

THE OREGON SCOUT.

VOL. VI.

UNION, OREGON, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1890.

NO. 35.

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 months75

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.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Services every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.; Sabbath school at 10 a. m.; prayer meeting Wednesday, at 8 p. m. The Ladies' Missionary Society meets on the fourth Friday of every month at 2:30 p. m. All cordially invited. R. H. PARKER, Pastor.

PROFESSIONAL.

W. M. KOENIG,
Architect and Builder,
COVE, OREGON.
Drafts, Plans and Designs for Dwellings, and Bridges furnished on application.

I. N. CROMWELL, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office, one door south of J. B. Eaton's store, Union, Oregon.

T. H. CRAWFORD,
Attorney at Law,
Union, Oregon.
Office, one door south of Centennial hotel.

JOHN R. CRITES,
Attorney at Law.
Collecting and probate practice specialties. Office, two doors south of post-office, Union, Oregon.

J. W. SHELTON. **J. M. CARROLL.**
SHELTON & CARROLL,
Attorneys at Law.
Office: Two doors south of post-office, Union, Oregon.
Special attention given all business entrusted to us.

R. EAKIN, **J. A. EAKIN,**
R. EAKIN & BROTHER, Notary Public.
Attorneys at Law,
Union, Oregon.
Prompt Attention Paid to Collections.

A. L. DANFORTH, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon
North Powder, Oregon.
DISEASES OF WOMEN A SPECIALTY.
Calls attended to at all hours.

C. H. DAY, M. D.,
HOMEOPATHIC
Physician and Surgeon.
ALL CALLS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
Office adjoining Jones Bros. store. Can be found nights at residence in South-west Union.

B. F. WILSON. **A. J. HACKETT.**
WILSON & HACKETT, Notary Public.
Attorneys at Law.

Collections and all other business entrusted to us will receive prompt attention.
A complete abstract of the land of Union county in our office.
Managers of the UNION REAL ESTATE ASSOCIATION.
OFFICE:.....UNION, OR.

Shingles For Sale!

An unlimited amount of No. 1 shingles constantly on hand and for sale cheap. Orders from all parts of the country solicited.
S. B. BURROUGHS,
Cove, Oregon.

City -- Meat -- Market.

Main Street, Union, Oregon.
RENSON BROS. - PROPRIETORS.

Keep constantly on hand
BEEF, PORK, VEAL, MUTTON,
SAUSAGE, HAMS, LARD, ETC.

Written for THE SCOUT.

THE FOREST FIRE.

A tiny spark blown from the engine's door; A soft south wind, and fields of whitened grass;

First one wee flare, then spreading more and more.

It filled the canyons with its flash and roar, And leapt in fury to the highest pass.

The flames climbed high and licked the limbs and leaves

O'er grown with moss, and dry with weeks of sun.

The squirrel's nest burned, where, with his garnered sheaves,

His term of rest, the toiler had begun.

The wild deer fled disheartened from the woods;

The hunter and hunted now are friends;

The fire crept into gloomy solitudes where sombre shadows and the sunlight blends.

The heated rocks where clustering grass had grown,

Stood stark and bare like some grim spirit form;

The hills were sultry where fresh winds had blown—

And even the mountains breath was strangely warm!

Night came, and on a far off peak I stood and gazed;

Black clouds lent darkness to the scene below.

Each flame was visible—I saw them grow—

And whirl and writhe in bluish drifts of haze.

And lean and shift, as different winds would blow.

It seemed a battle field—the stately trees

Were stripped of armor by barbaric flames;

The battle smoke in volumes swelled the breeze.

And wicket victory, fiery legions claim.

The daylight came—the smoke was cleared away—

The forest ridges were one stretch of solitude;

Its ranks were broken—work of one ill day

Left skeletons where once had basked a wood.

B. W. HUFFMAN.

COVE CULLINGS.

Cove, Feb. 19, 1890.

