

## WOLF CREEK.

### An Answer to "Homo" on Religious Matters.

#### A PLEASANT BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Haying in Full Blast—New School Apparatus Needed—Sale of Horses.

Aug. 4, 1890.

Very pleasant weather.

Dry and dusty roads are the usual greeting.

Haying is in full blast and every rancher is smiling, thinking of the fine fat cattle next winter.

Last week W. L. Charnes' team ran away. No one was hurt, but the wagon came out a total wreck.

Thos. O'Bryant's sale of horses on the 15th ult. was quite good. He sold about 30 head at a good price.

Will Simonis has taken a pre-emption, and built a house on the same. Girls, is this any encouragement?

T. J. Harrison, an old soldier, and W. A. Charnes made a flying trip to Union on the 2d inst. Mr. Harrison was having his pension papers made out, so that Uncle Sam could recognize him as one of his veterans, who wore the blue.

We notice Mr. Bunch, Andrew & Co's agent of school supplies in our vicinity. We sincerely hope that the directors will supply our school with some of the indispensable apparatus so necessary to successful teaching as they have nothing in that line. By a small outlay of money Wolf creek could boast of the finest school in the county.

On the 28th of July there was a birthday party at Uncle John O'Bryant's in honor of the 60th anniversary of his birth. The guests were too numerous to be mentioned individually. The day is long to be remembered as one of the most pleasant that we have enjoyed. The older people enjoyed the cool shade talking while the younger folks were engaged in the charms of music. We can not expect to have Uncle John with us another 60 years but we hope that he may still enjoy peace, health and happiness in his declining years.

I do not care to enter into a discussion with "Homo" as to the divine or sacred origin of the bible, but as he has given his views in quite a liberal manner, I presume he would not object to my views on the same subject. In the first place I find nothing in his views with any foundation nor, if I understand him, neither does he establish anything more than ridicule and sarcasm. He goes with a hop, skip and a jump from one thing to another, denying nothing in particular except a red herring. As my travels have not led me to that tropical region I can not say whether it is a red, blue, or white heat; but be that as it may, we are of the opinion that, if there be a hereafter it must be something; and if there be a something, and "Homo" thinks there is but does not name it, and we think there is a something, we have a right to name it whatever we please, and he must accept unless he disproves it. There are a few things that every sane person must and does admit; one of these is, there cannot be a positive unless there is a negative. There are in every thing two forces, one opposite to the other. This we see in every thing. Man is possessed of these two natures, one of them we might say is the animal and the other the reasoning nature. The animal nature might be represented by the thinking or immortal man. Were it not for reason, ever present, man would be a raving maniac.

If man is so organized, there must have been a great organizer some where. If this organizer at his own will and discretion brought into existence a human being has he not the power to do anything else he might wish to do? For a moment we say that this divine originator is not the God that fanatics worship. Then like Ingersoll we will have to say it is something. We all have to acknowledge a higher power than man, and now what is that power? The skeptic and infidelic world has, since time immemorial, been trying to destroy the idea of an almighty God, and sometimes they have almost succeeded their points, but alas! there is always a missing link, and they can't substitute anything that will stand the searching test of the inspiration of an almighty God. There is not a passage in holy writ but what is built on a firm basis, and a reason given for such. If this bible is spurious, why is it that it has stood the

fiery tests of infidelity for centuries, and come out victorious in every encounter it has had? What is your answer? We suppose it is a sarcastic slur: "That it is the narrow minded, bigoted superstition of creed and sects." If such be the answer, it is incorrect. Why? Simply from the fact that a majority of the people will discard any literature that is based on falsehood.

