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THE OREGON SCOUT.

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BEEF, PORK, VEAL, MUTTON,
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Written for THE SCOUT.

ELENA.

Thank God, it has come, Elena;
The hour I have waited so long—
The day when no hatred shall keep us apart,
The day when my patient and sorrowful heart
Can burst o'er its banks into song!

You have told me at last, Elena,
With tears in your deep meaning eyes,
That all through lifes weather in storm or
In sun,
When high on the mountains the cloud
legions run,
You would love me till Time's footstep dies!

And I bowed down my head Elena,
To catch every word as it fell—
For sweet was the music it breathed to my
heart,
Each chord in my listening soul gave a
start,
And trembled, "Thank God it is well."

Long nights I have wept, Elena,—
Yes wept with a bitter despair;
For the radiance that beamed in your pas-
sionate soul
Seemed farther away from my spirit to roll,
And I saw not a hope glinting there!

Long days I have toiled Elena,—
Yes toiled with a zeal and a will,—
For oft by a glance, I fancied your heart
Would come to my beckon,—then lo! with
a start
I fancied you hated me still!

But now it is done Elena,
The trial and the trial is done!
Tis a bliss to be working for thy quiet rest
And the moments that speed seem to me to
be blessed
With the ray of an infinite sun!

Come rest on my bosom, Elena,
Let me smooth back the curl from thy face;
Rest peaceful; I promise no throbs of my
breast
Shall wake thee, or trouble thy love guard-
ed rest,
Nor rob thy sweet sleep of a grace!

Let me hold that soft hand, Elena,
I will lead the in radiant lands;
Where the law lull of wavelets shall swell
at thy feet,
And the pulse of our love in the rose bud
shall beat,
Fair angels shall tread the bright sands;

One time I despaired, Elena,
Yes, lost every hope I had won!
Oh, gloomy and drear was my lonely retreat,
No sound reached my ears of thy soft fall-
ing foot,
Dark clouds shielded from me the sun.

But a whisper of gladness, Elena,
Stole down on the wings of the air;
And it echoed its sweetness upon my fond
ears,
My listening soul gushed brimming with
tears,
It taught me to hush my first prayer!

And I lip it for you, Elena,
I prayed that you wouldn't forget!
And now while you sleep on my bosom in
peace,
I bid all the troubles in gone days to cease,
And whisper "I worship thee yet!"

So the day I have waited Elena,
Has come with its fullness of bliss!
Through bright years of labor I'll lead thee
along,
We will banish each sorrow and care with a
song,
And heal every wound with a kiss!

Oh it will be pleasure, Elena,
To work in the light of thy smile!
To feel thy soft breath wafting songs to my
ears,
To know that thy presence makes joy of
all tears,
And to live for thy peace all the while!

Oh it will be a pleasure, Elena,
To touch—just to press thy sweet lips!
And to dream that some angel with song
laden wings
Each night round the pillow some melody
sings,
Then back to its sunny home slips!

When our hair has grown silvered, Elena,
And steps of our feet have grown slow—
We will look back in joy at this love light-
ed hour,
And whisper aloud through the sunshine
and shadow,
"Thank God, that our hearts willed it so."

—AMELIA L. MONTAGUE.
PARIS, France, Jan, 1890.

The Pulpit and the Stage.

Rev. F. M. Shrout, pastor United Brethren Church, Blue Mound, Kan., says: "I feel it my duty to tell what wondrous Dr. King's New Discovery has done for me. My lungs were badly diseased, and my parishioners thought I could live only a few weeks. I took five bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery and am sound and well, gaining 25 lbs in weight."

Arthur Love, manager Love's Funny Folks Combination, writes: "After a thorough trial and convincing evidence, I am confident Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, beats 'em all and cures when everything else fails. The greatest kindness I can do my many thousand friends is to urge them to try it." Free trial bottles at Brown's drug store. Regular size 50c. and \$1.00.

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Meadares Bidwell & Benson the enterprising milliners of this city will now sell all fall and winter goods at actual cost. As their goods are all of the newest styles, those wishing bargains will do well to call at once.

WASHINGTON.

An Interesting Letter from Our Regular Correspondent at the Capital.

