

THE OREGON MIST. U. S. and County Official Paper.

THE CRY IN THE DARK.

It awoke the sleeping camp to the presence of Danger.

Not an Indian had been seen all the afternoon—no signs had been met with.

The ride had led over ground so sterile that even sage brush could not grow there—across dry ravines—over out-crop of flinty rocks—from one ridge to another, until at last we came to the Loup river and went into camp in a scattered grove.

There, as the setting sun flooded the earth with its golden light, we could see for miles and miles in every direction. No sign of danger.

Night comes down as softly as a child closes its eyes in sleep, and a light breeze from the north brings a film of white cloud to hide a portion of the stars.

A sentinel is posted on the bank of the stream, a second to the east, a third to the west. It seems almost absurd to take these precautions. The crickets sing under the stars.

The crickets sing under the stars, the waters of the Loup sing a peaceful song as they flow past our camp.

No Indians—no signs. It is such calm, quiet nights as this which have lulled the tired emigrant to his last sleep on earth.

Seeing no Indians, he has argued that none were lurking and watching. We who have fought our way from Fort Kearney know him better.

The very absence of his footprints is a menace. The quietness of the night is a warning to be heeded.

At 10 o'clock everybody but the sentinels is fast asleep. Some of the horses are lying at full length, so buried in slumber that their heavy breathing can be heard for yards away.

At 11 o'clock all is quiet. Even the crickets have almost given over their noise. Fleecy clouds now cover the whole heavens, making the night no darker, but more uncertain.

At midnight the three sentinels softly enter camp—bend over the sleepers, and five minutes later the guard has been changed.

Those who sleep are now as watchful as foxes; those who watch are in the land of dreams.

Half-past 12 o'clock! No sound now but the purling waters, and their monotony would close the eyes of a sentinel who listened long.

One o'clock! Now there is the quietness of a graveyard. Men and horses seem to be dead. The sentinel to the east gives a sudden start.

He would deny it on his oath, but for an instant he slept. He shakes himself and looks over the camp. All is peace, but he has received a shock which makes his heart beat faster.

His stand is at the foot of a cottonwood. He sinks down on his knees and peers out from either side of the trunk. Nothing in sight—nothing but the dark shadows cast by the clouds.

Across the Way.

"Have you no friends across the way?" My little city darling said: "A hand of brothers across a rainy day. Can't you look out, and not your head to some one else, as I can do?"

"But I have friends—dear friends," I cried, "with quick, remorseful thought of home. A hand of brothers across a rainy day. Can't you look out, and not your head to some one else, as I can do?"

"And you should see the robes they wear—Their mantles thick and soft and green. Or crumpled wraps with silver sheen. Or velvet hats with plumes and lace."

"Such friends are nice," she softly said, "for any one as old as you. Perhaps I'll go and see them too. But now I rather wish to see Children across the street from me; And not to Will, and not to Sue."

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THE BIBLE.

History of the Translations of the Book of Books. In the year 285 B. C. seventy of the wise men of Alexandria engaged themselves in compiling and collating the Hebrew scriptures into their present united form, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, and further simplifying the works by translating them into Greek for the benefit of the Jews then in Egypt.

The results of their labors have since been known collectively as the Septuagint, from the fact that it was the work of the seventy translators. About 400 years later, in the second century, A. D., the books of the new testament were added and were wholly translated into Latin.

The Italian, or Latin version, soon became the standard of the primitive Christians, and was used to the exclusion of both the Hebrew and Greek versions for two centuries, until the St. Jerome revision of A. D. 405. After St. Jerome had finished his crowning work, a great deal of which he performed in the village of Bethlehem, about the year 400, the bishops of the East, the Dalmanian and Pannonian monks hid away their old versions of the bible and would use no other except the one which had been given them by their patron Jerome himself.

The Jerome revision was as superior to the work of the seventy as their work was to the old semi-barbaric work which existed prior to the translation of 285 B. C. The most carefully written copies of the bible obtainable were secured by the scholarly saint, and, compared with the Arabic, Hebrew and Syriac versions, in all of which he made emendations and corrections which have stood the test of all subsequent time.

The herculean task undertaken by St. Jerome will be better understood when the reader has been informed that over 200 versions of the evangelists, each differing from the other in many of its essential details, were presented for the consideration of the council of Nice in 325 A. D. For hundreds of years copyists have added to and taken from the scriptures to such an extent as to make it extremely difficult for even the most learned to decide what should remain for the edification of future generations, or what would be eliminated from the sacred pages as apocryphal.

The books as arranged and accepted at present are the results of years of labor and of countless councils and revision assemblies. For 1,200 years after the savior of men ended his brief career on the rugged heights of Calvary, to order 700,000,000 of people and in every land on the globe, each book of the bible was one continued story, undivided into chapters, paragraphs or verses. Prior to the time of the Spanish rabbi the Jews employed a system of dividing the chapters into verses in the old testament, a system which had never been adopted by the Christians, and was discarded for that of the learned Spaniard by the Jews themselves.

