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THE OREGON SCOUT.

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THE STORMS OF '73.

The Story Told by a Gloucester Girl.

A correspondent of the New York Evening Post on a visit to Gloucester, Mass., heard from a young lady the pathetic story of the storms of 1873, which is related as follows:

"I was a child then, but I can distinctly bring to mind the dreadful gloom and depression there was all through the town. I thought the whole world was under a cloud. Mother cried half the time, for father was off, too. It seemed as if half our fishermen were drowned that season. Story after story of disaster and loss kept coming every day. When the boats from the Banks came into the harbor—that is, those that ever did come back—the wharves would be crowded with men and women with eager, drawn faces waiting to hear. I will not try to say how many schooners never came home at all. My mother will tell you of every man and every boat that was lost. It's a horrible calling!"

Evangeline Romer sat silent a moment, mechanically moving back and forth in her hands some gay pebbles she had picked up. Her face was set in such sombre curves that I did not wish to speak to her. But she went on directly:

"Cousin Mary had married Matthew Bruce the year before. Everybody tells that she was the gayest, lightest-hearted girl in Gloucester. All her folks went to the Banks—her husband, her father, and her two brothers. Her mother was dead long before. The one scene of that time that I can recall with most plainness, and that I could not forget no matter how long I lived, is the scene on the wharf one afternoon. My father had been one of the lucky ones. He had come home two days before. Father and mother both cried a great deal, and I wondered at it, and why he said, 'It's those that are the least worthy that come home.' On this particular day the sun was very bright, and there was a brisk wind blowing. We all went over in a boat and hurried on to the wharf, where there was a crowd of people, for there were three fishing schooners in sight and sailing in fast. Cousin Mary Bruce was there, and she came to us. I've heard mother tell a hundred times what she said. She was cheerful and hopeful. 'I was born under a lucky star,' she told mother. 'I'm just positive that my folks are all right. Something tells me I shall see them to-day. It seems wicked for me to be so happy, but I know they are coming.'

"Mother said she shuddered to hear her. From the first schooner that reached the wharf Skipper Roysse came toward our group. He was looking at Cousin Mary, and his rough face worked and his lips trembled. He acted as if he must tell her something, but as he could not. As he walked along a great silence fell on all the people about us. There was only the sound of the lapping of an outgoing tide on the posts of the wharf. I looked at Cousin Mary. Her face was utterly white, and her eyes seemed to dive into the eyes of Skipper Roysse. The man's eyelids dropped. He stopped close to her, and his dry lips began to move without sound. Finally he threw up his hands and cried out harshly: 'Good God! I can't do it! I saw my father step behind Mary and put his arms about her, but she did not know it. She was looking at Mr. Roysse, who finally said in a whisper: 'Mary Bruce, they are all drowned—your husband, your brothers and your father, and we couldn't help it.'

"Skipper Roysse suddenly sat down on the wharf and covered his face with his hands. Mary stood stiffly in my father's arms, looking at Roysse. All at once she darted forward and shook his shoulder. 'Matt isn't dead!' she said very softly. 'He told me the last thing that he loved me so that God would surely let him come back. You are lying to me. Matt will come back.'

She faced around on us all. 'Won't somebody tell me the truth?' she shouted, and then she laughed. The next moment she would have fallen, but my father held her. She was not all. She went about her work the next day, and has never stopped work since, it seems to me. She put on those straight black clothes like what you have seen. Her face has looked as you see it now. You would say she was fifty years old. She was barely twenty when this grief came to her. I don't think she cares for anything. People used to talk to her about being resigned, and accepting the will of God. She listened to them, but never made any response. She has not been into a church since the funeral services that were held in commemoration of her loss. The minister has argued with her and prayed over her, with no apparent effect. Did you notice that small house with a big chimney which stands back from the road near our house? That is her home. She lives there alone. She has neither a dog nor a cat, not a live thing about the place. Sometimes she goes out nursing; if one can put up with her gloom, one can see she is a gentle, careful nurse. She is very thoughtful, but she makes me feel as if she had not a particle of tenderness in her. Do you suppose it was all killed that day?"

