REMINICENSES.

An Interesting Chat About the Old Times.

THE BEAUTY OF JEWISH WOMEN.

Early Days in California—The Philosophy of a Former Partner.

EDITOR OREGON SCOUT:—

I was up to Baker City the other day, and the most beautiful sight I saw there was two Jewish ladies. It set me to thinking of the reason why the Jewish ladies are so much handsomer than the men. I believe it is because the Jewesses have escaped the curse which alighted on their husbands, fathers and sons. Not a Jewess was to be seen among the crowd of priests and rabble who insulted the Son of God. The women in Judea believe in the Savior, and assisted and soothed him under affliction. A woman of Bethany poured on his head precious ointment. Christ on his part extended mercy to the Jewesses. He raised from the dead the son of the widow of Nain. He cured Simon's mother-in-law, and the women who touched the hem of his garment. The daughters of Jerusalem wept over him. The holy women accompanied him to Calvary. His first appearance after the resurection was to Mary Magdalene. The reflection of some beautiful ray must have rested on the brow of Jeweses.

Writing about Christ and the bible brings to recollection a mining partner of mine years ago at Cerro Gordo, Inyo county, California—Fairfax by name. He was an Englishman, an Oxford scholar, and for some trouble or other at home had strayed to the mines of Southern California. He was a tall, good looking man about my age, a great ladies' man and very polite. I remember once in San Bernardino we noticed a very handsome lady approaching us on the street. Just as she passed us by a gust of wind took her parasol out of her hand. Fairfax jumped and caught it and presented it to her with a low bow, saying, "Madam, if you were as strong as you are handsome, this would not have happened." The lady looked at him smilingly and said, "Which shall I thank you for first, the service or the compliment?" "Neither, madam," said Fairfax, "for that look from your beautiful eye is thanks enough." The only fault he had, as a companion, was that he was an infidel, and always quoting scripture. He was a great bible scholar and hard to answer. He knew more in a minute about the bible than I did in a month, but I shut him up once and he did not spout scripture to me again for some time. In an argument one day he denied the truth of all revelations; allowed there was such a man once as Jesus Christ, but believed that he was an impostor. I said, either Christ was an impostor or he was not. If he was an impostor we have the inconceivable phenomenon of a base man practicing virtue, self denial, charity, forgiveness of injuries through his whole life, in spite of contumely and even crucifixion. Is it philosophical to suppose that a bad man would take such pains to make men good? But if he was not an impostor then he has told the truth, and we must believe him.

Fairfax located a spring on the Mohave desert and sold the water to teamsters and travelers at "two bits" per barrel. I saw him about six months after that in San Francisco. He had sold his spring for $1,000 and was "flying high." He was "dressed up to kill," and had a girl on each arm. He was very glad to see me, and introduced me to the ladies. Nothing would do but that I should go to the theatre with them; so I borrowed one of his girls and we went to the old Metropolitan theater. It was the last performance ever held in that, the oldest theater in San Francisco, for the carpenters were to commence pulling it down in the morning to make way for New Montgomery avenue. The theater was packed from floor to ceiling. The audience was mostly old timers who had turned out in force to give their favorite old theater a good send off. The galleries were packed with hoodlums and the riff-raff of San Francisco, who came to have a good time, and they certainly had it if a good time consists in raising the devil. The Chapman sisters were the stars. Harold, the Australian ventriloquist and the grand ballett were features of the entertainment. Such running out between the acts to see a friend, I never saw before or since. By the time the last act was on, the people were ripe for anything. The ventriloquist started in to kiss one of the Chapman sisters. She didn't like to be kissed, or at any rate not in public, and raised a fuss about it. Two or three of her dude admirers, down on the front seats, jumped on the stage and went for the ventriloquist, and the fun commenced. It would not have amounted to much if it had not been for the hoodlums. They commenced to fire down apples, oranges, parasols and anything they cound get hold of. Some chairs and stools fell or were thrown down, and it caused a panic. It was an awful crash for a time. Everybody got out alive, but many were badly hurt. Our party managed to get out all right with the exception of our clothes being badly torn. My coat was in rags and Fairfax had lost his plug hat. On the way home his partner was complaining about the loss of her new silk dress and Fairfax was grumbling about the loss of his hat. I wondered at him growling so about a hat, but he told me later, that when a woman has a greviance you must have one also, and I believe he was right, for I noticed that his companion soon stopped complaining about the ruin of her forty-dollar silk dress and went to sympathising and consoling Fairfax about the loss of his five dollar hat.

