The East Oregonian.

ALARM FROM BOX NO. 1.

I heahs de alarm I'm de number one box,
Listen, sinnahs, listen!
Hark how earnis'ly de angel knocks;
De fire is hot an' hissin'.

Angel's tappin' on de conscience bell,
Hesh it, hesh it bangin'!
Hit's a great big fire dey's a nabbin' in hell;
Dat's why de 'larm-bell's clangin'.

A fire dat de fingines neber gits around;
Sinnahs br'ilin', fryin'—
Where the Babcock 'sting'shers kain't be found,
An' dey ain't no use o' tryin'.

Flames is a burnin' up higher an' higher—
Surprisin', oh, surprisin'!
You has an interest in dat fire,
An' de flames is still a-risin'.

Jump when you hesh dat warnin' chime;
Jump up, sinnahs, jump up!
Do your do in a berry quick time;
Now is de time to hump up.

Kase you know dat you ken't afford—
Hallelujah! be singin'!—
To resk yo' souls, for dey ain't inshored;
Listen to de fire-bells ringin'.

—N. Y. World.

Van Veltman's Dream.

"I am worried about a dream I had last night," said Van Veltman yesterday morning, as he seated himself in a broad bar-room chair after swallowing his matutinal cocktail. "I never had any such a dream before. Everything seemed plain and reasonable enough in the dream, but now I can't separate the sense from the nonsense."

Receiving some encouragement, Mr. Veltman proceeded to relate his vision as follows:

"I dreamed I died and went to heaven, or what should have been somewhere in that neighborhood. I got there all alone—away up among the stars, which seemed a mighty distance apart. All was cold and strange and uncomfortable. Presently I saw the new moon, which looked somewhat homelike and familiar, so I went over to it and seated myself on the curve of it, where there was a comfortable resting place for my back, thinking I'd take things easy and look about for a time.

"I had hardly got comfortably fixed before a rather brisk-looking personage, with a paper cap on his head, wearing a leather apron and carrying a monkey-wrench in his hand, appeared before me.

"'Just arrived?' said he, quite briskly.

"'Just this minute landed,' said I.

"'Well,' said the man, who looked like an engineer, or some kind of machinist, 'this is no place for idlers; you must get to work.'

"'To work,' said I, feebly. 'Am I not in heaven?'

"'Heaven! I don't know what your ideas of heaven may be, but can tell you that you are in the great Workshop of the Universe. No idlers here, I can assure you.'

"'I—I thought I had come here to rest,' stammered I.

"'Rest! You have come to the wrong place if you are looking for rest. You see here are the axles of all these worlds to grease, fires to be kept up in all the suns, and oceans of nebulous matter to be looked after and worked into asteroids and things. Lots of work to do, and just now we are very short-handed—been extending our regular work out into space.'

"Just then I was startled at the sight of an immense fiery ball, that came rushing along with a terrible roaring sound, and which left behind a tremendous trail of sparks. 'Heavens!' cried I. 'What is that—a comet?'

"'A comet,' said the personage before me, 'I believe it is what you have been taught to call it a comet, but you'll find out exactly what it is before you've been here long. However, I may as well tell you that what you see is a special car of one of the bosses. There are millions of them in all who go about through inter-stellar space inspecting things—millions of them—and to me they seem to be passing every five minutes, but where you came from they seem to be visible only at long intervals.'

"'Where is the big boss of all? Does he, too, have his car?' said I.

"'No, you fool! Do you want me to knock you off the horn of that moon? No one here has ever yet seen that Great Head Center.'

"'But isn't this heaven?'

"'Why do you keep asking that question? Haven't I told you that you are now in the big workshop of the Universe? It was Heaven where you came from, but you did not know it. You'll have no such good times here, I can tell you. You'll not be allowed to loaf about up here and do as you please. There you had a body and feeling to tell you when anything hurt you—to tell you when you was tired, and so on. Down there you have nothing to do but to make yourself happy—to enjoy yourselves—but like a pack of fools you all go to piling up money, or trying to, and worry yourselves about getting things that are of little use to you, considering the time you have to stay. You have been up here hundreds of times before, but you don't know it yet, and will not remember it till you have been here a million of years, and have passed through a place you have yet to see. You were only sent down to the earth for a space, as I may say, of fifteen minutes for rest and refreshment. Now you've got to get to work. I've just been sent over here by one of the bosses to tell you so. Up here you won't have a lubberly body that you must care for.'

"'But,' said I, 'we have a shape, as I see.'