WASHINGTON, (D. C.) Feb. 14, 1890.
EDITOR OREGON SCOUT:—

The immense power given to the majority by the rules renders it probable that this session of Congress will be very short, perhaps even reaching adjournment by June. This object is to be attained by pushing regular legislation through as fast as possible and when that is done to force an adjournment, despite the pressure of special legislation, on the ground that the essential work of Congress has received attention. The committee on appropriations has been hard at work and it is believed that the final reports will be presented in May. The sub-committee on the pension bill has practically finished the consideration of that measure, which carries with it a proposed expenditure of about one hundred million dollars.

The friends of every one of the six thousand bills that have been introduced this session, hope for a favorable consideration, but it is likely that an unusually small proportion will be passed. The party in power feels the added responsibility granted by the new rules and knows that the people will be pleased to see small appropriations. The Republican leaders recognize that an early adjournment, leaving the regular business of legislation cleared, would give them a big argument in the next national campaign. They see also the danger of possessing all branches of the government should special legislation and the host of private bills once get an opportunity to delay the House. The only possible scheme seems to be to close up shop and shut off unnecessary legislation.

A vote on the rules, under the Springer motion, will be reached Friday night. After that the contested election cases will be disposed of as rapidly as convenient. The new rules will strikingly expedite the necessarily partisan action taken in such cases. Filibustering will be impossible.

Apart from the question of political expediency, adjournment should not be the place until some of the ever increasing claims against the government are settled. However great the amount to come out of the public treasury, the United States should pay its debts to private citizens. As it has been for years, the man with a private bill for reimbursement might as well have a suit in the English chancery court. Many of this sort of bills have been pending for twenty-years. Everyone has known many of them to be just and yet the claimants have been allowed to die of worry and hope deferred. Money has unjustly been withheld from political motives. And it is likely that it will be withheld. It is easy enough to get sympathy and influence for a measure that may be of advantage in elections, hard enough to get justice done, where only one man will be benefited.

Two significant instances of race trouble as far north as the Capital have occurred in the past week. Representative Grimes the other day walked into dinner at the Riggs hotel, and discovered a negro ex-minister to San Domingo eating at the same table. Mr. Grimes is from Georgia, and the effect can be imagined. He walked out to the cashier's desk, paid his bill and moved his quarters to a more congenial atmosphere. He has been followed by several other prominent guests. There is a strong prejudice against his action among the local friends of the colored race. Mr. Grimes simply states that the time has not yet come when he will stop at mixed hotels.

The second instance occurred over the appointment by the influence of Senator Hiscock of a bright young colored girl as a printer's assistant in the bureau of printing and engraving. The relations between a printer and his assistants are very close. They work all day side by side and the same printer may have the same assistant year after year. The appointment of a colored girl has never been thought of before, and the printers so far have refused to work with this one. She is now temporarily employed as a messenger, while the printers are determining what final action to take and mentally swearing at Senator Hiscock.

These instances illustrate as well as anything can the growing complications in the intercourse between the two races. Colored clerks in the departments have long been accepted, and have been appointed by both parties. Their political influences is often very strong, and being nearly all professional politicians in a small way manage to retain their positions in the public service, willy-nilly. In the city hotels the ban is still supposed to be unbreakable, and the fact that no prominent and fashionable hotel as the Riggs consented to allow a colored man in its dining room is rather surprising. The bar rooms, with a very few exceptions, have long since given up the fight, and some first class places find no small revenue from the better off colored people. You can number on your fingers nearly all the bars that refuse to sell liquor by the drink to colored "people at regular prices. Ten years ago you could have numbered on your fingers all that would have sold to them.

J. H. C.

EAGLE VALLEY.

Feb. 20, 1890.

The snow has been gone for three weeks past. A great deal of stock has been turned out on the range. Messrs. Frazier and Longley will feed their band of twelve hundred lambs. There will be some hay left in the valley.

A social hop was given at the residence of Mr. J. W. Moody a few nights ago.

Our schools will close in a about three weeks. Mr. Arthur Parker is teaching at the Swisher school house, Charley Wise at the Craig school house, and John Givens at the upper school house. All of them are good teachers and have given satisfaction. They will attend the teachers institute at Union next week.