Fairfax's money commencing to run short after awhile, he took it into his head that there was money in going down to Panimint, a deserted mining camp on the edge of the Mohave desert, and collecting bottles and shipping them to the Philadelphia brewery at San Francisco. He was acquainted with the proprietor—and, by the way he seemed to know everybody. He could get several cents apiece for all the bottles he would send. He wanted me to go with him, bad, but I was in love with a girl, or thought I was, which amounts to the same thing, and wouldn't go. I tried to talk him out of the notion, but he allowed he ought to know something about bottles, for was he not raised on a bottle when a baby. And go he did and made a success of it, clearing several hundred dollars in a short time. Fairfax afterwards went to Arizona, and when Tombstone was booming he went to that camp and was doing well, but one Christmas eve he tried to get away with all the whiskey in town. He overrated his capabilities, however, and was seen late at night going for home, singing,

"Down among the dead men,
Under earth the ground,"

and the next day was found lying at the bottom of a sixty-foot shaft, dead. He had fallen in, in the darkness, and that was the end of a man with ability enough to have graced any walk in life.

Well, there is nothing new or strange up here in Antelope, except Ed Ashby's wife has a baby, and I am sure there is nothing strange about that. Mrs. Joe Yowell has the smartest girl in Union county. She runs the mowing machine and the sulky plow, and is a girl worth having. She is a better farmer than her brother, who asked his father this spring what chilled plows were. Joe told him that they were those plows of ours out there in the field that had stood in the furrow all winter.

C. F. HINCKLEY.

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If you want to make every dollar do full duty, catch on to some of the cheap bargains in farm or city property now offered by Wilson & Hackett, managers Union Real Estate Association.

HIGH VALLEY.

A Paragraphic Record of Recent Happenings.

DEBT AS A DEMORALIZER.

Our Home Merchants—Political Pointers—Social Inequalities.

May 5, 1890.

High valley's hog eyes have got a move on themselves and gone with their tails curled.

This dry warm weather is harvest time for the brick burners. Make hay while the sun shines.

Who lost their bustle on the canyon road? The owner can have the same by calling on the road supervisor.

Nothing is so desirable at present as a good soaking rain which must come soon to revive all the late sowed grain.

Our school is in full blast, Mr. N. J. Conklin teaching the young America how to—some say talk and have manners.

Born, April 31, 1890, to the wife of Mr. Wm. Wilkinson, a son. Wm. will start up his sawmill immediately with renewed vigor.

The man who goes to Salem and catches onto all the lines of work, as a legislator and knows just the right thing to do at the right time; who can get a place on good committees and hold his job, so to speak, when he gets it; who can cope with the best of his peers on the floor or any where, and at the same time be clever with his friends and all the other fellows, that man is a power and of such we can honestly testify of the democratic representative, Hon. Duhnam Wright. There is none more worthy or capable.

We have investigated with some care and while we believe our people are as fair and true as any other in patronizing the home merchants, yet there are many instances where they go abroad and make purchases when there is no shadow of reason for it. They do not get better goods as a rule nor any cheaper than could be had at home, and if anything be wrong with the deal it is not easily adjusted, while with our merchants all this can be avoided. They can buy better than an individual and are entitled to the patronage of all. If a Union merchant has carpets, cloaks, gloves, furniture, jewelry, carriages or harness or anything else you need, buy of them and keep the money at home and thus help each other by being loyal to our home merchants.

There is no worse demoralizer of character than debt. The sad records of defaulting, embezzling, and dishonest failure which we meet with so constantly in the daily press and often, indeed most frequently, the result of the demoralization of debt and consequently desperate efforts at extrication. The financial props have given away. The little debt which was at first small as a grain of mustard seed, like the rolling snow ball, has gathered weight and multiplied and still it grows and like the fabulous hydra which Hercules was sent to kill, you no sooner cut off one head than two come up in its place. The struggle is severe, but the end is decisive. Either confession is made of a hopeless bankruptcy which might and should have been avoided, or integrity is sacrificed to the temptation of the moment. Debt ruins as many households and destroys as many fine characters as rum. It is the devil's mortgage on the soul and he is always ready to foreclose. Be in debt for nothing but love and pay that most frequently.

