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TELLING FORTUNES.

Written for THE SCOUT.

We were sitting one night in the parlor, Millie, Viola and I.

The fire sparkled brightly on the hearthstone. The stars sparkled brightly in the sky.

We were talking and joking and singing. An elderly lady wearing a black dress

And decided to have something new.

So they brought out a table and sofa— We all gathered round it in fun.

They shuffled the cards in a basket. Then telling my fortune began.

"I should have a fair wife," their words rang.

"And money and joy by the mint." Of a thousand sweet letters and presents.

They actually gave me a hint.

"The farm of your future," they whispered, "Shall bloom with the roses of love.

And the sons that you children will warble. Shall swell to the anguish of woe."

"To-morrow," they said, "will a message Be brought from a far distant friend;

You'll be happy" (vainly) "you'll be told me "Your riches shall be with you end."

The fire died away on the hearthstone. Clouds rolled across the blue sky—

They folded the cards and departed— I wondered and hoped with a sigh.

Days have rolled on and the message Has never come home to my heart—

The girl—"to-morrow" has faded. And shattered its visions apart.

My farm is a waste on the moorland. My roses the thistles and thorns—

And the innocent charter of childhood. Seem laughing me proudly to scorn.

The wife of my future seems fitting. A bride from my dreams.

And the mock wealth I gain would have cherished. With impish temptation of gleams.

And Millie, fair girl, and Viola Are reaping their futures of gold.

While plodding my desolate pathway. My rich fortune yet is untold.

Thus it goes! We may read in the fancy How some of us grow to be great—

But pray do away with your imaginings— The best way, dear girls, is to wait.

—BERT W. HUFFMAN.

Written for THE SCOUT.

THE SNOW STORM.

The wintry wind goes whistling by. Don't cease a "moult."

It is of little use to try To walk "again."

You backward go, to forward "git." You'll best do so.

Then for a change your heel you hit Against "bank of snow."

Perhaps you fall, but what of that? You'll look "quite do it."

And if perchance you lose your hat Your hair is left!

Oh, your head is bald, I didn't know That was the case.

Your whiskers may be full of snow Around your face.

Now if perchance you reach your home. Hold back your fire.

And when you get your whiskers comb'd Stay by the fire.

For the old storm king rides the blast. On mischief bent.

And grants and grows as he goes past Nor is content.

Until he banks up every gate, Inside and out.

And in the morn' you'll have to wait. And turn about.

And seek for means the snow to lift; You'll look "quite do it."

You'll find it where another drift Has filled your hole.

Now don't get mad, it's always best To keep quite civil.

Yet you the snow may wish (do jest) All to the Devil.

—H. C. K.

COVE CULLINGS.

Cove, Jan. 15, 1890.

A plentiful supply of wood is being hauled into town at the rate of \$3 per cord.

A number of Covites went to Union Tuesday as witnesses in the water ditch suit.

Mrs. Anna Weaver of Baker City is visiting her mother Mrs. A. B. Robinson this week.

Miss Boyer, of Rochester, New York, who has been staying at Mr. Frenche's has gone to La Grande.

The flouring mill commenced running this morning and will sack twenty barrels of flour for a start.

Charles Cochran who has been working for some time in Cornucopia and amassed considerable wealth, has returned to spend it with his Cove chums.

La Grippe is still sporting around town: No one is no one at all unless they have it for it visits the rich and the poor, the high born and the low born alike.

The public school closes in nine weeks. Those who have not paid their school tax had better attend to the same without delay before it becomes delinquent.

Mr. Joseph Kelley, formerly one of the Cove boys, accompanied by his family, are passing a brief vacation in town. Joe is head sawyer and manager in one of the large saw mills on the Payette.

Hay is in good demand, yet the supply keeps pace with the need, prices ranging from \$15 to \$20 in the stack, and it may even reach a higher figure, if the snow remains any considerable length of time. No loss of stock has yet occurred.

CORVALLIS.

Description of the State Agricultural College.

ITS METHOD OF EDUCATION.

Interesting Notes by a Young Lady from Union County.

