

THE OREGON SCOUT.

An independent weekly journal, devoted to the interests of the people of Oregon.

JONES & CHANCEY,
Publishers and Proprietors.

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

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One copy, one year, \$1.50
Six months, .75
Three months, .40

Incidentally Cash in Advance.

If by change 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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WELLER FOR THE SCOUT.

GOOD NIGHT, OLD YEAR.

Stilly—most stilly the chambers of Time;

Light—her heart-beats are measured and slow;

Messengers bright from Eternity's office

She leans her forehead, an angelic glow.

Slowly the pulse-beats and soft sweels her

breath;

Downsweeps the curtains, and dim the lamps

light;

Silent and sound to the grandism of death

Whispers "she's going"—Old year, good

night!

Peace to her memory—we've slept 'neath

her wing;

Done are her counsels—her summer so

bright!

Voices that praised thee and worshiped

now sing

"Thy last sad requiem—Old year, good

night!

Day, with its battle, is closing at last—

Down with the shadows—the stars gather

bright—

Closed is the book, soft whispers the past—

Dying the embers—Old year, good night!

Hands that were busy are folded in peace;

Sombre the shadows that follow the light;

Eyes that were weary in sleep and release;

Hushed are the songsters—Old year, good

night!

Children that bubbled are roaming in

dreams;

Soft glides the moon o'er the hill's sombre

night—

Hushed is the murmur of gurgling streams;

Finished our labor—Old year, good night!

The pen and the pages are laid down to rest;

The letter is sealed—and the pillow

smoothed right;

Forgotten the laughter—forgotten the jest;

Silence is master—Old year, good night!

The organ is closed; its music is peace;

The echoes that linger have taken their

flight;

Teller and witness—their labors all cease—

Bury thy sorrow—Old year, good night!

—BEN. W. HEFFMAN.

UNION, OR., JAN. 1, 1890.

SANGER.

Progress of the Mines—Society and Social

Happenings—Personal Mention.

Mr. Dan Hayes, the foreman, has gone to Baker City for a few days recreation. Mr. Hayes will return to Sanger after the holidays.

The snow in Sanger is three feet deep. Everything is covered up, but work goes on just the same. The mine is working quite a force of men, while the mill is standing still for some repairs.

The outlook for the camp of Sanger for the coming year is very good. The shaft is still worked with eight hour shifts, sinking as fast as possible. Levels are being run out from the shaft to tap the ledge, which will give plenty of ore to keep the mill running at its fullest capacity. The hoisting works are completed and doing fine work.

Mr. Wilson was seen on our streets, Thursday, with his team and wagon. It is very poor wagoning now. Too much snow.

Mrs. Townley has opened a nice and complete little store in Sanger, at the mill. She keeps quite an assortment of ready made clothing as well as other goods.

A social dance was given in Sanger on Christmas night. There was a good attendance and was enjoyed by all present. There are several families in Sanger, and quite a number of young ladies, so we can have a social dance without going abroad.

The Sanger Christmas tree was arranged by Mrs. Townley. Several nice presents were on the tree.

Born.—December 22, 1889, to the wife of John H. Durman, a nine pound boy. Hurrah for Johnny.

Mr. Scott Long has gone to Baker to spend the holidays and have a little rest. Our friend Scott is one of the steadiest miners in camp.

H. W. Lee arrived in camp a few days ago, from Powder river, and has gone to work again in the mines. Mr. Lee is one of our old miners and we are glad to see him back in our lively camp.

The Wallowa Chieftain comes to our table this week much improved and with much more space than formerly, neat and attractive in its various departments, with an excellent corps of correspondents, and giving all the news of the county in spicy and pungent paragraphs. It also contains several original poems and articles of a literary nature, which gives it a tone considerably above the average country newspaper, and speaks well for the intelligence of the people in that section of the country. Taken all in all it now approaches very closely to what we consider a model family paper.

COLUMBUS.

Our Correspondent's Rapid Ride to Nebraska.

JOTTINGS BY THE WAY-SIDE.

The Black Hills—Railroads and Bridges—The Cities of the Future.

COLUMBUS, Neb., Dec. 20, 1889.

