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THE OREGON SCOUT.

THE OREGON SCOUT.

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Publishers and De

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Toronto Truth. I never kin forgit the day That we went out a walkin'. An' sot down on the river bank,

An kept on hours a talk in He twisted up my apron string, An folded it together.

Au said he thought for harvest time Twas cur'us kind o' weather.

The sun went down and we set there-Josiar seemed uneasy.

An' mother she began to call, Lowerzy! oh; Lowerzy

An then Josiar spoke right up, As I was just a startin. An said, "Lowery, what's the use Of us-two ever partin?

It kind of took me by surprise, An yet I knew 'twas comm',
I'd heard it all the summer long
In every wild bee's hummin'; I'd studied out the way I'd act, But, law! I couldn't do it.

I meant to hide my love from him But seems as if he knew it; An' lookin' down into my eyes He must a seen the fire.
An ever since that hour I've lovel An' worshiped my Josiar.

THE MISSING WILL.

BY SIS LYONS. The Autumn leaves rustled dismally, the old oak tree at the corner of the Hazelton farmhouse, or Oakwood, as it was called, waved its bare branches drearily in the midnight wind, as it sighed and groaned weirdtly in a fashion which reminds one of ghosts and hobgoblins and almost converts the firm non-believer into a strong spiritualist, and unless he is possessed of the bravery of some bold warrier of old, makes him quake with

Inside the scene was even more sombre. Old Farmer Hazelton was breathing his last. His aged face was pinched and drawn with pain, his eyes had a troubled, restless, auxious look about them; his long, snow-white hair fell in bold relief against the black dress of his adopted daughter as he lay with his head pillowed on her

shoulder. Paralysis, that most cruel of all diseases, which strikes them down and prevents them from saying that last takes so much of the bitter sting away when parting from loved ones, had taken possession of him and had since rendered speech impossible; nurse in the child he had taken and cared for as one of his own. His wife, dying several years before, had left him childless and alone in the world, with the exception of a cruel, heartless step-brother, to whom he had not

spoken for years. He had acquired a great deal of this everyone was that Evelyn would be his heiress, for did he not love her as an own dear daughter, and washenot at enmity with his only living relative?

Farmer Hazelton looked at her pleadingly, with a longing expression in his sunken eyes, as though he would fain speak with them, since his lips refused to do his bidding.

"What is it, papa? What would you have me do? Oh, if you could only speak to me just once before you die, said Evelyn in a beart broken voice. as the tears streamed down her love-

the window to harface. The branches of the old oak tree tapped against the

window, seemingly snying, "here here. Thinking the wind annoyed him, she rose and closed the blind, but when the tree that had tapped some sandshe returned there was the same des by on the window the night spairing look there, only growing more her father died. This had become her eagerly-"wish me to promise to al-

ways stay at Oakwood?"
The dissatisfied, anxious expression affirmatively, but made but a feeble

twelve; the wind grouned londer than ever; the tree kept up its ceaseless tape | ping the old man's head dropped upon his chest. Evelyn was alone at to the contrary, midnight with the dead. "Poor papa,"

dreadful moment that she was alone me to stay. in the world. Her last dear friend had gone. Kind neighbors coming in in the morning to inpuire his condition and see what could be done, found them thus. They gently led her away and insisted upon her resting. The village undertaker was sent for and arrangements made for the funeral. Poor

Evelyn was almost heart-broken. The next morning, going into the parlor where he was laid out allready hand was faid on her shoulder. Looking up she perceived a large, rough Evelyn, with quiet digisty, reset wonderingly, and said, "Who are you, sir, and why do you thus rudely

intrude on my sorrow?" "Who am I and why do I intrude? I'd have you understand I have more right here than you-a poor purper and foundling. I am that old fellow's brother," nodding scornfully at the coffin, "and have come to demand the will that he left." The remembrance came to her in an instant of the stepbrother, whose reputation went far from reassuring her.

"The will" in a surprised tone. "Why, he didn't leave any

An exultant, fiendish look passed over his face. The thought flashed through her head-if there was no will she was penniless for she could claim

nothing legally. "Eh, didn't leave any? Well, then, ser that you hurry this old fellow off and you yourself take your departure as soon as possible. You understandy I, as the only living relative, will fall heir to it all."

Her lonely condition now forced itself upon her in all its awful aspects. "O, but, sir, I have no place else to go, and it was his last wish that I should always remain at Oakwood. And," with decision, "I shall not leave it, for I have promised, and I hold a

promise made to the dead sacred." "It was, ch?" he said determined to insult her to the extent of his power, and make his revenge (as he thought) on his dead brother perfect, little thinking this proud-spirited girl would accept his offer. Well, Maria and Susan will want a maid and my wife'll want a servant, so if you stay, you stay in those capacities only.

After considering a moment: "I accept the terms; there is nothing else for me to do," and a proud thish mounted to her face, as she added. "I cnow, sir, that he intended to leave it all to me, but rather than show any disrespect to his wishes, I will remain.21 This, with calm dignity, as she looked tenderly at the face she loved so well.