CORVALLIS, Or., Jan. 5, 1890.

EDITOR OREGON SCOUT:—

Approaching the city of Corvallis on the O. P. R. R. from Albany, Linn county, one's eyes are first greeted by the sight of a few scattering houses in the foreground of the picture, and rising up in the background is the beautiful new court house, built at a cost of about \$50,000, and farther on the fine public school building. The visitor is bewildered as to which is really the college, for on coming further up the road he sees on his right and at the distance of a quarter of a mile a fine brick structure, three stories high, surmounting a slight elevation which seems formed to have a college built upon it. When the train stops at the depot, the visitor is told that the last imposing structure is the college. He goes back to the street from which the walk enters the college grounds, and is soon inside of the beautiful enclosure, and sees, unobstructed before him, the stately edifice which is the hope of the city and state. He passes up a straight walk about nine feet wide, and, if it be in the summer, leaves gardens of vegetables and flowers on either side, until arriving before the building, he sees in front of him a mound having upon it the initial letters "O. A. C." and on either hand a small grove of trees. Passing around to the south side—or being a lady, to the north—he is ushered into the college by Mr. Irwin, the janitor, and soon enters the chapel, the room of President Arnold, or anywhere he wishes to go.

The building contains nine class rooms and has twelve professors—Arnold, Letcher, Grimm, Hull, Bechtold, Washburn, Lefe, Covell, Biglow, Irish and Miss Snell, with Prof. Bristow in charge of the preparatory department. The college is now running with about 150 students, representing nearly every county in the state.

Farther west from the college building is situated the student's hall, which is now accommodating about sixty students. It is under the charge of the steward, Mr. Clark, and furnishes board for the comparatively small sum of two dollars per week.

On the farm is a large hexagonal barn provided with all the conveniences of modern ingenuity and furnishing room for several cows, besides two span of horses. They have a small herd of Jersey cattle on the farm which is a credit to the management of that department. The farm is being improved as rapidly as possible with modern implements and the work will soon be one of brains rather than the hands.

Turning now to the young ladies' department which is under the management of Miss Snell, Prof. of Household Economy and Hygiene. The young ladies are instructed in physiology and hygiene, social etiquette, sewing and cooking, which is not only taught theoretically but practically. When they don their aprons and proceed to investigate the mysteries of the kitchen, we feel satisfied that the time has arrived and we begin to realize that:—

"We may live without poetry, music and art.

We may live without conscience, and live without heart;

We may live without friends; we may live without books;

But civilized men cannot live without cooks."

But it is well at this point to turn aside from the agricultural and cooking departments to the course of education and to the scholars of the school. There are several courses of study in the college: First, the agricultural, requiring three years and giving the students the title of "B. S. A.;" second the scientific course requiring four years and giving the student the title of "B. S.;" third the mechanical course requiring four years and giving the title of "B. M. E.;" fourth the literary course requiring four years and giving the title of "B. L.;" and fifth the house-

hold science course requiring three years and giving the student the title of "B. H. S.;" There is offered at this college the chance of acquiring a broad education. The students are developed both physically and mentally, in the field, the shop, the drill, the lecture room and the laboratory. All male students are required to wear uniform and to attend military drill 30 minutes each day.

The horticultural work is carried on by men who thoroughly understand their business, and along with the botany of each plant is taught the best means of growing it and of keeping it in the best of health. Experiments are being carried on which I am confident will terminate in the eradication of fruit pests from the orchards of Oregon if the farmers and other fruit raisers take the interest in them which they should.

In the agricultural course the chemistry of agriculture is taught, and besides showing that drainage and other sciences belong to farming, and benefit the crop, it is shown how they benefit the crop. In short, the practical part of the work is destined to make the future citizens of Oregon able to work with his brain and make the best use of all his natural advantages. It will make the farmer the most independent man in the whole round of trades and professions, Oregon, and in fact our whole nation, has a great future, but it must come through practical education. The coming man will be the one who has the brain and heart, and hands, educated so they will work in harmony and find the true dignity which belongs to labor of all kinds.

