The Oregon Scout

JONES & CHANCEY.........Publishers.

UNION, OREGON.

WAR BETWEEN THE STREETS.

How One Small Boy Passed in Safety Through the Enemies' Lines.

For vindictiveness, stubbornness and lack of any masterly inactivity the war between the states is discounted by the war between the streets. One was settled in four or five years, but the other is perennial, and as New York gets bigger and bigger it spreads out over more territory. Every wide awake small boy in town knows all about it. He doesn't need any war maps to show him where the various strongholds are. If he had maps they would be of little use to him, for before he could master them he would be pretty sure to stumble into the very midst of the enemy and subsequently give his family an opportunity for valuable practice in first aid to the injured.

Strategy plays an important part in the battles of the small boy, and among other things he learns how to pass through the enemy's country in safety—a very valuable bit of knowledge, too, when the family grocer or butcher happens to have his establishment in a hostile district. A reporter a day or two ago had a chance to see how the wily boy does this.

The reporter was walking up University place from Washington park when suddenly he became aware that a boy was trudging along by his side. The youngster seemed to have come up through the sidewalk—probably he had emerged from a convenient areaway—but, at all events, there he was, a bright looking, well dressed, active boy, with a small package under one arm. The bundle gave proof positive that he was on some household errand. Only a woman could have made such a curious combination of too little wrapping paper and too much string.

The boy stuck close to his newly adopted companion. If the reporter slackened his pace, so did the youngster; if he increased it, the boy was with him; if he stopped to look in a shop window, the boy followed his example; if he edged over toward the curb, the boy went with him.

In this fashion they traveled on block after block. Two or three parties of boys playing in the street scrutinized the pair closely. They seemed to have a desire to get at the boy, but apparently they were satisfied that an attack would not be politic under the circumstances. By the time Tenth street was reached the reporter began to wonder if his small companion had decided to attach himself to him permanently. A retinue is not always desirable, and what was worse, two or three other youngsters had fallen into the procession, keeping twenty or thirty feet in the rear, however.

Half way between Tenth and Eleventh streets the following party stopped. They seemed to have come to some dividing line, across which they had no business to pass. There they stood, though, with very much the air an industrious cat assumes when a mouse has slipped into a hole just in time to avoid contact with feline claws. As soon as they halted the youth with the bundle seemed to lose all interest in their doings.

At Eleventh street he suddenly left the reporter's side. He ran across the street at full speed, stopped at the corner, and, turning around to face the other boys, made a gesture which was so full of derision that his pursuers must have felt disgusted with life for half an hour. Then he trudged blithely away up the side street. Evidently he was on safe ground again and the foe had been balked. He had taken convoy through the lines of the enemy, and had escaped a lot of personal unpleasantness.

It pays a New York small boy to have a long head.—New York Times.

One of Howard's Failures.

Bronson Howard's play entitled "Met by Chance," which Helen Dauvray produced at the Lyceum theatre, was the worst kind of a failure, and it came immediately after the success of "One of Our Girls" and preceded the still more brilliant success of the "Henrietta." "Shenandoah" was produced first at the Boston museum and failed to make any profound or encouraging impression on Boston audiences. But Howard had rewritten "Lillian's Last Love" into the successful drama of "The Banker's Daughter," and remembering this experience he rewrote "Shenandoah" into the prosperous drama with which theatre goers are now familiar.—New York World.

Grandma's Idea of a $1,000 Salary.

E. W. Winter, general manager of the Omaha railway, enjoys a good story as much as any man I know, particularly if it be on himself. He tells the following tale with great gusto: "My grandmother is a dear, innocent lady, who lives up in Vermont. She was telling a visitor all about the family, one day, and when my turn came she said, 'Now, there's Erne, he's doing right well,' and her voice sank impressively. 'They do say he's getting as much as a thousand dollars a year, though I don't see how he can earn all that money honestly.'"—New York Star.

Why She Hated French.

There is at the Hotel Metropole a native American girl who was brought up by her parents, is on her way back from an extended continental tour. In conversation with a number of her compatriots the other evening she frankly confessed that she abhorred everything about the native language. "As for French," she declared, "I hate it. I hate it more than I hate it before I speak!"—Eugene Field's London Letter.

An Interested Affection.

