

TWO LOVERS.

BY GEORGE ELIOT.

Two lovers by a moss-grown spring; They leaned soft cheeks together there, Mingled the dark and sunny hair, And heard the wooing thrushes sing.

Two wedded from the portal step; The bells made happy carplings, The air was soft as fanning wings, While petals on the pathway swept.

Two faces o'er a cradle bent; Two hands above the head were locked; These pressed each other while they rocked; These watched a life that love had sent.

Two parents by the evening fire; The red light fell about their knees; On heads that rose by slow degrees, Like buds upon the lily spire.

The two still sat together there; The red light shone about their knees, But all the heads by slow degrees Had gone and left the lonely pair.

The red light shone about the floor And made the space between them wide; They drew their chairs up side by side, Their pale cheeks joined, and said, "Once more!"

WILLOW GRANGE.

A STORY OF LIFE IN EASTERN OREGON.

BY BELLE W. COOKE.

AUTHOR OF "TEARS AND VICTORY."

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CHAPTER XXIII.

"Is this the way you tend your sheep, Under the hay-cock fast asleep?"

How fared the camp at Bitter-sweet during this perilous time?

Soon after Earle Russell left it to go on what might be called by some his "fool's errand," the friendly Indians came in to their camp and made preparations for leaving. They came to Cleaveland before they went, and told him that a small band of hostiles had been heard of within a few miles, between them and the agency, and that it was unsafe to remain longer in that vicinity.

When Bertha heard this intelligence, she was nearly beside herself with fear for her husband's safety. She did not seem to have much fear for herself, and when Cleaveland proposed that they should accompany Mr. Brown to Pilot Rock, where he intended to take his family immediately, she stated her intention of remaining at Bitter-sweet until it was time for her husband to return.

Cleaveland urged that Earle would wish them to go to a place of safety as soon as possible, and would follow them directly if he came and found them gone, but Bertha was immovable.

"What if Earle should come back wounded?" said she; "or what if the Indians should chase him in, and we not be here to render him assistance? I am sure we ought not to forsake him, for I greatly fear he will need us. Cannot you prevail upon the Indians to remain here until we hear from him, or perhaps go out with you to meet him?"

"I do not think it advisable to go out to meet him, for we do not know, in the first place, whether he will return now, and, in the second place, what road he will choose if he comes back immediately. I think, however, that the suggestion about getting the Indians to stay with us is a good one, as they are well armed, and would be quite a help to us if a war party should make a raid upon our little valley."

When Cleaveland told the Indians that he wished them to remain as a guard for the women and children until Earle should return, they expressed a willingness to do so, and said they would send out a scout to see if there were any hostiles in the vicinity. They moved their camp to a spot within a stone's throw of the cabin where Bertha and Julia were tremblingly awaiting the next denouement.

The Indians seemed quite flattered by the confidence reposed in them, and told Cleaveland that the white squaws need not fear, as they would watch the bad Indians, and would not suffer the foe to surprise the camp.

There were about ten strong men of the friendly band, and several squaws who could fight quite as well as the men in case of necessity. So it happened that, as Earle came riding in to the Bitter-sweet Valley after his fearful race with the murderous savages, and saw the camp of peaceful Indians near the cabin, he understood the situation at once. His first impulse, when he found

that his wife and babes were unmolested, was one of thankfulness.

Earle had not rode his horse's length into the open ground before the Indian's discovered him and gave a loud shout.

Cleaveland rushed out from the cabin, and, seeing the occasion, was not long in acquainting Bertha with the joyful news. She came with little Coe in her arms and stood in the door, and, as she saw her husband riding down the valley alone with his tired horse covered with foam, and as he came nearer and her quick eyes espied the bloody sleeve, she knew that her fears had not been in vain. As he approached the gate, an intuitive appreciation of his great danger and his escape overwhelmed her, and she fell on her knees with her baby clasped to her breast, and cried, in low, intense tones, while tears of joy fell down her cheeks:

"O my God! I thank Thee for my husband—given to me again from death's door!"

Earle saw the lovely picture, framed in the doorway, as he looked anxiously for the first glimpse of his wife, and it made an impression on his mind that after years would never efface.

He was not long in giving them an account of his perilous ride, and of Johnny's noble self-sacrifice.