Look at Voltaire, who in his enthusiasm exclaimed "In another century the bible will be discarded and my book will be the standard." The century came, but where was Voltaire? We cannot say, but his printing press was being used to print bibles. We make this assertion, "that if any part of the bible is untrue or false, it is all wrong and should be discarded." Well, then, if it is wrong, why did Blackstone, Wharton, and another of the greatest commentators of common and civil law say, (and it became an established fact in England and U. S.) that any code or statute which was contrary to the teaching of the bible is unconstitutional? If Mr. Moses made so many mistakes, why is it that so much of the Mosaic law is copied in the laws of all civilized nations? Such as the following, viz: Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not bear false witness etc. We do not find any mistakes in the prophecies, neither do we find any in Mr. Moses, but by carefully reading we find in that day, as we do to-day that man was not perfect, "may not one." And furthermore everyone that came short of his duty and sinned against the commands laid down in the bible were punished in some way or other. The polygamous practices were visited by domestic strife and some by ruin. In the case of Abram's, David's, and Solomon's polygamous practice, there failed to be peace and harmony. David repented in sackcloth and ashes, Solomon died in dishonor and disgrace, to such a degree that Josephus tells us that he had not friends enough to give him a decent burial. "Homo," by reading the first verse of the 14 Psalm will find what is said of him who denies the existence of a God. But perhaps we did not understand. It was the nativity of Christ he was not going to swallow.

#### HIPOCRATES.

LONG VALLEY, IDAHO.

A Descriptive Letter Written by an Old Subscriber.

LARGO, Idaho, July 23, 1890.

EDITOR OREGON SCOUT:—

Please change my postoffice address from Vanwyck to Largo a new postoffice established within three miles of me. It is 20 miles to Vanwyck. We had deep snow and lots of rain this year. Have only lost one mare. Had a light frost the 10th of July, the only frost that has bit our potatoes or beans. Potatoes are not hurt any, beans half killed. I have now the best garden I have had since Hughes and Welch tried to run saw logs down Anthony creek in 1885. I will cut the best crop of hay this year I have ever cut for myself. Hay will not sell here this fall for over five dollars per ton. Thousands of acres of bunch grass will be cut here this summer. Long valley has been a flower bed ever since the 1st of June, with new varieties of choice plumage every week, and we have as good a supply this week as ever. We have 4 distinct varieties of wild clover; the two earliest are the smallest. Red and large white got ripe too soon for hay. The two latest are red, and as large, nearly, as tame red clover and is very good hay. We had many ranches for sale here last April. Three hundred dollars was the usual price for improvements and claims. Many now could not be bought for twice the price asked in April. There was not much grain sown this spring. The seed was nearly all fed out to stock last winter, and the roads too bad this spring to haul it into this valley to sow in time. Some grain was sown in time and looks well. Long valley had a good crowd to celebrate July the 4th and a lively time on the Payette river near the center of the valley. Several horse races in the evening and a dance at night.

Wm. G. Riggs had a nice sorrel 3 year old colt drowned in the river. Thom. Rice was swimming him over to go home and the horse got strangled. It was good for Tom that he could swim that time. B. F. Rodgers completed his contract on the Seven Devils wagon road, 3 miles, for \$700 dollars, O. K. S. P. White has returned home and gone to haying. Jack Jasper was married last Sunday to Miss Mary Cole. Charley Anthony has gone to North Powder, Oregon, on business, since the 4th.

John Barnes, Justice of the Peace, had his first suit. John Killorn was fined two hundred and fifty dollars for assault and battery committed upon the person of A. K. Dorsett, on the 15th day of Nov., 1889.

WM. F. HAINES.

## IN TROPIC LANDS.

### Description of Interesting Scenes and Incidents.

#### LA FIESTA DEL DIA SAN LOUIS.

Dancing With the Spanish Maids—Peculiar Games—A Rampant Chief.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

Cahuilla valley, on the morning of the 25th of August 18— presented a very picturesque appearance. All was bustle and confusion in the village. Men and women, dressed in all the colors of the rainbow, were running here and there putting the finishing touches to the preparations for the feast, for the invited guests were to arrive that morning. This they said was to be the grandest feast they had had for years. The capitan had visited all the Indian villages in the country and had invited all the people to be present. Every tribe was to be represented. The people were coming from Saboba, Portrero, Pachunga, San Ignacio, San Ysidro and even from the distant Los Angeles. The Cahuillas had been making ready for this event for weeks. Nearly one hundred ramandas, summer houses made of willows, had been built in the form of a semicircle. Within this semicircle of Ramandas a floor had been laid to dance on. The race track had been cleared off, tables and benches had been made. Several women were busy cooking *tartillos frijoles*, and *chile con carne*. Every preparation had been made for the reception of the guests who were soon to arrive.