Bella—How can you be so attentive to that rich young man when he has told you he is to marry another?

Madge—Pa is a broker, you know, and he wants me to get the young fellow interested in stocks.—Epoch.

SILK FROM THE SPIDER.

DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY OF PRODUCING QUANTITIES.

The Method of an Englishman Named Stillbers Compared with the Researches of Noted Frenchmen—Success with American and African Insects.

M. Emile Gautier, a French writer, discussed in an article the history of spiders from the consoler of the prisoner Pellison down to the nutritive spider in whom the geometrician Laplace found the flavor of a nut.

There are also, it appears, spinning spiders, whose web can be used to weave serviceable stuffs, and according to old documents dealing with the subject, M. Bon, president of the court of accounts of Montpellier, sent, as early as 1709, mittens and stockings made of spiders' web to the Academy of Sciences.

He set to work in the following manner: Having collected a large number of spiders' cocoons he beat them so as to expel all dust. Then he washed them carefully in warm water and allowed them to boil for three hours in a pot containing water, soap, saltpeter and a little gum arabic. The cocoons, after being washed and carefully dried, were at last carded with extremely fine combs.

This was, of course, a very primitive proceeding. M. Bon obtained a gray thread with which he was able to make the articles before mentioned. The pamphlet which he published regarding his experiment obtained considerable success, and was translated into several languages.

FRENCH EXPERIMENTS.

Fifty years later, in 1762, the Abbe Raymond de Termeyer made experiments in America, in Spain, and in Italy. He worked on the living spiders, whose web he wound on a bobbin as fast as it came out. This abbe was remarkably patient and tenacious, for he carried on this operation uninterruptedly for thirty-four years (from 1762 to 1796), but apparently all his labor was in vain, for he only succeeded in obtaining 673 grammes of cobweb as a result of his thirty-four years' work.

The question, however, seemed sufficiently interesting to the Academy of Sciences of Paris to induce them to charge the celebrated Reaumur with the drawing up of a report on the invention of M. Bon.

Reaumur arrived at conclusions very unfavorable to the development of a cobweb industry. Stuff, he said, made of so called spiders' silk could not be employed in the manufacture of any useful article, on account of its fragileness.

The strength of the silk thread was ninety times greater than that of the other, and it required 18,000 threads of spiders' web to furnish solidity equal to one silken thread. The learned entomologist demonstrated further that twice as many spiders as silkworms were needed to produce the same quantity of thread, so that to provide one pound of spiders' silk 28,000 spiders would have to spin. To obtain such a number of cocoons a much larger number of spiders would have to be kept, for only the females spin web round eggs. Then, again, the product of the spider had less luster than that of the silk worm. Reaumur added, however, that although there was no future for the spiders of France, except to catch bluebottles and flies, the exotic kinds might repay the labor of study.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S SUCCESS.

This idea has recently been taken up by an Englishman named Stillbers, who has made cloth of spider's web which has been employed for the purposes of surgery. He only uses tropical spiders, from which, thanks to a scientific culture, he has obtained a much greater return than was foreseen by Reaumur.

The spiders which he uses are big ones from America and Africa. They are placed in octagonal cases, where a sufficiency of insects is served to them every day. In the room where the cases are kept a constant temperature of 60 deg. (Fahrenheit) is maintained, and a liquid composed of chloroform, ether and jasmine oil is allowed slowly to evaporate. That is to say, spiders spin best when they are drunk.

Mr. Stillbers keeps 5,000 of these cases in a room forty meters long by twenty wide and five high. The spiders lay eggs of various colors, covered with cocoons. These are gathered up and prepared by the same mechanical and chemical operations as the cocoon of the bombyx.

One cocoon yields 120 to 150 meters of thread. The weaving process is kept absolutely secret.

The stuff obtained is of a texture resembling ordinary silk, but thick, stiff, and of a dirty gray color. It is all the more necessary to bleach it because the color is by no means uniform. It is bleached by treatment with oxygenized water. Then it is tanned and softened. It assumes a pretty yellow tint, and becomes brilliant and smooth.

To make a thread 3,250 kilometers in length 25,000 cocoons are requisite. This is a great advance on Reaumur's calculations. But still 25,000 cocoons only supply a thread of 800 French leagues in length. The stuff obtained must be sold at a very high price in order to obtain the merest compensation for all this trouble and expense. Proprietors of mulberry trees and silkworms need not be afraid of the competition of the spider yet awhile.—New York Evening Sun.

