

FROM COVE.

A Hunter Returns Without His Bear Skins.

CHANGE IN MERCANTILE CIRCLES

A Weather Prophet—New Farm Machinery—Saw Mill Sold—Notes.

August 20, 1890.

Miss Georgie Powell starts this afternoon for Pendleton, on a visit to school mates and other friends.

Advertised letters remaining in Cove postoffice: Edward Fordice, C. M. Green, Isaac Jewell and Levi Morris.

Mr. James Russell and family will take charge of the Ascension school property on the departure of Mr. Powell.

Mr. John Phy has purchased of Frank Bros. a Woods self binder with the latest improvements. Mr. Phy has 150 acres of grain on Catherine creek.

A number of Coveites, reckless as to their spiritual welfare, attended the foot race in Union last Sunday. They reported it a hotly contested exhibition.

A very affecting memorial sermon on the death of Edith Conklin was preached Sunday by Rev. Wm. Powell at the Episcopal church. A large congregation was present.

Frank Bloom has disposed of his interest in the Indian creek saw mill to Lew Bloom. The mill is a portable steam mill with planer attached and is now located near Elgin.

Rev. Mr. Powell goes to Island City this evening to perform the marriage ceremony for Dr. Brooks and Miss Kate Thomas. A number of invited guests from Cove will attend.

Mr. T. G. Wilson has purchased a 10-foot Hodge header and has commenced work in Lower Cove. The machine is a first-class one and its owner has some 200 acres to cut, already engaged.

The Rev. Mr. Powell and family, after a stay of six years in Cove, will remove this week to East Portland. They will reside in Albina and Mr. Powell will act as assistant rector in Trinity church, Portland.

Parties from the Big Minam report salmon running in large numbers. They brought over several fine specimens. They also say huckleberries are on the bushes in gallons and almost as large as cherries.

According to Dr. R. Hick's weather prognostications, which probably have come nearer being fulfilled than the prediction of any other storm prophet, we will have rain some time or all the time during next Saturday, Sunday and Monday.

Earl Thrall, a sufferer from chronic epilepsy, had a severe attack last Sunday and was so shattered in mind Monday morning that it was thought best to take him to Union for medical examination. He had been working in the hay field prior to last week and seemed in a fair state of health.

A change has taken place in Cove mercantile circles during the week. E. T. Foster, A. J. Foster, O. P. Jaycox and Guy Bridges have associated themselves together and will carry on the general merchandise and flouring mill business under the firm name of Foster, Bridges & Co. The stock of goods formerly belonging to Mr. Jaycox is now being invoiced. Mr. Foster will start east in a short time to purchase a large stock of goods, and they say the new firm is bound to push trade and carry on an extensive business.

Jas. Bloom and family have returned from Eagle and Pine valleys. They say fruits, such as peaches and melons will be plentiful soon. Jim alleges that he saw plenty of bear on the trip, but by some means news of his trip had been heralded in advance of his arrival and every bear had been caught and tied; that he could not find it in his heart to shoot a confined beast and so returned without the bear robes he had expected to bring. He says they had no trouble in getting what fish they wanted. He found some boys diligently fishing and believing industry should be rewarded, bought their trout. He also purchased some honey bees and will transplant them in Cove.

EAGLE VALLEY.

Matters of Interest Reported by Our Regular Correspondent.

NEW BRIDGE, Or., Aug. 16, 1890.

J. H. Butterfield is sick with fever. Apples, peaches, plums and pears are ripe.

D. B. Fisk of Baker City was in this valley recently.

George Moody the Broncho rider has started for Chicago.

Mrs. Chas. Howell has been sick but is able to be about now.

Miss Lillie Cundiff of Nebraska arrived here the first of August.

The daughter of J. F. Cleaver has been sick for about two months.

The Chandler Bros. have put a new dry goods frame in their store.

The Eagle valley boys have begun to practice with the ball and bat.

Waldo Perry was on the sick list some time ago but is now convalescent.

Sunday school is still in running order with a very good attendance and we hope it may continue.

The second crop of alfalfa is being put in the stack by some of the farmers and they report a better yield than the first crop.

As work has begun on the bridge at Swisher crossing, of Powder river, Judge Saunders is in looking after the interests of the county.

Miss Sallie Whittaker was still visiting friends here when we last heard. She is one of the number that came in from Baker city to our picnic.

J. H. Scott has opened up his saloon at "The Corners" and is prepared to handle the genuine article. There is a good opening here for a store.

As the quarterly meeting of the Methodists is to be held in Pine at the Odd Fellows' hall, Rev. Wakefield, the elder stayed one night here as he went over there.

Mr. Wm. Gover, the supervisor, has had men at work on the road between Eagle and Pine for some time but how far they have gotten on the grade I did not learn.