Mr. Ben Longley has a band of the fattest steers that I have seen in Oregon. Although they have been fed on alfalfa hay they put me in mind of the corn-fed steers of Missouri.

Our new bridge that Mr. Koenig built this winter stood very well till travel started over it when it broke into and fell in the creek. In my judgment the bridge was of no account. There was fifteen head of cows and yearlings on the bridge when it went down. I don't think the bridge would have held up a team and wagon heavily loaded. The bridge should have been tested with weights before being received. Mr. Koenig had better rebuild the bridge if he ever wants another job in Eastern Oregon. If he does not, this will be out against him as a bad job. He said he would insure the bridge to hold up 80 tons, but I don't think it would have held up four tons loaded on a four horse wagon. We are very much inconvenienced and hardly know what to do about crossing.

K.

ELGIN ECHOES.

Feb. 22, 1890.

Considerable sickness at present. Mrs. Onna Bersberg died on the 17th inst. She leaves a husband and three small children.

Hay is scarce and considerable straw has been used. Several of our boys are attending court. It looks as though the taxpayers will have to pay dear for the whiskey drunk by the miners in Elgin.

Elgin is full of strangers now. The boom is here. A Chinaman from Summerville will soon start a wash house here.

Mr. Payne has sold his store to a man from Walla Walla who will deal exclusively in tin and hardware.

Messrs. W. H. Moore and R. E. Stevenson are thinking of trying the saw mill business in the spring.

Holgridge & Co. have filled the first railroad contract ever let in Indian valley. They saved and delivered to the O. R. & N. Co. at Elgin 400 staves size 4x4.

Summers & Blum, of La Grande, will soon be seen in full bloom in Elgin. Look out Mr. "Plum," frost sometimes nips plums and even some kinds of grass.

Subscribe for THE OREGON SCOUT.

OUR TRAVELER.

A Vivid Description of Some Grand and Enchanting Scenery.

HILLDALE, Wyoming Ty.

EDITOR OREGON SCOUT:—

We say farewell to this place and board an extra freight train for Evanston, fourteen miles west, the seat of Uintah county. Here, at this place, on the 15th of June, 1876, is where I was married to her that is gone.

Evanston is just half way between the Missouri river and the Pacific ocean—957 miles to either. The railroad company have a large round house, extensive machine shops, large freight buildings and one of the largest station hotels on the system. We leave here on the express. Our course is due west, passing Wasatch, a sign board a short distance beyond reading, "Wyoming—Utah" indicating the dividing line between these territories. We are now on the Wasatch mountains in the sacred land of Zion. Our engineer, with an eye to the future, noted the position in a moment, and suddenly grasping the situation peculiar to the land, sent forth a ringing shout of mingled agony and defiance. Here the tunnel is 770 feet in length, cut through hard clay and sand stone. When daylight appears again we are looking down the far-famed Echo canyon. Here too we could an ancient tale unfold, but why? There is a divine command, "Let the dead bury the dead." The grade is steep, and down swiftly glides our train. The engine does not creep along as though mistrustful of its power, but with a snort and a roar plunges down the defile which increases to a gorge only to become in a short distance a grand and awful chasm. One must be on the alert to see most of the beautiful views, our train never seems to run as fast as when we desire a slower pace. Centuries have come and gone since that mighty convulsion shook the earth to its center; when Echo and Weber canyons sprang into existence—twin children, whose birth was such as the earth may never feel again. Rain, wind and time have combined to destroy the massive walls of Echo, but in vain. They bid defiance alike to time and the elements. They stand boldly forth in all their grand, wild and weird beauty, to entrance the traveler and fill his mind with wonder and awe. On goes the engine, whirling us past castle, cathedral, towering column and rugged battlements, passing canyons which cut the walls from crest to base in awful chasms, overhanging walls, and "Pulpit rock," on the top of which it is said Brigham Young preached his first sermon in Utah. We stop at Echo. The town and canyon are rightly named, for the report of a gun or a pistol discharged in this canyon will bound from side to side in continuous echoes until it finally dies. If Echo canyon is a wonderful place in the mind of the traveler, wonders, if possible more rugged and grand, will be revealed to his gaze here high up on the face of a bluff. To the left, as you pass through the gorge, see the little holes or caves worn by the winds, in which the eagles build their nests. This bluff is called "Eagle Nest Rock." Every year the proud monarch of the air finds here a safe habitation in which to raise his young. It is beyond the reach of men, and accessible only to the birds which fly in the air. The "Thousand-mile tree" stands on the left of the track, spreading its arms, from one of which hangs the sign which marks the distance from Omaha. This living milestone of nature's planting marked this place long before the hardy Mormon passed down the wild gorge. Long before the great trans-continental railroad was ever thought of it stood a lonely sentinel, when all around was desolation, and the savage and the wild beast claimed supremacy. How changed the scene. The ceaseless bustle of an active age, the hum of labor, the roar and rush of the locomotive has usurped the old quiet, and the lone tree is not only a guide to the gloomy past, but is an index to the greatness of a great regenerated country. Just below this tree the bars cross a trestle bridge, to the left, thence down a little below they cross another trestle to the right, and almost opposite the bridge can be seen the "Devil's Slide," one of the

