

Oregon Semi-Monthly Argus.

HOW IT BEGINS.

"Give me a half-penny, and you may pitch one of these rings; and if it catches over a nail, I'll give you three pence."

That seemed fair enough; so the boy handed him a half-penny and took the ring. He stepped back to the stake, tossed his ring, and it caught on one of the nails.

"Will you take six rings to pitch again, or three pence?"

"Three pence," was the answer; and the money was put into his hand. He stepped off, well satisfied with what he had done, and probably not having an idea that he had done wrong. A gentleman standing near him had watched him, and, now, before he had time to look about and rejoin his companions, laid his hand on his shoulder.

"My lad, this is your first lesson in gambling."

"Gambling, sir?"

"You staked your half-penny and won six half-pence, did you not?"

"Yes; I did."

"You did not earn them and they were not given to you; you won them just as gamblers win money. You have taken the first step in the path; that man has gone through it, and you can see the end. Now I advise you to go and give him his three pence back and ask him for your half-penny, and then stand square with the world, an honest boy again."

He had hung his head down, but raised it quickly; and his bright, open look as he said, "I'll do it," will not soon be forgotten. He ran back, and soon emerged from the ring, looking happier than ever. He touched his cap and bowed pleasantly as he ran away to join his companions. This was an honest boy.—*Morning Star.*

THE TWO STREAMS.

Upon a leafy mountain height two streams came gushing forth.

One bubbled from the sunny south, the other from the north;

One leaped and sparkled joyously, as clear as summer sky,

The purple flood the other rolled went slowly creeping by.

Beside the one, green rushes grew, and blushing buds and flowers.

Beside the other, men were chained in poison-breathing bowers;

One welcomed sweet wild birds to sing their hymns of praise and joy,

The other breathed the breath of sin, and tempted to destroy.

The one went sparkling cheerily beneath the noonday sun,

And spread around life, health, peace, where e'er it chanced to run;

The other was the stream of death, with sorrow on its tide,

And whose stooped to drink therein must Satan's curse abide.

The stream which gave such joy to all leaped from a rocky well;

The vineyard sent the other forth to work a deathlike spell;

They both have flowed for countless years adown the steep of time—

One spreading grief and wretchedness, the other bliss sublime.

WHERE DANIEL BOONE DIED.—

Daniel Boone died at the house of his son, Major Nathan Boone, on Femme Osage Creek, St. Charles County, Mo., on September 25, 1820, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. The next day his remains were moved to the house of his son-in-law, Flanders Callaway, near Marthasville, Warren County, where, after a funeral sermon by Rev. James Craig, a son-in-law of Nathan Boone, they were interred on the summit of a beautiful knoll on Tenque Creek, about one mile southeast of Marthasville. The house—a two-story stone building, and the first of its kind erected in the State—is yet standing and occupied as a dwelling.

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