"'Yes,' said the being before me, 'up here you have a body and you don't have one—you feel and are hurt, but not damaged. You know how it was down there on your little earth with a man who had lost a leg, an arm, or had had any part of him come on before his main hulk—you know about the feeling he had in a thing that had departed from him?'

"'Yes.'

"'Yes? Well, you might have taken warning from that—might have guessed something as to what would presently be the condition of your whole body. That within you which never dies feels as keenly through the whole as through a part. You are now all leg—all arm—all any part you will. But time flies and I must set you at work. Where are you from?'

"'From Virginia City,' said I, turning my head and looking off toward where a little black star about ten feet in diameter was waltzing round the moon, with others still smaller whizzing round it in various directions.

"'What! From the Comstock, hey?' and the personage began to scowl. 'From the Comstock—why I've a notion to send you right out to shoveling comet dust into the sun?'

"Pray do not,' said I, 'for though I'm from the Comstock I never worked in the lower levels.'

"'What, then, do you feel like doing—what kind of a job would you like?'

"'Well, if there is a vacancy I think I'd like the place of watchman on one of the moons of Jupiter.'

"'Yes, you'd like a nice cool place, eh?'

"'I'd prefer such a place to start in on.'

"'Well, I'll fix you. I shall give you a nice cool job down near your late home.'

"'Thank you, sir.'

"'Yes, I'll set you to work down at your earth—at the North Pole. Nothing to do there but to chop the ice off the big gudgeon and keep it well greased. Come right along now and get to work.'

"'Saturn has eight moons,' said I, 'and there might be a vacancy——'

"'Yes, and also a lot of big fly wheels—what you'd call rings. I can't trust you there. You'll chop ice awhile—a million years or so; then I'll see if I can find a vacancy somewhere and put you in as watchman. Come along!' and here he snatched me off the moon, and I felt myself falling, falling, falling for weeks and months, till at last I landed on a big cake of ice.

"'Are you out of bed, you old brute?' said an angel voice, which I at once recognized as being the private property of my wife; and I felt so relieved and happy that I would have kissed her. Queer dream, wasn't it?"—*Virginia City Enterprise.*

A Tame Eagle that Worries Dogs.

Some three months ago, while hunting in the mountains east of the Twelve-mile house, Mr. Buffington captured a young American eagle. At the time the bird was quite small and from appearances but a few weeks old. Mr. Buffington has his pet confined in the yard back of his shop, and the many and curious monkeyshines indulged in by the mountain bird are really amusing. Measuring some eight feet from tip to tip and weighing forty pounds, with talons three inches in length, there is but small chance for any dogs residing in the neighborhood. For as sure as a canine makes his appearance, the eagle spreads his heavy wings, and with a loud scream he lights upon the back of his terror-stricken dog. The scene that follows is one of great interest. The dog, without further notice, darts through the side gate and out into street, with the eagle attached to his back, and that too in a manner to stay. Down the street he goes at breakneck speed. At a distance of about two blocks the eagle bids the dog an affectionate adieu and quietly returns, as though nothing had happened. The same experiment is gone through with whenever the dog can be procured. It does not seem necessary to remark that dogs of any description are seldom seen in that part of the town, and the same dog never more than once. It would be a blessing to our city if we had one such bird on each block. It would save our pound-master much unnecessary trouble.—*San Jose Mercury.*

Ten Miles of Green Turtles.

Captian J. B. Rodgers, owner of the schooner James B. Andrews, that left Lutkin's slip on the 20 inst., for Calcasieu, encountered a squall off Sabine on the 21st, in which the vessel lost her jib and broke her centre-board. The squall seemed to extend in a circle of about five miles, and was very severe. Vessels a few miles away were entirely out of reach of the wind that was pitching the James Andrews about. For one half hour the schooner was in considerable danger, but good seamanship and good judgement carried her through safely, and with only the damage mentioned. On the Tuesday following, when between Sabine and Calcasieu, the vessel again encountered bad weather. The sea became very lumpy, and a blow was eminnent, when the schoooner suddenly entered a field of green turtles, some of them being as large as an ordinary-sized round table. Strange to say they were all on their backs. The schooner was lying on and off, and from observation it was estimated that the water covered by these turtles formed an area of eight miles in width and ten miles in length. They were of all sizes, and not one being seen in a natural position. The water was literally covered with them. During the passage among the turtles, Spanish mackerel were leaping high in the air in every direction, as if determined to escape from the sea, giving evidence that either the water underneath was in a dreadful commotion or sea monsters had come down on them from some strange sea. Captain Rogers is anxious to have nautical men explain these odd phenomena of the turtles on their backs and the excitement of the mackerel. During his nautical career he never saw anything similar to it, nor did he ever before lay eyes on so many turtles and Spanish mackerel. The storm that appeared imminent did not come, and fair weather and a good sea presented themselves after the vessel passed through the field of turtles.—*Galveston News.*

"Kind words are never lost." Any one who does not believe this has only to read the letters submitted in evidence in any breach-of-promise suit.