EDITOR SCOTT:—

After a ride of 1,750 miles we find a sister here where gladly we stop for a rest and send a letter to THE SCOUT, a thing seldom forgotten, and by way of variety we will start from Union where our journey or troubles began.

After waiting two days for a ticket to come from Portland, we despaired of getting it, and through the kindness of Mr. A. E. Ellis, the gentlemanly agent at Union, we did the next best thing and started out on the overland flyer, hit or miss. The O. R. & N. Co. are in their accommodations of furnishing tickets as they are in filling orders for empty cars, and in the matter of running their trains they have the Lord on their side, as they run merely by guess—in the ditch and out of the ditch—their road being a vertical stretch of rotten wood and rust.

Engine No. 730 yanked us out of Grande Ronde in fine shape. It is one of the Utah Northern, having one of those steam-boat whistles that all the passenger engines have on the main line of the Union Pacific. Engine No. 816 whirled us from Huntington 170 miles through storm and darkness to Glenn's Ferry, engineer Isaac Herron gaining time at every jump. Our train left Pocatello in the face of a blinding snow storm, engine No. 751 plowing the snow for the next 130 miles. At soda springs the snow was three feet deep on a level. All along the Port Neuf, Bear and Green rivers we saw thousands of head of stock wading around belly deep in the snow, searching for food, and not a hay stack in sight anywhere. At Green River City the snow had about all disappeared. From there we rode on the overland flyer, a night run to Laramie city, making time at the rate of forty miles per hour, leaving a streak of fire and dust behind. Over the Black Hills from Laramie we had twelve coaches, all told, and three Mogul engines attached, their combined weight being 250 tons. They labored hard to gain the summit at Sherman, which has an elevation of 8,242 feet. The coaches were crowded with Christmas visitors from everywhere. We counted forty-two locomotives at Laramie and passed more between there and Cheyenne.

Not far from the railroad track, to the right, at Sherman, is the monument erected to the memory of Hon. Oakes Ames and his brother Oliver, through whose energy and indomitable perseverance the Union Pacific railroad was completed in an incredibly short length of time, and where the little memorandum book of the former paralyzed some great names. Here is the Dale creek bridge two miles west of Sherman. The huge structure is 650 feet long from bluff to bluff, and 126 feet high, over Dale creek. From the top of the bridge the little stream looks like a tangled silver thread as it glistens in the sun's brilliant light which is sifted through the canyon crags and iron netting of the bridge.

We leave one locomotive and our train is now on the down grade, no steam being required. There are places where the rocks rise higher, where the chasms are deeper, where the surrounding peaks may be loftier and the torrents mightier in their power, but in no place will the traveler feel so utterly alone, so completely isolated from mankind and left entirely with Nature as at Sherman, on the Black Hills of Wyoming. At Dunnington we lost one hour in time, at Julesburgh another hour, and here at Columbus when it is 12 o'clock it is 10 at Union.

Cheyenne looks about as it did twelve years ago, only with the addition of electric lights. We see them at all the principal stations. At Julesburgh the Platte river is nearly dry.

WE GET SUPPER AT NORTH PLATTE.

home of the notorious Buffalo Bill.

Engine No. 825 made quick time to Grand Island and fairly split the wind on a forty mile straight track to North Platte. Here we counted twenty-six locomotives, none standing on one track ready for any emergency.

Columbus is ninety-nine miles west of Omaha, is the county seat of Platte county, and has a population of 2,000. In 1804 it was the frontier town of Nebraska. There were but few cities beyond. By virtue of its location in one of the finest agricultural sections of the Platte valley, it will at no distant day make a city of many (thousand) inhabitants. Some time in the sixties Mr. George Francis Tamm called Columbus the geographical center of the United States and strongly urged the removal of the national capital to this place, but we fear the removal will not come in our time, so we shall not try to buy any other lots on the strength of the possibility.

To-morrow morning at 4:30 we board the flyer again for Des Moines, Iowa.

J. W. MINNICK.

THE COVE.

The Indian Creek about 1882 Year's Ball—Rough on the Towel.

Given, Dec. 31, 1889.

Mr. L. B. Stearns is meeting with gratifying success in disposing of the Regulator wind mill. Jas. McCall, of Island City, and Wm. Brodie, of Cove, made purchases this week.

