feature added seems to be the best. Jimmie sent me a dozen kisses along with the money order, and the postmaster gave me twenty. It beats the special delivery system all hollow."

### God Bless the Kickers.

God bless the kickers, the dear old kickers—God bless them every one. For they'll kick when you're sober and in for work—and they'll kick when you are in for fun! They'll buck on improvements in real estate; they'll buck at booming the town—and at everything that'll work for good, some kickers will frown and frown! If this thing or that thing is thought to be good—some other they'll say will be better—and if one could write them up as a "mass"—they'd knock off that superfluous letter! When these self-same kickers arrive at the gates—the pearly gates of heaven—they'll kick if offered a nice small crown and pick out a number seven! On earth, in heaven, at home, on the street, there are men who are bound to kick—until we declare there's no peace anywhere—'tis enough to make a man sick. So out on those kickers, those chronic old kickers—that blight that is trouble on a town—and when they kick with their unwholesome ways, for heaven's sake frown them down.—Ex.