

THE OREGON SCOUT.

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RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

The great business of man is to improve his mind and govern his manners; all other projects and pursuits, whether in our power to compass or not, are only amusements.—Pliny.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the introduction of Sunday-schools into Germany was recently celebrated. There are now more than 1,000 Sunday-schools, 1,100 teachers and 230,000 children in the German Empire.

The president of a Western college judges that the proportion of men from his college entering the ministry will be twice as great for the decade now approaching its close as for either of the two preceding decades.

Examinations in English schools go toward proving that color blindness is often declared to be present when really no organic defect but only poor training in the naming and distinction of colors is found to be the trouble.

Parents too seldom realize how early they can turn the baby twig in this way or that. Infantile rudeness is thought "cunning." But before the mother knows it the baby is a boy, and his rude ways bring a pang to her heart.

No school can be carried on in Greece except the priest is allowed in to give religious instruction. Owing to the influence of Americans, the New Testament is used as a text-book in the elementary schools.—Springfield Republican.

If Christian sentiment or any good cause is healthfully moving onwards, they who are under its influence should move with it. If they do not, there is danger that they will be left behind, and that to them may mean calamity.—United Presbyterian.

Never before in the history of our country has the number of students and colleges been so great as it is to-day. Could one look forth and see them all at a glance, what a host; what personal resources of power, how large a section of the most potent moral forces of the coming generation; how impressive the spectacle! How can one who thinks help saying: "God bless them, every one!"—Advance.

Of the educational system in the New York public schools, condemned by the report of the committee of the board of Education, the Philadelphia Record says: "Such a system causes teachers to devote all their energies to preparations for the expected examinations, disregarding the real advancement of the children, and loading their memories with facts and figures to be drawn out at the proper moment by the looked-for question. The use of memory simply as an educational tool can never stimulate the mental powers, nor enable them to rise above the level of cut-and-dried uniformity."

WIT AND WISDOM.

Friendships are cheap when they can be bought by doffing the hat.

Labor makes known the true worth of a man, as fire brings the perfume out of incense.

The blessings of fortune are the lowest; the next are the bodily advantages of strength and health; but the superlative blessings are those of the mind.

The movement of events is often as wayward and incomprehensible as the course of human thought; and this is why we ascribe to chance whatever belies our calculations.

It is true that genuine politeness springs from kindness of heart. But it should be inculcated before the heart has been developed enough to show whether it be kind or not.

The glory of man consists not merely in looking up to what is above him, but in lifting up what is below him; the noblest and most exalted character is also the tenderest and most helpful.

Sitting down to brood over our sorrows, the darkness deepens about us, and our little strength changes to weakness; but if we turn away from the gloom and take up the tasks of comforting and helping others, the light will come again and we shall grow strong.—Rev. J. R. Miller.

A good rule for the guidance of a girl through the years when she is the object of admiration and flattery is to do nothing which she would not be willing to tell now to her mother and hereafter to her husband. Life may be made tamer for her by observing that rule, but it will assuredly be more pure, womanly and safe.—Youth's Companion.

The true life is not thinking or dreaming, but doing. To wait for great opportunities, which may never come, is to miss the little within our reach. For as surely as the house is built brick upon brick and stone upon stone, so the little deeds, the daily trifles, the apparently ordinary actions, comprise in their aggregate human life and human achievement.—Jewish Messenger.

There are few positions at once so difficult, so dangerous, and so unsatisfactory as that occupied by one who tries to seem wiser than he is. He has assumed a role which compels constant watchfulness, shrewdness and power of deception. He is in continual fear of detection, and ever on the alert to prevent it. When he fails, he is exposed to silent scorn or open derision, and even when most successful, he must experience some degree of self-contempt for having taken so much pains to secure so mean a result.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

An Eastern savant has discovered that the human body contains more bones on Friday than on any other day of the week.—Rochester Post-Express.

There was an exciting battle at Pierce, Iowa, the other day, between an owl and a large shepherd dog, the bird coming off victorious. Another bout was then arranged between the victor and a brindle bull pup, and again the owl was the winner.

