The Oregon Scout
Is recognized as the leading paper of Union county.

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Has double the circulation of any paper in the county.

Here Will the Press the People's Rights Maintain.

VOL. VII. UNION, OREGON, THURSDAY, MARCH 19. 1891. NO. 39.

THE WOMEN DID IT.

I was one of them "fool farmers;" yes I'll own it like a man;
There was plenty of us fashioned on the same peculiar plan;
And I've lived out here in Kansas more as five and twenty years,
A growing poor and poorer, as it certainly appears.

I seldom read the papers—I work too hard for that,
And never new why I got lean while other men got fat;
I didn't fool with politics, I had too much to do;
But I always voted as I shot, and as they told me to

The day before election, just imagine my distress,
When I ketched my wife a-readin' now whatever would you guess?
A free trade publication, and to make it worse, she said
She'd read it regular each night before she went to bed

And, do you know, that wife of mine just faced me up and down
That farmers slave to make a few monopolists in town,
I always try to get around these warm domestic spats;
But when I praised protection, and she laughed and answered "Rats,"

I bristled up; it kindled all the sentiments of strife
To think this free trade stuff should be corruption of my wife;
I quit her then and there before her argument was through,
As every good protectionist makes it a rule to do.

That night we had a campfire, and our congressman was there;
We gave him "John Brown's Body" as he went to take the chair;
I wore my old blue uniform to spite the democrats,
But all the time I wondered what my Mary meant by "Rats."

Our congressman was eloquent, he made a stirrin' speech;
I could almost see the battle's smoke and hear the bullets screech;
And when he bade us vote as we had shot at Malvern hill,
We rose with one accoed and cried with one acclaim, "We will!"

We sang the good old war songs and ate a mess o' beans,
And we passed the evening pleasantly recalling bloody scenes;
And we took the straight out tickets and we pinned 'em on our hats,
But all the time I wondered what my Mary meant by "Rats."

When I reached home I noticed that my Mary wore a smile,
Which seemed to me as indicatin' storms in front or bile;
To head her off I said, "You'll call me early mother, dear,
For tomorrow will be the livest day free trade will have this year."

Next mornin' just at sun up as I woke and rubbed my eyes,
A wonderin' what she meant by "Rats" I saw to my surprise
My clothes and hat and boots all ranged in order on the floor
And bearin' each a card I swear I never saw before.

My flannel shirt displayed this sign "Taxed 95 per cent,"
My trousers "Taxed 100"—so this is what "Rats" meant,
My vest said "Taxed 100" and my shoes "taxed 25."
My coat and hat 200 with "Protection makes us thrive."

I went to fill the basin and I noticed as I came,
"Taxed 45 per cent" Great Scott! the towel said the same,
The soap was marked at 20. As I dropped it on the floor,
I chanced to see a scuttle full of coal marked 24.

I passed into the kitchen, and it gives me pain to state,
That my wife had on a woolen dress stamped "only 58,"
And in shooing out a guinea hen she made a little dive,
Which showed a pair of stockings with a card marked 35.

The baby in his little bed was lyin' fast asleep,
I always held the little chap as most uncommon cheap;
But when I saw them cards on blanket, pillow, crib and sheet,
I felt a lump raise in my throat, I knew that I was beat.

No matter where I went I struck those pesky little signs,
The stoves, the places, the knives, the forks the window sash and blinds,
The scissors, needles, thread, all bore that terrible per cent.;
Bigosh, I didn't dare to ask what card was on the rent.

That was the shortest meal I ever ate in all my life,
And as I left the table, in remarking to my wife
That I was going to the polls, she helped me with my coat,
And said, "I reckon John I needn't tell you how to vote."

I walked down to my votin' place; It looked like every yard
Was full of farmin' implements which bore a little card,
And seemed to say from plow to spade from thresher down to ax,
"Good mornin' John, and don't forget, the tariff is a tax."

I voted straight, oh, yes, no doubt of that; I voted straight,
But not exactly in the way expected of my state,
And I showed the boys the little cards provided by my wife,
That night our congressman took formal leave of public life.

