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WILSON HOTEL.

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Mr. M. A. Wilson, formerly of Orleans has located on Front street, Umatilla, where she has opened a first-class hotel. The house has been refitted, the beds are excellent, and the table will be supplied with the best market affords. Travelers will not regret stopping at this place. N. W. Stage Company's coaches stop here.

Cold Bedrooms.

It is always a matter of great moment to maintain an equable temperature in the bedroom. A bedroom the air of which is subject to great and frequent changes of temperature is always a trap for danger. To persons who are in the prime of life, and who are in robust health, this danger is less pronounced, but to the young and the feeble it is a most serious danger. It is especially dangerous to aged people to sleep in a room that is easily lowered in warmth. When the great waves of cold come in the winter season, old people begin to drop off with a rapidity that is perfectly startling. We take up the list of deaths during these seasons, and the most marked of facts is the number of deceased aged persons. It is like an epidemic of death by old age. The public mind accepts this record as indicative of a general change of external conditions, and of a mortality, therefore, that is necessary as a result of that change. I would not myself dispute that there is a line of truth and sound common sense and common observation in this view, but when we descend from the general to the particular we find that much of the mortality seen in such excess amongst the aged is induced by mistakes on the subject of warmth in the bedroom.

The fatal event comes about somewhat in this way: The room in which the enfeebled person has been sitting probably up to summer time a light meal has been taken before retiring to rest, and then the bedroom is entered. The bedroom perchance has no fire in it, or if a fire be lighted, provision is not made to keep it going for more than an hour or two. The result is that in the early part of the morning, from 3 to 4 o'clock, when the temperature of the air in all parts is lowest, the glow from the fire or stove which should warm the room has cooled, and the room is cold to an extreme degree. In country houses the water will often be found frozen in the hand-basins or ewers under these conditions.

Meanwhile the sleeper lies unconscious of the great change which is taking place in the air around him. Slowly and surely there is a decline of temperature to the extent it may be, of thirty or forty degrees on the Fahrenheit scale; and though he may be fairly covered with bed-clothes, he is receiving into his lungs this cold air, by which the circulation through the lungs is materially modified.

The condition of the body itself is at this very time unfavorable for meeting any emergency. In the period between midnight and six in the morning the animal vital processes are at their lowest ebb. It is in these times that those who are enfeebled from any cause most frequently die. Physicians often consider these hours as critical, and forewarn anxious friends in respect to them. From time immemorial those who have been accustomed to wait and attend on the sick have noted these hours most anxiously, so that they have been called by one of our old writers "the hours of fate." In this space of time the influence of the life-giving sun has been longest withdrawn from man, and the hearts that are even the strongest beat then with subdued tone. Sleep is heaviest, and death is nearest to us all, in "the hours of fate."

The safest method is to have the air of the room, a short time before it is occupied, brought up to a uniform temperature of from 60 to 65 degrees Fahr. It should never fall five degrees below 60, and never rise above 65 degrees under ordinary circumstances. In case we have the occupant of the room is extremely enfeebled, it may be necessary to raise the temperature to a higher point, but I am thinking of this moment of sleepers who are in fair health, and for whom no especial provision is required.

A mistake is sometimes made in observing the temperature. The reading of the thermometer is taken in one part of the room, only, perhaps in the fireplace or from the mantel-shelf. This is not a fair observation, for a room at that part may be very warm, while it is very cold in other parts. The temperature should, properly, be taken at the bed's head, about two feet above the pillow, and that is the best position in which to keep a thermometer, with which every bedroom ought to be furnished. An ordinary thermometer suffices as a general index, but a registering instrument is most advantageous when particular care is demanded in observation.

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THE LAST LETTER.

Jacob Carter and Albert Harrison were merchants living in adjoining towns. The strong friendship existing between them in boyhood had not declined in manhood. Each possessed sterling traits of character, though the two men were unlike.

Mr. Carter was much beloved for his gentle nature and kindly qualities. The short comings of his fellow-men were always viewed by him with a charitable eye. Mr. Harrison, on the contrary, though an honest, true man, was harsh and inflexible, and quick to condemn any deviation in others from the code of rectitude laid down for himself.

One bright morning he said to his son, as he seated a letter he had just written: "Paul, I want you to carry this letter to the Post Office. Don't stop on the way. It must go out in the next mail."

Paul took it, put on his hat, and went whistling down the street. On his way he had to pass the home of Caleb Parker, his most intimate friend.

"Halloo!" called Caleb from the piazza. "I've just had a streak of luck. Uncle Roger has given me a splendid Newfoundland dog."

"Oh, that's jolly!" returned Paul, eagerly.

"Come in and see him," urged Caleb. Paul glanced at the clock on the church-steeple. It lacked a full half-hour to mail-time. Thoughtless of the disobedience he was committing, he yielded to the temptation before him. A few minutes could be easily spared.

He hurried with Caleb to the shed where Rover was tied, and spent five minutes admiring and praising the "splendid puppy."

Then he continued his walk. But on reaching the Post Office, he found to his great dismay, that the letter was missing!

He was sure he had carefully put it in his pocket. What should he do? He remembered pulling out his handkerchief while talking to Caleb, and thinking it probably fell out then, he quickly retraced his steps to Mr. Parker's house. He told Caleb his trouble, and the two made a thorough search. But the letter could not be found. Paul was in great agony.

"I'd about as well be killed as to go home and tell father. He'll tell me to stop by the way, and he'll whip me awfully."