The old fossilized notion that labor is degrading is fast giving way before the onward march of practical education. Knowledge, that Archimedean lever which moves the world, is spreading among the laboring men and women, and soon some of her most successful votaries will be found among the farmers of our country. The little band of 150 now gathered at the agricultural college of Oregon is but the nucleus around which will gather the masses that are to be the future rulers of the state.

In the near future there will be a separate dormitory erected for ladies. The students, both ladies and gentlemen, who come each year will find the college better prepared to receive them than it was the year preceding, and increasing age must ever increase educational advantages.

There are now two flourishing literary societies, one, the "Hesperian" for the ladies and another, the "Dialectic" for the gentlemen. They are both doing a good work, going hand in hand with the work in the school. It requires no stretch of the imagination concerning the resources of the college to say that in a few years there will be a gathering of students at the college of which any state would be proud. I expect to see students go out from here and make their names recognized in the state if not in the nation. I have no doubt the time will come when all of us who are here to-day will be proud to say, "I am a student in the O. A. C.," for truly

"We are living, we are dwelling, In a grand and awful time; In an age on ages telling, To be living is sublime."

LOIS STEWART.

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Notice to Hunters.

Elk horns wanted.—Fancy prices paid for choice horns. Directions: Save skin from shoulder forward; slip along top of neck to horns; pull skin over head, ease style; leave horns on skull; bring jaw-bones; remove flesh. Top cash prices paid for Hides and sheep pelts. Furs a specialty. Office and store rooms at Frank Bro's. warehouse, La Grande, Oregon. I can be found at my office the second and last Saturdays of each month.—P. L. BOYER. 1m.

ON THE ROAD.

Iowa as Seen by Our Correspondent.

ITS FARMS AND FARMERS.

Visiting the Old Homestead—Time's Changes—Notes by the Wayside.

MARION COUNTY, IOWA, Dec. 31, 1889.

EDITOR SCOUT:—

We left Columbus, Neb., on the overland flyer for Des Moines, Iowa, thence thirty-eight miles south on the valley road, to Monroe in Jasper county. After a ride of six miles in a top buggy we arrived at our old home, after an absence of fourteen years. Probably one of the sweetest of life's pleasures is to recall the scenes of our youth. To one who has wandered away from his childhood home, leaving parents, kindred and early associates, a visit back to the old home is one of the dearest enjoyments that falls to our lot, or at least should be. The very name of home brings up a flood of recollections pleasant to think about, because there dwells those whose memories are dear to us and where the first twenty-two years of our life were spent which recall hallowed recollections of joys and sorrows that passing time does not dim nor the cares of life efface from our memory.

This visit to our old home and every by-path, and the retreats where my name had been carved on saplings, while planning the future, were carefully sought out, and the differences in time and circumstances furnish food for various reflections. Trees stood with but rough scars where names had been carved. So had time changed other things. The dear old mother, now past 72 years, the trouble, sorrow, care, and death of loved ones, has left its furrowed marks on her who cared for our infant helplessness and shared all our little troubles and joys, ever ready to forgive and forget our misdeeds and transgressions. Who would ever in life be worthy but for mother, and never in this life do we have but one.

After all, we did not recognize our mother or brother. How strange! Little children had grown to maturity; strange faces everywhere on the old playground; old fences, trees, bridges, roads and hills are still there, and at the little graveyard on the hill we see the little cedar we planted there seventeen years ago, grown to huge proportions, and beneath its sweeping, fluttering boughs we found the new made grave, the final and last resting place of our kind, dear father. Here lies, side by side, a sister and a brother. We love to linger long by the graves of those we so loved in life. The waving of leafy green branches in mid-winter seems to bid us welcome, and we ask ourself will kind providence ever permit our return to pay another tribute to this sacred spot? We leave saddened in spirit and in mind.