Messrs. Jesse Imbler of Summerville and E. W. Imbler one of the commissioners of Wallowa Co. have purchased the Frederick Mitchell estate near town for \$9500. It probably is as fine a hay ranch and stock farm as can be found in Eastern Oregon and the Imbler Bros. are to be congratulated on securing so desirable a piece of property. It is probable that after Mr. E. W. Imbler has settled up his affairs in Wallowa county he will make his home in the Cove.

Mr. and Mrs. Foster spent several days with Cove relatives this week. This jolly pair are always welcome and it is regretted when they have to turn their faces homeward.

St. Valentine's day was very well observed in the Cove and many were the tender (and comic) missives sent and received. It is said that two of the nicest and sweetest valentines mailed were addressed to a pair of happy bachelors whom cupid declared hard cases and ceased firing his gilded shafts at a good many summers ago.

A watch was kept for the brace of restless convicts who left Union suddenly Monday, but they evidently chose some other direction. However a pursuer from Union was sighted and though several hours behind and with no better means of travel than "shanks mare" he seemed hopeful and doubtlessly is yet making the gravel dly.

Mr. J. T. Jewell has been reappointed road supervisor of this district. He is the right man in the right place and if he can be induced to accept the office a few terms longer we will have roads to be proud of.

Plowing has commenced on the sand ridge and as quick as the weather becomes a little more settled the Cove farmers will begin to tickle the soil. It promises to be a very favorable season for putting in the crops.

Samuel White has purchased a tract of land at Gray's harbor the future city of the north Pacific coast. He thinks the investment will yield handsome returns in the next year or two.

Everyone and his girl is going to attend Mrs. Eaton's ball Friday evening. The popularity of the James' band alone is enough to attract a crowd.

The Misses Stearns will give a birthday party to their numerous friends this evening. The young ladies have reached their twelfth birthday.

Call and Settle.

All parties indebted to me are requested to call and settle their accounts without further delay.—C. VINCENT.

ON THE ROAD.

Account of the Early Days of Denver.

THE OLD HEROIC PIONEERS.

Shoveling the Snow to Find an Old Friend's Grave—Bear River City.

EXTES, NEBRASKA

EDITOR OREGON SCOUT:—

We meet a brother here and a number of our old school mates. Each of them own a farm and seem to be happy, prosperous and contented. Each has a family, nice home and several of the young ladies desire to be recorded as real farmer's daughters. They are able to make their own clothes with neatness and dispatch, can cook a dinner good enough for anyone, can harness and drive a team and milk the cows, are eligible to matrimony, and the writer would add, they are as pretty as a duchess, as neat as a peach, and as full of business as a seven day clock. We visit here three days and take a reluctant departure. We board the flyer for Denver and arrive there 7:30 in the morning. We scout around to the chamber of commerce and board of trade building for information. The association was organized in 1884 built this building and have since been very active workers for the best interests of Denver. Here we learn what Denver was of old. The first settlement was made on November 1, 1858. West Denver was laid out three days later, and on the 6th less than 200 citizens held a meeting and elected a delegate to congress, and on the 8th mounted him on the back of a broncho and started him for Washington to get the Pike's peak gold mines set apart from Kansas as a separate territory. The struggle for existence commenced in 1861. The mines were reported played out, the war divided the people, fire laid waste half the city to be followed by a great flood sweeping out much that remained, then came the Indian war of 1864 cutting off supplies from the east. Murdered emigrants, burned ranches and smouldering ruins covered the route for 600 miles between Denver and the Missouri river. Everybody was under arms for defense of the city. Then to crush out the last spark of vitality in the citizens came the announcement that the Union Pacific railroad was building up Pole creek. This was a crushing blow, leaving Denver 100 miles south, and as they could not have the road come to that place decided to go to the road. They went to work and raised \$400,000, voted county bonds for \$500,000 more, and soon dirt began to fly on the railroad grade to Cheyenne. That was the turning point and we now have a glance at Denver of to-day. It has a population of 125,000. From a beggar on a broncho in 1858 it now sends its senators by six different palace car lines. It has smelting works, manufactories of all kinds, public buildings, cathedrals, churches, schools as good as in some cities of twice its age, fine opera house, street car system complete, a city of brick and stone almost exclusively, very costly and substantial streets, broad side walks paved with flag stones, numerous shade trees and pure mountain water. Our time is up and we board the Denver and Rio Grande for Salt Lake City. After a ride of 290 miles we are told the road through the Wasatch mountains is snow blocked. Here at Fruita the mountains can be seen in the distance. They are very high but not so rough and rugged as the Rockies. The sides look sloping and regular. The Spanish fork canyon is gorged by a snow slide and orders came for our train to return to Denver and go by way of the Union Pacific to Salt Lake. We are soon on the return and out of the snow back to dry, dirty Denver, and away to Cheyenne over the Black hills and on to Green river. For years previous to the building of the railroad Bill Hickman, Brigham Young's destroying angel, ran a ferry across the river just below this station, and as the river was seldom fordable, except late in the fall, he reaped a rich harvest of gold from the overland pilgrims. The price for crossing teams was from \$5

