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THE OREGON SCOUT.

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Lodge Directory.
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MARRIAGES IN HIGH LIFE.

Some Notable Weddings and Their Results in the Early Part of the Century.
Gath in Cincinnati Enquirer.
Even our Presidents have poor luck with their marriages. Washington married his adopted daughter, who was his wife's grandchild, to his own nephew, and the last I heard of them was the sale to the Government of some of Washington's old furniture by the posterity. John Adams had a daughter named Abigail, who married a young revolutionary officer named Smith. In taking care of Smith, who was but mediocre, Adams incurred many enemies.
The ladies may be further interested in the subject of the marriages of important people. Mr. Jefferson had very interesting daughters, and they married Virginia politicians around him to very little satisfaction in at least one case. Maria, the best looking of the girls, died in 1840. Her husband had been a sporting man and horseman, and it appears that both the sons-in-law of Jefferson required incense, etc., which brought the old man's gray hairs down to mediocrity, in addition to his own financial errors.
Aaron Burr, on the other hand, had one daughter, and she made a brilliant marriage, but it was her father who involved her and her husband in his unscrupulous financial and political tricks, ruined her husband, and when she embarked from South Carolina with her child to seek her father, she met somewhere in this world an agonizing death; it is a legend that pirates took the vessel and made this brilliant young woman and her child walk the plank. No evidence, however, exists on the subject except hearsay; at that time there were pirates and pirates.

The most brilliant marriage ever made in the political circles of the country in the times of Washington was that of Ann Willing to William Bingham. They married early in those days, especially where there was money, and Ann Willing married at sixteen. Her husband was descended from a Quaker blacksmith, but his family had for four generations made prosperous marriages, and during our revolutionary war the husband got out of the country and held a position of half British, half American consul in one of the West India islands to which privateers resorted. He came home very rich and received as well the Bingham moneys, and he chose the daughter of Willing, who was President of the United States bank and business partner of Robert Morris. The Willings were the finest people in Philadelphia. The present Secretary Bayard is descended from one of them. Freshly married in her bloom, the bride and husband went to Europe and remained away five years. They were introduced at the court of the French king by Minister Adams, and the young man was greatly admired as the first American ever seen abroad. When he returned, at the commencement of Washington's administration, they built the finest house ever seen in Philadelphia up to that time and not excelled perhaps in the present day. It was filled with the best furniture to be bought in France and with the best pictures from Italy. Along came young Baring, the English banker, and saw the daughter of this pair so superbly brought up with a town house and country house, and he married her; and the larger portion of the Bingham property, which amounted to \$1,200,000 in money, went to swell the capital of the Baring. The young mother, however, having lost herself in society, caught cold in an imperfect dress one night and was seized with consumption and she died in the West Indies at an early age. She had a sister of whom great things were expected, but along came a dissolute French nobleman without any standing or property, and he tempted this girl to go out with him one night and he kept her out all night, to the horror and wonder of the town, and then made a compromise with her parents whereby they gave him money to send her home; she was divorced by legislature, her father having become United States Senator, and so little was made of the matter by the Baring family that she was solicited in marriage by her brother-in-law Baring, and after living with him until his decease she married another French nobleman and passed out of notice.

President Taylor's daughter ran away with Jefferson Davis. President Monroe's daughter married her cousin, and they have left some descendants at Washington and in the State of Maryland. Nellie Grant is the last President's daughter to draw attention. She saw a young, bright-faced Englishman on a steamer and fell in love with him without much reason or inquiet, and he turned out to be apparently a sort of boys' companion, hardly ever looking up to the dignity of acquaintance with grown men. He therefore seeks his pleasure in London when he has money to spend, and she stays at home with her baby.

The marriage of Blaine's son is a testimony to the beauty, modesty and sweetness of Mrs. Nevins, the mother of the bride, who has been too much esteemed on all these points for her daughter to pass into nothingness. In this case we know what the poet means when he says:
A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness, but still will keep

ALL FOR THE BEST.