Its Virtues as a Soporific.

"Grindstone, have you ever tried a raw onion as a remedy for sleeplessness?"

"Tried it once, Kiljordan."

"How did it work?"

"Had to go to sleep to get rid of the taste."—Chicago Tribune.

A Wise Man.

Mr. A.—Mr. Charles is a very wise man.

Mr. B.—Why do you think so?

Mr. A.—I heard him in an argument with another and he let the other fellow do all the talking.—West Shore.

How Does the Dog Know So Much?

Wade, the big English mastiff, is the actor. In the morning of six days of the week you may see Wade solemnly strolling about the lawn, or lying gracefully posed, with his grand head between his forepaws, on the porch. But on the seventh day—literally the seventh day of the week, Saturday—after breakfast, at which meal he always on that day refuses to participate, Wade invariably accompanies his master's man to the railroad station. Every day, by a certain morning train, the supplies of meat, groceries, etc., come down to the neighboring railroad station, and the hired man goes to fetch them. On five days—for Sunday is out of the count, of course—he goes alone. When Saturday comes he has Wade for a companion.

Why does Wade eat no breakfast on Saturdays? Why does he on that morning alone, and then uninvited, go down to the railroad station?

On Saturdays the butcher puts into the basket for this household, a piece of meat especially for the lordly mastiff. Wade knows that a neck of beef or some other choice morsel, is his every Saturday morning. He refuses to spoil his appetite, therefore, by eating the usual breakfast prepared for him, and he watches for the departure of the hired man only on that particular morning.

Wade must have done some deep thinking; he must be able to count the days. Saturday is like all other days in that household, yet Wade knows it directly he wakes, and arranges his programme in accordance with his foreknowledge of the butcher's provision for him. That is to say, the mastiff exercises the national power of which man would fain persuade himself he has the monopoly. To echo the passionate exclamation of many a little child: "Oh, that dogs could talk!" What startling revelations they might make!—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Bismarck's Presence of Mind.

One of the stories now going the rounds tells of Bismarck's clever ruse to save a friend from death. It seems that Bismarck and this friend were out hunting one day, and the friend incautiously walked off into a morass from which he could not extricate himself. Feeling himself gradually sinking, the unfortunate fellow cried out to Bismarck: "For God's sake come to my help, or I shall be lost in this quicksand, Bismarck saw that the danger was great, but he retained his presence of mind. "No," cried Bismarck, "I will not venture into the morass, for then I should be lost, too. It is evident that your end is inevitable; therefore, to relieve you from the cruel agony of slow death, I will shoot you."

Therefore Bismarck coolly leveled his rifle at his floundering friend.

"Keep quiet," cried Bismarck; "I cannot take correct aim. Remember that in order to put you at once out of misery I must shoot you through the head!"

The shocking brutality of this suggestion drove all fear of the morass out of the friend's mind; the unlucky chap thought only of dodging Bismarck's bullet, and with this in mind he struggled so violently that finally, by almost superhuman efforts, he succeeded in laying hold of the root of an old tree and thereby he rescued himself.

"It was your presence of mind that saved me," he confessed to Bismarck; "in no other way could my extrication from the quicksands have been accomplished."—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

The Inconvenience of Being Wise.

A certain learned doctor had been preaching in a country church and was on his way back again. As he rode along he fell into a theological meditation, tackling several stiff dogmatical questions, and consequently he utterly lost his way. At last he met a countryman, of whom he asked the way to Savonnieres.

But the countryman knew him and said:

"Why, master, you're an honest man, indeed. I heard you preach in our church, and never heard a better sermon in my life. I should like to hear a dozen such sermons." "Well, well, my good friend, I hope to say a few more words in season some other time; but tell me the way to Savonnieres." "Nay, nay," said the countryman, "may God keep me from such presumptuousness! to teach a man who knows everything; you are laughing at me, master. Why, the little children know the way to Savonnieres, and you, who knows all things, ignorant of such a little matter? Nay, 'tis not likely, master. God keep you." And so he left him.—Bervalde de Verville.

When You Set Out a Tree.