"Ah!" exclaimed Bertha, "I owe my husband's life to poor little Johnny! I knew he was a gem in the rough, and I had hoped to help polish him."

"And so you have," said Earle; "but now he needs none of our efforts to make him acceptable to the Master. He is safe with heaven's jewels."

"But can we leave his body there to be food for the mountain wolves, after what he has done for us?" asked Bertha.

"It might be there; but perhaps the Indians would carry it off or mutilate it dreadfully," said Cleaveland. "But I am willing to go in search of it, for our Johnny was a hero, and he deserves a Christian burial from our hands."

The friendly Indians were informed of Earle's encounter with the hostile party, and, when they found that Earle and Cleaveland intended to try to recover Johnny's body, they offered to send a part of their number as an escort to the intrepid men. They advised that the attempt should be made in the night, being themselves perfectly familiar with the trail, and fearing that some of the war party might be hanging around in the vicinity.

The night following Earle's return, the two white men, accompanied by three Indians, started to bring in, if possible, the body of the young hero.

Bertha and Julia felt no fears from their Indian allies, but they realized that their situation was a precarious one, and resolved to watch all night for the return of their husbands. The Indians kept a guard out, and assured them that in case of an attack they would protect the cabin with their lives. They said, also, that there was but little danger of an attack in the night, as the warriors knew it would be easy enough to take their victims in daylight.

Cleaveland and Earle would have found it impossible to have kept the trail if it had not been for their Indian guides. But the Indian ponies were well acquainted with it, and they went on quite rapidly, the white men following their lead. Not long after midnight, they arrived at the spot where the trail from the other side of the mountains intersected the one on which they were travelling, it being a spot which was well known to the Indians.

A fire was kindled, and by its light the search for the murdered boy was pursued. They had not long to search. He laid just where he had fallen, stark and bare, the savages having stripped him of his clothes; but they had not mutilated him.

"I believe," said Earle, "that the Indian who was aiming at me saw Johnny step in between me and the impending death, and his admiration for the bravery and self-sacrifice of the deed caused them to spare the body the usual indignities offered their victims."

The body was soon secured upon the back of a horse that was brought for the purpose, and the recovering party were soon on their way returning. They passed the dead horse Gray Eagle, who was shot the day before and lay in their path, with some difficulty, as the horses were dreadfully frightened by him; but no other event disturbed their progress, and they arrived at the home camp a while after daylight.

Bertha and Julia wept over the piteous sight of the pleasant face of their merry comrade, pale and still in death. His face was sweetly peaceful, even, it seemed to them, lighted by a kind of exulting expression, as though the spirit of heroism which had prompted his last act had left its trace upon the noble face. The brown curls clustered over his white forehead, and a smile seemed to hover around his lips. They prepared him for his rude coffin, and braided a wreath of evergreens, with wild white immortelles, and laid it upon his lonely grave. They buried him near the cabin, in a corner of the garden enclosure, just in the shadow of the great stacks of wild new hay that they had recently cut for the use of the flocks when the winter drew near. And there they laid poor boy-blue "under the hay-cock," in his last rest, "fast asleep."

The little company of sincere mourners left the valley and its one grave as soon as preparations could be made, and started for Willow Grange.

Earle hired some of his faithful Indian friends to help drive his sheep and horses down to his home, and paid them well for their labor. All the way they found the settlers in a grand panic,

huddled in the little towns, or going thither as fast as they could for protection. A great fear had come upon the whole region, as none could know where the next raid would be made.

A small band of the hostile Indians had dared to cross the Columbia, and no one knew when the trouble would cease. Fears were entertained that the friendly Umatillas would join the war-path, and make the whole country as far as The Dalles a dangerous ground.

The little party who went out for a pleasant summering were coming in now, with tears and fears for company. They arrived safely at the Bird's-nest, however, and found everything in the best of order.

Hans Sehuman had been left to sleep in the house and watch over it, Greta coming over often to keep things nice.

The home-comers were greeted with gladness by their neighbors, who were not without great fears for their safety. In fact, it began to be considered dangerous for isolated settlers in the vicinity of Willow Creek, as hostile Indians had appeared on the Columbia not far from the mouth of the creek.

