

NOT MANY YEARS AGO.

In a chamber under brown old leaves. Scathed by the rustling aspen leaves. Quivering faintly on the dew. I used to sleep when life was new. And dreamt come softly as the dew. Not many years ago.

WHO COMES HERE?

"Halt! Who comes here?" "Friends with the countersign." "Advance one and give me the countersign!"

It was the relief going the rounds to change the pickets, and I was dropped out at post No. 7. We had fought Lee all day long on the strangest battlefield of the whole war—in the Wilderness.

How the forest shook and trembled as the great guns sent their deadly missiles crashing through the foliage! How the thickets blazed up in flames, the severed limbs crashed down, the sunny glades turned dark as night with the powder smoke settling over them!

Darkness had come at last, and the roar of battle had died away to a low growl. Grant had failed to drive Lee. We knew that from flank to flank, if he could not force a passage through those gray lines he could flank them.

Post No. 7 was under a large tree on the edge of a thicket. To the south there was a strip of open ground, then a thicket, then an old field, in which stood a log cabin. It was a lonely place, well away from the camps, the dead and the dying, but I was glad to be alone.

Was it a person? Riderless horses had galloped about that day almost without number; this might be one which had found shelter in that thicket. Rustle! Rustle! Step! Step!

It was a cautious movement. Whoever it was hoped to reach me without discovery, but there were dead leaves under foot, and the thicket was dense. A hare could not have moved without betraying its presence.

Knocking down so as to see under the darkness, as it were, I suddenly made out a black object against the dark background. It is neither horse nor mule; it is a human being.

Ay! it was a woman's voice, and it had a sob in it too. A woman there in the darkness between the hostile lines—with powder smoke still in the air, with stray bullets darting through the thickets with a whizz, as of some great insect started to anger!

"Who comes here?" "I wish it wasn't so dark! I am so tired—so tired!" And then she came across the open strip toward me, making no stop, never hesitating, walking straight up to me as if she could see as well by night as in the sunshine of day.

POINTS FOR CAMPERS.

What Tools and Sundries to Take Along. How the Camp Should Be Selected—A List of Articles for the Kit—Some of the Necessary Food Supplies.

Too few of the boys who spend their vacation in the wilderness study carefully enough the methods adopted by persons of extensive camping experience.

Yet the whole thing is very easy to learn. For those who do not want to think out the subject for themselves let me give a few suggestions as the result of my own experience for a number of years of camp life, as well as the experience of a large number of friends of mine.

I always use a Norfolk jacket—called in this country Oxford jacket, or belted coat—made loose, of strong homespun, and capable of being worn open when it is warm, or belted tight when the weather is cold.

To be thoroughly de rigueur for wild life the camper should wear homespun or corduroy knickerbockers, with black or gray stockings, unless the region where he places his camp is badly plagued by mosquitoes, when he had better wear trousers, as the fly pests will put their bills often through the stockings.

For lying about the camp, canoeing, boating or light tramping, thin yellow leather and sometimes canvas shoes might be used, but for all heavy work there is nothing like a solid boot, roomy, with wide sole and wide heel, laced tightly about the ankle and resembling the old fashioned English shooting boot.

Two inner and two outer shirts, two pairs of drawers and, if possible, two pairs of trousers or knickerbockers—or better still, a pair of each—with one jacket, will be sufficient. Don't forget handkerchiefs, light socks, and any kind of belt that you prefer.

Be careful in making up your kit. If you have long and rough travel, and any porting never take a box, no matter how many patents are attached to it or how convenient it may look on the tradesman's counter. It is inconvenient to carry in a boat and impossible to carry through the woods.

Each camper requires a pair of blankets, gray or dark red, the clothing I have mentioned, say, two large crash towels, soap, small hand glass, comb and brush, tooth brush and paste, needles, thread, thimbles and buttons, a couple of pairs of old kid gloves, a pair of scissors, pocket knife, belt sheath and sheath knife, a small bottle of arnica, bottle of Jamaica ginger, a "book" of court plaster, a bottle of citrate of magnesia in powder, and two or three bottles of laxative pills, as advised by physician.

The camp should have a frying pan, three graduated tin kettles, the largest with the capacity of a gallon or more, and one fitting closely into the other; an ax for heavy chopping is necessary, and it would be well to have a small hatchet for light work. A pocket compass is indispensable, as are also parlor matches.

There is no comfort in camping unless you take a tent, and the "A" structure, strong cotton, in my judgment, is best. One eight by ten feet and six feet high will accommodate six persons. Better take along your ridge pole and tent pins, and always have an ample supply of cord. It is well to take tent pins, because sometimes you are suddenly overtaken by a rain storm, or you reach the camping ground after dark, and it is inconvenient or impossible to obtain tent pins. Never take crockery ware, for it is sure to break and heavy to carry.

Sufficient attention is not always given to a camp site. In choosing the spot several considerations should weigh. It should be near wood and water, and while secluded, should command a view of the most picturesque parts of its surroundings.

Another sewing machine agent reports another woman who manages to get her spring dressmaking done very economically. All the agents have a custom of leaving machines for a week on trial. Twice a year this woman up town has a machine left at her house "on trial," alternating impartially between the several makes. During the trial week she does as much of her sewing as she can conveniently, and when the agent calls she invariably tells him the machine isn't quite satisfactory. This has been going on some years, and it is supposed that the woman gets a keen enjoyment out of the process. The cost of a machine is so little nowadays that this maneuver would hardly pay in anything but satisfaction.—New York Letter.

An interesting fact has cropped out concerning a prominent dry goods merchant, whose store is near West street, which is well worth recording, and the example is no less worthy of emulation. It is said that when he gets provoked or a little indignant he says little, but goes off by himself until he gets over it, but when he gets pretty mad (thoroughly mad) he goes home, says nothing, but goes straight to bed, and he does not get up again until he feels he is again his amiable self.—Boston Courier.

Sleeping Car Porter—Under dah new regulations, sah, all valybles must be put in dah safe, er dah company won't be 'sponsible for dem, sah. Passenger—My valise is rather large. "Safe is awful big, sah."

"Well, in case of an accident everything in the safe would be crushed, wouldn't it?" "No, sah. Dah safe am so strong no accident could hurt it."

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CLOTHING FOR HEALTH AND COMFORT WHILE IN THE WOODS.

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is here and has come to stay. It hopes to win its way to public favor by energy, industry and merit; and to this end we ask that you give it a fair trial, and if satisfied with its course a generous support.

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Its Objects will be to advertise the resources of the city, and adjacent country, to assist in developing our industries, in extending and opening up new channels for our trade, in securing an open river, and in helping THE DALLES to take her proper position as the Leading City of Eastern Oregon.

The paper, both daily and weekly, will be independent of political matters, and in its handling of local affairs, it will be JUST, FAIR AND IMPARTIAL.

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