

BREVITIES

Everett, Irvin and Ivy Billings, and Louisa Roberts have recently entered the school.

Lilacs, Japonicas, bridal wreath, Oregon grape, dogwood and wild currant are in bloom.

Mrs. Mann was taken suddenly ill the first part of the week, but we are glad to note that she is improving.

Mr. Campbell has had his eyes fitted for glasses, and we can see him in the future, searching for his glasses.

The quarterly papers have all been completed and sent and the clerks will now have time to look up from their desks.

Miss Postlley gained three pounds in weight in less than ten days after she came to Oregon. What will she weigh in a year?

We hear that the Nonpareils are to have a big dinner party instead of the Thursday evening party. This looks like something new. We may expect dinner parties now by all the various societies and clubs.

A number of people from Chemawa attended the concert by the Dixie Jubilee Singers in Salem Wednesday night. They report the singing excellent, every number of the program received an encore. This company is composed of all genuine colored singers from the South, and the concert was a clean one throughout the program so unlike the "painted up Minstrels."

The meeting of the Y. M. C. A. was opened with a prayer by Grover Colby. Addresses were given by Apis Goudy,

Ed. McClellan and Lee Evans. Tomorrow we will have a field meet among ourselves if nothing causes us to postpone it again. James Sloan, one of the prominent students of the school, joined the association. We closed with a prayer.

The Indian Hunter.

Oh, why does the white-man follow my path,

Like the hound on the tiger's track?
Does the flesh on my dark cheek waken
his wrath?

Does he covet the bow on my back?
He has rivers and seas, where the billows
and breeze

Bear riches for him alone;
And the sons of the wood never plunge
in the flood

Which the white-man calls his own.

Why, then, should he come to the stream
where none

But the red-skin dare to swim?
Why, then, should he wrong the hunter
one,

Who never did harm to him?
The father above thought fit to give.

The white-man corn and wine;
There are golden fields where they may
live,

But the forest shades are mine.

The eagle hath its place of rest,
The wild-horse where to dwell;
And the spirit that gave the bird its nest,
Made me a home as well.

Then back, go back from the red man's
track,

For the hunter's eyes grow dim
To find that the white-man wrongs the
one

Who never did harm to him.

(Eliza Cook. Published in 1851.)