The Eagle valley fruits are worth speaking about. Mr. G. W. Moody has got a plum tree in his orchard that has got a limb on it 30 inches in length which has 100 plums on it. Who can do any better than that for plums?

Sickness has visited our little valley again but it is hoped that it will not be so general as last fall. Albert Saunders who has been under the care of Dr. O'Connor for some time was better when last heard from and his little brother Walter was complaining.

Huckleberry parties were quite numerous some time since but as the busy season has again begun nearly all have come to the valley. So many were out in the mountains at once that to look at all their camps seemed like a village starting up. I suppose the average number of gallons of berries per family was ten, of course we could not get it exact.

SPARTA.

News of the Week as Noted by Our Regular Correspondent.

Mr. Garand and wife visited Baker City this week.

Sparta was visited by a refreshing shower last Thursday.

Mr. Castle, of Baker City, is visiting friends at the saw mill.

J. B. Alderman is limping around, caused by erysipelas in the ankle.

W. J. Beezley and wife are up from Snake river visiting relatives and friends.

Dr. J. G. Lewis and wife have both been on the sick list but are feeling quite well again.

Mrs. L. S. Irvin, of the Detroit Company, purchasers of the Marrotte mine is erecting a fine dwelling house in town, having purchased a lot of J. B. Alderman. She also intends putting up several buildings at the mine, one mile from town.

Sparta is coming to the front. Mr. George Henderson has just returned from the East where he has been on business connected with the Del Monte mine. While there he purchased a mill with a capacity of crushing fifty tons of ore per day, to be immediately erected at the mine.

THE QUESTION SETTLED.

This cut is a faithful picture of the well known establishment of Thomas Price & Son, at 524 Sacramento street, E. F. As the leading chemists of the west, they were asked to settle the question as to what sarsaparilla were in fact purely vegetable. We present their report.

"We have made careful chemical analyses of several well known brands of sarsaparilla, and have found them all with the single exception of J. B. Alderman's to contain Iodide of Potassium. As a result we are enabled to pronounce J. B. Alderman's the only purely vegetable sarsaparilla now on the market, which has come under our observation." Modern medicine has proven that all ordinary (acute) eruptions are not caused by disease, but by indigestion and sluggish circulation, which call for vegetable alteratives, instead of mineral blood purifiers like Iodide of Potassium. J. B. Alderman's Sarsaparilla being the latest, is the first to discard the old notions and proceed under the modern theory. Its cures attest the soundness of the theory. It is the talk of the hour.

PUTNAM'S TRIP.

He is Assisted by a "Special Providence."

INFATUATED WITH OUR SCENERY

Talks About Some of the Inhabitants of Union and North Powder.

The following letter, from the pen of Samuel P. Putnam, the celebrated freethought orator, is taken from the last issue of his journal, Freethought, published at San Francisco. It will be read with interest by many of our readers:

We all went to the picnic. It was a slow climb over the hills, winding through the canyon. It did not seem as if we ascended much, but in a little while we rode a thousand feet above the valley. It was a beautiful place, like a chamber in the midst of the vast forest, with a green waving carpet, speckled with flowers, and the wild strawberry as sweet as honey. The horses were unharnessed, and like Nebuchadnezar went to grass and enjoyed a luxurious dinner, while we also spread the good things on the shining ground, and satisfied a healthful appetite. Overhead the trees boomed with long delightful harmonies, as if an ocean surged against the mountain. We consisted of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Thompson, Leslie and Otto, the children; but we were children all for the time being, exhilarated to "divine youth" by nature's primeval beauty. When the chicken and the ice-cream had grown "small by degrees and beautifully less" and appetite became a memory, we wandered through the glorious arches where the big rocks loomed over the splendid valleys. From point to point magnificent views unfolded. The granite hills of almost solid rock, in snow-white splendor, with tremendous peaks, tower to the left. At the right, the Blue mountains in soft lustre appear. The crowning panorama is the Grande Ronde valley, resplendent in the sun, with harvest fields, groves, the glistening river along the winding shrubbery, the beautiful villages. Union, amidst a mass of trees, La Grande in the faint distance, and on the remote edge of the valley Summerville, towards which Hunt's road is pointing straight from Union. Around and beyond the valley sweep the azure heights. If one had ears keen enough he might catch the music of a hundred machineries gathering the abundant products. Tourists are charmed with this valley as they come into it from the mountains. It has a delightful appearance, gemmed with homes, a picture of prosperity. Antelope valley, and, beyond that, North Powder and Baker City, might be seen. It was a paradise of which Oregon might well be proud, the wealth of man mingling with nature's beauty and grandeur.