A Tramp's Romance.

Yesterday Robert Preston and wife, a couple who were happily united a few days ago, arrived in this city en route for Texas. The story of their marriage is rather a romantic one; not that it abounds in hair-breadth escapes or of blood in large or small quantities, but that—well, that it is romantic.

About four years ago, Miss Emma Roland of Galveston visited an aunt in Warren county, Kentucky. It was summer, the season was, and one evening the girl sat in the yard, half reading and half regarding the enormous bumblebees buzing around. A Warren county bumblebee will attract attention anywhere. He can make you think that he is tangling himself in your hair, and looking around you will see him ten feet away clinging to a thistle-bloom. That's enough about the bee. A footstep didn't arouse the young lady. It was a voice that said, "Can I get a drink of water?" Two arms and a chin of a tramp leaned on the fence. He was dressed in a tramp's garb, a wardrobe at once so describable and indescribable.

"I say, can I get som water?"

"Yes," said the girl.

"Must I go around to the gate, or climb over the fence?"

"Both, if you choose."

"That's the way I like to hear people talk," said the tramp climbing over and approaching.

"Now, where's the water."

"I'll bring it."

"You'd better bring the well, for I'm dryer than a barrel of bromophyle."

The girl went to the house and returned with a bucket of water. When the man had finished drinking she did not think that he had exaggerated his thirst. In fact, she did not think that his comparison had been adequate.

"What book are you reading?"

"Mill on the Floss."

"Orerrated. I never liked it. All depth or no depth, I don't know which. Strained characters or no characters, I don't know which. The novelist has tried to write a story without a well defined plot, and has failed. Goldsmith's success as a plotless and charming writer was a bad example."

"You shouldn't tear my favorite book to pieces. I like George Eliot and all her works."

"You don't like 'Mill of the Flos.' You have been nodding over it for the last half-hour. You only pretend to read it because you imagine that in doing so you develop literary taste."

"I think sir, you are impudent."

"But truthful. Here's a book you should read," and the tramp took from his ragged coat a tattered copy of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." "Dr. Johnson said that this book was the only work that could induce him to get out of bed mornings, sooner than his regular time of rising."

"And that's why you like it," remarked the girl taking the book. "If Dr. Johnson hadn't made that remark you would not find the work so charming."

"That's all right. Give me some more water."

The conversation was pursued until the tramp accepted an invitation to supper. His idea of Burton and Johnson was soon covered up with tatter cakes. The tramp, Mr. Preston, remained all night. Next morning, when he announced his intention of leaving the girl accompanied him to the spot where she sat when he hailed her.

"Why do you tramp around; have you no home?"

"Yes, as to the home. Don't know as to the tramping."

"Whiskey?"

"Whiskey."

"Why don't you quit?"

"I will."

"When?"

"Now, on one condition. That is, will you consent to be my wife. Meet me under this tree four years from to day."

"I will."

"Good-by," and he climbed the fence and was gone. No correspondence was carried on between them. The manly, handsome face of the tramp hung before the girl like a portrait. Deep, earnest eyes, a merry laugh, accompanied the tramp. Several weeks ago the young lady visited her aunt. One evening last week she sat under the tree in the yard where four years before she nodded over a book. Bees buzzed around; the same bees seemingly. On her lap lay "Mill on the Floss;" near her a tattered copy of "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy." A buggy drove up. A man alighted and climbed the fence.

"Mr. Preston."

"Miss Roland."

There was no indication of a tramp in the handsomely-dressed gentleman. The clear earnest eyes showed no lurid light, kindled by Satan's breath. Clasped hands, kisses, renewal of vows. That evening the buggy went to Bowling Green. Next morning a happy couple left on a southern bound train. They are now in this city, stopping at the Grand Central. Tomorrow they will leave for Texas.—*Little Rock Ark., Gazette.*

Ramschneider's Hat.

Mr. Ramschneider and his friend, August Fifemacher, were out walking, and Mr. Ranschneider was boasting of the intelligence of his dog.

"See here," he said, "I place my hat here in the fence corner; I conceal it under the brush and dry leaves. We will now walk on. We pass down the lane, we turn this corner, we stroll by the woods. I send Bismarck back for my hat. See, my friend, he comprehends me. He flies through the woods, he speeds down the lane, he disappears round the corner. Presently he will come back before I have time to catch cold in my head."

