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THE OREGON SCOUT.

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10-31-tf

Written for THE SCOUT.

QUEEN ESTHER.

"What wilt thou Esther"? look abroad with me,
To yon high hills where my wide domains run!
'Even unto half', I gladly give to thee,
My queen, my queen, the fairest 'neath the sun!
See these broad acres teeming rich with grain,
The hills of Ethiop in their verdure sweet,
Fair India's land made glad with gentle rain,
'Even unto half' I lay it at thy feet!

And here the splendor of my glittering court
Where gardens smile and jewels flash and play;
The crystal creeks where schools of gold-fist sport
'Even unto half' I give to thee, to-day!
The wide, wide fields, where brawny slave-herds plow,
And vineyards sleep, Ah, beauteous queen behold!
Say but thy choice, and at thy feet, e'en now,
One half I lay of land, of slaves, of gold!

I'll make thee mistress o'er the palace grand,
And all the joy that wealth can give is thine,
To thee shall bow each prince that guards our land,
'Even unto half' thou'lt have of all that's mine!
What is thy wish, and what thy choice, my queen?
Thou seest the gold, and knowest the lands that be!
The palace high, the garden's wealth serene
'Even unto half' my queen, I give to thee!

Then Esther answered: "Fair the spreading field,
And sweet the land where Ethiop's sun is bright!
Rich are the harvests India's valleys yield.—
Rare are her gems that sparkle in the light,
And grand, Oh king, thy palace wrought in gold,—
Grand as it glitters 'neath the noon day sun!
The vineyard's wealth sweet dreams to me unfold,
And rich the founts that by thy windows run!

"I love the praise that princes would bestow
And gladly look where slave-herds toil for thee!
Thy home is peace, and sweet voiced breezes blow,
That make the realm a Paradise for me!
But half thy land and half thy gold, to-day,
I cannot ask, though dear, aye dear to me!
But grant one boon! Low on my knees I pray,
'Tis this, Oh King! JUST SET MY PEOPLE FREE!"

—B. W. HUFFMAN.

COVE CULLINGS.

COVE, April 2, 1890.

Mr. Wm. Sterling lately returned from a trip through the east, paid Cove friends a call this week.

Mr. Henry Jaycox who has been clerking in Jaycox's store during the winter left for the Sound last week.

The Cove Cemetery Association has about decided to build a fence much needed on the north side of the grounds.

Mr. E. E. Westman and family have occupied a wing of the Corpe residence. Elmer is a little doubtful about city life agreeing with him.

Mr. Louie Koenig started for San Francisco Tuesday. He will work with his Brother Carl at the carpenter trade in that city.

Several Cove chicken roosts were raided lately. Some say that that temporary sojourn of the deciples of Blackstone may have something to do with it.

Taking the depositions in the water ditch case proves to be very tedious. Court convened last Monday and adjourned Tuesday to resume next Monday.

The favorite passtime with the Cove sports now is shooting squirrels with a 22 calibre rifle. They are becoming very proficient and squirrels are becoming scarce.

Easter services will be held at the Episcopal church next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. The interior will be decorated for the occasion and new music is being rehearsed. All are invited to attend.

Mr. Edward Stearns has gone back to Rocky Bar Idaho. He thinks that a much better place than this to accumulate some of the root of all evil and while here he persuaded one of our citizens to try his fortune at the bar.

Mr. Judd Geer and wife have left the haven of Cove and have sallied forth in the cold wide world. Mrs. Geer goes to New York to visit relatives and attend a sister's wedding. Judd went to Fairhaven where he may conclude to locate, on his wifes return from the east.

The summer term of the public school will commence next Monday. The rate to scholars residing out of the district has been fixed at $1,50 per month. The lady engaged as teacher comes highly recomended and everything is very propitious for a highly successful session.

Mr. Wydo of Nebraska was in the Cove last week buying sheep. He will drive to that state in June. Contracts were made at the rate of $2,00 to $2.25 a head. Outside range is getting so scarce and pasturing so expensive that the chances are that there will be very few sheep in this vicinity in a few years.

FOR SALE.

160 ACRES OF TIMBER LAND near Summerville. Both residence and business property in the cities of Union and La Grande, cheaper than the cheapest.

3-20-tf. J. R. CRITES.

REMINISENCES.

A Talk About The Early Days of Union.

SOME OF THE OLD TIMERS.

How Mail Was Received—The Stock Business—The Mines.