A Thanksgiving Story.
"Who was that I heard talkin' to you just now?" asked Mr. Cary, as he entered the kitchen door.
"Miss Jordan," replied his wife.
"She wants us to drop in to help eat turkey this evenin'." Mr. Hatfield and the new minister and their wives are to be there. We are to stop on the way home from meetin'."

"How does she know we are goin' to meetin'?" I am sure it is not Sunday," returned Mr. Cary.
"Why, William, you know this is Thanksgivin'," urged Mrs. Cary.
"I am thinkin' it is mighty little we've got left to give thanks for," returned the old man with a sigh.
"Never distrust Providence, William. Seed time and harvest, He has promised, and we have his word for His care even unto hoary hairs. Man, man, don't take on so. He is the same God that told the children of Israel to go forward, and did he fail to open them a way?" and Mrs. Cary left the pudding she was stirring, and crossed over to the corner, where her husband had drawn the old arm-chair.
"I have tried to serve Him for forty years, Rachel, and it is a little tryin' to be left homeless when my hair is gray and my eyes are dim," he replied.
"It is written, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee,'" she said softly.
"And yet, Rachel, the home we have worked so hard to pay for will be knocked down to the highest bidder to-morrow. The roof over our heads shelters us to-night for the last time. With a cold, stormy winter at hand we will be cast helpless out in the snow. I can see nothin' before us but the poor-house," he answered bitterly.
"It seems hard, William, but the Lord will provide if we but trust him," sobbed the poor, tired woman.
"I'm a thinkin' we've been all wrong in bringin' up our children. If we had been satisfied for them to begin where we did, instead of where we left off, the farm need never have been mortgaged."

"We did it all for the best, father—we meant to do our duty, and if we made a mistake, God only knows all about it."
"Ungrateful children is the sorest punishment that can be visited upon indulgent parents. I hoped, when our children were small, that they would take care of us in our old days; but instead of supporting us, they are burdens on our worn-out strength. The girls can sit and see their mother wearin' out her strength for them, and Robert would to God we had buried him in his innocent childhood."

The mother sighed heavily, and then replied sadly: "If Robert would only do right, I would be willing to begin life anew. It seems to me his reformation would give us both a new lease on life."
"But I have given him up. There is no rest for us, but in the grave. His destruction is only a matter of time. When I think of the bright promise of his early years, I almost curse the college that taught him the use of intoxicating drinks," exclaimed the father, earnestly.

"It was evil associates, William, not the book-learning, that ruined our boy. Who knows but God may save him yet? He does not forget the prayers we have put up for him."
"I reckon not, but it is hard to save a confirmed drunkard," returned the father.
"Not too hard for the grace of God. With him all things are possible. It is hard to give up everything for no fault of our own, but God rules, and it must be all for the best."
The old man shook his head with a weary sigh, and his good wife, the partner of all his joys and sorrows, drew her chair closer to him, took his cold hands in her own, and deep silence fell upon the gray-haired couple.
The aged parents were not aware that their conversation reached other ears than their own. Tears sprang to the eyes of two of their listeners, and Alice and Katy Cary, in whispered comments, agreed that mother's time to rest had come at last. Robert, stretched lazily on the old-fashioned sofa, could not fail to catch the sound of the voices in the adjoining apartment, and though the girls never thought of taking him into their confidence, he resolved that, in spite of his father's distrust, he would help answer his mother's prayers.
He knew the farm had been mortgaged to keep him at college, and he had promised to see it lifted; but instead of paying it off, he had been yearly adding to its interest. A sense of his ingratitude almost overwhelmed him, and to hide his emotion he took his hat and hurried from the room.
"He is off to town now, to spend the day in addin' sorrow to the overflowing cup poor father and mother are compelled to drink," sighed Alice.
Robert caught her words, and paused for Katie's reply.
"If he is doomed to a drunkard's grave, the sooner he fills it the better for us all," she returned in a hard voice.
Robert waited for no more, but rushed madly across the meadow, and crossing the little brook at its bottom sought refuge among the rocks in the wood beyond where he allowed

