

THE OREGON SCOUT.

VOL. VI.

UNION, OREGON, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1889.

NO. 22.

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 months50
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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THE COVE.

Preparations for Thanksgiving Festivities.

A REMARKABLE OLD FOWL.

Scarcity of Flour—Persistent Solicitors Interesting Notes.

COVE, OR., Nov. 20, 1889.

Mrs. Jennie West left for her home in Portland, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Mel Campbell will start next Monday for Puget Sound and from there will go to California to spend the winter.

Unclaimed letters remaining in the Cove post-office: Jas. Gaskill, P. S. Jorgensen, Mrs. J. M. Jones, Mr. Lorenson, Chas. Vantress.—JASPER G. STEVENS, P. M.

A grand ball and supper will be given at the Cove hall Thanksgiving night. Everything will be first class, yet the price of tickets has been placed at \$2.

There are lots of turkeys around the burg this year and not a few of these toothsome birds will be sacrificed to the greed of man at the approaching Thanksgiving.

Mr. D. H. Layne has finished diving the stage on the route from Union to Cornucopia and is back again on his old line. Dave shows his good sense in having become attached to the Cove as a home.

The new machinery for Foster & Son's flouring mill arrived this week. The work of placing the same in position is being hurried along with all dispatch and the mill will be running before many days.

Coveites are being treated to a flour famine. Not a sack for sale in the city. However, there are plenty of good old Murphys left and we can't starve as long as they and the salt hold out.

The ball and supper given by the ladies' guild last Friday evening was a success in every way. Nearly fifty dollars was realized. Dancers were present from Baker City, Union, La Grande and other parts of the country. The ladies had better manage all the balls.

Miss May Stevens' famous Plymouth Rock hen, Jess, spread her wings and flew to a clime where wheat ripens all the year round, last Sunday. This fowl was possessed of almost human intelligence and could be taught nearly anything, except to talk. Among her accomplishments was that of singing in a good mezzo-soprano voice upon command. This hen would also, when told, go through all the motions of scratching for food when placed on a bare table or floor, but was always very indignant and scolded in a harsh voice if not properly rewarded when her performances were over.

Messrs. Purcell and Hackett, of Union, have been soliciting subscriptions to the Hunt subsidy in Cove and vicinity. They were very enthusiastic, not to say persistent, in their work. One man whom they talked to for four solid hours has been adjudged insane and another is in hiding for fear they may return. The solicitors say that the Cove is in great danger of being almost entirely depopulated next spring as nearly every man they approached was intending to move away early next year. However, the people want the road bad and many subscribed liberally.

CORNUCOPIA.

Bright Outlook for the Mines and a General Air of Prosperity Everywhere Manifest

A correspondent writing to the Baker Democrat, says: The mines of Cornucopia never showed up better than they do to-day. Business is good and the camp wears an air of general prosperity which inspires the visitors to believe that Cornucopia has a bright future and an assured permanency.

The O. G. M. Co. are improving their facilities for handling and working their ores at the least possible cost. The tramway from the lower tunnel of the Red Jacket to the mill is almost completed and when finished will save at least 60 cents per ton on transportation of ores over traveling by freight

teams. In addition to this (rovers bins are built at the mill in such a manner that the ores are dropped from the train bucket into the bins and from the bins directly into the rock crusher which saves the handling of all ores by hand-car. By these two improvements at least \$1.50 per ton is saved, which is a big item when it is known that the mill has crushing capacity of fifty-five tons per day and ore is sight to keep it running for years. The company have been very fortunate in securing Capt. J. E. Smith as the manager, and it is hoped by all who are interested in the success of the camp that he will remain as such, until the very best style.

To a great extent the camp owes its presents prosperity to the O. G. M. Co. for no other company has spent so much money, and the Red Jacket is the best developed mine in the district. S. W. Beers has had charge of the mine and the work is all done in the very best style.

J. L. Alberson, Thos. Turner and J. T. Boiles are the leading merchants of the place and they are all doing a nice business.

T. C. Shea, Dill & Brown and Gallagher & Cunningham are the dispensers of the dispensible beverages, while Al Gildewell presides at the Alpine hotel and sets a good table and gives one a clean bed. Mrs. Turner, as proprietor of the Cornucopia hotel, is doing a good business.