most singular formations to be seen on the entire route from ocean to ocean. It is composed of two parallel ledges of granite turned upon their edges, separated, and putting out in places fifty feet from the mountain side, and about 14 feet apart. It is a rough place for any one and has a height of about 800 feet. The mountains seem to have been dove-tailed together and then torn ruddy asunder leaving the rugged chasms to bar our progress, and they would but for engineering skill and Mormon brawn. In January, 1869, they drove tunnels through from side to side and bridged the chasms high above the flood, and we pass safely through and come to light again. The whistle shrieks, the echo comes from crag to crag in thundering tones, as we approach and pass through the wild scenery of the "Devil's Gate." On rattles our train through a slash in the mountains, over a bridge, far above the seething whirl of waters. Massive frowning rocks rear their crests far up towards the black and threatening clouds which hover over this witches' cauldron. With bated breath we gaze on this wild scene in which awe, wonder and admiration are blended. We finally emerge to light and beauty, and catch a view of the Great Salt Lake Pass, Utah. This station in 1862 was the scene of the notorious Morrisite massacre. On six miles to Ogden. Our ticket reads via Salt Lake City, so we board the train and the 36 miles is soon run, and we step off in the city of the mothers-in-law. We were here just 16 years ago. This is called by the Mormons the "Land of Zion."

TO BE CONTINUED.

SANGER SIFTINGS.

Feb. 20, 1890.

Weather fine, promising an early spring.

Mr. Ed Turner has returned to camp and gone to work as teamster. We are glad to see our old friend back. He will probably remain for several months.

Mr. Farnsworth has returned to Sanger, from Medical Springs, and is in good health. He was pretty badly crippled up with rheumatism.

Sanger is a lovely place to live. There are about twelve families living in camp. Some are stopping here for their health while others are stopping here because it only costs ten dollars a month rent to live in a little shanty.

Mr. Thomas Allen has moved his family out of camp to his ranch near Lyon's hill. Thomas was a good miner and the company will feel the effects of the loss of his labor.

Mr. Saul Shepard was in camp on the 19th inst on his way to Cornucopia where he will take charge of some carpenter work.

Mr. Isaac Bowman is not married, yet he thinks the girls of Sanger are too high toned for him we must sympathize with Mr. Bowman and hope he will get there soon.

Mr. Sam George, and his dog Fannie, are still holding the camp down. He is the boss amalgamator and pump man.

Mr. Pat. Curnes is still the blacksmith. He sharpens the tools like they do in Colorado.

Mr. Burt Nun is getting to be an expert on snow shoes. Mr. Nun is a very pleasant young man a masher with the ladies, and full of business. We wish him success.

A turkey supper was served on the 19th inst, at Mrs. Fairweather's Mr. and Mrs. Johny Dorman, Mr. and Mrs. Rith, Mr. Judge Bassett and Mr. Isreal Rith were the guests.

Mill and mine runing in full blast with Dan, Hayes foreman. We are glad to give him credit for what he knows, but we think he would do better down at Pendleton driving the street sprinkler, runing a skating rink or runing the saw mill in California but we find that Mr. Hayes is a prominent man at any thing.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale at Brown's drug store.

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