great sobs of remorse to shake his strong frame. Feeling his own inability to break the fetters that bound him, he humbly carried his burden to the One who is ever ready to help; and when he returned in the gathering dusk he was ready to gladden the heavy hearts in the desolate home with the joyful tidings of the victory he had won.
"We have something for which to give thanks yet," cried the father in tears. "Here I have been doubting God's love and kindness, even while he was preparing my heart's desire for my thanksgiving song."
The next week they moved into a poor, inconvenient tenement house, but the tender care their children lavished upon them, made this the happiest winter of their lives.
Robert succeeded in obtaining steady work, though not such as he would have chosen, but he was wise enough to understand that if he wished to accomplish anything, he must begin at the bottom and work his way up. The girls relieved the mother of the greater part of the household work—meanwhile adding a little to the general fund by their busy needles.
When spring came Robert obtained a position as under teacher in the academy, and Alice, leaving Katie to care for the old folks, found her music had at last served a good purpose, and daily she bravely submitted to the wearisome monotony of a music teacher.

Though Katie spent most of her time in the dingy garret—no one except her sister knew of the patient work that was destined to add Katie Cary's name to the long list of talented artists. After the girls understood that Robert was really to be trusted, he was taken into their secret, and the conspirators enjoyed many happy moments hiding away from the old people's sharp eyes.
The long hot summer had been succeeded by the golden autumn, and Thanksgiving had returned to gladden the closing year. In the Cary home nothing had been said about the feast that they always had been wont to enjoy on this happy day. At the church door Robert was waiting with old Bet and Dolly, when the other members of the family came out. He proposed a short drive through the glowing woods, but merely went by a winding route to the dear old farm-house, where they found the same conveniences they had left a year before. Everything was in perfect order, and a fat turkey smoked at the head of a well-filled table. To add to the bewilderment of the white-haired couple, a new deed for the farm lay on the father's plate. "To our dear parents," was its only explanation, but the father and mother were not long in coming to the knowledge that their self-denying children had been saving their hard-earned wages for this precious gift. The man who had purchased the dear old homestead for less than a fourth of its value had entered into obligations with Robert to transfer the deed as soon as he could repay the money invested with simple interest. Katie's pictures had brought a handsome price, and this, added to Robert and Alice's savings, redeemed the farm and the team that their father loved next to his children, besides purchasing a new, easy chair for each of the parents. Robert and his assistants had worked hard to change the old-fashioned, heavy furniture before the service closed in the old church. The old folks were too glad to express their feelings, but they fully agreed, while the tears coursed down their cheeks, that this was the best Thanksgiving that they had ever enjoyed.—Christian Observer.

Things That Have Had Their Day.

Young ladies do not paint plaques and saucers as much as they used to. A well-informed observer says regarding the once-fashionable craze: Like almost everything that is the rage for a season or two and becomes familiar and common, china painting has "had its day." The amateur artistic fancy now seems to incline in two directions—etching and drawing on wood and linen and painting on silk and on other rich stuffs. This form of decoration is greatly in vogue. Pen and ink and sepia sketches on little wooden ornaments and on bits of linen used as centres for chair "tidies" and for toilet tables are favorite subjects for ladies artistically inclined. Painting on silk and satin has almost entirely taken the place of painting or china, though the painting continues to engage the attention of expert amateurs. A good many people have painted the tiles for their own fireplaces and mantels. One gentleman has succeeded in photographing some members of his family and applying the photograph to tiles, which he has used ingeniously in home decoration.
The canning industry is assuming enormous proportions. Maryland employs 60,000 persons in putting up canned goods, an industry in which she now leads all the States of the Union. She supplies 50,000,000 cans of oysters annually. In Hartford county alone 24,000,000 cans of tomatoes and 12,000,000 cans of corn are prepared for the market every year, and one firm at Frederick City puts up 2,500,000 cans of corn in a season.