"Do you know what was in the letter?" inquired Caleb, after thinking a little.

"Yes. Father wrote to Mr. Carter to send him twenty barrels of flour, to last till he gets a supply from the West."

"Then save yourself a whipping by holding your tongue. Don't say a word to your father about it. Come to my room and write another letter, and sign your father's name to it. I won't do any harm and will bring the flour all the same. Only keep quiet."

Paul hesitated. He knew Caleb was a wrong counselor; that a frank and straightforward course was the only right one.

But he had been twice severely punished for small acts of thoughtless disobedience, and the pain of the blows was fresh in his memory.

"Well, on the whole, Caleb, I guess I will follow your advice. I can't see what hurt it can do."

He went into the house. Paul took the offered pen and ink, and quickly wrote thus:

MERRIDOWN, May 9.—

MR. CARTER—Dear Sir: I wish to purchase for you twenty barrels of good flour, to be sent immediately.

A. HARRISON, per P. H.

Paul had seen his father's clerk write letters on business; and sign them in that way.

Ten minutes later he deposited the letter in the postoffice and went home.

"Did you get my letter in before the mail went?" asked Mr. Harrison, as Paul entered the parlor.

"The letter was there in time," was the evasive reply.

A growing uneasiness now took possession of Mr. Carter's heart, and he really felt sorry he had not braved his father's displeasure, and owned the truth. He had some guilty of a wicked dealing, and his act (such acts always do) left something to dread. It was too late, he reasoned, to retrieve the mistake; what might come of it, he could not tell. Three days afterwards, Mr. Harrison received twenty barrels of flour from the wholesale house of Mr. Carter.

It was a great relief to Paul's mind. The letter, substituting his name, apparently filled its purpose as well as if it had been the original.

A week went by. One morning Mr. Harrison said to his wife at the breakfast table:

"I sent a check of one hundred and fifty dollars to Mr. Carter. Don't see why it hasn't been acknowledged."

Terror and dismay instantly overspread Paul's face, and he quickly left the room on reaching the outer air, and began screaming for his child. Mr. Denier turned back into the building, through dense smoke, and explored his way to the lady's room. He took the child and started down stairs, but was driven back by the flames. He ran to the window, shouted to those below to "look out," and turned a forward sum-

merman from the window ledge. Happily he landed on his feet and escaped injury, his experience as a clown proving valuable. The child was given to its mother, and then the people swarmed about Tony, several men lifting him upon their shoulders, and he was borne to a saloon, where wine was liberally poured out in his honor. The company led nothing, and modest Tony gained considerable.

SAVING BY THE SUEZ CANAL.—That if wheat can be carried by steam through the Suez canal from Calcutta to Liverpool for 7s. 6d., or even at 10s. per ton, and if rice, why not wheat, and East Indians, who have now more acreage in wheat than the United States, take it to the European market, then good-bye to all our prosperity that comes from wheat growing. Our farmers should look into this canal business more than they have, and let their representatives in Congress know their views.

"I want to ask you a few questions,"

begun Mr. Carter. "Can you tell me why, how you shake! What's the matter?"

"Nothing—yes—I—I don't know," stammered Paul.

"I want you to tell me all you know about—"

"O sir," interrupted Paul, quickly, "I never told you a lie! never, never! and I hope you'll believe me now!"

"Believe what, my son?"

"That—that—I didn't steal the check! I—I lost your letter—but—but—I didn't know it held a check!" with chattering teeth.

"Lost my letter? what letter? Out with the truth!" commanded Mr. Harrison.

"The one you wrote to Mr. Carter—You gave it to me to carry to the Post Office. There was plenty of time before the mail closed, and I stopped a few minutes to look at Caleb's new dog. The letter was dropped somewhere, and I couldn't find it—and I thought it was only an order for flour, and I wrote another and signed your name to it. I knew 'twould bring the flour all the same, and it did."

Paul began to cry.

"I received that letter and forwarded the flour at once," put in Mr. Carter.

"Go on, Paul. So you have forged a letter for me. What else have you done?" asked Mr. Harrison, in a severe tone.

"That's all I have to tell—nothing else," sobbed the boy.

"Your father's letter, with a check of one hundred and fifty dollars, came to me. I had two letters, one a few days later the other," said Mr. Carter. "The last letter had been packed up and forwarded according to its written direction." A look of mingled relief and surprise suddenly came over Paul's face.

"Why did you suspect me of stealing the check, then?" he asked, drying his tears.

"Don't see what led you to think I did suspect you. What did?" questioned Mr. Carter.

"Because I heard father and you talking about a check that was stolen from a letter, and just after that you mentioned my name."

Mr. Carter burst into a hearty laugh, and even the knitting brows of Mr. Harrison relaxed. Paul's face flushed crimson.

"You were more frightened than hurt, my boy," said Mr. Carter, laying his hand on Paul's shoulder. "Your course was not right, and guilt is a load accuser, and is easily alarmed. But no one had suspected you of stealing. Paul, I was only telling your father that Abbe Phillips, the son of one of our friends, had lately forged on a stolen check, and is likely to go to prison."

"But something was certainly said about me."

"Yes, I asked to see you to inquire about your schoolmate, Ned Lee, who wants a place in my store."

Paul gave Mr. Carter all the information he wanted about his schoolmate, while Mr. Harrison sat thinking. He was not quite ready to change the subject.

"Paul," said he, sternly, "how comes it you are so late in owning that you lost my letter?"

Paul hung his head.