Cornucopia certainly has a very bright future, and with the judicious management of many other valuable properties there it will yet be the banner gold producer of Eastern Oregon. CORNUCOPIA, Nov. 11, 1889.

ATHENA LETTER.

Interesting Personal Notes—Price of Farm Lands—The O. & W. T. Railroad.

ATHENA, Ore., Nov. 15, 1889.

EDITOR SCOUT:

As the writer has been absent from the burg the greater portion of the week, he has gathered up but very few items.

We were blessed with another good rain Thursday night.

Wood haulers report about three inches of snow in the mountains.

Gillis Bros., formerly building superintendents of the U. P. Elevator Co., have opened up a large and complete stock of furniture at this place.

Miss Ada Campbell has again resumed her position as assistant teacher in D. W. Jarvis' school in this city.

The writer heard a gentleman say that he sold a ranch one mile west of here for more than double what he offered it for three years ago.

The writer has talked with several of the leading farmers of this place in regard to the effect of the O. & W. T. railroad. They answer that they have realized from 30 to 40 per cent on the subsidy they gave and have secured a good opening to a better market than Portland.

Miss Peterson died near this place a few days ago. She was an orphan and came from Missouri to own a livelihood. One sister in the east was her only relative living. Miss Peterson gained many friends while here and was buried in the most respectful manner in the Centerville cemetery. M. D.

What is a Moss Back.

A dear friend of ours who lives in Honolulu has lately "got on" to the term "mossback," which seems to be entirely American in its origin, and wishing to know its full meaning and application, he wrote the editor of the Hesperian Gazette. For a time we were entirely tressed, but a tramp printer happened along last week and helped us out on the subject. He said: "A mossback, my dear sir, is a cross between a coyote and a cayuse with a large per cent of the cayuse predominant in his make-up. He lives, moves and has his being in nearly every town in the U. S. He kicks at every improvement, raises his rent, detests a boom, loves to have others bear all the taxes, hates a new enterprise, despises anything that smacks of progress, and won't help a paper if he can help it, even when it is to his own interest. There are several varieties of this animal, but none are worth much to a town and are as a drone to a busy hive of bees, and like the industrious insect of the bee family, the business man should avoid these drones and patronize those who are an advantage to the place in which they reside.

WASHINGTON.

Republican Ideas of How it Happened.

THE PEOPLE'S FAVORITES.

Other Matters of Interest Around the National Capital.

WASHINGTON, D. C., November 8, 1889.

EDITOR OREGON SCOUT:

The leading Republicans now in the city are busy explaining the wholesale defeat of Tuesday. The President himself is silent and refuses to talk for publication as to the occasion of this Waterloo. Among his supporters and especially such henchmen as the Indianapolis contingent, there are nothing but long faces. Of course, it is natural to say that a defeat of the administration in an off year is due to the personal unpopularity of the President, but that excuse cannot fully account for the result of last Tuesday. One must look further to discover the true reason.

Corporal Tanner, erstwhile Commissioner of Pensions, with characteristic modesty, ventures the opinion that the result in Ohio is to be attributed to the rage of ex-soldiers at the way he has been treated by the administration, a reason most comforting to that gentleman Assistant Postmaster General Clarkson believes that fraud ruled in Virginia and radical laws had disgusted the people in Iowa and Ohio. He believes that Mr. Foraker's popularity is matchless and that he made a superb fight. All those who care to talk, and they are not many, say that the failure to divide all the spoils has had a great influence upon the rank and file of Republican party workers.

Ex-President Cleveland, who arrived Wednesday night to attend the Bayard-Clymer wedding and who is accompanied by his wife, as beautiful as ever, is delighted with the result, and regards it as all the other politicians do from a personal standpoint. Blind to all the surrounding circumstances, he attributes it all to the tariff question. He says, "It is evident that the leaven of tariff reform has leavened the whole mass. The West suffering from the unjust burden of tariff taxation, has awakened. The work goes on and the people have given their verdict against the robber tariff."