It is said that the soil around an old tree, especially a dead one, is unfavorable to the growth of a young one; probably because the soil is exhausted on some important food element, which may have caused the death of the old tree. If a young tree is set in place of an old, it is best to remove a large portion of the old soil and replace it with new if you want the young tree to thrive.—Home and Farm.

Heaven for Him.

A poor old countryman was lying on his deathbed and the priest was telling him of the life to come, that he might not sorrow after the life he was leaving. "After the judgment day," quoth the good priest, "every mountain and hill shall be brought low and every valley shall be exalted."

"Well, well," said the countryman, "that will be a famous land for us poor wagoners."—Exchange.

THE HABITS OF "BOB WHITE."

A Sportsman Writes About His Experience with the Quail.

In studying the quail one cannot fail to notice the almost complete change of habits in this bird which attends the transition from one season of the year to another. In the spring and summer the once shy and bevy keeping Bob White becomes individualized and tame—we say individualized because, although mated, man and wife are always one flesh just as truly among birds as among humans. No longer in flocks, Bob White turns up everywhere under your feet in the fields, especially if you haunt the vicinity of his nest and brooding mate. You will frequently see him running along by the fence, or even venturing out into the road, while his cheery, sweet song—for it is a song, albeit but of two notes—rings out again and again on the sunny air.

So tame and regardless of her own safety does the female grow in the nesting season that not unfrequently she will allow herself to be almost trodden upon before leaving the nest, and I have known late brooding birds in grass meadows to sit fearlessly upon their nests until cut to pieces by the relentless knives of the mowing machine.

Young quail are perfect little necromancers. Almost as soon as they are out of the shell they seem to have the power of making themselves invisible at the wave of a wand. Wherever they go to nobody can tell. The ground may be as bare as a floor, but somehow they manage to vanish utterly from the eye. And this is a trick which they do not entirely forget as they grow older. It takes a sharp eyed sportsman to see a bevy of quail before they rise, even if the dog is pointing right at them and the grass is as short as it is on a lawn.

By August Bob White begins to take on a different character altogether from that he has displayed during the spring and summer months. He ceases to perch himself in conspicuous places and sing for the delight of himself and his friends, both feathered and unfeathered. He no longer makes excursions into exposed and dangerous localities, nor does he trust to the friendliness of every human being who comes his way. Gradually he begins to assemble his family and nearest relatives into a little community conducted on the simplest communistic principles, and animated by one all pervading desire—to get through the terrible open season without being brought to griddle.

That Bob White has developed remarkable powers for realizing this desire every sportsman will readily acknowledge. No bird can place so many yards between itself and the gun in two or three seconds as the lively little quail. It takes a remarkably quick shot to get in both barrels effectively at a bevy of quail, even when the birds rise in the open and the sportsman has an unobstructed field of view. The almost irresistible tendency is to "fire at the thick of 'em," but besides being unsportsmanlike this method is generally ineffective also, for, while it may now and then cripple a bird, it oftener lets the whole bevy get away unscathed, or else sends two or three slightly wounded birds into the cover to die a cruel and lingering death.

The philosophy of this result is easy enough to explain, for, quickly as a covey of quail may seem to the excited sportsman to fly together when they are flushed, a little calm observation will show that the intervals between the several birds are almost always nearly as great as the spread of a charge of shot at thirty yards. Thus it will be seen that, if the center of the charge falls in one of the intervals or spaces, as it is just so much more likely to do as the space is larger than a quail's body, the only possible chance is that a bird may be crippled by the outer pellets, and even this chance is small compared with the alternative which has been previously stated.

Therefore, my advice to the true sportsman in quail shooting is to select one bird for each barrel; make a clean kill or none at all. And if you are not skillful and quick enough at first to select a bird for each barrel, make sure of your first shot only, for a time, until you get so that you can drop your bird quickly and neatly; then begin to attempt your double on the principle which has been laid down. I make a practice of concentrating my attention every time on what I call the "laggard"—that is, the bird nearest me when the gun is raised; or, if the bevy crosses me instead of going straight away, it is the last bird in the line that I fire at. This rule applies to the use of both barrels. Select the laggard each time.—Paul Pastnor in Shooting and Fishing.

A Wealthy Woman.

