

FROM UNION TO PORTLAND.

A Description of the Scenery—Notes by the Wayside, by J. W. Minnick.

EDITOR OREGON SCOUT—

I have lived in Union county 13 years and do not remember in all that time of ever reading a description of the route and scenery west to Portland. Having had a daylight run through from La Grande on the 12th I will give a few notes gathered by the wayside. I encountered snow in abundance on the Blue mountains which at this time of the year is not uncommon. At Pendleton, brick enters largely into the construction of buildings. Large brick business blocks are to be seen, as well as private residences, from the west.

The railroad follows down the Umatilla river through an agricultural region, with little of note to be seen until we reach Maxwell, where the sand drives of the Columbia appear. We soon stop at Umatilla, situated on the south side of the Columbia river. I have heard so much of this old renowned relic of former greatness that I improved every moment of spare time in prying into the history of what it once was. On this trip I was enlisted in the services of Mr. J. Q. Shirley as guardian for the safe shipment of a portion of his cattle train that was left out of the main section at the yard in La Grande. This of course is in keeping with the management of the railroad company. At division stations I had ample time and opportunities to inspect thoroughly all the most prominent features. Umatilla, before the railroad was started, in 1862, was a busy place. A good ferry crossed and recrossed the river, and pilgrims bound for Washington and Puget sound made this a resting and outfitting place on their journey. It was the upper landing point for the river steamers, and all travel and goods for this section, Baker, Boise, and districts still further east passed through it. At that time over three thousand people gathered there with immense wagon and pack trains, coming and going continually. The landing was literally packed with goods awaiting transportation. Stages left daily loaded with passengers. All was life, bustle and activity; streets and avenues were laid out, all bearing appropriate names; street sprinklers made their daily rounds and they had a regular city government. But today the place is one of desolation; old rock walls are tumbled down; sand drifts where merchant princes stored their wares; the railroad is now supreme instead of the mule and bull teams.

How many prosperous cities have received the same fate at the hands of the first railroad entering their borders. Now when teams arrive to cross the river Indians act as ferrymen, packing their wagons and goods across in their canoes, and swimming the animals.

From Umatilla going westward we passed by vast ridges of sand, which drifts like snow in proportion to the velocity of the wind. In many places I saw sand fences built, nearly covered up; men shoveling it off the track, and many times the drifts stop and delay trains for hours and even days. Thousands of acres of these sand drifts are moving and shifting eternally, blowing into the river and washing away to make and form other drifts and bars in the river and on the shores of the ocean. The sand drifts and barren aspect of the shores of the Columbia was a sore surprise for me. Our engine seemed to thread its way cautiously through this seemingly endless variety of treacherous roadbed. For many miles I only saw sand, sage, cattle and Indians. At Celilo I saw the first fishing and canning works, and from there on one is scarcely out of sight of them. They catch the salmon fish by water power, rolling them into their large canneries in great streams, shipping hundreds of tons of them fresh, and over five millions of cans annually. The Dalles is on the south side of the river, three miles below the falls. Here is the largest water power on the Pacific coast, and none of it used to revolve a wheel. The sand drifts here have disappeared. Fruit trees are to be seen every where about the city as well as flowers and creeping vines.

The next fifty miles is of varied scenery. The road makes a circle to get out of the city, and starts toward the west, passing honeycomb rocks, ridges, hills, buttes, knolls and chasms; dodging through deep cuts, occasional tunnels, high trestle bridges, farms, parks, lakes, orchards, meadows, groves of dense thickets of oaks, firs, pines, cottonwoods and vines; and far away stands Mt. Hood, bareheaded except with the frosted hair of countless ages.

The Cascade are next, 45 miles from Portland. The matter of building the locks at this place has been before the national congress for many years. In

1876 the first appropriation was made—\$50,000 for a starter. Up to the present time one and one-half million dollars have been paid out for work and material, and yet the estimate is for one million more to complete them. The lock now being constructed is 8 feet in depth at low water, 462 feet long and 90 feet wide, with a lift of twenty-four feet. Half a mile from the station a fine view of the falls and also of the work being done at the big lock can be obtained. I did not have time to visit the works as it was too far from the station.

Crossing Sandy river the train soon reaches Troutdale, where we unload and weigh the cattle, there being 324 head and the average weight thereof 1200 pounds. All were fine smooth steers, the only kind that Mr. Shirley handles. It is here that the American Dressed Meat Company has its slaughter yards. A visit through them reveals all the modern improvements and quick work in every department. They kill 120 head of cattle daily and hogs and sheep in proportion. Here I saw the first make of artificial ice and it is quite a novelty indeed.

