

AN ARCADIA.

S. P. Putnam Describes His Trip to Eagle Valley.

A BEAUTIFUL PROSE POEM.

Meeting With Liberal Friends and Enjoying the Harvest Home Picnic.

The following extracts are taken from S. P. Putnam's letter descriptive of his trip to Eagle valley, recently published in the San Francisco Free-thought:

Arid lands stretch from Baker City on to Eagle valley. Only a few houses are to be seen. At Keating the first stopping place, there is only one house, barn, and postoffice. From this we rise fifteen hundred feet to Sparta, a somewhat dilapidated mining village, where I am hungry enough to eat almost any kind of a dinner. From these lofty ways there are magnificent prospects. Mountains are seen in every direction. Especially the Granite hills tower in multitudinous grandeur. They seem to fill the whole horizon at times with their massive brilliance.

It is a beautiful picture when from the far overhanging bluff the green and fruitful valley appears. It seems away down hundreds of feet, and it is by a kind of winding staircase that we descend from the glaring upper regions of desert to the lower regions of verdant splendor. It is like coming into paradise. It is a surprise indeed suddenly from dusty travel, with nothing but brown and gray on every side rolling into tumultuous heights, to look upon this glittering vale, that it seems you might almost jump across, lying like a gem in the expanse, holding already in its bosom a population of four hundred, and capable of several times that number in its future growth. The sun was becoming golden as we reached the crest of the mighty hill and began to sweep downward in huge circles, almost like a bird in its flight. We crossed the sparkling Eagle creek, and a little way over came to the ranch and store of James F. Cleaver, and here was the home-like welcome of "Auld Lang Syne" and Liberal comradeship. Our friends, the Cleavers, wherever they go, lift the flag and it floats in the sunshine and the storm, and now for the first time it was waving over Eagle valley, where as yet not a church had reared its idle walls, although the land is flowing with milk and honey. It did not take long to be rested after my long forty-mile ride, and when the moon began to shed its lustre I was on my way to the school-house, where the first Free-thought lecture in the valley was to be delivered. The campaign opened with all the promise that one could desire. The house was crowded.

A much larger number would have been out the second evening if it had not been for the busy preparations for the harvest festival to be held on the first day of August. The women were cooking all day long, and were not in a mood to attend an extra service. The men generally were pretty busy gathering in the crops, and in view of so much going on, the number at the lecture was quite encouraging. About every seat was occupied.

They have inaugurated a good custom in this valley, of holding a harvest festival to which all the neighboring communities are invited, and there is a good time for everybody, old and young. This valley can indeed be proud of its productions. It beats any part of the state for hay and grain. All kinds of vegetables can be raised. The sweet-corn and potatoes are as luscious as one can desire. The peaches are delicious, and the blackberries make the heart glad, and the apples are red and sweet. There is honey also, and the bees fly over the alfalfa with rejoicing hum. A lovely Arcadian land is this, secluded in the wild and rugged scenes, and fortunate are they who have dropped upon its fertile and delightful breast. Toil here is pleasure, for it meets with ample reward. Here no earthquake rolls, nor cyclones ever sweep. The value of what the valley produced last year averages \$59 per acre, and I doubt if any other place can show a better record. No wonder, then, that the people come together for a glorious harvest festival with music and dance and streaming pennon where the waters flash in silver bubbles and the arches of the grove make a beautiful roof, with soft sunshine falling upon the green earth. There are a thousand there now, men, woman, and children. Mr. Crawford, of Union, opens the exercises of the day with an eloquent speech. The Eagle valley band discourses sweet and inspiring music. Dunham Wright, of

MEDICAL SPRINGS, AND MYSELF ALSO JOIN OUR VOICES IN THE CELEBRATION OF LABOR'S TOIL AND TRIUMPH.

Then the little children, in fours and twos, add to the beauty of the occasion. Then comes the big dinner, and the valley pours forth its riches for the benefit of the many guests. There is enough and to spare. After dinner the sports are in order, the races—the fat man's race, won by Dr. Fuller; the little boy's race, the sack race, the wheelbarrow race, the egg race, etc. Then flashes the beautiful equestrianism of the fair ladies gliding gracefully along the forest, bewitching the world, for the golden prize. Then follows the grand tournament. Six knights enter the list, and a gallant set of men they are, with flying colors. It was noble horsemanship indeed, and it made the blood thrill to see the knights dash along and with steady eye gather the red rings upon the spear. Not always, however, did fortune prevail, and the red ring fluttered away upon the dust. When the grand prize was won, the queen was crowned and the maids of honor joined the splendid circle, and the martial strains softened to melodious marches, and the gay festival of the night outlasted the moon and greeted the morning sun. But I could not remain through all these joyous hours of night, for I must be up and away with the morning sun. This harvest festival will never be forgotten, nor the good friends I have met in this round of pleasure mingling with work.