Ski running, a Scandinavian sport, is becoming popular in Minnesota. The performer slides down hill on long wooden skates, or foot toboggans, and at a prepared jolt makes a leap into space. Ninety-five feet is the longest ski-jump on record in Norway.

A Yankee has invented an apparatus for timing horses. A clock with three hands—minute, second and quarter hand—is started by the official timer. When the winning horse touches the wire the clock is stopped by electricity. The same instant the current opens a camera, which photographs the horse and the clock face.

Milan, Paris and London lead the world in all that pertains to a thoroughly artistic knowledge of dancing. The Royal Academy "de la danse" at Paris, founded by Louis XIV., and which is presided over at the present time by M. de Soria, is the most finished school of dancing in the world, and approached by none save that of La Scala, in Milan.

Texas has its own idea of the marriage ceremony. A judge of Centerville recently performed a marriage ceremony, which was in substance as follows: "Do you and each of you solemnly swear that you are in earnest about this business, and that you will stand by each other as husband and wife, through thick and thin, sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish?" Both parties nodding their assent they were pronounced man and wife.

Several of the big buildings of Philadelphia have recently had placed in them scales with a hopper receptacle capable of holding several tons of coal. They are situated under the sidewalk chutes, and the coal is dumped directly into the hopper from the cart and then weighed. The engineer of one of these buildings says that thus assuring full weight in the coal he buys, he saves the value of the scale many times during the year.

"Splice teams" are an institution peculiar to the South. The Georgia team consists of a mule or a jenny and an ox. These are geared to an old rickety wagon to haul guano and watermelons in. The Florida team is less complicated and more economical. An ox is harnessed to a pair of shafts fitting to a yoke on the animal's neck and connected with a pair of wheels in which a box is placed, a rope attached to the creature's horn answering for reins. The box generally contains a man and a woman of a type that can be found nowhere but in Dixie.

There is a dog in Orlando, Fla., with a fine sense of humor, if this story is true as told by the local newspaper: His owner frequently gives him a piece of coin to carry along to market. A day or two ago he gave him a dollar, and the dog was trotting along when he saw a colored man approaching. He stopped a little distance in front of the darkey, dropped the dollar from his mouth to the sidewalk, and then walked to the edge of the pavement, apparently as if he cared nothing for the money. Mr. Darkey walked briskly up, and was in the act of stooping to pick up the money, when the dog flew at him as if to bite, quickly seized the money, and trotted off with an air of "No, you don't," and overtook his owner.

DEFYING A GOVERNOR.

How the People of Connecticut Rebelled Against Tyranny in 1693.

Long before the war by which the thirteen American colonies became independent States, they were often engaged in struggles to prevent royal Governors from encroaching on their rights and privileges. In the autumn of 1693, Governor Fletcher, of New York, went to Hartford to assert there his authority as commander-in-chief of the militia of Connecticut.

The royal commission had entrusted him with large powers over the militia of the colony, and he ordered it out, though the season for parades had ended, and the charter of Connecticut denied his jurisdiction.

"I will not set my foot out of this colony," said Fletcher, haughtily, to the Governor, "until I have seen his Majesty's commission obeyed."

The Connecticut Governor yielded so far as to order Captain Wadsworth to call out the train-bands of Hartford. The result is described in Lossing's "History of the Empire State."

When the troops were assembled, Fletcher stepped forward to take command and ordered his aid to read his Excellency's commission. Captain Wadsworth ordered the drums to be beaten.

"Silence!" angrily cried Fletcher, and the aid began to read.

"Drum!" shouted Wadsworth, and the roll of the drums drowned the aid's voice.

"Silence!" again cried the enraged Governor, and threatened the Captain with punishment.

Wadsworth stepped in front of the furious Governor, rested his hand on his sword, and said, calmly: "If my drummers are interrupted again I'll make the sunlight show through you! We deny and defy your authority."

The Governor folded up his commission, returned to New York, and complained to the King of his treatment; but nothing came of his complaint.—Youth's Companion.

SOME CLEVER BIRDS.

How They Displayed Their Intelligence and Parental Love.