to \$20 according as he thought the owners were able to pay. Those times seem only yesterday. Note the many changes. Now we have the iron horse the palace cars, the substantial iron bridge and we are whirled across the continent at the rate of forty miles an hour. Do travelers on those flying trains while resting at their ease, ever think of the early pioneers who toiled across this country with ox, mules, on foot and alone, requiring from five to seven months to travel the same distance now made in three or four days? Those pioneers laid out the route we are now traveling today and made it safe for us. They suffered every kind of hardship, many even to death. The few that remain are fast passing over the range, yet the fruits of their adventurous intrepidity will ever remain. At Green river trains are made up for the Oregon Short Line for Montana, Idaho, Oregon, Washington and the Puget sound country. We take the train here for Salt Lake, and visit on the way. Our train starts at 8:20 p. m. We stop at Hilliard, Wyoming, 90 miles east of Ogden. Here is where we passed three years of the happiest part of our life, forming the acquaintance and love of her who has gone to a better world. The utter ruin and desolation of the once busy and prosperous place is in harmony with life sad realities.

There was a V shaped flame built from here to Uintah mountains 35 miles distant, southward, from which immense quantities of lumber, ties, telegraph poles, wood, etc., was floated down from the pines, giving steady employment to 500 teams and 12 to 15 hundred men. Large quantities of charcoal was burned here and shipped to the smelters in Salt Lake valley. But how changed is everything now. The town is literally deserted and the question naturally arises, why this desolation or suspended action? The law against cutting government timber and the high rates charged on charcoal by the new management may have something to do with it. Mr. Lapelle's is the only remaining family of 15 years ago. They kindly gave us the checkered history of the place and its future prospects. The snow was two feet deep on a level. We have a brother-in-law buried here, Wm. Davis. After diligent search with a shovel his lonely grave was found beneath the cold icy covering of this rigid climate. He had grown to manhood, was stricken down with a fever, buried in a strange land amongst strangers. How sad are the memories connected with everything here. One mile from Hilliard we pass the site of the once famous and then infamous Bear River City. The town was laid out in Oct., 1868 in advance of the railroad, where the terminal point would probably be. During the following winter the route of the road was lined with graders, contractors and teamsters who all earned and had a large amount of money. At this point the roughs and gamblers who had been driven from point to point, westward by the vigilantes, made a stand, congregating in large numbers. They swore that they would be driven no further, that here they would stay and fight it out to the bitter end. The town contained about 1,000 law abiding citizens and when the roughs felt that trouble was coming they withdrew to the hills and organized for a raid on the town. Meanwhile some of the roughs remained in town and among them were three noted gamblers who had added to their long list of crimes that of several murders. The citizens arose, seized and hung them. This hastened the conflict and on the 19th of November, 1868 the roughs attacked the town in force, burned the jail taking from thence a number of their kind who were confined there, and shooting down a man by the name of Stokes, who was sent to them by the citizens as a mediator. They next burned the plant of the Frontier Index. The mob, some 300 strong, armed desperadoes, marched over to the north side up Main street and made an attack on the bank and store belonging to Cooper, now of the firm of Cooper & McNeill, of San Francisco. There they were met with a volley from Winchester in the hands of brave determined men who had congregated there. The fight left 32 of the desperadoes dead on the street. The number of wounded was over 100. The bodies of many were found in the gulches and among the rocks where they afterwards died. The town declined as soon as the road was built past it and now there is nothing left to mark the place except a few old chimneys, broken bottles, scattered oyster cans and the neglected grave yard.