Mr. Zigler has purchased a half-interest in the Indian creek saw mill, the firm now being composed of this gentleman and Wm. Bloom. They will saw what logs are on the yard of the present site of the mill and will then move to a fine tract of timber lying within six miles of Elgin. At this point an engine will be used to furnish power.

The New Year's ball last evening, given by Mrs. M. H. Eaton, was one of the finest affairs of the season and everyone present voted it a complete success. The music furnished by Wm. James and wife and Mrs. Lou Payne was as good as ever heard here, the floor managers courteous and attentive, and the supper a delight to the inner man. The parties of Mrs. Eaton will always be sure of liberal patronage.

The purchasing of chickens and ducks is getting to be an almost nightly occurrence. A large flock of ducks was illegally confiscated on the hill side the other night. The coop was left behind by the careless appropriators.

Mr. P. F. Christman is lying very low and slight hopes are entertained of his ultimate recovery.

All the boys have shaved off that they may start the New Year with a clean face. Not a few have sworn off, which will last at least until their mustaches show again.

A good many are sick with colds. Perhaps it is a forerunner of the dreadful influenza which is making such havoc in the old world.

Sleighting is good. Mail and passengers carried on a bran new sleigh imported by Messrs. Robinson & Layne.

BECAUSE Robt. Ingersoll said in a recent letter that it was possible man passed, at death, into another state of existence, some of the orthodox are pretending to wonder if Babian't about to "get religion." Bob already has a religion, a grand and noble religion, founded on common sense, humanity and mercy, and doesn't pretend to be conversant with something he knows nothing about. The hope of immortality is implanted in every human breast and it would be strange if this big tender-hearted champion of the weak and poor did not have his full share of it. Hoping and knowing are words having entirely different meanings. Ingersoll attacks only what he knows to be false and wrong. Being convinced that the orthodox hell is not a necessary adjunct to human progress and civilization, he has been engaged for several years past in knocking the bottom out of it. As he has been pretty successful in the work, all right minded people will give him due credit for the same and will not begrudge him any consolation that can be wrung from the heart of this world or the peace prepared for mortals in the next—if there is another edition to come.

THE PARK.

The Amusements of That Model Settlement.

STOCKMEN AND THEIR STOCK.

Meat or no Meat—Two Great and Good Men—Prods and Pointers.

The health of Park people generally good. Some have slight colds.

The falling snow brings a smile to the faces of young and old. The young thinking of what fun they will have sleighing, and the old farmer thinking of the prospect for a good crop next season.

The young folks have lots of fun at the numerous parties given, and are a very sociable set.

All of the young folks went down to Dolby's hall to attend the Christmas tree. The festivities wound up with a nice little dance.

On Christmas night the good people of the Park partook of an oyster supper at Enoch South's and all enjoyed themselves immensely till after 12 o'clock.

Nearly all the stock belonging in the Park has been gathered in. J. S. Vandevanter has a few horses out yet. Wallace and the Vanorder boys have driven their horses to Grande Ronde valley, to winter there.

The snow lays eight or ten inches deep and still it snows. Sleighting is good now and the cayuse has to travel.

The school children had a vacation last week, but school commenced again this morning.

Mrs. Smith, of La Grande, is in the Park visiting her old Iowa friends. Her daughter, Ellie, is with her and makes things lively for the young folks. They will return home the last of the week.

Mr. Jas. Wisdom is busy making and repairing sleighs. He is at work on an iron sleigh now. He understands the business thoroughly.

A paper is coming to the Park addressed to "Thos. Mitchell, Union Park." Whoever it belongs to had better have it changed. The paper is "The New York Witness."

The literary society meets every Friday evening. Last Friday the question, "Resolved, that eating flesh is injurious to the human system." It is a question that should be debated everywhere. The people, or bible believers, particularly, don't seem to know that the bible goes right back on eating swine's flesh, and that Paul goes against eating flesh of any kind. Still they eat pounds of it. Isn't there something wrong in Denmark? A preacher took time to discourse to the Parkites recently, so we are saved a little longer, for which we are duly thankful.

There is to be a candy pulling at Dolby's on New Year's eve. We understand the affair is to end up with a social dance.

