

CHEWAWA, OREGON.

FRIDAY, MARCH 21, 1902.

### A Dream.

"What was thy dream?" I asked, at  
twy dawn,

As birds sent forth fresh greetings to  
the sky.

"Ah! dream," he smiled, "My soul, the  
veil withdrawn,

With wings of joyous freedom rose on  
high,

I greeted all the warblers of the air  
In comradeship, thy earthly shell, of  
day

We saw not, Whisperings of joys more  
fair

Than all my earthly pleasures filled  
the day

And made my pilgrimage a glorious  
dream."

He spoke not of the rest, but walked  
the way

Upraised in spirit, for a golden beam  
Still cheered the welcome vision of  
the day.

### The Blight of Shiftlessness.

There is nothing else quite so hard to  
cure, in the line of moral weaknesses, as  
constitutional shiftlessness.

There is little hope for a youth who dawdles, who has not gumption and life enough even to sit or stand erect. Everything he wants and everything he does has a simony, going-to-places look. His back-hair seems to be of the weskiet, and he appears unable to hold himself together. His slipshod ways and shiftless manners are apparent in every letter he writes, in every errand he does, in every word he speaks, and in every movement of his body.

This is a very difficult disease to cure,

for it will yield only to the most forceful treatment. Sometimes, however, when shiftless people are suddenly thrown on their own resources, and have no possible way to keep from starving but by bowing their own bows, they manage to summon their energies and make a little start in life. We would earnestly caution every youth against the danger of this disease, for it is contagious. We have known it to go through whole families, schools, and communities. We have been in towns where everything had a shiftless air, in country places where fences were all down, the ground overgrown with weeds and bushes, and the barns and houses unpainted,—in short, where desolation and failure stared one in the face at every turn.

Avoid association with a slipshod, ambitionless person, as you would with a person tainted with smallpox. He is afflicted with a moral disease, which may, in spite of his determination to resist it, have a blighting influence on his life.—Ex.

### Live in the Present.

Much of the best energy of the world is wasted in the past or dreaming of the future. Some people seem to think any time but the present is a good time to live in. But the men who move the world must be a part of it. They must touch the life that now is, and feel the thrill of the movement of civilization.

Many people do not live in the present. They do not know them. They are buried in books; they live in achievements, and in history, but the great throbbing pulse of the world they do not touch. They are not a part of the world; they are never attuned to it.

The young man who would win must plunge into the current of events. He must keep step with the march of progress or he will soon be in the rear. The currents of the time must run through his veins, or they will be paralyzed somewhere in his nature.—Exchange.