Mrs. Robert Goelet is not yet thirty years of age. She has a cottage in Newport worth $250,000 and an income of $182,500 a year, or $500 a day. Her father is George Henry Warren, the wealthy financier, from whom she learned how to keep her account book balanced. Mrs. Goelet is exceedingly pretty. She has bright yellow hair, a fair complexion, violet eyes, and her manners are those of a patrician lady. Her little son and daughter are her companions through the day. She thinks nothing of asking a caller to excuse her when a doll's dress or a paper kite is in process of construction.—New York World.

Face and Figure.

"See this check, Jones?"

"Yes; for a thousand, eh?"

"Exactly; only I refer to the fine lithograph work on it."

"Oh! I admire its face less than its figure!"—Chicago Ledger.

Prairie Schooners.

A common sight in Texas is the prairie schooner bound west. The prairie schooner of today is a little more yacht-like in its build than the typical wagon in which the earlier emigrants navigated the west. The modern manufacturer who turns them out by the thousand makes the lines a little finer, and while they may not sail any closer to the wind or any faster than the old time schooners did they look trimmer and more in keeping with the times. In a growing state like Texas dealers in farm implements keep wagons on hand just as they do plows, and it is not unusual to see packed alongside a store in a small town where there is plenty of room outdoors forty or fifty wagons, comprising half a dozen different styles, each as well known to wagon buyers by the brand of its maker as sewing machines are known by their names.

Prairie schooners under sail in Texas are seen sometimes singly and sometimes in small fleets, showing that four or five families in a neighborhood had come to the same conclusion at the same time and had decided to move in company. In such a climate there is no great discomfort in this kind of moving in dry weather. Of course stores and cooking utensils are taken along, and the camp at night is made if possible on running water, and running water is at all times a refreshing incident of the travel to the horses.

You may see a fleet of perhaps four schooners in procession, with men, women, children and dogs alongside or behind the wagons. On the march, when a stream is approached, the men, women and children clamber into the wagons. You see the horses of the leading schooner when the cool water washes their feet bend their heads and drink deep. Then they tug the schooner up the opposite bank and move on. Each following team does the same and closes up again on its leader.

Some of these schooners carry the household effects of immigrants from other states moving into Texas. More of them carry the goods of farmers who are moving from the more thickly settled parts of Texas into the western and northwestern parts of the state, where they can get more acres for their money. Still, in keeping with the general advance of modern comforts, many of these outfits carry small tents. The tent will serve as a dwelling place until the house is built at the new home, and if the family is large it adds to the comfort en route.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Advantages of a Trip to Europe.

I have found that if I stay in America I get no rest. If I went to Saratoga, Newport, Long Branch or Bar Harbor, and I have tried them all, I am in constant receipt of my mail and telegrams and am consequently kept with my nose to the grindstone all the time. If I didn't get my mail while at any of these resorts I would worry and fret just because it was impossible to have my correspondence delivered promptly. It has been my experience that these daily waves of letters and telegrams compel me to do twice as much work as I am called upon to do in my office here, because I am deprived of the assistance of stenographers, typewriters and secretaries, those necessary conveniences to a busy man of business. So you see that instead of my getting rid of work for a time my labor is actually doubled and I get no material benefit from my outing.

But by jumping on an ocean steamer I am comparatively out of reach, and the leisure I thus obtain gives me the rest I need. Yes, I know people think I am very busy while I am abroad, and it is true I run about a great deal and see a great many people, but it is a break from the monotony of my daily life, and I enjoy the change immensely. In being shut out from office cares that gives a man like me the mental rest required, and, no matter how much I gallop about, I always come back refreshed and invigorated. Different scenes and different people are among the principal charms and benefits of foreign travel. They rub off the rust and sharpen the intellect and restore the equilibrium of a man's mental capacities.—Chauncey M. Depew Interview.

Weeping Trees of Washington.