We are pleased to read the controversy between Rev. Moore and Mr. Huffman. Such controversies are sure to make someone think about the subject and so learn something. Mr. Moore is mistaken in his remarks concerning Lincoln and Washington. Neither of them were in the habit of praying. Both were liberals and free-thinkers, and proven so by men who had an intimate personal acquaintance with them.

The next time that I go to an oyster supper I will have a sled that I can't fall out of.—S. V. That fellow ate supper with my girl and I will fix him.—J. They have shut the doors and are going to dance; I'm going home.—S. A. If you want anything with me just wait till next summer.—M. If I say I went, I went, so there!—E. We went to bed at two.—G. I have brought my girl up to the literary.—M. Big Creekers, don't bring your cats up to the Park to turn loose.—S. R.

MOIKE.

FOREST BELL DOTLETS.

PIKE VALLEY, Dec. 23, 1889.

A pretty Christmas and a happy New Year to the SCOUT force.

Snow about a foot deep, heighting good, thermometer ten below "fzero."

We learn that Luther Lloyd is the father of a young son—the first boy among his little ones.

Born.—Recently, to the wife of Ellis Leep, Jr., a son. It was thought for some days that the mother would have to pass away, but we are glad to be able to state that at present great hopes are entertained of her recovery.

Married.—At the residence of the bride's parents, Dec. 1, by M. A. Scott, J. P., Miss Edith Dawson and Mr. Frank King, both of Pine Valley, Or. Mr. King is to be congratulated on having secured such an estimable and popular young lady for a life partner, and while some of our young men probably wished Mr. King "further," they can't hold spite against Frank and will all unite in wishing them joy in their new life.

We understand that a ball will be given at A. R. Stalker's hall on the night of Jan. 1st. We believe it is the intention of the people of Cornucopia to come to the valley for the holidays.

CARRIE R. DOVE.

EUGENE CITY.

Letter from a Union County Student—Comparison of Climates—Good Advice.

EUGENE, Dec. 27, 1889.

The weather for the past two weeks has been decidedly cold, but to-day a change has taken place—it is raining and everybody is happy.

The new gymnasium building will soon be furnished with three hundred dollars' worth of athletic apparatus.

In a meeting—held Thursday—of some of Eugene's prominent citizens, for the purpose of raising money to secure a street railway, five thousand dollars was subscribed.

The students of the University are now enjoying a two weeks' vacation. Nearly all those who do not reside here have gone home, and it makes those who cannot go feel rather lonesome.

We notice, during the last few days, several Bishop Scott and Corvallis students on the streets. They present quite a soldierly appearance in their blue and gray uniforms.

Hurrah for the Hunt road! We congratulate the people of Grande Ronde, and especially those of Union, upon their good fortune in securing a competing line of railroad, and sincerely believe that Union will soon be one of the leading towns of Eastern Oregon. She has the natural advantages, and now that confidence has been inspired her success is assured.

We would say to any citizen of Union who has the least idea of coming to the Willamette valley to enjoy her so called "mild and gentle" climate and escape the rigors of a Grande Ronde winter—stay where you are. You will find snow and howling winds preferable to mud and rain; clear cold weather better than fog and mist; and after all you will suffer as much from the cold here as you will there. Yes, we repeat it, stay at home.

Yours truly,

CHAS. T. McDANIEL.

ELGIN ECHOES.

Dec. 28, 1889.

Sleighting good.

About four inches of snow fell on the 27th.

The ball given on Christmas eve at Elgin was well attended, fifty-eight tickets being sold.

Mr. A. J. Hackett, of Union, was in our burg a few days since.

Miss Julia McWilliams is home on a visit to her parents.

Great preparations are being made at the saw mill near town, for the coming trade. Six new logging sleds will be ready for use by January 1st.

A petition will be circulated, before long, asking that a county road be established from the mouth of Looking Glass creek to Elgin, a distance of ten miles. It is much needed, as there is not a foot of county road north of Elgin.

The Christmas tree was nicely decorated with acceptable presents, ranging all the way from a stick of candy to a suit of clothes. The exercises were enjoyed by all.

Rev. Wm. Owenby, of Enterprise, is here on a visit to his son, R. D. Owenby.

PEEK-A-BOO.