

**THE OREGON SCOUT**  
Is independent in all things, neutral in nothing; devoted to every cause it believes to be right—a journal for the people.

# The Oregon Scout.

**THE OREGON SCOUT**  
Has a large circulation as any two papers in this section of the State combined, and is correspondingly valuable as an advertising medium.

Here Will the Press the People's Rights Maintain.

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**WHAT THE VIOLINS SAID.**  
"We're all for love," the violins said.—  
Do I love you? Do I love you?  
Ask the heavens that bend above you,  
To find language and to prove you  
If they love the living sun.  
Ask the burning, blinding shadows  
If they love the happy shadows  
When the forlorn day is done.  
Ask the blue bells and the daisies,  
Lost amid the not field mazes,  
Lifting up their drowsy faces,  
If they love the summer rains.  
Ask the tinnetts and the plovers,  
In the nest life made for lovers—  
Ask the trees and ask the clovers—  
Will they tell you for your pains?  
Do I, darling, do I love you?  
What, I pray, can that behoove you?  
How in Love's name can I move you,  
When for Love's sake I am dumb?  
If I told you, if I told you,  
Would that keep you, would that hold you,  
Here at last when I enfold you?  
If it would—hush, darling, come!  
—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

**THE GOOD OLD TIMES.**  
Farmer Blewitt was a little dried up, frangible man, and he used to wear a red comforter around his neck and red flannel ear lappers on his plug hat when he went to meeting in winter. He was always ready to argue that these modern times were awfully bad and that the good old times of a hundred years ago were just right. He would decry invention and improvement and say that the world would be better without them. He took a news paper on purpose to count the murders recorded in it and tell how bad the world had grown. He would stand for hours on a corner in the village and retail his deductions on the present and his regrets for the past.  
One day he had whipped the minister in argument, and as he had had his dinner and the minister had gone away mad and the women were at work in the kitchen, he tipped back in his chair, drew a red silk handkerchief over his head to keep off the flies and went to sleep. He had not slept over five minutes before his son John came in and said:  
"Come, father, we must get at that piece of wheat and cut it."  
Blewitt got up and yawned and followed his son to the barnyard, where his two sons sat on a log filing a couple of sickles.  
"What in the nation are you doing with those sickles?" said Blewitt.  
"One of the boys looked astonished and said, 'Don't you see we are getting ready to cut the wheat?'"  
Blewitt stared a moment and then said:  
"Why in thunder don't you hitch on to that reaper and stop foolin' with them sickles?"  
The boys looked at each other in surprise, but said nothing. Blewitt ran to the shed, but there was no reaper there. He came back. The boys had got over the fence and were on their knees reaping the wheat and carrying it in gavel.  
"Boys," said Blewitt, "what do you mean by this foolishness? Where is that reaper?"  
Charley, the second boy, looked at his father pityingly and then tapped his forehead and looked over to John, who nodded and looked sad.  
"Why darn it," said Blewitt, "you can never run them bunnies through a threshing machine."  
"Threshing machine," said Charley, "why, you know as well as I do that I shall have to flail this wheat out mornings and nights while going to school this winter. What else you father?"  
Blewitt, as we said, got mad easily, and now he just toppled up and down and said:  
"Flail it out! It must be threshed ready to ship on the cars next month."  
"Cars, cars," said John, "don't know what you mean, father, or what you mean. I know I shall have to team this wheat down to Albany and sell it for what it will bring. Here you come out talkin' about reapers and cars and threshing machines, and darned if I don't believe you are crazy, so now."  
Blewitt pinched himself to see if he was awake and strode angrily to the house. As he approached it he heard a rumbling and roaring like wind, and he looked into the kitchen and there was his wife spinning. Who-o-o went the big wheel and Blewitt sank into a chair and yelled:  
"Now, Maria, what under the canopy are you doin'?"  
"Doin'," said his wife, "why, spinnin', of course. I must get out forty yards of full cloth for you and the boys, and twenty yards of pressed flannel for me and the girls."  
Blewitt looked down at his legs and saw them incased in full cloth of coarse texture, and the seat of his trousers he felt reached clear up to his shoulder blades, and the legs were as wide as two bushel sacks.  
"Well, I'll be darned," was all he said. Drastically he sauntered out again to the wheat field, and John hailed him.  
"Father, if you ain't goin' to help cut the wheat, suppose you yoke the oxen and go up to the woods and draw a draft or two of logs for wood?"  
Blewitt was composed, but he said: "I had intended to burn coal in the sitting room and parlor, and not cut much wood."  
"Coal, coal!" said John, angrily: "now see here, father, I don't want any more of this foolish talk. I am goin' to get a doctor."  
Blewitt began to think he needed one himself. Here his boys had never heard of a reaper or a threshing machine or cars. He felt of his full cloth pants and groaned. On the lounge at the house he laid himself down and tried to calmly think things over. When the doctor came he called for a pill and bared Blewitt's arm. He took out his lance and then Blewitt groaned again.  
"I must take a gallon of blood," said the doctor, "and then he will calm down and be all right."  
"Don't you know bleedin' was played out fifty years ago?" said Blewitt.  
"How he wanders," said the doctor, and slung in his lance. Blewitt faintly

