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CHRISTMAS AT THE MINES.

A Chapter on Memory and One Concerning a Greenhorn Wood-Rat.

GREENHORN, Or., Jan. 2, 1898.

EDITOR CHRONICLE:

Christmas arrived here on time, and has passed back into the sand bank of things that were. It was not the Christmas that Dalles people kept, but an entirely distinct and different affair. There was no candy, no popcorn, no presents, no turkey, no cranberries, no smiling friends—no nothing. It snowed six or eight inches; but we really didn't need it, having some three feet of it at the time. Yet it was really a "happy Christmas" for me. Happiness is a queer quality. It exists only in the past and future tenses. With what we have had we can rejoice; with what we expect we can grow glad; but with what we have, what sane man, or woman either, ever was, or ever will be, happy, chewing the "end" of things past, and scenting the green grass of things to come, which will make ruminating material for some future date.

Christmas trees were laden with snow, the branches drooping tiredly, like eyelids heavy with sleep; but since the gay and amorous Chinook kissed away the snow and the bare limbs are flaunted unblushingly before us Greenhorns. Greenhorn creek, from its little bed, grumbles complainingly of the cold. It had no Christmas cheer upon its bars, no flavor of nutmeg and cinnamon in its drink; albeit its waters are the color of Tom and Jerry. A few fluttering magpies, with absurdly long tails; a few pine-squirrels, with abnormally bushy ones, and an occasional cotton-tail rabbit, with no tail at all, constitute the sum of the living things the forest shows, and all these have taken their moods from nature and are as silent and voiceless as the damned creek.

Christmas and New Years and hope and new-born resolutions, these are for all. Yet up this way we have the advantage of civilized folk, in that we do not have to swear off. Instead, we can gaze into the glowing coals of an evening, and through the wool of Memory run the warp of Hope. Gaudy patterns and bright colors come easy to the fire-gazer. Alas! that they, like the embers, should fade so quickly to dull and shapeless and sooty black. What a blessed goddess is Memory! With what gentle touch she covers the lills we have borne, even as the green grass heals the torn hillsides and carpets the harsh earth that covers the form of some loved one "gone before." Oh! gentle and blessed Memory. Most merciful gift vouchsafed to man by the Divine

Power, and fortunately fired out of the Garden of Eden with him. We suffer but once; past we cannot feel again the anguish. Bruised and battered by contact with the world. Memory holds up her mirror that shows only the healthy spots between the bruises.

Have we loved? Memory recalls for us the blissful dream. Have we been amused? Again she shows the playful picture. Sorrow and suffering and pain, these, and all their kindred brood, she removes with loving hands, and puts to our lips the cup filled with the waters of Lethe. She cannot weep like Rachel, but she laughs like Sarah over her first born. True, she has her faults, for she permits us to remember the debts we owe, and fails not to aid the fellow we owe them to in the same direction; but these are simply her foibles. True, she fails to warn us about that spool of thread our better halves told us to get, and so creates strife and discord between those whom a justice of the peace and God had joined together; but then we must remember that she has been out of Paradise for a long time, and has been associated with man alone ever since. With the other brutes she cuts no ice. By the way, did you ever see a wood-rat? We have one in our tunnel that is a living curiosity.

A wood-rat is two pounds of industry with hair on it; two pounds of vital energy with four legs. Two pounds of storage battery with gray whiskers and a bushy tail. Judging by the whiskers, the wood-rat, in the first place, was intended to grow up into a Populist; by the tail, that he started out to be a squirrel, but got "ratty"—fied at a Democratic convention, and so failed to materialize; while, from the utterly absurd things that he does, and the way he interferes with things that do not concern him, the inference is plain that he was intended for a politician. He has the energy of the colic, the persistency of a corn, the curiosity of a woman, the activity of a scandal, the meddlesomeness of a sewing society. But I will tell you about him later, only adding that he is crazier than a Klondiker and "foolish" than A GREENHORN.

Progress' Parameter.