I was one of them "fool farmers" during five and twenty years;
But I've learned a little common sense as doubtless now appears;
You can run and tell McKinley—and—say —don't forget to state
That we've voted out in Kansas and we've voted darned near straight.

H. J. Geer, of the Cove nursery, offers for sale for the spring trade, several thousand plum and prune trees (mostly peach plum) three and four years old. Price 25c each or 20c by the hundred. 3-5-1m

WASHINGTON.

A Large Number of Appropriations Made.

SOME IMPORTANT BILLS PASS.

An Open Meeting of the Citizens' Alliance Held—Speaker Reed and the Democrats.

WASHINGTON, March 9, 1891.

EDITOR OREGON SCOUT:—

The fifty-first congress is dead, and buried among the archives of the past, and now that the smoke of one of the greatest and most prolonged parliamentary battles in our history has cleared away, it is possible to get a view of the results. Without taking sides with Mr. Reed in many of his rulings, or in fact any of them, I think that the principles of the rules, which he is credited with having originated, are the proper ones for the guidance of all legislative bodies under a republican form of government. They recognize the right of the majority to legislate; and I predict that all future rules of the house, no matter which party controls, will be based upon the same idea.

It is of course, too early to say whether the important legislation enacted by the majority was wise or unwise, but it was distinctly republican legislation, and that party will be given the credit or be made to take the blame for it as it is viewed by the people when the next congressional election rolls around. No single congress since the war has appropriated so large an amount of money as the one just ended and naturally the democrats are making the most of the charge of extravagance, while the republicans are claiming that the money will all be well spent and that the people will be benefitted by it. On both sides it is the talk of politicians. It is only by carefully watching results that the people can determine which is right, and no closer watch upon the expenditures of the government has ever been kept than will be from now until the next presidential campaign.

Among the legislation that we already know to be good is the bill for the relief of the U. S. supreme court, the copyright bill, the bill for the inspection of hogs, cattle and the products thereof, which are to be the subjects of interstate commerce, the bill for the adjudication and payment of claims arising from Indian depredations, the bill to establish a court of private land claims and others of minor importance.

The democrats of the house voted solidly against a resolution of thanks to the speaker, which Mr. McKinley was compelled to offer because no democrat would do it. It was the thirteenth time that precisely the same thing has occurred in the house, being on an average about one in each four congresses. To an unprejudiced outsider it looks silly.

Very few congressmen have gone home, and a large number of representatives of the fifty-second congress are here. Consequently there is considerable activity among the friends of the candidates for speaker. The alliance members have so far refused to pledge themselves, in fact more than a majority of the house are as yet unpledged which shows that the fight is far from being decided.

Notwithstanding the excitement consequent upon the closing hours of congress, an open meeting of the citizen's alliance, which was addressed by Senators Peffer and Kyle and Representative Jerry Simpson, has attracted a great deal of attention here. The speeches, especially that of Mr. Simpson, were a revelation to the Washington people who had attended from idle curiosity. Before they left they were unanimously of the opinion that Jerry Simpson was a born orator. Senator Peffer set a good many people to thinking by asking, after stating that there was not a hair's difference between the leaders of the old parties on the silver question: "What would you think if Grover Cleveland would unite the republicans and democratic parties east of the Alleghany mountains and be their candidate against the united west and south. This is not altogether improbable."

Ex-Speaker Reed is the victim of unmerciful guying these days from the democrats, but he apparently enjoys it as much as they do. Yesterday he was approached by a democratic representative from New York City, who walking up briskly with a telegram in his hand, said: "Reed I have just received a telegram from a constituent of mine who is the manager of a dime museum, requesting me to secure at any cost for exhibition the crown you wore as czar."

"I am sorry," replied Mr. Reed, "that you didn't see me sooner; but the crown has been altered into a fool-cap, which is to be presented to the next speaker."

"That's one on me," said the New Yorker, as he slapped Reed on the back and roared with laughter.

Mr. Harrison will not take up the question of nominating the nine new United States judges created by the law until his return from a duck-shooting trip to Maryland upon which he leaves tomorrow. The president manipulates a gun in regular hunter style and upon his return we predict that the finest of mallard ducks will be a drug in the market.