One morning when my little sister was walking with mamma, she found a young lettuce-bird in the path. It had evidently fallen from the nest, but they could not see where it was, and fearing the bird would be killed if it were left in the road, mamma told Bessie she might bring it home, and, as it was a seed-eating bird, they hoped to be able to raise it in the cage with the canary bird. She carried the little thing home and put it in the canary's cage, which hung in the shady front porch.

In a little while we heard a commotion among the birds, and, hurrying into the porch, we saw a pretty sight. Two full-grown lettuce-birds, evidently the parents of the one in the cage, were fluttering about the bars with some food for their baby. He was standing on the perch, and seemed afraid to try to fly down; so the canary flew down, took the seeds from the old birds, and carried them to the little one. They did this several times.

The next day Bessie met a small boy who had another yellow bird about the size of the one she had found the day before, apparently one of the same brood. She bought it from him for five cents, and carried the frightened birdling tenderly home and put it with the caged birds. After that for two days the parent birds came at daylight and flew in and out until dark, feeding the two young ones.

On the third day the male bird came alone, and we feared the little mother had been killed. After about a week, however, she came again, bringing with her a third bird about the size of our two pets. It seemed clear that after trying to care for the divided family together, the intelligent birds had agreed that the father should take care of the caged birds, while the mother tended the lonely birdling in the nest until it was able to fly, when she brought it to visit its brother and sister. They were all by this time old enough to fly, so, although we grieved to part from our little friends, we determined to reward the wise and loving parents by giving their children the freedom all birds love so well. We opened the cage door and after a few timid twitters and flutters, the young birds flew out and the reunited family flew away in the sweet summer air. As for the canary, virtue had to be its own reward, but it seemed to satisfy him, for he followed his departing guests with a beautiful burst of song.—Swiss Cross.

Some Things Worth Knowing.

There are 3,064 languages in the world, and its inhabitants profess more than 1,000 religions.

The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of life is about thirty-three years. One-quarter die previous to the age of seventeen. To every 1,000 persons only one reaches 100 years of life. To every 100 only six reach the age of sixty-five, and not more than one in 500 lives to eighty years of age.

There are on the earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants; these 33,033,033 die every year, 91,824 every day, 3,730 every hour, and 60 every minute, or 1 every second.

The married are longer lived than the single, and, above all, those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life in their favor previous to fifty years of age than men have, but fewer afterward.

The number of marriages is in the proportion of 75 to every 1,000 individuals. Marriages are more frequent after equinoxes—that is, during the months of June and December.—Christian Union.

Value of Punctuality.

It is astonishing how many people there are who neglect punctuality. Thousands have failed in life from this cause alone. It is not only a serious vice in itself, but it is the fruitful parent of numerous other vices, so that he who becomes the victim of it gets involved in toils from which it is almost impossible to escape. It makes the merchant wasteful of time; it saps the business reputation of the lawyer, and it injures the prospects of the mechanic, who might otherwise rise to fortune; in a word, there is not a profession, nor a station in life, which is not liable to the canker of the destructive habit. Many and many a time has the failure of one man to meet his obligation brought on the ruin of a score of others. Thousands remain poor all their lives, who, if they were more faithful to their word, would secure a large run of custom, and so make their fortunes. Be punctual, if you would succeed.—N. Y. Ledger.

Expecting Too Much.

A small man with a great deal of voice got his mouth slapped in a Grand River avenue saloon the other evening, and some of his friends insisted that he sail in and redeem his personal honor. He refused to do so, and they taunted him with cowardice. "It isn't cowardice, gentlemen," he explained, "but you are expecting too much of me. I got licked on Michigan avenue on Monday; was half killed on the market on Tuesday, and a chap on Fort street mopped the earth with me yesterday. To-day I am taking a vacation and using three kinds of plasters and five brands of liniment, and my personal honor doesn't demand that I let this fellow drive me into the earth a foot or two."

And he placidly accepted a kick and walked off.—Detroit Free Press.

AMRIONETTES IN ITALY.

How Political Matters Were Once Upon a Time Criticized by Puppets.