POLICE--BEER--SERVANTS.

Three Noticeable Features of German Life and Government.

Frankfort Letter to American Rural Home. I wonder, when I look upon the natural beauties of "the German fatherland," why so many of the sons and daughters emigrate, even to fair America.

Germany, as we see it to-day, is a wonderfully compact empire so far as government is concerned. Everything is in systematic order, and the government has as keen an insight into every man's public and private life as the keeper of a penitentiary has over his wards.

When I came into this goodly city, the police knew it; where I staid they knew, what I was here for they thoroughly understood, and when I was intending to leave was perfectly known to them. My landlord or my host, were obliged to report all these facts to the police authorities, or they would have been subjected to the penalties of the law—a fine in all such instances. If a man is subject to military duty and leaves one province for another, he, too, is obliged to report to the police, and so with every one else. Like as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing, so the German government protects and exacts compliance with all her regulations from every citizen and foreigner.

This magnificent constabulary is all under command of the authorities at Berlin, and an adequate force is put into every town, city and village in every province. The result is, so far as a stranger can see, the empire is at peace internally, as far as complete espionage of every individual can secure internal peace. There are no tramps, no thieves at large, no burglars, few rows, fewer riots. Like as by the ear of Dionysius, every sound is reported to the ever watchful and ever faithful police.

Germany, as I have said, is a beautiful country. Every spot of arable land is under careful cultivation, and yet forests of great size abound, lending a charm to the landscape which one very much misses in France. The people are apparently happy, as they are industrious and frugal. Every one drinks beer—it is a duty they think they owe to their country—and they like it. Were I a beer connoisseur I should like it, too, for I could drink it with impunity, so far as fearing any evil from impure ingredients. In Munich, for instance, Bavarian beer is made in its simple purity, under a government license and formula, and if any one, in any part of the realm, finds any ingredients in a bottle of beer not called for by the formula, the license is revoked forever. A shrewd Yankee came into this country a few years ago and attempted to make beer as it is made in some places in the states—not, of course, in fair Rochester, whose beer, Dr. Lattimore says, is pure, out of "cats and dogs," but he did not thrive very long, for the government closed him up speedily.

It is not possible, as a rule, to impose adulterated foods and drinks upon the German people, for with the magnificent supervision here exercised over affairs, the man who attempts to defraud and injure the people must retire discomfited. The government transacts its business for the people in the most approved and conscientious manner. I hope that eventually America will be able to show the world as admirable a system of internal economy. She can learn many, many points of incalculable value in this land whence have come so many of her best, most orderly and most valued citizens. Without invidious comparisons, I may say, that looking at the matter from the mother country, I can readily understand why the German-Americans are so genial, so industrious, so attentive to the duties of citizenship, so willing, if need be, to take up arms for their adopted country, why they are so fond of social life and customs,—it is because "at home" these things are taught them as duties,—the characteristics I have named are bred in the bone as they are born in the blood.

Yesterday at Heidelberg I saw the Crown Prince—"unser Fritz." He is a passed middle-aged man of fine appearance, and when he succeeds to the throne he will "make things hum" as the boys say, and you may certainly look for lively times when the old emperor gives way to the man who does not particularly enjoy the present state of European relations. Heidelberg was in gala attire, for this week she is celebrating the five hundredth anniversary of the foundation of her famous university. Think of it! Five hundred years! "And the university?" "Is it much?" Well no, not much to the eye. The huge building is located in the center of the town and looks very much like an old town hall. "German universities" are all maximums of brains, with a minimum of buildings. With us, in too many cases, it is a maximum of grounds, buildings, apparatus, etc., with, to say the least, a paucity of brains and endowments. The German idea, it strikes me, is the better.

One more point, and I am done. The servant girl problem in Germany is no problem at all. Wages run from \$1.50 to \$3.00 a week, the girl must have a "character," she cannot "run the house," though she makes all the table and kitchen purchases and she must be in the house at 8 p. m. and can go out, for a day only, once in two weeks. If found on the streets after 8 p. m., the police take her into camp. That's funny! The landlady is obliged to give her a "character," or state exactly why she does not. The servants cannot be discharged without having been given a month's notice. The more one investigates the rules and regulations, in such matters, and in nearly all the relations of man to man, employer to employe, and of the state to institutions, the more one admires the many admirable traits and characteristics of the German plan of internal economy.