"Hum! This town is getting more lively. Things are looking up," he remarked as the train stopped at a small town in Mississippi.
 "How do you make that out?"
 "See the crowd of loafers near the station?"
 "Yes."
 "They are the barometer of progress. When I used to go through here two years ago, the whole town would loaf the living day at the little station. No one can appreciate what real genuine bona-fide loafing is unless he has been in certain parts of the south. We use the word in the north, I believe, but it loses its significance when imported from the torrid climates to our northern air. Loafing means in the south too lazy to think, too big to speak, too lazy to stand. I see this law has progressed because you will observe that not more than half the inhabitants are loafing in the vicinity of the station."
 Detroit Free Press.

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COLONIAL SERVANTS.

The Kind of Help They Had in Early New England.

Mentals Were in Some Cases Transported Convicts and Malefactors Who Sold Themselves Into Servitude.

Domestic service in America has passed through three distinct phases. The first extends from the early colonization to the time of the revolution; the second from the revolution to about 1850; the third from 1850 to the present time.

During the colonial period service of every kind was performed by transported convicts, indentured white servants or "redemptioners," "free willers," negroes and Indians. The first three classes—convicts, redemptioners and free willers—were of European, at first generally English, birth.

Protests were often made against this method of settlement, both by the colonists themselves and by Englishmen, but it was long before the English government abandoned the practice of transporting criminals to the American colonies.

Of the three classes of whites, or Christian servants, as they were called to distinguish them from the Indians and negroes, the free willers were evidently found only in Maryland. They were received under the condition that they be allowed a certain number of days in which to dispose of themselves to the greatest advantage.

It is impossible to state the proportion of servants belonging to the two classes of transported convicts and redemptioners, but the statement is apparently fair that the redemptioners who sold themselves into service to pay for the cost of their passage constituted by far the larger portion. These were found in all the colonies, though more numerous in the southern and middle colonies than in New England. In Virginia and Maryland they outnumbered the negro slaves until the latter part of the seventeenth century. In Massachusetts apprenticed servants, bound for a term of years, were sold from ships in Boston as late as 1730, while the general trade in bound white servants lasted until the time of the revolution, and in Pennsylvania even until this century.

The first redemptioners were naturally of English birth, but after a time they were supplanted by those of other nationalities, particularly by Germans and Irish. As early as 1718 there was a complaint of the Irish immigrants in Massachusetts.

It has been said that a great majority of the redemptioners belonged at first to a low class in the social scale. A considerable number, however, both men and women, belonged to the respectable, even to the so-called upper class of society. They were sent over to prevent disadvantageous marriages, to secure inheritances to other members of a family or to further some criminal scheme.

Many of these bond servants sold themselves into servitude, others were disposed of through emigration brokers and still others were kidnapped, being enticed on shipboard by persons called "spirits." The evil of "spiriting away," both children and adults, became so great that in 1664 the committee for foreign plantations interposed, and the council created the office of register, charged with the duty of keeping a record of all persons going to America as servants, and the statement that they had voluntarily left England. This act was soon followed by another fixing the penalty of death, without benefit of clergy, in every case where persons were found guilty of kidnapping children or adults. But even these extreme measures did not put an end to the evil; and it is stated that 10,000 persons were annually kidnaped after the passage of the act.

The wages paid were, as a rule, small, though some complaints are found, especially in New England, of high wages and poor service. More often the wages were a mere pittance. Elizabeth Evans came from Ireland to serve John Wheelwright for three years. Her wages were to be three pounds a year and passage paid. Margery Batman, after five years of service in Charlestown, was to receive a she goat to help her in starting life. Mary Polly, according to the terms of her indenture, was to serve ten years and then receive "three barrels of corn and one suit of penitence and one suit shirts of dowlas and one black hood, two lifts of dowlas and shoes and hose convenient."
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do Moro	3 50
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Notice of Final Account.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, administratrix of the estate of Y. Gray, deceased, has filed her final account in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Wasco County, and the judge thereof has appointed Monday, the 17th day of January, 1898, at the hour of 1 o'clock, p. m., as the time for hearing objections to said final account and the settlement thereof. All heirs, creditors and other persons interested in said estate are hereby notified to appear on or before the day set for said hearing and settlement and file their objections, if any they have, to said final account, or to any particular item thereof, specifying their objections thereto. Dalles City, Oregon, Dec. 15, 1897.
 dols-11 **M. B. GRAY, Administratrix.**