At sunset we get back to the ranch in Antelope valley, where Thompson is cultivating about five hundred acres. The roses bloom around the house where a few years ago the sage brush held sway. I enjoyed the picnic, the hills, the trees, the grand scenery and the freethought companionship. At eight o'clock, I am ready for my onward journey. I came pretty near missing it, however. The "overland flyer," the evening train, does not stop at Telocaset—the station near Thompson's—Union being nine miles away. How to get to Baker was a perplexing question, a distance of about thirty miles. To see the train rush by and then get "left" was tantalizing in the extreme. However a "special providence" came to my rescue, namely, a special freight train, together with the fact that the "flyer" was two hours behind time. The freight train took me in somewhat after the fashion that the whale took Jonah, and deposited me at North Powder, where I then mounted the "flyer." It was a happy transformation scene. Really, if anybody ever had a "miracle" performed in their favor, was I not that lucky individual? To have a freight train slide in before the express and transport me to that same express, is something that never happened to any of the ancient pilgrims. They never got to Jerusalem or Mecca in that way. They never had anything better than a miraculous donkey. How much better is a special freight train. That is the kind of a providence in which I delight.

I must now go back a little in my story and tell of North Powder and Union. I was at North Powder for lectures Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon and evening, July 26 and 27. I presume if I had gone to this place

a couple of years ago, I shouldn't have had a corporal's guard for hearers. But the fire has been burning on and the powder has been ignited, and now it flames. J. Newman is the worker here, formerly of the Methodist church and converted very much after the fashion of myself. It was a pretty solid conversion for the time being, but the skeleton of the church very soon came into conflict with the spirit of religion, and his religion became too broad for the ecclesiastical creeds, and the creeds went to smash. Like myself he drifted into the Unitarian camp, where everything is so delightful, and only the rose-colored views are presented to the religious imagination. By the distribution of Unitarian tracts he has greatly enlightened the people, and destroyed the gloom of orthodoxy. He has given several lectures which have produced a marked effect. He is still ready to progress and accept the truth at any cost. The value of his work was attested by the good and attentive audiences at his lectures. I found an educated people.

Side by side with Newman labors N. S. Blank, for eighteen years a Methodist class leader, but his Methodist enthusiasm did not depart with his class-leadership. It blazes in the field of Freethought. It was by his earnest efforts that the meetings at North Powder were a success.

Jack Plummer keeps the colors flying. He is not a sunshine soldier, but is ready for wars if need be. However the Christians here did not seem disposed to take our scalp, but quietly listened and did some thinking. Ignis, There is quite a bunch of Mormons here, and, like Jacob they know how to make a thing or two in the way of business. Bible and business are what the Mormons are expert in. If there is a chance to make money they generally see it. The Mormons are religious materialists, and believe in a solid god and a solid earth.

The country around North Powder is excellent. There are fine farms, and a glance over the wide plains shows that everybody is busy. The harvests are good. North Powder is not a very large village, and will probably never be a city, but it will not lack prosperity and comfortable homes. I believe it always will be favorable to Freethought, now that this has found an opportunity to be presented, and the people have shown a generous appreciation.

Mr. and Mrs. White, of the hotel where the traveler is pleasantly entertained; Mr. and Mrs. Bobier, Mr. Beveridge and others are among our liberal allies. James Gilkinson is on the list of Freethought. There are enough to keep the camp-fires a-going and we will pitch our tent here from time to time.

On Monday, July 28, I go from North Powder to Union—hansome as ever, with victory on its brow, for it has just come out of a big fight with La Grande on the county-seat question, and the court house, where I give the lecture, still abides in this picturesque town, and I guess it will stay here for several decades. As I have never lectured at La Grande, but have lectured at Union and found many warm friends here, I can but rejoice at the result of war which puts Union ahead. Hunt's railroad is pointing straight for this place and it is certain to be an important point.

Coming from the station I was met by Thompson and Jones with a team that went considerably faster than the mail coach, and so I took my station in it. I was driven to the home of A. K. Jones, and enjoyed the liberal hospitality of himself and wife.

After supper, in the cool shade of evening, I meet friends until the lecture hour.

Judge Brainard has moved into new quarters, and they are so neat looking that I was tempted to stay over a whole day and enjoy the serene atmosphere and discuss poetry and philosophy by the hour with my genial friend. At the last election he was about unanimously chosen treasurer of the county, both parties considering him the best man. He is worthy of the honor and always keeps his accounts straight. There is no vicarious credit.

The McComas Bros., whom I met in Chicago under the genial administration of Stevens, I met here on their old camping ground. E. S. McComas is editor of the Freewater Herald. He makes a lively journal, and is not afraid to give a few hits at the "susceptibility to gullibility" in the American people.

I met Bert W. Huffman, who has been up in Idaho and Montana, and whose facile pen has been giving de-

[CONTINUED ON SECOND PAGE.]

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