J. W. MESSER.

A MODERN EDEN.

Marvelous Richness of One of Our Valleys.

ITS HOMES AND INHABITANTS.

Fruits, Vegetables and Grasses—Herds of Cattle, Sheep and Horses.

The following excellent description of Eagle valley, in Union county, we take from a recent number of the Democrat. It was written by a well known correspondent.

"Surrounded on the south by the Connor creek range of mountains, on the east the Snake river chain, with the Sawtooth range in Idaho towering high above their fellows, with Eagle creek mountains forming an almost insurmountable barrier on the north and west are the rocky curtains that partially surround Eagle valley, the subject of this communication.

With an altitude of only 1500 feet above the sea the climate is almost tropical, and the snow capped mountains towering thousands of feet above, like lofty sentinels, furnish a fresh and balmy breeze by day and cool and bracing air by night, which fans to sleep the tired husbandman. Only a few of your many readers have any idea of the extent and productiveness of Eagle valley, and after careful research the following facts regarding productions is a little below, rather than above the real figures. Before going into the statistics of information your correspondent takes this opportunity of expressing thanks to the citizens of the valley for the many courtesies during our sojourn, especially the family of Mr. John Fraser where we made our headquarters during our visit. Everybody knows the big hearted John and the many charitable acts of Mrs. F. has endeared her to all the neighbors. Fred, aged 14, is at home in the saddle and on the range, and Duncan, aged 9, takes as much interest in feeding the flocks as the sire. And Mary Jane, the queen of all the valley, only 4 years of age, is not only the favorite at home and on the ranch, but in the neighborhood, for indeed she is a child of extraordinary ability. Our bachelor friend Mr. Ben Longley, of the firm of Fraser & Longley, makes his home with the Frasers, which offers another inducement for our sojourning here.

There are fifty ranches of 160 acres each in the valley proper, making 8000 acres of the most productive land in Oregon or any other state; 2500 acres are now in alfalfa, which yields 6 tons to the acre, making last year's crop foot up in round numbers 15,000 tons, which at \$6 a ton, the ruling price, we have \$90,000. Divide this equally among the fifty ranchers and each would have \$1800, but as not more than fifteen farmers are the principal producers, your readers can readily see why these few are annually accumulating so much wealth. There are 2000 acres in grain, orchards, vegetables and grasses, leaving about 3500 acres unplowed, which in a few years will be under a high state of production, as there is an abundance of water in Eagle creek to irrigate all lands susceptible of cultivation. Wheat, oats, rye and barley grow to great perfection, command good prices, and the yield per acre is several times greater than in Ohio or the Middle states. Navy beans and other varieties, equal to the best grown in the New England states, are an important crop, command the highest prices in our Western markets, and the past season over fifty tons were harvested, much attention will be given to their production in the future.

Beans yield to the farmer from \$75 to \$100 an acre, and on a few occasions nearly double that amount has been produced. Potatoes, onions, beets, turnips and all other food varieties of vegetables are produced to perfection, and the size, yield and flavor would seem fabulous to our neighbors east of the Mississippi river.