THE APACHE CAPTIVES.

The Wife of an Army Officer Tells of Geronimo's Cheerful Smile.

From the Rochester (N. Y.) Union.

The wife of a cavalry officer, writing from Fort Bowie, Ari., under date of September 9, gives an interesting account of Geronimo's reception at that post as follows—

We had quite an exciting day yesterday. Soon after 8 a. m. Captain Lawton and Mr. Gatewood arrived with the Indians—20 bucks, with squaws and children. They all rode on to the parade ground over to "G" troop barracks, where Natchez and Geronimo were. Then they dismounted, and their ponies were taken away and they were disarmed. One little Indian, when he had seen them taking their arms, threw down his bow and arrows. Natchez and Geronimo, having gotten here first, had had time to adorn themselves with new clothing from the store. Mrs. Natchez was resplendent in pink calico. She is only 15, and sticks close to her lord. Natchez has really a fine face for an Indian.

I saw Mrs. Natchez walk over to where the squaws were folding the blankets that had been taken from the ponies, and after rummaging a while she fished out a baby in a basket (or whatever they call those arrangements). 'This was Geronimo's grandchild, and it was only two days old. The mother had ridden about 70 miles since it was born. Soon after they arrived the band (which arrived the night before from Huachuca, General Miles having sent for it) struck up and played. It was really inspiring. Captain Lawton was most warmly received and congratulated. General Miles wouldn't risk their remaining here a day, but had made arrangements to send them on at once to Florida.

At 11, or soon after, they went. Capt. Lawton and all of his command who cared to go went with him to Florida. Gen. Miles goes with them as far as Albuquerque. In the meantime we went down to the barracks and had a good look at them. Geronimo was smiling all the time and looking very good-natured and evidently thoroughly satisfied with himself. He grinned at my baby and me and came up to me and seemed very much amused with the fancy my child tood to an Indian baby about his age whom he wanted to hug. They all seemed glad to think they were going where their relations are in Florida.

I never saw the slightest trace of fatigue or being worn out in any of them. They all seemed as fresh as though they had just started on the war-path, and there is no doubt but that they would never have been caught if they had chosen to stay out. Geronimo had nothing in the world the matter with him. Soon after 11 a quantity of wagons drove up in front of the barracks and the Indians were stowed away. Natchez and his wife and Geronimo and his brother going down on a buckboard. General Miles also took his leave. Geronimo took a violent fancy to the general and couldn't be kept away from him; he admired his looks and everything about him.

There was something perfectly irresistible to me about Geronimo's behavior and appearance. The old villain with his bad, shrewd, cunning face and treacherous character, looking so peaceful and smiling, and putting on all the airs of a good Indian! I laughed every time I caught his eye, and he laughed too, as if he were confessing the sham. When they were all stowed away in the wagons and about to start, the band struck up again and played them out of the post. I believe General Miles sent for the band out of compliment to Captain Lawton.

Mr. Blaine Meets His Daughter-in-law.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

Mr. Blaine recently met his daughter-in-law, Mrs. James G. Blaine, jr., for the first time. The meeting was most happy and cordial. Young Mr. Blaine and his wife were waiting at the Monongahela House for their father upon his return from the meeting, and soon after his arrival, with Emmons Blaine to finish the quartet, they dined together. The feature of the dinner was the lively conversation which was participated in by every one. After dinner the young gentleman left the parlor and the statesman had a quiet chat with his new daughter-in-law. The conference lasted only about twenty minutes, during which time James G. Blaine, jr., contentedly paced the corridors. At the end of that time he returned to the private parlor, and a short joint chat ensued. At its close the young couple left the hotel with smiling faces, while Mr. Blaine beamed, if possible, more benignly upon the callers who were admitted to his parlor. That there was a "Bless you, my children" tableau is the conjecture of those who witnessed the parting.