My companion and I were standing on the hill talking to the Capitan and his two sheriffs Louis and Juan De Dias, who were to welcome the guests. We had been awakened very early that morning by the capitan's family chanting the "Sahre Regina" in Spanish. This, I think, is the most beautiful of Catholic chants and is as follows:

"Hail to the Queen who reigns above,  
Mother of clemency and love;  
Hail thou, our hope, life, sweetness; we,  
Eve's banished children, cry to thee,

"We, from this wretched vale of tears,  
Send sighs and groans unto thy ears;  
O then, sweet advocate! bestow  
A pitying look on us below.

"After this exile let us see  
Our blessed Jesus born of thee.  
O merciful, O pious maid,  
O gracious Mary, lend thy aid."

But I see I am digressing. We had been standing there fifteen or twenty minutes, when Louis exclaimed "there they come." Sure enough, were thirty or forty people on horseback coming across the hills towards the valley. When they were within about a hundred yards of us they raised their pistols above their heads and fired a salute. In a few minutes more, they had arrived and were shaking hands with the capitan. By this time another caravan of people, in buggies and wagons, could be seen coming down the hills to the valley. Thus they continued to come, one caravan after another, for hours, until the small plain below the village was covered by a multitude of people. The capitan had just started down the hill towards the ramandas when several small boys came running towards him shouting "Manuel Largo! Manuel Largo!" Upon looking across the valley in an opposite direction from which the rest of the people had come we saw an old, gray whiskered man bent with age slowly making his way towards us. This man I afterwards learned, was Manuel Largo who was at one time chief of the Cahuillas. We could see by the way he was treated that he was held in great reverence by all the people. He was just returning on foot from across the mountains where he had been on a visit to the Desert Indians. Years before, when he was the great capitan of the Cahuillas, some dispute arose concerning their lands and he went to San Francisco with the Indian agent to settle the matter in the U. S. courts. There was no railroads in those days and most of the trip had to be made by water. It is said that when he arrived at the seaport of San Pedro where he was to embark for San Francisco with the Indian agent the sight of the sea which he had never seen before turned his head and rendered him insane. Ever since that time, he has been subject to temporary spells of insanity. When he arrived at San Francisco he stopped at one of the principal hotels with the Indian agent and it so happened that his room was the next one to the billiard parlor. One evening after he had retired to bed, he was awakened by the noise of the billiard balls and instantly conceived the idea that some one was trying to get into his room to kill him.

He immediately rushed out into the hall and from there to the billiard parlor. The first thought that occurred to him when he saw the balls and cues was that they were instruments of death and that the players were going to kill him with them. He immediately grabbed a billiard cue and started in to clear the room. In a few minutes there was no one left in the room but himself and he held undisputed possession of the place until the arrival of the Indian agent, who explained the matter to him.

After giving the old man a sack of tobacco and a bunch of paper, brown cigarette paper, we repaired to the ramandas to see what was going on there. Upon our arrival there we found the people seated at the tables and

"Loud was the clang of knife and fork—  
That fell like ruthless tomahawk to work."  
The capitan had caused a bull about fifteen years old to be killed and prepared for the feast. Upon being asked why he did this when he had so many other cattle, he facetiously answered, "the harder the meet is to chew the longer the people will remember the feast."

During the afternoon we visited the capitan's ramada which we found decorated with eagle feathers and strings of peculiar beads. Among these people the Eagle is a sacred bird, and these feathers and beads are the royal insignia which have been preserved and handed down from capitan to capitan for generations.

That evening just as the shades of night were beginning to appear, the people assembled together in front of the capitan's ramada and formed in line with the priest at their head and with lighted tapers in their hands began the solemn march for the cemetery, singing the "Ave Maria," in Spanish:

"Gentle star of ocean,  
Portal of the sky,  
Ever virgin mother  
Of the Lord most high!

Oh, by Gabriel's Ave,  
Ere I'd long ago,  
Eva's name revering,  
Stablish peace below.

"Break the captive's fetters;  
Light on blindness pour;  
All our ills expelling,  
Every bliss implore.

"Show thyself a mother:  
Offer him one sigh;  
Who for us incarnate  
Did not thee despise.

"Virgin of all virgins!  
To thy shelter take us,  
Gentlest of the gentle!  
Chaste and gentle make us.

"Still as we journey,  
Help our weak endeavor,  
Till with the good Jesus  
We rejoice forever.