Soon after their return Bertha was talking over home matters while standing at her door, when she pointed to the lambs' shed and said to Earle:

"Do you know, I wish you would pull down that shed? It has such sad associations fastened upon it. I can never look at it without the memories of that bitter time, when you lay all night in the snow with your broken leg, coming to my mind as fresh as ever."

"Well," said Earle, "I am sorry it troubles you, but what would the poor lambs do without a shed?"

"You might build them another one. Would it not be a good place for one on the south side of the barn? I do not know but I am foolish, but that old shed gives me such sad feelings that it almost amounts to a trouble," said the wife.

"If we remain here during the winter the shed shall come down, my dear," said Earle, "but I think that perhaps it will be wiser and better to move ourselves than the shed. Many persons think there will be more widely-spread Indian troubles than any we have yet experienced, and if such should be the case, I am not willing that my wife and babies should be exposed to them. What do you say to our selling out a part of our sheep, and leaving Cleaveland and Julia to keep house here, and manage the remainder of the flock and the horses? Would you like to go to Portland and live near your father and mother?"

"Oh, Earle, dear, do not mention it to me and then disappoint me. You know it would be almost too much happiness for me, but can you sell your sheep now?"

"I should never have spoken to you if I had not decided it would be best to go," said Earle. "I know very well what a life of cheerful self-denial you have led out here, away from almost all your old familiar friends, whom you left without a word to come to this wild with me. I think it is a piece of unpardonable presumption for a man to ask a woman to give up all the pleasant companions of her happy childhood days and go away alone with him, and expect her to find enough in him to compensate her for the loss of all the rest. I do not wonder that many a man fails to do this in any degree, and consequently, when the wife finds out his inability, discontent and unhappiness follow. I only wonder that I, myself, succeeded in making you reasonably happy without the accessories that one feels ought, if possible, to be added to life."

"I am sure," said Bertha, "I have been quite contented and happy here with you, and the chief reason why I would wish to leave here now is that you might not be exposed to so many dangers."

[To be continued.]

TOO ACTIVE.—Your little son is perhaps troublesome. He is never quiet, and constantly demands attention. How shall you abate this nuisance? You may try to destroy these bad habits by scolding him, by rebukes, by lectures, by punishments. That is one way, but not the best. These bad habits often spring from an instinct of activity, an intense desire to do something, which the Creator has given the child as a means of mental and moral growth. In trying to pull up the tares, you are in great danger of rooting out the wheat also. If you succeed by force in changing his disagreeable torment of perpetual activity into a dull quiet, you have changed a bright boy into a dull one. A better way than destroying this tendency is to fulfill it by giving him plenty of occupation of an innocent kind. Give him a heap of sand to dig, blocks of wood to build houses with, a box of tools, and boards to saw. Set him at some work, useful or interesting, or, at least, harmless. He will like all this better than he likes mischief. All his irregular activity was a cry for something to do. Give him that, and you will have no further trouble.

It is the cheery worker that succeeds. No one can do his best, or even do well, in the midst of worry or nagging. Wherefore, if you work, work as cheerily as you can. If you do not work, do not put even a straw in the way of others. There are rocks and pebbles and holes and plenty of obstructions. It is the pleasant word, the hearty word, that helps, and a man who has these at command is sure to be a helper to others in the highway of life, along which so many are travelers.

"Etiquette" writes to us to inquire if in our opinion it would be proper for him to support a young lady if she was taken with a faint—even if he hadn't been introduced. Proper, young man, proper by all means.

Professor Roberts says that fifty bushels of wood ashes per acre increased the yield of grass in a certain location more than any other manure, while ground bone improved the clover.

THE MOUND-BUILDERS.

