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THE OREGON SCOUT.

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es, Clocks, Jewelry,

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WELLER FOR THE SCOUT.

GOOD NIGHT, OLD YEAR.

Stilly—most stilly the chambers of Time;
Lies—her head-bows are measured and
weighed;
Messengers bright from Eternity's shrine
She lean her forehead, an angel's glow.
Slowly the pulses beat and soft sweats her
brow;
Downs the curtains, and dim the lamps
glow;
Eyes and smiles to the grandfathers of death
Whispers—“she's going”—Old year, good
night!

Peace to her memory—we've slept 'neath
her wing;
Gone 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 part—
Dying the embers—Old year, good night!
Hands that were busy are folded in peace;
Smother the shadows that follow the light;
Eyes that were weary in sleep find 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 latter 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;
Toller and princes—their labors all cease—
Bury thy sorrow—Old year, good night!
—BENJ. W. HEEFMAN.
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 recep-
tation. 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 ar-
ranged 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
staidest 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 for-
merly, neat and attractive in its vari-
ous departments, with an excellent
corps of correspondents, and giving all
the news of the county in spicing and
pungent paragraphs. It also contains
several original poems and articles of
a literary nature, which give it a tone
considerably above the average coun-
try newspaper, and speaks well for the
intelligence of the people in that sec-
tion 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. 29, 1889.

EDITOR SCOUT:
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 fur-
nishing tickets as they are in filling
orders for empty cars, and in the mat-
ter 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 verti-
cal 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. En-
gine No. 816 whirled us from Hun-
gtington 170 miles through storm and
darkness to Glenn's Ferry, engineer
Isaac Herron gaining time at every
jump. Our train left Pocastello 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 Fort 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 Mo-
guel 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 monu-
ment erected to the memory of Hon.
Oakes Ames and his brother Oliver,
through whose energy and indomitable
perseverance the Union Pacific rail-
road was completed in an incredibly
short length of time, and where the
little memorandum book of the for-
mer 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 travel-
er feel so utterly alone, so completely
isolated from mankind and left entire-
ly with Nature as at Sherman, on the
Black Hills of Wyoming. At Dun-
nington we lost one hour in time, at
Julesburg 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 addi-
tion of electric lights. We see them
at all the principal stations. At Jules-
burg the Platte river is nearly dry.

We get supper at North Platte, the
home of the notorious Buffalo Bill.
Engine No. 825 made quick time to
Grande Island and fairly split the wind
on a forty mile straight track to North
Platte. Here we counted twenty-six
locomotives, nine 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 others
beyond. By virtue of its location in
one of the finest agricultural sections
of the Platte valley, it will at no dis-
tant day make a city of many thou-
sands and inhabitants. Some time in
the sixties Mr. George Francis Town
called Columbus the geographical
center of the United States and sug-
gested 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 4:20 we
board the flyer again for Des Moines,
Iowa.
J. W. MINNICK.

THE COVE.

The Indian Creek Mill—1889 Year's
Ball—Rough on the Road.

COVE, Dec. 28, 1889.
Mr. L. B. Stearns is making 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. Brown. 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 atten-
tive, and the supper a delight to the
inner man. The parties of Mrs. Eaton
will always be sure of liberal patron-
age.

The putting on of chickens and
ducks is getting to be an almost daily
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 dread-
ful influenza which is making such
havoc in the old world.

Sleighting is good. Mail and passen-
gers between Cove and Union are now
being carried on a brand new sleigh im-
ported 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 Bob isn'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 immor-
tality 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 mean-
ings. 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 mor-
 tals 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 Christ-
mas tree. The festivities wound up
with a nice little dance.

On Christmas night the good peo-
ple of the Park partook of an oyster
supper at Enoch South's and all en-
joyed themselves immensely till after
12 o'clock.

Nearly all the stock belonging in
the Park has been gathered in. J. S.
Vandvander 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 under-
stands the business thoroughly.

A paper is coming to the Park ad-
dressed 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 un-
derstand the affair is to end up with
a social dance.

We are pleased to read the contro-
versy between Rev. Moore and Mr.
Huffman. Such controversies are sure
to make someone think about the sub-
ject and so learn something. Mr.
Moore is mistaken in his remarks con-
cerning 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 DELL 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 “froze.”

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—Com-
parison 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 lone-
some.

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 sin-
cerely believe that Union will soon be
one of the leading towns of Eastern
Oregon. She has the natural advan-
tages, 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. 23, 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 es-
tablished 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 deco-
rated with acceptable presents, rang-
ing 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. Owen-
by. PEEK-A-BOO.