Portland is 114 miles from the Pacific ocean and ten miles above the junction of the Columbia and Willamette rivers, and situated on the west bank of the latter river. Steamers and sailing vessels drawing twenty feet of water can pass up and down without any trouble. Even the large iron steamships which ply between Portland and San Francisco, drawing from 14 to 18 feet of water, come and go as on railroad time. Along the river for about three miles are wharves, ferries, docks, immense warehouses and manufactories. Three bridges, two wood and one iron, span the river, the same having center draws from 300 to 340 feet wide to admit of the passing of vessels. Portland is a great city, indeed; a noisy, smoky, rock-bound, haughty king of western commerce. Every block from Front street as far back as Tenth street is either factory, wholesale house or business firms of some kind. The streets are paved with the roughest kind of rock, making any move for man, beast or wagon, a hideous scramble for life. There is a continuous din from passing vehicles and the heavy tread of iron shod horses. What I saw of the shipping vessels and steamers will be given in my next.

Mr. G. W. Ruckman went down at the same time with two carloads of cattle, and the valentine he got in Portland—well, I am not at liberty to tell. Ask him. The committee of three which was appointed in High valley to select and mail valentines to the expectant ones in the neighborhood gave satisfaction in almost every instance.

The party at the school house was a success.

We have plenty of snow. At this date there ought to be some signs of spring, but the groundhog has got to have his forty days, which expire on Friday the 13th of March.

The story of the lost hunters who were found at Mr. Lore's ranch, on Catherine creek, has never been told, and as I have not the names of the actors to the affair, I desist, and hope that some one acquainted with the facts will give the matter publicity.

There are large quantities of wood being cut this winter—more than usual, thus insuring a full supply for the market.

In answer to "Moike," of the Park, in regard to church property, I will say that my reply to the Clover creek correspondent was denied a hearing in THE SCOUT, and through the courtesy of the editor of the La Grande Chronicle it will be resurrected in due time, and for further digests consult the columns of the above sheet.

Mr. John Vass and family, of Jasper county, Iowa, a brother of Mrs. John Minnick, arrived here on the 14th inst. They will locate east of Elgin where his father has a ranch.

J. W. MINNICK.

The Australian ballot system will be in vogue in Oregon hereafter, Governor Penoyer having signed the bill putting it in force. It will now be ascertained whether it has the merits claimed for it. The average voter will have considerable to learn before he can express his sentiments at the polls, as this method of voting is much more intricate than the old one.

Take it Before Breakfast.

The great appetizer, tonic and liver regulator. In use for more than 50 years in England. Positive specific for liver complaint, bad taste in the mouth on arising in the morning, dull pains in the head and back of the eyes, tired feeling, dizziness, languor symptoms of liver complaint. Remedy—Dr. Hensley's English Dandelion Tonic. Relieves constipation, sharpens the appetite and tones up the entire system. Get the genuine from your druggist for \$1, and take according to directions.

"CITIZEN" SPEAKS AGAIN.

He Desires Further Enlightenment in regard to City Matters.

EDITOR OREGON SCOUT—

In answer to my article of last week in regard to the actions of our city council, I notice a communication relative thereto from County Judge L. N. Sanders. I say relative because it is in no way responsive to the interrogatories I put forth. It is no answer to my questions for the Honorable Judge to say that he went to Salem because he had a right to go, or that other "good men" went there too, or that he sat inside the bar "alongside" or broadside of honest John McAlister. He had a right to go and where he sat relative to the position of McAlister answers nothing.

My queries were not directed to any one except the members of the city council and no imputations were cast against the official integrity or private character of Judge Sanders, and why he should dodge so when not shot at I am unable to understand.

His admission that the \$100 was unnecessary and was not used is in accord with what I have heretofore said "that it was a useless expenditure of the people's money, and placing it where no benefit whatever could be derived, or, in other words the same results would have been attained without the expenditure of one cent.

That the money will be refunded is good. If the Judge wishes to champion the cause of the city council in regard to the legality of its acts I will join issue with him and present my side of the question, without resorting to personalities, or calling him a moss-back or other pet names. I do not consider it mossbackism, in any sense of the word, for me to ask and enquire into the manner and for what purpose the moneys of the city are paid out; nor do I consider it progressiveness for the council to extravagantly lavish money upon personal private schemes. The survey of which I spoke before was made at the instance of private parties, not members of the council, and was done in December, before the new council could have ordered it. The old or retiring council knew of no such scheme, but the city pays the sum of \$69 for the work. I ask, why? The minutes or records fail to disclose any reason, or what the object of the survey was.

The guardian of the finances of the city and county who holds high carnival over the print shop back of the bank, and places himself on picket guard to notify the people if anything goes wrong, it is true, has not given the alarm of danger; but it is barely possible that he has relatives interested with himself in the scheme. If he has not it seems to me that in justice to his brother Charles, who assisted to make the survey spoken of, would insist upon having his per diem for work, the same as C. M. Foster. No charge seems, however, to have been made.