The new testament was not divided into verses until after the invention of the art of printing, and then first by the Robert Stevens Greek edition in 1551. Of the early translations of the bible the most important, aside from the Septuagint and the St. Jerome versions, are the three-fold Egyptian translations of the fourth century (this remarkable work of the century was in three languages and was intended for all parts of Egypt); the Versin Figurata, collected by Jacob of Edessa in the eighth century; that of Paul, bishop of Tella, in 617; and the eighth, ninth and tenth century translations, made respectively by Bede, Alfred and Elfric. During the dark ages and on down to the time that Luther gave his masterpiece to the world, several translations of the bible were made, such as the Noster-Laboe, 950 A. D.; that prepared under the supervision of Petrus Waldus, 1170; the important work of Louis the Pious, 1227; that of Charles the Wise, 1380; the Guyars version of 1286; the thirteenth century version in Spanish during the reign of Alfonso V., and the two excellent works of Wickliffe and Huss, the latter for the Bohemians and the former for the English-speaking people. With the invention of printing every person who had ever laid claim to literary abilities seemed to think that he had been specially commissioned from on high to translate the word of God, as one would naturally infer from the fact that not less than seventeen German translations alone were given the public between the time of Gutenberg and Faust and that of Martin Luther. The Wickliffe (sometimes spelled Wycliffe) version of 1384 was the first English translation. John Wickliffe, the translator, was condemned to be burned for presuming to do such a thing without the consent of the clergy, but was finally allowed to die a natural death. His bible was never printed; however, there are many manuscript copies of it.

The Works of "The Duchess." A funny thing happened to a well-known literary woman in this city not long ago, says the N. Y. Evening Sun—a woman who is better read in Shakespeare than in Saltus and in Dickens than in the Duchess. Indeed, she has never read a line of this latter prolific person, but she knows the name very well, and having occasion recently to make some slight study of the present English writers of fiction she wrote a line to her bookseller, saying: "Please send me the works of 'The Duchess.'" She thought there were, probably, three or four of them, she said. The next day, as she sat in her study, there came a tap at her door, and, opening it, she found her man, and a strange man, and her maid, all tugging at enormous packages of something or other, which they all set down upon the floor, while the strange man handed her a note from her bookseller, saying: "Dear madam, we have pleasure in sending you the works of 'The Duchess,' as you have ordered."

"Then," she said, "I opened the three great packages, and I laughed till I cried, for, upon my word, the works of 'The Duchess' were comprised in forty-three volumes."

Re-tuning and Regulating Pianos. At least once in ten years a piano should be re-tuned and regulated, and an "upright" often, as the "squares" usually have had the hammers protected by a covering of deer skin; the "uprights" are all sent out unprotected, but it is only a question of use before these must receive a covering, or else have a new set of hammers at five times the expense. Be very careful who does the tuning. The tuning and toning are the only artistic jobs connected with the construction of a piano. All the rest, however difficult of execution, have definite rules and patterns. These two alone depend for correctness of expression upon the discretion of the producer. Poor tuning may be corrected by a good tuner, while a set of hammers may be spoiled by an experimental tuner.

WIT AND HUMOR.

For every industrious man there is an idle one waiting to borrow money of him.—Acheson Globe.

How good a man is to his wife the first day after she has caught him doing something wrong.—Madellie Tribune.

It was a magnificent mine, but they ruined it. "How?" "The poor idiots took all the gold out of it."—Harper's Bazar.

You do not always get returns from your wisdom, but you always get big returns from your follies.—Acheson Globe.

She (after a lover's quarrel)—"You may return my letters." He (editor)—"Did you inclose stamps?"—Harper's Bazar.

Ethel (ambitious)—"What would you do if you had a voice like mine?" Maud (piteful)—"I try to put up with it."—N. Y. Herald.

I see the dethroned Emperor of Brazil has become a great student. "Yes; now that he cannot reign he pores!"—Boston Traveller.

Actor to Promoter—"When does the cue come?" "Directly; don't you hear the audience are already beginning to hiss?"—Fitzgibbon Blatter.

We have no words except praise for the dead. This is natural, as we usually exhaust our whole stock of blame on them while alive.—Puck.

Cumso—"You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink." Banks—"Just the same with a Colonel, isn't it?"—Brooklyn Life.

When you see a boy with beautiful, long, yellow curls there is very little doubt as to who is the head of the family.—Indianapolis Journal.

Cumso—"Brown is an ideal money maker." Banks—"Yes. 'Wax to receive and marble to retain,' as the adage says."—N. Y. Herald.

"Porous plasters are good for a weak back." "That's all right, but I want a plaster that will be good for a week hence."—Harper's Bazar.

Teach your boys how to earn money, and to make the reform in the next generation complete, teach your girls how to spend it.—Acheson Globe.

A man who has been swindled in a bucket-shop transaction may not exactly like to die, but he feels a good deal like kicking the bucket.—St. Joseph News.

"Think that young doctor understands his business pretty well?" "I think not. I heard several of the older physicians praising him yesterday."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Send this car to the repair shop," ordered the inspector. "Yes, sir. What is wrong?" "I notice that two of the windows open easily. Have them attended to."—N. Y. Sun.

Salvationist (stopping Jack on the road)—"Young man, are you ready to die?" Jack—"Look here, my friend, I'm entirely unarmed and haven't a cent about me."—Brooklyn Life.

"Well, your goose is cooked!" exclaimed Snodgrass, as he entered his parlor. "Who has been roasting you this time, love?" asked Mrs. Snodgrass, anxiously.—Munsey's Weekly.

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