"Through the highest heaven,  
To the almighty three,  
Father, son and spirit,  
One same glory be. Amen"

When the people arrived at the graveyard, they went through the ceremony of the stations of the cross. I can imagine nothing more weird and picturesque than this sight. The moon had not yet made her appearance, and with the exception of the light from the wax tapers, darkness was supreme. Barefooted and with bowed heads, the people moved with slow and solemn tread from one grave to another, reverently kneeling down around each consecrated mound, they repeated the act of contrition; after which the priest chanted a verse of the Stabat Mater, the first verse of which is:

"At the cross her station keeping,  
Stood the mournful mother weeping,  
Close to Jesus to the last,  
And then the people chanted:

"Holy mother! pierce me through;  
In my heart each wound renew  
Of my savior crucified."

The people then returned to the feast grounds and after singing the "Te Deum" dispersed.

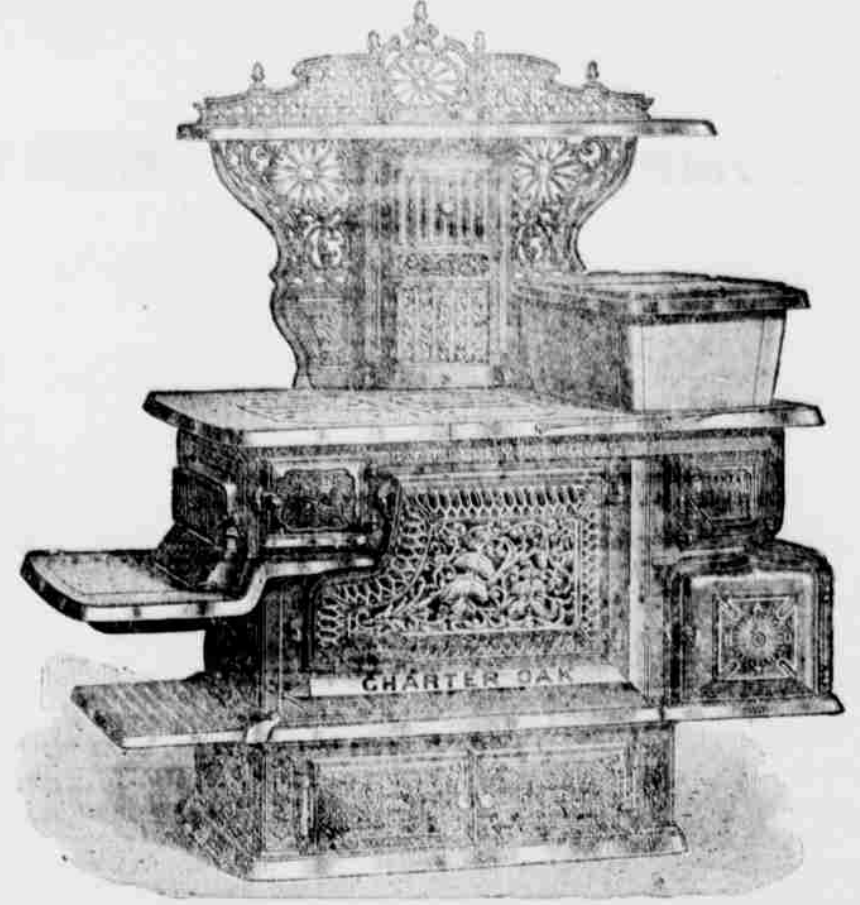
About nine o'clock the dance commenced, and there for hours they danced, waltz after waltz and quadrille after quadrille, in a rude and imperfect way of course, to the crude music of a violin, accordion and guitar. Every now and then the music would come to a sudden stop and the dance would cease for the time being, and then the cry of *cascarones, cascarones!* would arise. And what are *cascarones*? They are nothing more or less than egg shells filled with small bits of paper of every shade and color. There is a peculiar custom in vogue in most Spanish American countries, that, when a young lady desires to choose a partner for a dance, she can do so by buying a *cascaron* and breaking it over his head. It then devolves upon the gentleman thus honored to return the compliment and dance with her. By this means the *Senoritas* are enabled to show their preference for any particular gentleman without directly telling him so in words. And we be to the man thus honored who refuses to comply with the custom, for "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 2.

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