In the forests of Washington and British Columbia I have frequently seen the trees dripping copiously during clear, bright days, when no dew was visible elsewhere. The dripping was so profuse that the ground underneath the trees was almost saturated. The phenomenon in this case was caused by the remarkable condensing power of the fir, and it occurred only when the native humidity was near the dew point. The dripping ceases after 10 or 11 o'clock in the morning, but resumes at or near sunset. In Hakluyt's "Voyages" there is an account of Hawkins' second voyage to Africa and America, written by a gentleman who sailed with Hawkins, in which we are told that in the island of Ferro there is a weeping tree which supplies all the men and beasts of the island with drink, there being no other available water supply. Further, he states that in Guinea he saw many weeping trees, but of a species different from that at Ferro.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

In 1888 there were in Germany 376,654 marriages, 1,828,379 births and 1,209,798 deaths. In France, 276,848 marriages, 882,639 births and 837,867 deaths. The increase of Germany's population was therefore 618,581 in 1888, against 605,155 in 1887. France's increase of population 44,772 in 1888, against 56,536 in 1887.

A NEW AUTHORESS.

Her Work Abounds in Carefully-Selected Foreign Words and Phrases.

MY DEAR NIECE: I have read the story of yours, which is kind enough to send me from the seminary, and must say the heroine was very vivacious, the hero sagacious, the rich old uncle mendacious, the designs of the rival falacious, the old aunt audacious, and the characters in general loquacious. The foreign words and phrases which abound in the story, which is quite the proper fad, of late, show great care in selection, and are spelled correctly; but it strikes me that you are not always up to the mark in the application.

"The rounded cheeks of Jane wore a beautiful *sub rosa* hue," is a little too far.

"She wore a splendid *nom de plume* in her hat," is somewhat far brought, perhaps.

What kind of a doctor was John, that he should ask, tenderly: "My dearest, what doth *inter alia*?"

Where John tears himself away in despair, exclaiming: "*Au fait!* What is my lot? false, fair one; *au revoir, au dieu!*" the form would have been followed with *ah there*, to make it complete.

Where you had her sit "at table and *et cetera*, and other viands," I feared for her digestion; and was even more alarmed when she observed: "*Ich dien* at two precisely, and am quite fond of *a la Francaise*, and also *Switzer caise*."

"The little *bona fide* came in wagging his tail. He did? I don't quite see how he could do it.

"When he heard the tale he was perfectly *emeute* for several minutes." As he sat quiet, I am glad he was not so warlike as you would have us infer.

"She exclaimed, excitedly: 'You have got more *chapeau bras* in your cheek than any body I ever saw;'" from which, I should think, it was perfectly soft enough to be felt.

I suppose the ducks and chickens were safe, when "she gently put them in the *coup d'etat*."

"He fell into the *canaille*, and was nearly drowned," was a thrilling accident, and I was glad he was saved.

"Away he galloped on his *hors du combat*," but it was a wonder he was not thrown. That is such a risky thing for him to ride.

Where Jack quarrels with his landlord and says: "*Dernier ressort!*" no wonder the latter went in and shut the door in his face, under such a malediction.

Was it not hard on John's head to wear an *ad cap tandem!* I should think so.

John must have had a good appetite when he said to the waiter: "I want my steak *double entendre*."

She was extremely complimentary, when she said: "Ah, dearest, your poem is quite *vice versa*."

"When the *verbum sap* began to stir in the plants," is very springy, indeed, and poetical.

"*Finis*, the end," is very aptly quoted.

On the whole the story is quite up to the average, and the foreign phrases with which it is interspersed are many. The latter give tone to it, and I predict its success.—A. W. Bellaw, in Light.

Center of the United States.

Do you know the exact location of the center of the Union? Never thought anything about it, probably. Well, it is marked by a grave—that of Maj. Ogden, of the United States army, who died at Fort Riley, Kan., in 1855, during the cholera epidemic of that year. The remains of the major were removed to Fort Leavenworth and buried in the National cemetery there, but his monument still stands upon a little knoll to the northeast of the fort—Fort Riley—and it lifts its head toward the clouds in the exact geographical center of the United States. Of the thousands of men who have been located at Fort Riley during the past forty years, perhaps not one in a hundred knew or cared anything about the oddity of his situation. The post is a few miles east of Junction City, Kan., and was formerly one of the largest military posts in the United States.—St. Louis Republic.

The Secret of His Career.

All this heavy, systematic robbery was made possible by the fact that the thieving clerk never took a holiday or a vacation; he was the first man at the bank in the morning and the last to leave it at night. Frequently he worked alone by gas light. I know of more than one great commercial establishment in this town where the officers employ shall work longer than the others, and further that every employe shall take a vacation every year and surrender his books or department to another man.—Chatter.

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