When the young ladies refuse attention from young men who drink and secretly run after lewd women, the doors of reform will be thrown wide open. The foulest, profanest, tobacco saturated young reprobate, seeks and obtains the company of pure and good girls. Convince him that the young woman to whom he is paying his attention either uses tobacco, liquor, or is profane or vulgar in her language and he will fly the track quicker than a crazy race horse. He demands moral cleanliness of his young lady associate, if his intentions are good, but offers her nothing in return, and the worst of it is the young ladies and their parents quietly ignore low morals in young men if they wear good clothes and are adroit enough to be caught only now and then indulging in social impurities which would forever damn a respectable young woman. Wherever the association of the young is based upon absolute equality of the sexes in morals, society will become more pure. A sweet young woman has as much right to demand that her prospective husband shall come to the alter absolutely pure as the clever and otherwise noble young man has to demand purity of his prospective wife. Should the least suspicion come over his mind even when dressed for marriage that she even once befouled herself with the habits he thinks are no discredit to himself he would disappear as though shot out of a gun. Give us one and the same moral law for men and women.

HOHO.

THE COVE.

A Farmer's Experience at La Grande—Two serious Accidents.

COVE, May 7, 1890.

La Grande with great pseto claims to be the banner town of the county for farmers with produce etc., to dispose of. Yet some poor deluded Coveites went there last week and didn't profit by it either. One had a load of A 1 butter. He offered it at twenty-five cents per pound, the usual price, and couldn't attract attention, then rather than to make the long journey back with it, he put the price at twenty cents. These great snatchers of country produce still would not take the offerings so the butter had to be brought home. A young man also took over a few thousand shingles from Burrough's mill which are known to be of No. 1 quality and finally was offered the magnificent price of $1.25 per. M! The owner concluded to bring his load back and use it for wood. Every Coveite should vote for La Grande. We can go over, transact our business at the new court house built at a cost of only a 2½ mill yearly tax making our county and state tax then 29½ mills, remain over night and pay well for the privelege, and haul our pumpkins and timothy grass home the next day.

Mrs. J. M. Parker met with a serious accident Tuesday of last week. Accompanied by her son Jas, she was returning to her home on the Sandridge after a short stay in town. By some means the wagon, a heavy one, was driven over a stake at one side of the road and Mrs. Parker was thrown from her seat under the wheel, which passing over her, broke her collar bone and several ribs. Her sufferings were acute and for a time her life was despaired of but at last accounts the improvement was marked and she was in a fair way to recovery.

Born, to the wife of Chas. W. Hamilton of the Sandridge, April 30th, a ten pound girl. It is not every one that can have a baby and a twenty-two year old son in his family, and Charlie is correspondingly happy.

Last Sunday, a young son of D. M. Young was thrown from an unruly horse and received a fracture of the right arm. The accident happened near Mr. Parkers place.

The pound party last Saturday was well attended and receipts substantial. Several of our healthiest young ladies, however were conspicuous on account of their absence.

A twenty-four hours rain to sprout corn, settle dust etc., would not be out of place just now.

Mr. J. M. Phy was quite sick with pneumonia, Tuesday.

A VIGOROUS KICK.

A Merchant's Wife the Bone of Contention. A Denunciation.

A well known merchant who has been greatly benefitted by Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla, desired to give it to his wife, who was very delicate, but out of caution first consulted his physician, Dr. W. H. Griswold of 850 Market street. The doctor, who is one of our leading practitioners objected, saying he had never seen a sarsaparilla that did not contain potash, which thinned the blood that his patient did not have any vitality to lose, and that what delicate people need is not decreased vitality, but more blood. He consented when assured that Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla was directly opposed to the old mistaken blood thinning idea of other sarsaparillas, and that on the contrary by specific vegetable alteratives it stimulated the excretory organs, promoted digestion, and repaired nutrition, hence created new blood and was the very thing for feeble people. The above explains the hundreds of cases in which aged, enfeebled, delicate and run down people, have been built up by Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla after the potash sarsaparillas failed. Its effects are creating a sensation.—*S. F. Examiner.*

The New Discovery.

You have heard your friends and neighbors talking about it. You may yourself be one of the many who know from personal experience just how good a thing it is. If you have ever tried it, you are one of its staunch friends, because the wonderful thing about it is, that when once given a trial, Dr. Kinff's New Discovery ever after holds a place in the house. If you have never used it and should be afflicted with a cough, cold or any Throat, Lung or Chest trouble, secure a bottle at once and give it a fair trial. It is guaranteed every time, or money refunded. Trial bottles free at Brown's drug store, Union, Oregon.

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