The mob is no respecter of persons. On Tuesday night a vast crowd surged about the Post building awaiting the returns, which are at the hour all in favor of Foraker. To relieve the monotony, the stereopticon man displayed the pictures of well known public men. When the crowd recognized Grant there were deafening cheers, which only increased when Carlisle's picture appeared on the canvas. When Cleveland's features were displayed the cheering became deafening. This continued when the pleasant face of Vice-President Morton was viewed. The operators had saved President Harrison's picture for the last and when it flashed upon the transparency, a low murmur ran through the crowd. A few spasmodic cheers here and there in the crowd were heard, mingled with hisses. Can it be that President Harrison is not exactly the god of the common people?

The Republicans of Virginia, of whom it may be said that a greater number are fed at the public trough than are thus supported among the members of the party in other states, are not cast down by their defeat, but rather go about the public places telling of the "splendid fight" they made. Exactly what splendor is to be attached to a fight in which one is defeated by an increased majority is hardly visible to the naked eye. The truth is that the voters of Virginia are tired of William Mahone. A boss who has nothing to offer but the chance for spoils, cannot hold a large party together because it is not possible for him to keep his promises. For nine years Mahone, during the Republican administration, has been filling the executive department with such political renegades as he could find in Virginia, who cared to turn their coats for a political appointment. The only error he made was one of judgement. There were not enough offices to go around.

The belief that the Ohio legislature

on joint ballot will be Democratic, is welcomed with joy by the friends of Senator Payne. Mr. Payne has never expressed himself definitely as to the probability of his being a candidate for re-election in the event that the legislature should be Democratic, but little doubt is felt as to his course in such an event. He would undoubtedly seek the vindication that re-election would assure. Col. Oliver Payne contributed a vast sum to the Ohio campaign with probably no other view than to secure Senator Payne's seat to him for another term.

An Indianapolis acquisition to the White House staff is a gentleman of unusual gravity and zeal of purpose, aided and abetted by a magnificent ignorance of everything outside that enterprising city. A month or so ago there was a reception to the diplomatic corps, and toward the windup a dazzling diplomat in a wealth of gold lace asked our Indian friend to call his carriage. "Who is his whiskers with the green pants?" He asked of a fellow messenger. "Oh, the green pants", responded the other, "that is the Irish minister". And without further ceremony the Hoosier stepped out to the line of carriages and cried aloud "The Irish minister's carriage this way!" "There were a laugh of surprise among the coachmen, while someone down the line yelled "somebody stole it." J. H. C.

A PLEA FOR SCHOOLS.

Sectarian Schools Entirely Useless and a Menace to Our Free Institutions.

EDITOR SCOUT:

With the proposition to erect a Presbyterian seminary in the city of Union, there arises a wide and varied range of questions to be considered by her intelligent citizens. The erection of the school, at a glance, is a judicious and generous idea. The fact that Union is to possess an institution something higher in grade than the common public school, is a good substantial advertisement for the advance of the city and her people. This is nothing more than what every town should have. The question of schools and school erection is grand in itself, but there is an objection to be raised when a school setting forth a mode of belief and religious doctrine is raised by a town. If the people of a town want a sectarian seminary, and can raise funds to build such, it is their right to have it, to believe in it, to patronize it; but on the other hand, all schools are founded for the common good of all citizens. They are calculated to advance the civil enlightenment of the rising race. In the school house and college are framed and formed those stays and props that lift the grand superstructure of government to a model plane, and above the level of the gross intrigue and scheming factions that so often dissolve and destroy the fabric on which we depend for our rights—our protection. Schools are designed for the advance of mind. Children are sent there to receive training that will benefit them, and for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of a system or a plan upon which to build an education of worldly affairs. The graduate in college is just the child in the wider and deeper department of Nature's school. The school room is the moulds wherein are fashioned the motors that urge upward the march of civil grandeur, of political purity and national enlightenment. There the finger that guides nations on to a glorious destiny, first grasps the pen, and the tongue that pours in the arena of thought, its versatile volumes of richness and beauty, first lips its simple sentences. There the men that turn the wheels of commerce learn the art of calculating gain and loss, profit and expense.

Schools are strictly and should be conclusively non-religious. When it comes to mingling the question of religious belief and religious doctrine with the higher branches of learning, it looks like doing away with state-manship and establishing in its stead a grade of priesthood and priest-craft. Religion is a fireside attribute. The family altar is the place to confine the private worship of God, if there be a God. At home belongs the rites of worship. If you believe in doctrines that permeate society, go to your fireside and with your family hold com-

Continued on last page.

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