It was true, as Mr. Ramschneider had said. The intelligent dog, readily understanding what was wanted, sped down the lane and flew around the corner to get the hat. But he did not get it all the same, for just as he flew around the corner a wary, though not affluent tramp, who had watched the circus from afar, was in the act of appropriating Mr. Ramschneider's hat unto himself, and when the dog got up in short range he fired a clay-cold clod as hard as a door-knob at that faithful animal, with a force that knocked a howl out of him as long as a clothes-line, and sent him wailing and weeping back to his astonished master.

And when Mr. Ramschneider and his friend hastened to investigate, they found under the brush an old hat that had lived in more ash-heaps than you could count in a week, and so greasy and forbidding in its general appearance that Mr. Ramschneider wouldn't touch it with his cane. Far away, beyond the distant fields, they saw the sunlight shining on Mr. Ramschneider's five-dollar hat, and the tramp of the dusty highway was jogging along under it. But Mr. Ramschneider walked home bare, as to his head, which is of the bald, baldy, and he hasn't got out of bed yet with the cold he caught.

Hæc fabula docet that when you stake the instinct of the *canis* against the cheek of a tramp, you can just bet *multum pecunia* the *canis* will be left.

A Boston theatrical company recently played a scene laid in a church so naturally that to many of the audience it seemed so real that they went to sleep.

The Dismal Swamp.

A Virginia paper tells some things which are not generally known about the Dismal Swamp. It is not a vast bog sunk low in the ground, into which the drainage of the surrounding country flows. On the contrary, it is above the level ground some fifteen or twenty feet, as was demonstrated by actual surveys. Instead of being a receptacle into which rivers and streams enter and flow, it is in reality an immense reservoir that, in its vast, sponge-like bulk, gathers the waters that fall from the heavens and pours them into the five different rivers which flow onward to the sea. Any one would imagine that the Dismal was a veritable charnel house that spreads its missma throughout the country. On the contrary, it is the healthiest place on the American continent. The swamp is entirely of green timber. There is absolutely no decomposed wood; one sees trees lying around the forests and swamps. The two principal woods that grow in the place are the juniper and cypress, which never rot. They fall prone or the ground like other trees, but, instead of the wood decomposing, it turns into peat, and lies indisoluble by air or water for ages perfectly sound. There is nothing in the swamp to create miasma; no rising of the tides and decomposition of rank vegetables; no marshes exposed to the burning rays of the sun. All is fresh and sweet, and the air is laden with as sweet odors as the fragrant woods in May, when the fragrance of the flowers mingles with the pungent scent of the pine and dogwood. In the *ante bellum* days all planters were anxious to hire their slaves to shingle-makers in the swamp on account of its healthfulness. Mr. Reddick, a well known contractor, says he worked a gang of fifty hands for fifteen years in the Dismal, getting shingles, and in all that time there was not a single case of ague and fever. I have seen numerous affidavits of overseers and agents who have lived in the swamp their whole lifetime, and they never knew of a death caused by miasma, or a solitary instance of ague and fever. The air is pure and sweet, and the water, tinged to a faint wine hue by the juniper, is as potent a medicinal drink as is to be found at the famous watering places of the Virginia mountain pass. It is often used by vessels going on a foreign cruise on account of its healthful properties, and also because it keeps fresh and clear for years. It is a strong and invigorating tonic, with a pleasant taste.

"Snoggling" a Lawyer.

A millionaire who lived and died in the vicinity of this city, as he felt his last days drawing nigh, summoned a distinguished neighbor and lawyer, who since has occupied one of the highest positions in the gift of representatives of the people, to prepare his last will and testament. When the will was drawn the dying man said: "I propose to make you my executor, and I shall require no bond from you. Write that also." The ex-Judge complied, after thanking his client, and promised to execute the will to the best of his ability.

"What is your bill for drawing up my will?" asked the millionaire.

"Oh, under the circumstances, of course, I shall charge you nothing," was the answer.

"But," said the other, "that is not my way of doing business. Make out and receipt a bill for your services and I will pay you now."

"Well, since you insist, I will make out a bill for a nominal sum,—say $25." And this member of the bar, who seldom draws breath without charging some one for the respiration, made out and receipted a bill for $25 which under other circumstances would have been $500.

The good man died and was buried. When the will was read it was found that the name of his son had been inserted in place of that of the distinguished lawyer. The ruling passion was strong in death. The man who knew how to accumulate wealth understood the value of a tightly-drawn will and the difference between $25 and $500. He had merely copied the words in the order they were written by his legal friend, and thus had obtained an irrefragable will at small cost, and an executor of his own choosing.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

Baffled Curiosity.