Gold and silver in paying quantities is found in the mountains surrounding the valley, and the mining camps afford a cash market for all the food vegetables produced.

Potatoes grown here are equal to the Utah potato and the yield per acre

amounting to from 600 to 1000 bushels, find a ready market at not less than 75 cents a bushel. See the money to be made on vegetables alone, and we can at once understand why lands in the valley so rapidly advance in price.

Grapes are equal to the best grown in California, and the apples, peaches, cherries, plums and berries are of a superior quality and the acreage in fruit trees is annually increasing.

Poultry of all kinds do well, are hardy, healthy and prolific, command good prices, and we find many a good housewife in the valley that realize from the henery money enough to more than supply the family with table groceries.

Much attention the past two years has been given to hog raising and one man, formerly from Missouri, informs me that he can produce a good quality of pork here cheaper than there, and as yet no hog cholera is experienced.

Alfalfa raising and stock feeding is the main industry, and but few if any places in America can show an equal number of stock as is being fed on ten ranches here. I have been careful not to over estimate the number and find 30,000 sheep, 12,000 cattle and 2500 horses are now being fed, and unless the winter should prove the severest known a few thousand tons of hay will be left over. Stock of all kinds look well, but the blue ribbon flock of 3000 sheep are owned by Fraser & Longley, and the banner herd of 2500 lambs, owned as above, is without doubt the best in Eastern Oregon. These gentlemen have some 250 head of horses and cattle, and in their herds are seen some of the finest thoroughbred Shorthorns in the country. The fact is now being demonstrated by these enterprising gentlemen that alfalfa properly fed is the best fat producer of all known forage plants, and they are now feeding thirty head for February delivery that will rival the stall fed of Western New York. The first crop of alfalfa properly cured, plenty of salt and water and warm quarters, makes a healthy tallow, tender, juicy and well flavored beef, and in the future we expect to see several thousand head fed by February and March delivery.

This letter would be incomplete without mention of the thoroughbred Shorthorn herd of Frank Lee, and that in his stables the best bred stallion in Eastern Oregon is found. Mr. Lee's herd was awarded many premiums at the first Eastern Oregon fair association at Baker City and breeders should examine his herds before buying elsewhere. Eagle valley has no poor people and it does one's soul good to see the signs of general prosperity on every hand as we wend our way from home to home and see the happy smiling faces. Among the most enterprising farmers we visited we mention Fraser and Longley, Capt. Craig, G. W. Moody, Newt, and K. Young, Lester Holcomb, Cal. Kirby, Uncle Bill Usher, Joseph Beck, Frank Lee, Tom Pierce, John Fuel, Jim Holcomb, Bill Wise, H. Reed, Capt. Givens, Nash and Son, the Swishers, Chandlers, Tartars, Bennehoff, Lukifer, Hartley, and Squire Gibson, the village blacksmith, who also looks after the agricultural interests of county clerk Neill, who lately bought the lower Tartar ranch.

J. G. L.

EAGLE VALLEY.

Health of this community is good at present.

The snow is all gone and the ranchers are turning out large herds of cattle, horses, and sheep on the ranges. There will be some little hay left over. The ranchers are preparing for early gardening.

The beef cattle that have been fed here this winter for the March delivery are very fat and large, about as good as the writer has ever seen fed on corn in Missouri. Alfalfa will pay better than all other grasses. Ranchers will hereafter turn much of their attention to stall-feeding cattle and sheep.

Mr. Wash. Moody and Miss Polly Ketchum, both of this valley, were married in Baker City a few days ago. A wedding supper and dance will be given at his residence on the 14th inst. Joy be with them.

There will, doubtless, be plenty of fruit in the valley this year.

Several men from Baker valley are here turning out their stock on the range.

Fine Line of Watch es, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Guns and Amunition Just Received at A. N. Gardner & Co's.