I was glad to meet with Henry Foster, of Pine valley, which is another fertile space, somewhat larger than Eagle valley, ten miles further on. Mr. Foster wanted that I should extend my pilgrimage to his home, but time did not permit. I was assured that there are many Free-thinkers in Pine valley, and the next year when I make my annual round I shall take delight in climbing the "golden stair" to this remote paradise, for these valleys are at an elevation of about three thousand feet. They are so snugly packed in the mountains that the storms which pile the snowdrifts three hundred feet high on the neighboring heights only give their gentlest gales, and the climate is superb. Saturday morning I climb the gray rampart to the outer world, and when a thousand feet above bid farwell to the entrancing picture and turn to the wide extending desert, with a stretch of forty miles to Baker City. At five o'clock the long, thin column of smoke from Baisley's mine greets the eye against the dark brown magnificence of Baker mountains. At six o'clock we enter the city, now on its boom and destined to be quite a mining metropolis.

Written for THE SCOUT.

A HIGH VALLEY WOOD HAULER.

Going to the timber.
For a load of wood.
Wagon all in order.
Roads are very good;
Team all hitched and ready.
Grab the lines and go,
Up the mountains steady.
Have to travel slow.

Two good hours going.
Get up there at last.
Sweating, puffing, blowing.
Work a bit too fast;
Cut a pole for binder.
Make all tight and strong.
Then I sorter kinder
Start the team along.

Look, so wheels go sliding,
Very steep you see,
Ticklish business riding
On that load, for me.
But I cannot waver,
Have no time to jump,
Get a little braver,
Wagon strikes a stump.

Then I row a coward,
Quit the load of wood.
Pitching yonder, forward,
On my head I'm stood;
Lighting fair and center
In a badger hole,
To the waist I enter,
Planted like a pole.

There 'twas dark as midnight,
Tried to back me out,
Hole it gripped me too tight,
Useless for to shout;
Resting quite easy.
Soon I heard a sound,
Sniffing like and wheezy,
Near me in the ground.

Badger came, went digging
Heard to beat me out,
Spotted his sharp intriguing,
Grabbed him by the snout;
Both of us together,
Scrambled out the place,
Then he died—he'd order—
Felt so in my case.

OKALOOSA, IOWA. —W. H. MINNICK.

Merit Wins.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their popularity purely on their merits.—R. H. Brown, druggist, Union, Oregon.

A Pointer For You.

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.

EAGLE VALLEY.

A Paraphrastic Record of Recent Happenings.

STALL FED SHEEP AND CATTLE.

The Powder River Bridge—Improvements—Social Notes and Comment.

The two dry goods stores are doing a fair business.

Mr. James Scott has his saloon running in full blast.

The health of our people is good notwithstanding the hot weather.

Mr. John Fewell is ready and will plaster his new dwelling house, soon.

Mr. Thos. Vail has bought the ferry boat on Snake river and will move there shortly.

We look for Samuel Gover to arrive in the valley at any time from Nebraska.

Mining men near the valley report lots of rich ore. Sparta is having quite a boom.

Mrs. G. W. Moody will start in a few days on a visit to friends and relatives in Illinois.

Ben Longley will build a new dwelling house this fall. It looks as though some lady is to be made welcome.

All those wishing to feed at a low price, get pasturing and feeding ground will do well to come to Eagle valley.

Miss Lillie Candaff is visiting in Eagle valley. She is a niece of Samuel and William Gover and Mrs. Wm. Sumers.

Mrs. Usher returned home a short time ago from Union where she was visiting her husband Mr. Wm. Usher, now deputy sheriff.

Mr. Sam. Sanders has returned home from Idaho. He has been absent for several months. His many friends were glad to see him.

The new bridge is completed across Powder river. It looks like a good structure, but too low. Should an ice gorge come in contact with it—good bye Liza Jane!

We are having a fine time for haying. Thousands of tons have already been put in the stack and still the stacking goes on. Farmers will soon be done with their second crop. Some are already irrigating for the third crop.