Miss J—— was on the way South to spend the winter with some relatives. Her friends, Mr. and Mrs. H——, were her traveling companions as far as Goldsborough, where they separated, Miss J—— having about a hundred miles more of railroading to do alone, as a telegram received at Goldsborough stated that her expected escort could not meet her there. As usual, the passengers on the branch road were few, and Miss J—— was the only lady on the train.

The conductor was an ex-Confederate captain—a peculiar characteristic of Southern roads. He was a native of the town to which Miss J—— was ticketed, and was very anxious to find out who his fair passenger was. His rather officious offers to assist her in finding her friends when she should reach her destination was rather coldly refused. He finally got desperate, and appealed to an ancient gentleman in the car—a friend of his—to assist him. Presently the old gentleman crossed the car, took a seat immediately behind our fair traveler, and, addressing her very politely, said:

"My friend, Captain P——, is very anxious to know who you are."

Looking up from the pages of her novel, Miss J—— said:

"You didn't tell him, did you?"

He was so thoroughly taken aback that it was some moments before he recovered himself sufficiently to stammer, "N-no."

"Thank you," said Miss J, gratefully, and coolly resumed her reading.

The crest-fallen old "Mercury" retired to the smoking-car, and our traveler was annoyed no more.—*Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for August.*

Circumstances often determine how much show a man shall make. To be famous depends on some fortuities; to be a president depends on the acute smellers of a few politicians and a mysterious set of wires; to be rich depends on birth or luck; to be intellectually eminent may depend on the appointment of Providence; but to be a man in the sense of substance, depends solely on one's own noble ambition and determination to live in contact with God's open atmosphere of truth and right.—[Starr King.

SHORT BITS.

Morality is the basis of society.

Error is worse than ignorance.

If the Mississippi is the Father of Waters, the Missouri must be the mudder.

The season has arrived when oysters should be allowed to return their overcoats.

Britannia rules the waves, but disorderly students at West Point waive the rules.

The Egyptians made glass and colored in it beautifully 3000 years before Christ.

The first gold mine in the United States was discovered in South Carolina in 1790.

The extreme height of misery is a small boy with a new pair of boots and no mud puddle.

Every man throws on to his surrounding the sunshine or the shadow that exists in his own soul.

The New York *Express* can excuse a man for lying when he flatters a homely woman.

It is a peculiar feature of the butter market that a poor article outranks a good one.

It is no sign that a hen meditates evil to her owner simply because she lays for them.

The Bishop Scott Grammer School.

This institution, so well and favorably known throughout the Northwest, will be reopened for the reception of pupils on the 31st of August. As a day and boarding school for boys and young men it furnishes facilities unsurpassed upon the coast and unapproached in the state. The Head Master, Prof. Hill is peculiarly adapted to the duties of the position he so worthily fills and has a personal oversight of pupils, second only to parental care. The course of study is comprehensive and thorough, fitting students for the duties of life. In short, a happy combination of home comfort and school discipline is here effected that produces most satisfactory results. Parents and guardians who desire to secure for those in their charge careful oversight and thorough educational advantages should send for a catalogue of this institution.

BEWARE OF MALARIA.

The prevalence of malarial diseases in country and town indicates a danger to which we are all exposed. These diseases are easy to contract and hard to eradicate. Ben Warner's Safe Pills neutralize the poison and cure them. They are equally effective against all bilious troubles.

From a Relative of Wm. Prescott, the Historian.

CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 13, 1880.

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JAS. P. PRESCOTT.

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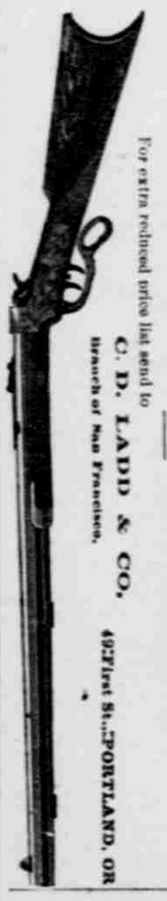

The body of the plate in this cut is contracted in order to show the teeth more plainly.

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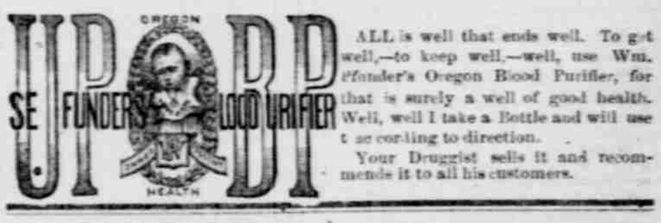

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