out his daily man, and had offered him a telegraph dispatch about his hops. His wife was putting in a tenor to the racket with a sewing machine in the front room, and the hired girl was blacking the cooking range.  
With a pleased smile Blewitt sauntered out to the wheat field, and, as the reaper stopped, he said: "Darn the good old times! These ere times is good enough for me."  
"What's that, father?" said John. "I thought you was in favor of the real, honest, reliable, good old fashioned times of a hundred years ago?"  
"Never you mind, John," said the smiling father. "You can go down and buy that Thompson colt you've been wantin', and let Charley have your sled dog buggy; and—say, if the wheat ain't takin' no hurt you may go down to Barnum's circus tomorrow and cut the wheat next day."  
He looked down at his diagonal pants and white Marseilles vest, and muttered as he went to the house: "Darn the good old times! These ere times will dew fur me!"—Prof. George in Albany Journal.

**England's Abominable English.**  
The common people in England speak all sorts of dialectic abominations, but with the exception of perhaps one man in 10,000 they do not speak anything that bears any respectable relation to written English. The English drawing burr is quite as unintelligible and not half so musical as that brogue of the Irish which the English are so fond of ridiculing. It is, on the whole, nearly as easy for an American to understand a French porter as an English one, and if the Frenchman pretends to speak English he speaks it a hundred times better than the Londoner does. When it comes to proper names, names of streets, or anything which cannot be guessed from the context, the average Londoner is as utterly unintelligible to the ear untrained to the monstrosities of his pronunciation as if he spoke Choctaw. It is a thousand pities that the English cannot be taught to speak the American language, which is a hundredfold more clear, more classic, more elegant and more consistent than the tongue spoken in England.—Chicago Tribune.

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**Montreal Saloon**  
Ed Remillard, Proprietor.  
If you want a refreshing drink or a good cigar, drop in.  
Billiard and pool tables for the accommodation of customers.

**THE OCEAN'S FLOOR.**  
Here is an end of all romance about hidden ocean depths. The whole ocean is now mapped out for us. The report of the expedition sent out from London for the purpose of ocean surveys has been published. Nearly four years were given to the examination of currents and the floors of the four great oceans. The Atlantic, we are told, if drained, would be a vast plain, with a mountain range in the middle running parallel with our coast. Another range crosses it from Newfoundland to Ireland, on the top of which lies the submarine cable. The ocean is thus divided into three great basins, no longer "unfathomed depths." The tops of these sea mountains are two miles below a sailing ship, and the basins, according to Reclus, almost five miles. These mountains are whitened for thousands of miles by a tiny creamy species of shell lying as thickly on their sides as frost crystals on a snow bank. The deepest parts are red in color, heaped with volcanic masses. Through the black motionless waters of these abysses move gigantic abnormal creatures never seen in upper currents.  
There is an old legend coming down to us from the first ages of the world on which these scientific deep sea soundings cast a curious light. Plato and Solon record the tradition, ancient in their days, of a country in the western seas where flourished the first civilization of mankind, which by volcanic action was submerged and lost. The same story is told by the Central Americans, who still celebrate in the fast of Izalli the frightful cataclysm which destroyed a continent loaded with populous cities. Dr. Bourbourg and other eminent archaeologists assert that this lost continent extended from the coast of Africa to near the West Indies. The shape of a plateau discovered in surveying the ocean's floor corresponds with this theory exactly. We may yet find the lost Atlantis.—St. Louis Republic.

**THE USE OF HAIR POWDER.**  
The rise and fall of hair powder is one of the most interesting things in the chronicles of fashion. In 1614 some ballet singers at the fair of St. Germain powdered their hair in order to produce an eccentric figure. This is supposed to be the origin of the custom, but so slowly did it spread that a century later, during the reign of George I, two ladies who powdered their hair were laughed at, and at the coronation of George III there were only two hair dressers in London.  
But in 1735 so universal had it become that the annual amount of flour used for hair powder was valued at £1,250,000, or more than \$6,250,000, and the number of persons wearing it were estimated at 200,000. Think of the loaves of bread this flour which went to serve a caprice of fashion would have made! After this the fashion dwindled, until in 1803 the amount of flour used for powder had sunk to the value of about \$200,000.—Cloak and Suit Review.