Beyond this land of mist and shadows, somewhere in the bound infinity of space, among the spirits of the true, the good and the beautiful, a bright, happy reunion awaits the earthly pilgrims. Who will say it is not better for a soul to be thus transported to that beautiful land, the summits of whose sunlit hills we can often trace, at least in happy dreams, than to pass beyond after a long contest with the trials and temptations of earthly life? The life of man is a great book of many pages and volumes. Each life is a chapter in the wondrous story. Men come and go, and the story is briefly told and soon forgotten. The snows of to-morrow quickly cover up the furrows of to-day and ever and anon men change and come again. Many hearthstones are being made bright and cheerful by a visit from the absent loved ones, but like angel's visits they are yet too few and far between.

No other state will begin to compare with Iowa in quality of soil and adaptation to a high degree of culture. It was evidently intended for an agricultural paradise, but half a dozen railroads made a gridiron plat of the state, parcelled it out to themselves, and for a quarter of a century they have done naught but carry off the products of

the state to favored cities beyond. The farmer has watched with pride the long trains sweeping by, bearing immense loads, and took wondrous interest in palace cars and doffed his hat to railroad magnates, scarcely realizing that these iron rails and wooden ties, off bearing such wealth, are fast impoverishing him. These railroads have brought golden gains to the favored few, but they dwell beyond our great rivers which are bridged and dammed to prevent the salvation of our manacled toilers behind the plow. Little hope is left in the breast of the builders of Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Paul or Omaha who must still bow to the burdens of brick and mortar laid incessantly on shoulders sore, by taskmasters proud and opulent. The farmers who build, and build all these cities, scarcely ever have time or opportunity to look up to the domes of the palaces they have builded, scarcely time to think of their unrequited toil. Indeed, some shut their eyes to the fact that Iowa has no cities and stop their ears when it is even hinted that the accretion of the products of their acres is not fairly apportioned. The farmers here and in Nebraska tell us that the affairs of the farmers have been going from bad to worse for twenty years. Prices for their products have declined steadily. Farming, which in this country ought to pay well, has become one of the most precarious of occupations. At present agriculture pays less wages and less profit on the money invested than any other vocation. We give here the the highest prevailing prices for all the principal products: Wheat, per bushel, 60 cts.; corn, 13 and 15 cts.; potatoes, 10 cts.; fat hogs, \$3 per hundred; fat steers, \$3.75 to \$4.00 per hundred; fat cows, \$2.00 per hundred; yearlings, \$5.00 to \$6.00 per head; and it takes 40 bushels of corn to pay for 100 bushels of coal.

In Nebraska and Iowa we see mountains of corn piled and cribbed in every direction and no demand for it. And quite a sight are the numerous wind mills all over the level country. At Omaha we see 72 telegraph and telephone wires crossing over the huge iron railroad bridge. At Des Moines we saw 106 on one row of poles. There we saw the first electric street cars. Dehorned cattle are all the go here and it is a great improvement.

The election here is claimed by the railroad to be the result of the prohibition law, but the people claim it was the hard times and scarcity of money, and the high rate of interest charged by the money mongers, that elected the democratic governor. Anything that would give relief is all that was asked for. The world is as big for the farmer as anybody else and the farmer has as much brains as anybody else. When a situation is bad those most concerned are the only ones who can remedy it. Nobody else will do it for them.

J. W. MINNICK.

EAGLE VALLEY ITEMS.

January 18, 1890.

Sleigh riding is fine, and still the snow falls. Sleigh bells can be heard far and near.

Health good with the exception of a few who are suffering from bad colds or something like the influenza.

Stockmen who have not gotten all of their stock up, are very busy trying to find them, while others are kept employed feeding the great number that have been brought in. Stock have been brought here from Baker county to be fed on the good alfalfa hay of our little valley. It is thought that the greater portion of the hay here will be consumed by spring, if not all of it, it now being \$7 and \$8 per ton, and no one seems anxious to let it go even at that price.

We now have three schools in our little valley. We did have one literary I have understood, but it has recently closed. I suppose the bad weather was the cause.

It is not often that we have religious services, but it is hoped that the time is not far distant when we will have a good sermon every Sunday delivered by an excellent speaker and from the scriptures and nothing else.

Success to THE SCOUT and best wishes to the editor.

GUESS.

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