In the olden days of petty principalities the police and the censor were nowhere more active or interfering than in Italy. Thus, all popular opinion being completely suppressed, and especially on the stage, it followed that the people turned to the puppet-show for any thing like criticism on political or social matters. This was particularly the case at Rome, where the subtle and keen-witted natives recognized a whole volume in the expressive gestures of the burattini. Ballet and opera, exquisitely and elaborately performed in most complex fashion, were made the vehicle of cutting jokes leveled at the Government, and, indeed, served as the most available vehicle of public opinion. In no country were there so many grades of marionette performances, from the box of homely puppets performing by the roadside to the complete theater with seats, lights and orchestra of the most beautifully wrought, costumed and manipulated figures. Whole operas—musicians and vocalists of the first class being behind the scenes—and dramas in five acts were common achievements of these aristocratic marionettes. Their audiences comprised people of all ranks. One of the learned librarians of the Vatican, Aliaxi, who held that office during the pontificate of Alexander VII., was a constant visitor to the mimic theater as a relaxation from his brain work. Nor were the Italian marionettes confined to miscellaneous audiences. A practice grew up of engaging a company of the puppets to perform at private parties. A wealthy entertainer considered his viands, wines and music incomplete unless one of the best troupes of burattini was engaged to make mirth for his guests. On these occasions brilliant hits at political and social personages and occurrences were indulged in, and so complete was the manner in which the performance was carried out that each popular character put on the stage had the words of the part spoken by a special artist who could accurately imitate the tones of the original. Another great point in the Italian marionettes was their exquisite ballet dancing. Every kind of dance, every flourish and prouette in which famous living performers excelled was imitated most accurately by the puppets, and their bows in response to the unanimous applause were as elaborate as those of the originals. In fact, the Roman authorities at one time passed what was practically the highest possible eulogium on them, by making the mimic ladies wear *calceons*, much as the King of Naples did in later days with his actual corps de ballet!—Gentleman's Magazine.

ABOUT MIDDLE AGE.

Why It Should Be One of the Most Beautiful Seasons of Life.

Age commands attention because it is age, youth because it is youth. The one is supposed to rest and have a good time because it is beyond the cares and exactions of life, the other because it has not yet reached them. But what of middle age, that highly respectable but plodding and generally considered prosy and uninteresting period? It is true that during this period the labors, cares and responsibilities of life, as a rule, weigh heaviest upon us, and yet it need not be barren of joy and romance.

Middle life will be to us what we choose to make it. It brings its own friends, its own peculiar pleasures, if we will only accept them; and its trials and cares enable us to enjoy even more than we did the companions and joys of youth. Indeed, if we have lived and developed as we should, we discover a fullness, a satisfaction in the blessings of middle age that we perceive was lacking in those of youth. The springs of joy as well as the springs of sorrow rise from a deeper source. Life should be progressive; each stage should be a period of preparation for the next. If it is thus viewed and accepted we shall find that time, so far from robbing us of joy at each successive stage of our earthly existence, brings it to us in richer forms, thus gradually preparing us for that unspeakable bliss which "eye hath not seen," of which "ear hath not heard."

Middle life, if rightly considered, is a beautiful season. While it still retains, or should retain, much of the poetry, romance, beauty and fire of youth, these are tempered, softened, ripened as it were by the experience and wisdom of added years. Thus it is brought into a sympathetic relationship with both youth and age, which opens up to it a wide field for usefulness. The demands upon those in middle life are certainly great. Elder loved ones are still with us and about us looking to us for comfort, sympathy and support. Youth demands of us not only guidance, but warm interest and more or less participation in its pursuits and pleasures, which we must cheerfully render if we would win and retain its confidence and affection.

Middle age is the autumn of life, and like that season should be rich in fruitage to both delight and nourish. Let not those, then, who have passed their spring and summer look back upon the past with regret, or forward to the future with forebodings, but rejoice in and make the most of their glorious present.—Christian at Work.

"Say, Sam! When you proposed to Miss Shackles did you get down on your knees?" "No, old man, I couldn't. She was sitting on them."—Columbia Spectator.

MISS PHELPS' COURTSHIP.

At First She Refused Young Mr. Ward, But Afterward Sent for Him.