Mr. Ben Longley will stall feed 200 head of large steers and several thousand sheep. He will show the finest lot of cattle and sheep next March that has ever been stall fed in Union or Baker counties. He will feed mostly on alfalfa hay.

The reason that I know so much about fat sheep is, that Mr. John Frazier, the noted sheep raiser gave me a fat mutton, weighing when dressed 120 lbs. Who can beat that? The big hearted John has the finest band of sheep in this valley. We wish him unbounded prosperity.

Mrs. W. W. Kirby returned home a few days ago from Iowa and Missouri where she spent several weeks in the drouthy regions. Mrs. Kirby says that in Iowa, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska they will not have more than half crops. She says the emigration will be large to the west this fall. She is well satisfied with Oregon since her visit east.

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 wonders Dr. King's New Discovery has done for me. My lungs were badly diseased, and my parishoners thought I could live only a few weeks. I took five bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery and an amount and well, gaining 20 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.

Remarkable Rescue.

Mrs. Michael Curtain, Plainfield, Illinois, makes the statement that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her that she was a hopeless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefited from the first dose. She continued its use and after taking ten bottles, found herself sound and well, now does her own housework and is as well as she ever was. Free trial bottles of this Great Discovery at R. H. Brown's drug store, large bottles 50c, and \$1.00.

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TIMBER LAND, Act June 3, 1878.—Notice For Publication.

U. S. LAND OFFICE, LA GRANDE, OREGON, June 30, 1890. Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," George G. Gray, of Cove, county of Union, state of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 251, for the purchase of the SE 1/4, SW 1/4, SE 1/4, Sec. 10, T. 2, N. 2, Range No. 39 E, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the register and receiver of this office at La Grande, Oregon, on Saturday, the 27th day of Sept, 1890.

He names as witnesses: W. W. Randall, J. G. Smith, Mike Riddle and J. C. Randall, all of Cove, Oregon. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands, are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 27th day of Sept, 1890.

HENRY RINEHART, Register.

ADMINISTRATOR NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator and administratrix of the estate of Nathaniel Swiger deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to present them to the proper vouchers, within six months from the date of this notice, to the said administrator at his residence in High valley, or said administratrix at her residence about three miles southeast of Union, or to Shelton & Carroll at their office in Union, all of said places being in Union county, Oregon.

Dated at Union this 26th day of June, 1890. ANDREW WILKINSON, Administrator. POLLY SWIGER, Administratrix.

THE CRY OF MILLIONS!

OH, MY BACK! STOP IT NOW, SOON IT WILL BE TOO LATE.

I have been troubled many years with disease of the kidneys and have tried many different remedies and have sought aid from different physicians without relief. About the 15th of April I was suffering from a very violent attack that almost prostrated me in such a manner that I was bent over, when I got up alone, or to put on my clothes, when kind Providence sent Dr. Henley, with the OREGON KIDNEY TEA, to my house. I immediately commenced using the tea. It had an almost miraculous effect, and to the astonishment of all the guests at the hotel, in a few days I am happy to state, that I was a new man. I will recommend the tea to all afflicted as I have been.

G. A. TUPPER, Proprietor Occidental Hotel, Santa Rosa, Cal.

Bakery and Restaurant.

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Quickest and Cheapest Route to the Pine Creek Mines.

RATES: FARE, FREIGHT, Union to Park \$1.50 3/4 c, Sumner 3.00 1 1/2 c, Cornucopia 6.00 2 1/2 c

J. F. Smith, Specialist in Veterinary Surgery.

Ridging horses successfully treated. Heifers and sows spayed by the latest improved methods. I will give instruction in my system of treatment, and guarantee satisfaction in every instance, or no charges will be made. I am permanently located at Union, Oregon. Will promptly attend to all calls, by mail or otherwise. 8-17-11.

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WM. JAMES, Proprietor, Union, Oregon.

Fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars in Stock. Drop in and be sociable. Fine billiard table

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WM. WILKINSON & SON, W. T. CHAPMAN, Real Estate Agent, AND CONVEYANCER.

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I will sell or trade on good terms the following described machinery:

One Shingle Machine, One Bolted Machine, One Drag Saw, One Planing Machine, Shifting Pulley, Bolts, Moulding Knives, etc.

Call on or address G. F. WHITE, 7-31-116 Cove, Or.

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