

A BAD ACCIDENT.

Abram L. Hill left his country home without permission, and thought he would steal a ride on a passing freight train.

In his attempt to catch a place to hold to, he stubbed his toe and fell partially under the train.

His right arm and a finger or two of his left hand were run over and mashed.

He was taken up in an unconscious condition and conveyed to the Plainfield, N. J. hospital where his arm had to be taken off a short distance from the shoulder and his hand and other bruises were dressed.

When Abram awoke he found himself in a strange place and minus an arm, and feeling very much bruised up.

He remained there two weeks, and then came to Carlisle, to be taken care by our nursing force.

He is up and around, and says he is thankful that his life was spared. But what a pity to have to go through life maimed as he is, and all because he listened to the tempter's voice!

The sad accident should be a warning to all boys who attempt to steal rides on the railroad, and should serve as a reminder to those who have agreed to stay on a farm for a certain length of time, that they have a duty to perform in carrying out their agreements, not allowing side influences to tempt them to run away from what they promised to do.

—[Red Man and Helper.

The Old-Man-In-The-Tower would like for all his little boys who were brought before the laws of justice the other morning to read the above article carefully.

The Mental Mansion.

A man's house should be on the hill-top of cheerfulness and serenity, so high that no shadows rest upon it, and where the morning comes so early, and the evening tarries so late, that the day has twice as many golden hours as those of other men. He is to be pitied whose house is in some

valley of grief between the hills with the longest night and the shortest day. Home should be the center of joy. —[Sel.

Everything Does Not Come To The Boy Who Waits.

There is an old fable of a man who went into the woods to cut a fishing-rod. He was so critical that, though he saw many trees with fine, straight branches admirably suited to his purpose, he walked on and on, seeking for a better, so finally he came out of the woods with no result. He had no fishing-rod and no fish.

A case in point was instanced the other day when some of our boys departed on a tedious tramp to look for work.

The story goes on and tells of how the weary prodigals went from farm to farm with no reward for their long journey. Alas! giving up all hopes of finding any work they steered for the old hunting grounds coming home with a hungry appetite and an "Oregon City Press"

Boys if you want to work in the harvest field, go and hunt work there, but not in the county roads and small towns scattered through out the valley.

Chemawa has not been able to supply all the help that has been asked for by the many generous hearted farmers in our neighboring counties.

If you find any work grasp it and stick and hold on until the work is completed not only for a half day or week but the entire season.

Active competition is close these days that fear and hesitancy must be considered in grasping what you can find to do.

Do you believe in the value of fresh air? I do, indeed. I spent a week in the mountains; and it cost me \$200.

A Little Lewiston boy at Old Orchard, who has long, curly hair, was told by a lady that he ought to have it shingled.

Shingled! I guess not, was his reply. I ain't going to have nails drove in my head! —[Sel.