The senate before adjourning adopted a resolution directing the finance committee to ascertain in every practicable way the effect of the tariff laws at home and abroad. If this be fairly carried out, without attempting to manufacture political capital, it will be productive of much good in the shape of authentic information.

J. H. C.

COVE CULLINGS.

COVE, Oregon, March 18, 1891.

Plowing has commenced in some parts of the Cove.

The health of the community seems rapidly improving. All the sick are convalescing.

Mr. J. W. Magann, of Cornucopia, is down on a visit. He reports the mines very quiet at present.

Mr. Adam Crossman left for Portland Monday on business connected with the Excelsior Tanning Co.

Lots of melted snow is coming down the creek. The flouring mill now runs on regular time—day and night.

Mr. Firm Thomas has associated himself with J. F. Kelley in business and the new firm has occupied the Cowles store room. They have added a billiard room to their business.

Mr. L. B. Stearns circulated last week a subscription paper for the purpose of raising funds to build a tool house and purchase necessary tools for the Cove cemetery. Almost all contributed to this worthy cause.

Mr. Harlan Stewart, of Lower Cove, who is making a tour of Arizona in quest of a better land, at last accounts was water bound, having been caught in the recent great floods. His wife stopped in California on a visit to relatives.

Mr. Bruce McDaniel, who has been attending the Beaumont Medical College, of St. Louis, during the winter, returned home Monday. He was accompanied by his aunt, Mrs. Caddie Smith, of Ox Falls, Missouri. She will spend the summer in Cove and may remain until Bruce starts for St. Louis to resume his studies. Bruce is growing tall and slim and no doubt will make a very imposing medico.

Died, Friday, March 13, Clarence G. youngest and only remainng son of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Mitchell. Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell and daughter have been called upon to endure the great sorrow of seeing their two loved sons and brothers called away from them in the same week. They had scarcely time to realize the first sad bereavement until the hand of Death had again visited their home, happy and cheerful so short a time ago. Truly, "In life we are in the midst of death," and the summons may overtake as in the past, the ones whom mortal hands would select last. Much sympathy is expressed on all sides for the parents and daughter so sorely afflicted.

OREGON BOUND.

A Heavy Immigration the Coming Summer.

HOME SEEKERS ARE ARRIVING.

A Train Load of Over Four Hundred Immigrants Arrive in Portland—The State's Advantages.

The Portland evening Telegram of the 7th of March contains the following: The Union Pacific's through passenger train from the east arrived in two large sections this afternoon, instead of one as usual. The cutting in two of the train is due to the fact that it has aboard over 400 immigrants.

Never before has such a crowd of homeseekers come to Portland at one time, and their arrival at such a time looks very favorable for a heavy immigration this year.

A well-known railroad man stated today that twenty thousand people will come here from Nebraska alone. Crops there have been absolute failures for three years, and the outlook for a continuation of these drouths makes it very discouraging. The farmers are selling out as rapidly as possible, and if they cannot sell they will desert their places.

Another party of over 300 is expected to arrive next week.

There is every reason to believe that this large immigration, present and prospective, is due largely to the able manner in which the advantages of Oregon have been presented in the East. The work of the press of Oregon has been commendable.

Said a recently arrived farmer to a reporter: "In many of the central western states the people have suffered so continually from drouth, blizzards, cyclones, and other unpleasant and destructive causes, that life is almost a burden. The longer they remain there the poorer they grow."

It is no wonder, then, that what they read of the beauties and advantages of this section, where drouth, blizzards, cyclones and earthquakes are unknown and where there is no failure of crops, but where nature is in her happiest mood, that they become possessed of an inten e desire to locate in our favored state.

The press and the public generally should unite in extending the hand of welcome to these people, and direct them to employment, to business locations or to farms, as they may desire, that they may feel at home at once in one of the best states in all of Uncle Sam's farm.

It is a well-known fact that in many of the states the people have met with such losses from natural causes that they are determined to leave, even if they sell at a sacrifice or abandon their farms entirely.

Oregon has over 20,000,000 acres of unoccupied government land. The hardy sons of the soil now suffering in other states are needed here to occupy our undeveloped lands.