EDITOR OREGON SCOUT:—

Union with the electric light. Union to have a woolen mill! To old timers who remember Union in its infancy it seems almost incredible. Time works wonders. Mr. Peter Coffin and my father in the fall of 1862 located on Catherine creek 320 acres of land on what is known as the Coffin farm. Then this was a wild Indian country, no settlement near, Powder River diggings, (old Auburn) and Walla Walla being the nearest. There was only four settlers on Catherine creek at that time—Mr. Conrad Miller, who settled on the Miller farm where the flouring mill now stands, Mr. E. H. Lewis, who still holds the fort on his original location, and is a hale and hearty old gentleman yet, Mr. M. C. Israel, who settled on the farm now owned by Mr. Geo. Ames, and Mr. Fred Nodine who located on the farm now known as the Swackhamer place in North Union. Mr. Nodine that summer cut and stacked the first hay ever put up on the creek, two or three stacks. He cut the hay up and down the creek where it grew the best. He had to haul it on brush, having no wagon. The Indians came down and run off his mules. He tracked them out in the mountains east of Union for some distance, but could not overtake them, so he lost his mules, also the Indians. He then heard of a man over at Walla Walla who had a few head of cows for sale. He went over and purchased them and that was his first start in cattle in Grande Ronde valley, an industry that made him one of the most successful stock raisers of Eastern Oregon.

Late in the fall of 1862 John Andrew Jackson Chapman and Mr. Henry located 320 acres of land this side of Catherine creek, where the business part of Union is now located. Some time after Mr. Nodine bought Mr. Chapman's land and the late Mr. Sam'l Hannah bought Mr. Henry's land. In 1870 I was working for Mr. Hannah in his store and he offered me the land, with the exception of a few lots sold, for $500. I did not know enough to buy. Seven or eight years after that he sold it for $1700 to Mr. Abe Eaton, who made a small fortune by his purchase.

Mr. Chapman built the first business house in Union, the old Wright store where the drug store now is. He built the middle building first and after the town was surveyed added on the front store out to the line.

In 1863 there was some emigration to Union. The war was whooping things up lively back east and many came the plains across to escape the terrors of civil war. Union and vicinity caught some of the emigrants, many of them stopped and made some of our best citizens.

The late Mr. W. T. Ficklin arrived at Union, "busted," with a large family, his wagon drawn by two cows. He bought the old Ficklin farm of Mr. John Dobbins, and it proved to be a fine farm. Mr. Ficklin was a fine man for the place, kind, good hearted and a gentleman. Peace to his ashes.

Letters came to Union in early days directed to "Catherine creek, Grande Ronde valley, Oregon, care of C. Jacobs & Co., Walla Walla, W. T." The mail was brought over on horseback the carrier charging seventy-five cents for his trouble. It was three months before you could send a letter and receive an answer from the east. Mail went to Portland and then by steamer by the way of the Isthmus of Panama.

The fall of '62 Boise Basin was struck and in the spring of '63 excitement ran high. The roads through Grande Ronde were lined with pack trains. The Coffin ranch, Union and the Proctor place in Pyle canyon did a rushing business feeding man and beast. From that time on Union commenced to grow. The growth of the town has been slow but sure. Sometime in the future it will be a large town. It may not be in our time, but it will surely be so in the sweet by and by.

C. F. HINCKLEY.

THE COUNTY SEAT.

A Resident of Indian Valley Talks Sensibly on the County Seat Question.

ELGIN, Oregon, March 24, 1890.

EDITOR OREGON SCOUT:—

As the time approaches for the people and taxpayers of the county to decide as to whether or not the county seat shall be moved to La Grande or remain where it is, persons who feel an interest in the matter begin to question themselves as to what course is best to pursue in the matter.

Self interest and of the county generally will prompt a very large majority to vote to have the county seat remain where it is. Why? Simply because our county buildings are amply sufficient for the present. Union is near the geographical center of the county and there appears at the present time no necessity for any change. Our county is already largely in debt aggregating something like $70,000 and a change in the county seat would increase our indebtedness from $50,000 to 75,000 making a total debt of about $150,000. Besides this if the county seat is moved to La Grande it is there at the extreme western side of the county is neither central nor convenient for a majority of the taxpayers and persons who necessarily attend the seat of government for business purposes. It renders it very inconvenient to our brethren in the southeastern portion of the county who are already far enough away from the county seat. At the present time any disruption or any measures which are likely to produce disruption in our county within its business or boundaries should not be tolerated. We are now on the era of what must be deemed a new era for us. Railroad building interlocking our country is just commencing and the changes that will be wrought in business and business centers in the next few years we can hardly conjecture and it certainly would now be wise for the people to get in now and make costly changes that they may be sorry for in two or three years. For the convenience of every section we feel that the county seat should be on the Hunt line of railroad as there is but little doubt but it will be extended from Union down through the Lower Powder river country and tap not only the rich agricultural and mining districts of the southeastern portion of our country but also opening a fine mining country on the other side of Snake river. This will put the people of the northern portion of our country in direct railroad communication with those in the southeastern portion and not only furnish convenient traveling facilities for the people but afford a splendid market at their very doors for their surplus products. With the county seat remaining when it now is, the building and extending of Hunt's line of railroad through the entire length of our mineral and agricultural resources, resulting from the same will add very greatly to our unity, wealth and importance and attract to us business enterprises that will be worth thousands of dollars to us. Agitation and changes in business, county seat fights and local wrangles are very detrimental to the interests of a county or state. It detracts capital from being invested and deters immigration. The present county seat agitation has been thousands of dollars injury to us in many respects and the only redeeming feature of it is that it no doubt has hastened the incoming of the Hunt road, our greatest boon. It is certainly not to the best interests of taxpayers and the people generally to move the county seat at the present time and while we of the northern end of the county believe it to be to our best interests to have the county seat remain where it is for the present, it seems to us that it is also better for the county generally. There is hardly any reason to doubt but that within 4 or 5 years our southeastern brethern will desire to be divided off into a county to themselves and when that occurs we shall neither want the county seat at La Grande nor Union and we would then probably agitate again for a removal. Lets keep the county seat where it is till we see where we want it in the future.