Another question that it seems to me should, and I think will engage the attention of our citizens, is as to whether our corporate limits can be legally extended and enlarged without the consent of the property holders embraced in the new territory. I am as anxious to have a legal charter as anyone and the enlargement is to me entirely satisfactory; but is the new charter a legal document, and one that can and will stand the test of the courts? Trouble and litigation was the consequence of our old bill not conforming to law.

In conclusion, I will say that no attempt has been made to justify the actions of the council so far, and that I am not the only one anxious for and demanding an explanation. I pause for a reply. CITIZEN.

THE PARK.

News of the Week as Reported by Our Regular Correspondent.

Here we are with a few more growls and grumbles.

Mrs. Lee has the neuralgia therefore she has something to grant for.

Snow from two to three feet deep and some drifts—roads high from the ground.

Arch and Mary have a son and he has more grand-parents than anybody. Only eight.

James Wisdom is ceiling his house. Jim believes in having comfort and plenty to eat.

Ben Koger passed through the Park the other day delivering books—The History of Utah.

Mrs. R. M. South has been quite poorly for nearly three weeks, but is much better now.

Very good time for John and Jo to take their best girls to church. Fine fun for them, but how about the team.

The birthday parties passed off finely. There has been three so far, but no telling how many more there will be.

Grandma Wisdom has got back to the Park again. She has been to Milton attending the bedside of her sick sister.

The mill company has sent its oxen out to Moses for him to feed during the remainder of the winter. Moses has plenty of hay.

Today is a very fine day. The snow is slowly disappearing and bare places are beginning to show up on the hills. Feed is plentiful yet.

Mrs. Jared Shaw's mother and step-daughter came out from Iowa a week or so ago. They are stopping for the present with Jared's folks. Nellie came up from the Centennial yesterday.

School is still going on. There are some scholars left for the teacher to say that he has school, but he hasn't very many. How is it, or who is to be blamed, the teacher or the scholars? When a teacher has not got a scholar who likes him it is surely the teacher's fault. He has got the education, but not the "get-up," to teach.

Great revival on Big creek. Backsliders reclaimed and new converts reported to the number of seven in all, but just about the time the pool got troubled, the meeting closed for one week. The preacher was the Rev. Campbell who is a good talker and very liberal in his views, but he has to reach up and pluck a twig (or a tree) from Ingersoll. It shows he is troubling the christians some.

Referring to Archdeacon Farrar's sermon on Darkest England, the Christian Commonwealth says: Eight centuries of noble deeds had been undone abroad by the devil's work of one. Our footsteps all around the world had been dyed with blood; we had girdled the world with a zone of drunkenness. If we could restore the slave trade in Africa, with all its horrors, said Sir Richard Burton, and take away the rum and gunpowder with which Africa has been deluged, she would actually be gainer by the exchange. We found India sober and made it drunken. The first words heard by the first English missionary in India, in 1816, were: "Christian religion, devil religion; Christian much drink, Christian much do wrong." For every single true Christian in India, we made a thousand drunkards. In Mohammedan countries when the natives saw a man drunk they said that he had deserted Mohammed and gone to Jesus.—From the Christian Conservator.

I see a great many churches are passing resolutions asking the Columbian Exposition to close on Sundays, taking away the liberties of the people, and closing in on the American people, the church and state. Down with such doctrine, for there is no liberty in church and State when united. The most important thing in this world is liberty. More important than food or clothes; more important than gold, houses or lands; more important than art or science; more important than all religions, is the liberty of man. What light is to the eyes and what love is to the heart, liberty is to the soul of man. Without it there comes suffocation and death. Liberty is the condition of progress. Without liberty there remains only barbarism; without liberty there can be no civilization; without liberty of thought no human being has the right to form a judgment. It is impossible that there should be such a thing as real religion without liberty. Without liberty there can be no such thing as conscience, no such word as justice. All human actions—all good, all bad—have for a foundation the idea of human liberty; and without liberty there can be no vice, and there can be no virtue. Without liberty there would be no worship, no blasphemy, no love, no hatred, no justice, no progress. Take the word liberty from human speech and all the other words become poor, withered, meaningless sounds; but with that word realized—with that word understood—the world becomes a paradise.

MOIKE.

Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, his stomach was disordered, his liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepard, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica salve cured him entirely. Sold at Brown's drug store.

Presbyterian Church.

Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sabbath school at 10 a. m.; Christian Endeavor Society, Tuesday at 7 p. m. All are cordially invited to attend. We urge parents to bring their children to church that they may be nurtured in morality and piety. W. J. Hughes, Pastor.

Announcement.

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