Throughout a large portion of the Mississippi Valley the remains of a former race of inhabitants are found, of whose origin and history we have no record, and who are only known to us by the relics that are found in the tumuli which they have left. The mound-builders were a numerous people entirely distinct from the North American Indians, and they lived so long before the latter that they are not known to them even by tradition. They were industrious and domestic in their habits, and the finding of large sea-shells, which must have been brought from the Gulf of Mexico, if not from more distant shores, proves that they had communication and trade with other tribes. Perhaps the most interesting fact connected with this ancient people is that they had a written language. This is proved by some inscribed tablets that have been discovered in the mounds, the most important of which belong to the Davenport Academy of Sciences. These tablets have attracted great attention from archaeologists, and it is thought that they will sometime prove of great value as records of the people who wrote them. It is still uncertain whether the language was generally understood by the mound-builders, or whether it was confined to a few persons of high rank. In the mound where two of the tablets were discovered, the bones of a child were found, partially preserved by contact with a large number of copper beads, and as copper was a rare and precious metal with them, it would seem that the mound in question was used for burial of persons of high rank. The inscriptions have not been deciphered, for no key to them has yet been found; we are totally ignorant of the derivation of the language or its affinities for other written languages. The mound-builders lived while the mammoth and the mastodon were upon the earth, as is clearly proved by the carvings upon some of their elaborate stone pipes. From the size and other peculiarities of the pipes, it is inferred that smoking was not habitual with them, but that it was reserved as a kind of ceremonial observance. Our knowledge of the habits and customs of the mound-builders is very incomplete, but it is sufficient to show that at least a part of this country was once inhabited by a people who have passed away without leaving so much as a tradition of their existence, and who are only known to us through the silent relics which have been interred for centuries. A people utterly forgotten, a civilization totally lost—was it through a great catastrophe in the history of the world, or was the ceaseless struggle for existence so severe that they gradually succumbed and passed away?—New York Times.

THE BIAS OF WEALTH.—Wealth is extremely deceitful in the impression which it gives of the moral character of its possessor. The man of wealth looks on himself in a peculiar light. He feels that he is more or less a privileged person; that he is not to be guided by the ordinary rules. His benefactions perhaps appear large, though they are not at all large when measured (the only true standard) by his means. He gives a hundred dollars, and he feels that he has done nobly, though to him a hundred dollars is far less than a dollar, or even than a dime, to him of labor and poverty. When the latter gives even a dime, it means the sacrifice of something; to the former, the giving of \$100 means nothing. Yet he prides himself upon it. And, what is quite as bad, his neighbors, perhaps themselves blinded or dazzled, unite in deceiving him. If the mechanic or seamstress gives a dollar, it is received with great calmness; but the dollar of the rich man is received oftentimes with gushing and effusive gratitude. Riches are not only themselves deceitful, but they serve to foster deceitfulness in others.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN NATURAL COLORS.—The announcement is again made that a process has been discovered for taking photographs possessing all the brilliancy and delicacy of the natural colors, and an exhibition of pictures thus naturally colored has just been held in London. According to the reports, the colors are produced by the action of light alone in the camera, and owe nothing whatever to the artist's brush. In the photographs exhibited, the coloring appeared to be quite true to nature, and delicate tones and shades were clear to the view. The flesh tint was exact to life, and full justice was done to gorgeous regimentals. The protruded tongue of a dog in one of the photographs possessed the exact color of nature. The process was discovered by a French scientist, but has since undergone improvement by the proprietor of the patent for England. Unfortunately, it is as yet unknown, and it is likely to be for some time to come.

The height of the human figure is six times the length of the feet. Whether the form is slender or plump, the rule holds good; any deviation from it is a departure from the highest beauty in proportion. The Greeks made all their statues after this rule. The face, from the highest point of the forehead, where the hair begins, to the chin is one-tenth of the whole stature. The hand, from the wrist to the end of the middle finger, is the same. From the top of the chest to the highest point of the forehead is a seventh. If the face, from the roots of the hair to the chin, be divided into three equal parts, the first division determines the place where the eyebrows meet, and the second the place of the nostrils. The height from the feet to the top of the head is the distance between the extremity of the fingers when the arms are extended.

In the city of Dublin, there are 24,000 families, averaging five members, that are each living in a single room. The death rate of the city is 40 per 1000, which is equal to 80 per 1000 in the tenement house districts. These two facts, the enormous number of families living in a single room and the high death rate, prove that the horrors and dangers of Irish distress have not been exaggerated. These families of five shut up each in a single room depend for support on wages from ten to seventeen shillings a week.

The manufacture of paper from wood has reached the altitude of perfection in Canada. The superintendent of a mill up there says a tree is cut down and shoved into one end of the mill, and five minutes later there is a neighbor at the other end to borrow the paper.

A milk contractor in Boston says he is making more money by manufacturing his surplus milk into butter and cheese than he did by his sales of milk.

A rash statistician asserts that there are to-day a thousand Chicagoans wearing glass eyes, one-third of them being women.