CONSERVATIVE.

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The "Overland Flyer" trains are equipped with Pullman Palace Sleepers and coaches, between Portland and Council Bluffs, and with Pullman Colonist Sleepers between Portland and Kansas City, daily without change.

Commencing with Sunday, March 2nd, both first and second-class tickets will be honored on "The Limited Fast Mail," trains 3 and 4, as well also on the "Overland Flyers," Nos. 1 and 2.

Connections are made at Pocatello with through trains to and from Salt Lake, and at Cheyenne with through trains to and from Denver, Kansas City and St. Louis.

T. W. LEE,
Gen'l Pass. Agt.

The "Eli" Sulky or Gang Plows, the Havanna Press Drill and the Zig-Zag all steele harrow with the improvements made for 1890, make the best and most satisfactory outfit of spring farming implements now offered in this market. For sale by Frank Bros. Implement Co., at La Grande, or Island City, and Corwin C. Coffinberry Union.

IN THE EAST.

Description of a Visit to the Hawkeye State.

RECALLING SOME EARLY SCENES.

Sojourning Among the Farmers of Kansas—Notes by the Way.

ESBON, Kansas, March 26, 1890.

EDITOR OREGON SCOUT:—

My last letter to the SCOUT was written from my native Hawk-eye state. My mission there was to once more see relatives and friends of my youth, and view again those familiar scenes which by intuitive love we incline to remember. While changes innumerable confronted me in the line of progressive, changeable and perishable humanity, yet in nature's work-shop there are few changes. The old landmarks are as unchanged in appearance as I left them nearly twenty years ago, and as, prehaps, a hundred years hence will find them; the same soil yields the same product to the farmer for his toil, and the same sun lends its life-invigorating influence to feeble vegetation in its infancy, while each and all, respectively, play their part in the great drama of nature, for as the melancholy, yet immortal Knox so beautifully sang:

"We are the same our fathers have been
We see the same sights our fathers have seen
We drink the same stream and view the same sun
And run the same race our fathers have run."

I spent several weeks in paying my respects to friends of other days, and would suggest to my Oregon friends if any there be who have been many years away from the scenes of their childhood, that even a few weeks spent in a like manner is, I think, in many instances worth more than hundreds of dollars invested in apothecary shops and "sich like"

I saw the old school house where by degrees I had pumped and thumped into my space-box the significance of the first letter of the alphabet. Had I then been able to realize the intrinsic value of a "full case of nonpariel" for a "long take on piece work" I might, possibly have looked more zealously to my p's and q's and filled up that space box, besides providing myself with a more liberal distribution of "sorts." If you don't understand that "type-ical" illustration ask Brownlow, or your worthy state printer. Even my old friend of the halcion days of yore, Jap Stevens, might yet remember enough of the avocation of his boyhood to get the idea. But to return to that old school-house "where I played upon the green some twenty years ago." Yes, it is "altered now and the benches are replaced." It has even been moved to the village near by and occupies the very prominent position of a public institution. It was on the occasion of the weekly coming together of a powerful organization known as the Stumptown literary and debating club that I sat as an honorary member of the aforesaid society and listened to bewildering flights of eloquence such as would almost thrill the very bones of a Webster, Clay or Patrick Henry to take inspiration, hook-up their joints, as it were, and stride forth in the land in the dead hour of night to fight anew the battles of the past and "die"—yes I know they would have wanted to die "like dogs." But if they had come out there would have been bloodshed you-betcher-life, for we were ready for 'em. The ghoulish forbodings of evil seemed to lurk in the very frame-work of the faithful old building whose walls have been so often tried by similar outbursts of oratory, but the tender memories of the past were so rife within my breast that I would readily have staked my life-blood on getting away if the opportunity could have been presented. The question was, "resolved that intemperance has caused more suffering than all other evils combined" and there was not enough of either side of the question left to excite a remark unless the remark was naturally a little excitable. But the ghosts of these great men evidently knew that the Stump Junction debating club was in dead earnest with blood in its eye and being wise men they took advice from each other. But I will leave the old school-house to mingle with other scenes and traverse the old path through the lonely wood where, as a barefooted boy I have wended my way to school. How and why the lanes and by-ways were so seemingly diminutive in length may, prehaps, be accounted for by a varyating vission that expands and diminishes according to the weather. Soon I stood at the threshold of the house where I was born, and all nature seemed hushed and silent as I knocked at the old broken door and cast a weird glance at my old ash-hopper play ground whilst waiting a strangers welcome. It came in the person of a black-eyed little house-wife with three little charges to keep who stared at me in blank surprise as I explained to their mother why I wished to see the old home again. But a few moments idle chat, whilst my thoughts and eyes were vaguely employed, were sufficient to garner all the fruits that my estimate of this visit oft fondly anticipated, but now less fondly realized, could suggest, so I went my way, while my unpoetic mind mused again in the line of such thoughts as is not given me the power to compose in rythmatic verse:

"The leaves of the oak and willow shall fade
Be scattered around and together be laid,
And the young and the old and the low and the high
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie."

While there was an occasional vacant chair to make the truthful significance of the above lines more real, there were many new faces that had joined in lifes giddy whirl, and thus the world rolls onward, ever onward.

After a few weeks sojourn in the vicinity of Iowa City I bearded the Rock Island via Omaha Lincoln and Beatrice, Neb., for the point from which I now write. Here I have a brother with a wife and four children who has heard the dismal wind of Kansas sing its doleful dirge for about a dozen years. He was among the first settlers of Jewell county and saw its population grow even in that time from nothing to twenty thousand and its wild prairies transformed into a modern Egypt of corn. The farmers don't need to provide cribs for their corn here, but spill it down on the ground of two or three thousand bushels in a pile. They usually crib the shelled corn, however, and feed it in that form, and the cobs are used for fuel. Crops are not a dead certainty here, as there was almost a total failure here in 1887, but farmers have fared pretty well, nevertheless, when compared to other localities, and were it in the order of things for the farmers to be allowed anything more than a bare living after the shylocks have got their numerous pounds of flesh, the lands of the much maligned Kansas would blossom as the rose, and merry groups of happy children would frolic and prosperity smile in localities where now the wind bloweth where it listeth and no human voice mingles with its melancholy song. I will probably take in some more of the wooly west and then bring up in Union. W. H. MCOMAS.

ELGIN ECHOES.

Late Improvements—Railroad Work—A Dwelling House Burned.

Snyder Bro's. barber shop is nearly completed.

Mr. John Elliott says he is going to take in the World's fair.

Hon. E. E. Taylor is the owner of two blooded hound pups which he got somewhere in Idaho.

Carpenters are busy here now and will be for a long time. This is no mushroom boom.

Mr. A. C. Courtney has bought the Galloway hotel and will soon build a large addition thereto.

The roads are very bad. Our stage driver and four passengers had to camp all night under a tree recently, within two miles of town.

A dwelling house belonging to Sim. Boly, four miles northeast of town, was distroyed by fire on the 22nd inst. John Graham was living in the house at the time. Fortunately the fire was discovered in time to save most of his household goods.

Mr. Neal McLeod, boss of the grade work for the U. P. railroad is doing good work. He has nearly finished one half mile at this writing. Considerable timber has been cleared from the right-of-way. Large stumps can be seen quite a distance from the grade that were blown there by the blasting powder.

JOSEPH JOTTINGS.

Mr. J. A. Wright lost one of his best cows recently.

Mr. Ed. Locke and Miss Mary Mainard were married last Sunday.

The dance at Enterprise Saturday night was a success and enjoyed by all in attendance.

Mr. R. A. Masterson has gone to the hills to look after his sheep. His losses have been light this winter.

Some of our farmers are putting out poison for the squirrels. They want to raise a good crop this year.

I don't care if I did get the G. B. Monday night. It was awful muddy and a long way to go—S. J.

Prof. Dunnigan's singing school is ended at Alder. He will finish the Huricane creek school sometime in May.

Mr. Chas. Crow has a Summer's school at the Three Buck school house, and Mr. Peter Crow has a five month school at Trout creek.

Mr. Chester Martin who has been behind the counter of Wurzwiler's store for the past three years has traded for a place in the hills. Chester wants to try country life.

R. R.

Quick!

Or you lose it. If you want a cheap lot in Union, call quick or you lose it. Call on Wilson & Hackett, managers Union Real Estate Association.

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