**A Victim of Over Indulgence.**  
Lady Chatham's dog suffered from over feeding, and became so violently ill that its life was in danger. She sought earnestly for a doctor for her favorite, and at length heard that the blacksmith of the village had said he could cure it. The smith was sent for, and undertook to cure the pet if he could be allowed to keep it for three weeks.  
My lady pleaded that she might be permitted to visit her favorite two or three times a week, but this was steadily refused, and the man was at length allowed to depart with the patient.  
For the next three weeks much amusement was afforded in the smitely by the sight of Lady Chatham's fat poodle tied under the bellows in such a position that it panted with the exertion of getting up whenever the bellows was used. The smith's boy also drove the creature round the orchard three times a day, tied with a string. This reduced the fat of the pampered animal, while a simple diet of bread and milk restored the tone of its digestive organs. At the end of three weeks the smith returned the dog fully recruited, and received a handsome reward.—Rev. William Quekett's "Sayings and Doings."

**CHURCHES.**  
The Methodist Episcopal Church holds services at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. of each Sunday.  
Rev. J. P. MORRIS, Pastor.  
Services are held at the Presbyterian Church at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. of each Sunday.  
Rev. W. J. HUGHES, Pastor.  
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Office two doors south of Postoffice, Union, Oregon.  
Special attention given to all business entrusted to us.  
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—OF—  
FIFTEEN SOUTHERN STATES.  
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**Ready Wit of One Girl.**  
The White Sulphur girl has a reputation the southland over for audacious wit. An old beau, who knew the place when the famous Mattie Ould, of Richmond, sustained her belittling here through several seasons, said the White Sulphur girl was as bright and startling of speech as ever she was. Then he told a story of a fair maiden who is enjoying her first season out of school. He identified her as the daughter of an ex-congressman. The father had given a dinner in honor of the daughter. He was very proud of her. He looked upon her somewhat anxiously to see how she would sustain herself among his old friends. The dinner was nearly over," said the old beau. "We were getting ready to make some encouraging and congratulatory remarks about the debutante as we were called on. In the full the young lady arose, and raising her glass said she would like to propose a toast. Of course we all applauded. Then this girl, fresh from school, heart and fancy free, said, 'I propose that we drink to my father's future son-in-law.'"  
"What did the old man do?" some one asked.  
"Do!" repeated the old beau. "He tried to catch his breath. We were all paralyzed."—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**ABOUT THUNDER CLOUDS.**  
Among the earliest symptoms of the approach of a thunder storm is the appearance on the western horizon of a line of cumulus ("wool pack") clouds, exhibiting a peculiar turret structure. I say on the western horizon, for most of our changes of weather come from that quarter, and it has been proved that thunder storms, like wind storms, advance over the country generally from some westerly point. This bank of clouds moves on, and over it appear first streamers and then sheets of lighter upper clouds (cirrus, or "mare's tail") which spread over the sky with extreme rapidity. The heavy cloud mass comes up under this film, and it is a general observation that no electric explosion or downfall of rain ever takes place from a cloud unless streamers of cirrus emanating from its upper surface are visible when the cloud is looked at sideways from a distance.—New Orleans Picayune.

**Two of Them.**  
Tom—You look worn out, old fellow. The penalty of popularity, I suppose?  
Popular Young M. D. (wearily)—Yes, I attended two small but lively german last night.  
Tom—Too much for one night.  
P. Y. M. D.—Rather. At the same house, too.  
Tom—Heavens! How odd!  
P. Y. M. D.—Not at all. My worthy patron, Schimmelpfopfer, became the father of twins last night.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

**DR. E. N. NORTH,**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
Elgin, Oregon.  
Office at City Drug Store.  
**I. N. CROWWELL, M. D.,**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
Elgin, Oregon.  
Office one door south of Summers & Lagne's store, Union, Oregon.

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Main Street, Union, Oregon.  
BENSON BROS., Proprietors,  
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Beef, Pork, Veal, Mutton, Sausage, Hams, Lard, Etc.

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GEORGE BAIRD, Proprietor.  
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**WILLIAM KOENIG,**  
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Cove, Oregon.  
Drafts, plans and designs for dwellings and bridges furnished on application.

**Baby's Looks.**  
Fond Mother—Who do you think the baby looks like?  
Fond Uncle—Well, if I were rich I suppose it would look just like me, but as I am struggling myself I suppose its looks must be on the other side of the house.—Judge.

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