Rev. Herbert Ward and his wife, nee Miss Elizabeth Stewart Phelps, are spending the winter at Hampton, Va., where Mr. Ward is teaching the Indians and colored students.

Their marriage has been more than a nine days' wonder in Boston and elsewhere, and much interest has been manifested by readers of Miss Phelps' stories in regard to her unexpected course. In all her books Miss Phelps has idealized her young lover who went to the war and who died of fever shortly after entering the service. The young people were entirely devoted to each other, and his sudden death was a shock from which she has suffered continuously. One book, dwelling entirely on their plain meeting and parting, was so personal that the family bought up the whole edition rather than have it appear. It is said that the book would have had a larger sale than "Gates Ajar."

Miss Phelps became a writer for the Independent shortly after her lover's death, and the editor, Dr. Ward, was a great admirer of her stories. It is said that her story of "Jack" made so deep an impression upon him that it was while meditating upon it that he was knocked down in the street by a wagon and seriously injured. As soon as he could be moved from the hospital he went to Gloucester, Mass., accompanied by his son, and there the latter met Miss Phelps, who at the time was writing "An Old Maid's Paradise." The acquaintance grew, young Ward proposed and was rejected, with the understanding, however, that should she at any time relent she would send for him. The summer passed pleasantly at Gloucester, and Mr. Herbert Ward finding himself rejected, was becoming despondent in an affair of the heart with a much younger maiden from Roxbury, and had gone to New York on a brief business visit when a quite unexpected recall came from Miss Phelps. He returned to Gloucester, and the nuptial knot was privately tied at the college in the presence of but one or two friends.

It is the hope of Mrs. Ward's admirers that she will write a book dealing with the questions of the union of young men with women who are their seniors in years. It would be a comparatively new field, for in all fiction there is but one book now recalled dealing with it, and in this book, "Dianna of the Crossways," by George Meredith, the heroine did not marry her young lover, she refused him and married a man older than herself. In the common matter-of-fact world there have been many happy marriages like Miss Phelps', and there is no reason why they should be otherwise. Women who are financially independent, and are money-getters, do not have to take the practical view of matrimony that young and inexperienced girls must, who expect with a husband a home and a life-long dependence upon him. Women who do not have to make of marriage a business can afford to be romantic, and romantic marriages are usually successes, as, for instance, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Lady Benconfield, George Eliot, Lady Maxwell, and many others. Apropos of this subject, it is reported that a well-known New York literary woman has become engaged to a rising young lawyer who is her junior by twenty years or more.—N. Y. Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Savage Ideas of Books.

The testimony of travelers in various parts of the world shows that most savages think that books speak to the readers. Some Esquimaux, seeing a priest read from the Bible, thought that he heard the book and repeated the words to them. A Fuegian, after hearing a reader, took the book and put it to his ear in order to hear the sound of the voice that spoke to the reader. The savages of West Australia used to be greatly puzzled by the "speaking papers," as they called books and letters. They could not understand how a person receiving a letter announcing the sending of a number of sheep was able to detect by it that one was missing. Some Cochins China Bannois were in like manner astonished at finding that a demand for payment for carrying a letter was defeated by the letter itself, the writer having announced the payment of the fee. A California Indian, having by a letter been detected in the theft of one of a number of loaves of bread that he was carrying to a missionary, the next time that he had a like errand bid the note under a stone that it should not see him eat the bread, and thus be able to tell of the theft.—N. Y. Sun.

Technical Education.

The technical schools of Germany have received of late great expansion, and are most carefully patronized by the State. The plan generally in operation aims to familiarize the pupils with machinery and the different branches of constructive industry. There are the engineer schools, or classes, and the master-workmen schools. The first is for those who please to build and own factories; the second for those who purpose to become skilled mechanics. Among the technicals are spinning, weaving, milling, brewing, and the making of all sorts of wares, machines, buildings, furniture, etc. Constant and intimate relations are sustained with all sorts of industrial establishments, and scientific excursions are frequently made to factories to study their operation. The bias of American education is yet too little in this practical direction.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

YANKEE WIVES ABROAD.

An English Journal Gives Some Excuse for Their Popularity.