FROM WALLWA COUNTY.

PARADISE, Wallowa Co., Oregon, March 9, 1891.

Please be kind enough, Mr. Editor, to allow me a little space in your paper to let the people of other states know something about our Paradise country, which is not "Paradise Lost."

First, our winter has been mild until the first of the present month, the snow has been quite deep—about 16 inches; but at this writing the soft wind and warm sun is melting it rapidly.

But few cases of mortal sickness in our midst. No loss of stock as yet.

Farmers are preparing for large crops this spring.

Immigrants are coming almost daily. Many of them are from Missouri. The open timbered lands are being settled up rapidly. Fine hay, grain and vegetables are successfully grown on the open timbered lands.

Much interest is taken in the schools, literaries, etc.

Now a few remarks about other matters and I will close. I saw in your issue of February 26th, a list of the appropriations by our legislature, which in my way of looking at matters, is a very sectional piece of business. For instance, $1,213,000, in various points, all to build up Portland and everything done to kill Eastern Oregon. After the member from Wallowa had worried a bill through for the trifling sum of four thousand dollars to aid in building a wagon road, giving the people of Wallowa county an opening north to Lewiston and other points in Washington and Idaho, the Honorable Governor places an embargo upon the bill, and renders for his reason for doing so the thinnest excuse imaginable. Let me ask the Honorable Gentleman if the money for the $4000 appropriation would not come out of the same fund as the $1,213,000, appropriated for the special benefit of the great city of Portland, came from? I do not believe that the member from Wallowa county asked the legislature to appropriate money belonging to the school fund. An explanation upon the matter would be very gratifying not only to me but to many of my neighbors. We are truly sorry that our Hon. Governor should think that Eastern Oregon is in some other country, say Africa or some cloudy country.

NORTH POWDER.

NORTH POWDER, March 16, 1891.

La grippe has made its appearance here.

The revival meetings of the Baptist church are well attended.

The sawmills are making preparations for a full season's run.

School has commenced here under the management of Prof, Holmes.

Spring has arrived and the snow is disappearing very rapidly from the hills.

Brack Utz is seriously ill at the North Powder hotel, with inflamatory rheumatism.

Wm. Warden bought of J. E. Carroll his blacksmith shop and dwelling house. Much success to the new business man.

W. J. Graves and J. N. Faulkner, who have been logging in the Blue mountains, are contemplating to remove to this place.

Sam Fleshman, the blacksmith, visited Portland in search of work, but returned thinking this place is good enough.

The Oregon Lumber Company have started up their mill above town to saw out the remaining logs which were floated down North Powder three or more years ago.

Several of our citizens attended the minstrel show at Baker City, and haven't yet got through describing Billy Kersand's mouth.

OCCASIONAL.

ALICEL NOTES.

ALICEL, Oregon, March 16, 1891.

Snow about all gone.

The chinook has played sad havoc with the sleighing on the Sandridge.

J. L. Curtis, county surveyor, was in Alicel last Saturday, laying out roads to our city.

Carpenters are at work building a blacksmith shop at Alicel, which will make it very convenient for the farmers in this section.

Now as we have a blacksmith shop, the next thing is a good store. Who will be the first to come?

Last week was a busy one for Alicel. Several car loads of wheat were shipped from this place and several more will be loaded this week.

Walter Tharp, of Wallowa, is very sick, at the residence of his uncle, Samuel Brooks, on the Sandridge.

James Hawley, Wm. Hunter and John Morrison were visitors at Alicel this week,

The protracted meetings closed at the Sandridge church a few days ago, with six additions to the church.

An extra passenger train went over the "Dago Central" last Saturday.

Married, Wednesday, March 10th, Fred Gastle of the Sandridge and Miss — Smith of Island City. The contracting parties are both well known and highly respected in this vicinity.

Wm. Whitmore, of Clearfield, Taylor county, Iowa, is visiting with his sister, Mrs. Thos. Ruckman, of the Sandridge, this week.

Carl Roe and B. Mitchell are the boss photographers of the Sandridge. They are getting to be experts. Parties desiring good work will do well to call on them.

MINERVA ANN.