The frequency with which Englishmen of distinction select their domestic partners from the United States may well set people asking what it is that causes the occurrence. The fact that Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir William Harcourt, M. Clemenceau, the Duke of Marlborough and the successor of Count Moltke in the important military post with which his name is associated, have married American ladies may tempt philosophic inquiries to go in search of a true and efficient cause for the occurrence, now brought still more into prominence by the marriage of Mr. Chamberlain. If we are to imitate them, we might find a certain number of plausible explanations; but, at the end of the exercise of our best ingenuity we should have to confess ourselves puzzled.

That there are a number of American young ladies who are most attractive and charming will readily be admitted; but, without posturing as outrageous patriots in this respect, we are disposed to think the English girls can hold their own against even their fair American cousins in the matter of good looks, and decidedly outstrip them in the qualities which most Englishmen regard as engaging and irresistible. The ideal of the States is, notoriously, not quite the same as that which for the most part prevails in this country, and we suspect it would be found, on searching and impartial investigation, that the American standard is less of what is usually meant by an ideal than the English standard. In other words, it is, like Americans themselves, more practical. Just as, for the most part, they educate their children not so much with the object of making them fine scholars and cultured gentlemen, as of making them capable and successful citizens, so, probably, they aim, even unconsciously, at preparing girls not so much for a brief passage of romance as for the long and unromantic business of life. At the back of the head, as the phrase is, of most English girls is the idea that Lancelot, or Prince Charming, or some equivalent of those agreeable and seductive personages, is living somewhere in the world; that it would be delightful to meet him, and that, conceivably, that happy fate is reserved for them in particular. In a word, English girls are what is called romantic, and American girls, if romantic, are so in a less degree. Like the rest of their race, they are educated to understand and be in harmony with the hard and somewhat cynical conditions of their life. They have less "nonsense" about them than English girls. They are sensible women of the world, "knowing all about it," not easily deluded, and quite equal to the task of confronting existence in all its various phases.

Hence they enjoy considerable success in society, even on this side of the ocean. Society does not ask for romantic disposition, for refinement or delicacy of temperament, but, on the contrary, for practical good sense, for a certain business-like quality, and for those gifts which enable people to succeed in dealing with their fellow-creatures. It is often remarked that American women push their way where English women, possessed of no greater personal advantages, would fail. The reason is that the former understand the conditions of success better and accommodate themselves to them. They are not the women that stir the passions or inspire the song of the poets; nor will they go down to posterity as heroines or charmers. But they have their day. They succeed in London drawing-rooms as their brothers succeed in "dry goods stores" in New York, and for much the same reason. We have no doubt they make excellent wives to men who live in the full glare of society, and prefer a clever, capable associate to a tender domestic companion.—London Standard.

DEEP SEA FISHES.

How They Are Enabled to Bear the Pressure of the Water Above Them.

Fishes have been found, it is said, three miles below the surface of the sea, and when a specialty has been made of deep-sea sounding as in the voyage of the Challenger and others, the ocean depths have been found to be very populous. Plants, however do not live in the deepest seas, and it is supposed that the deep-sea animals either prey upon one another, or get their food from dead organisms and plants which sink down to them. The phosphorescent fishes which light up the waves about them so brilliantly, are found as far as a mile below the surface. The most of the fishes inhabiting what are called the "abyssal zones," have only rudimentary eyes, but they have long feelers, which enable them to grope their way along the bottom of the sea. Other species, however, have very large eyes, and these are supposed to follow the phosphorescent fishes, who act as moving lamp-posts for deep-ocean streets. The light of some of these phosphorescent fishes brought up by deep-sea dredges, is so bright, that during the brief space the animals survive it is quite easy to read by it. The reason that fishes and mollusks are able to live even three miles under water is able to bear the pressure of the waves above them, which amount to several tons to the square inch, is because they have exceedingly loose tissues, which allows the water to flow through every interstice and thus to equalize their weight. Indeed, it is asserted that when this pressure is removed they perish. The account of the Challenger expedition states that all the sharks brought up from a depth of three quarters of a mile were dead before they reached the surface.—Chicago Inter Ocean.