Rough, ignorant, coarse man though he was, he was forced into respectful silence by her grief. But his calloused, hardened heart, unknown to pity, did not remain touched long.

"Well, we'll all be here, bag and baggage, to-morrow, and see that you air everything, and remember that you are no longer mistress here, but a servant." With this parting shaft he

took his departure. The funeral, with all its sad rites was over. Evelyn, with several neighfarewell which is so comforting and bors and friends, had accompanied the the country churchyard, and she had returned home tired, wear and heartsick. She had not realized her loss to the full extent until returning to the but he had found a tender and skillful | lonely house and visiting the room he had occupied, where she was wont to run after a shopping expedition to greet him and display her purchases, she missed his familiar face, and then she knew that she had indeed lost her

dearest friend. She had no time, however, to brood over her sorrow, for she had yet to prepare for the arrival of the new owner of Oakwood. Her proud spirit world's goods, and the prediction of rebelled against a servitude which was unjust, for she knew she was the proper mistress of Oakwood, the home she loved better than all else, since her father was gone.

Having superintended the preparations for the new arrivals, she retired to ber room, not to sleep, but to think with dread of the morrow.

Oakwood's new master had duly taken possession of it. Each succeed ing day seemed to bring to Evelyn new trials, and insults of the grossest nature were constantly being heaped upon her. She was compelled to perform the most menial services for three guorant, coarse women, until The old man glanced restlessly from mouths of this life had left their mark

tipon her. After a day of impossibly bitter experience and hard, thunkless work, hopeless, as his breath became shorter Lavorite haunt at eventide after her lare fixed and each cooking atensil is cach moment. A stalder inspiration day's work, as it had been herfather's held tightly in its place between the came over her. "Papa, do you"— before her.

She reviewed the past few months in her mind; how the man that had been more than father to her had said with passed away, he tried to not his head | his dying breath that it was his desire she should always stay at the farmhouse: the arrival of the people she The huse old-fashioned clock chimed | hated | at her beloved Oakwood, their cruel beartless treatment of her; her the of toil and hardship. Sheresolved to leave them, despite of her promise

With one hard, dry sob she fell did not think I would be treated in across his body. She realized in one this way or you would not have asked

So engrossed was she with her thoughts that she had not noticed the athering clouds and browing storm until the drops came spattering down between the leaves of the huge tree, and the rumbling of distant thunder warned her that she had better return to the house. She had scarcely passed from under the tree before a sharp flash of lightning had rent it, and she saw the tree that had stood for centufor the funeral which was to take ries a broken heap! While she stood place that afternoon, she knelt down there in her amasement, a white and sobbed until her very frame shook paper fluttered to her feet. Picking emotion. She had knelt there but a it up and examining it as closely as few moments when a heavy, rough possible in the failing light, she read, "Last Will and Testament of John Hazelton!" Her heart seemed to alman standing above her. Shaking most stop heating! She was startfed her rudely, he hade her "rise, and no by the rasping voice of her mistress more of her nonsense, for he meant asking her "what she meant, standing there wasting her true when the young

indies were waiting to have their hair prepared for the right.

Hastily concealing the paper, her hears beating high with hope, she entered the house, and went immediately to the room where they were waiting for her to perform the mental task of brushing these hair. Never did the time seem so long to her, nor never did they seem to want more done than on that night. No sooner had she assisted them into their dressinggown, and put on their slippers than she donned her clous, and hood, and went with flying steps to the village to see Mr. Markley, the lawyer, who had served her father for several years. She arrived there out of breath just

as he was about to leave. "Oh sir, just one moment please," she managed to say breathlessly, "I have something of great importance to show you. I could not sleep until

you had seen it. "Why, Miss Evelyn, is it you. Come in, my child; you should not be out

alone at this time of night.' Re-entering his office, lighting the lamp and seeing her comfortably seated, he opened the paper and, after

glaneing at it a moment, said: "I am indeed thankful, my child. You are at last to be righted. This is a will that I drew up for my client long previous to his illness. I have often wondered as to its whereabouts. but could do nothing to press its existence. But where did you find it?" he asked in a puzzled way. She told him all the story of the

broken tro "I thin". I understand," he resumed. "He had long tenred this stepbrother's stealing it, and would not trust it out of his own hands, and did, no doubt, put it there for safe-keeping, and by Providence it has been given to its rightful owner. It bequeaths everything to 'my beloved daughter, Evelyn,' with the exception of a few hundred dollars to his brother. I will take steps the first thing in the morning to have the rightful owner installed, and permit metosay I think it will be a charming one. And now, with your permission, I will drive you

home in my gig." He was only to glad for the opportunity to do so, for, although several years her senior, he had long secretly loved her, but he was waiting to

gain a name in his profession. Evelyn slipped into the house unnoticed and she lay awake long thatnight wondering how the women who had no puty for her would feel when they know they were no longer to reign there. At first she felt only resentment and triumph, but her better naremains to their last resting place in that they should not be wholly deture asserted itself and she resolved prived of their present comfort. With the first grey dawn of morning

she was up and went through her usual routine of duties as though nothing had imprened. About nine o'clock she was summoned to the parler, where were scated Mr. and Mrs. Hazelton, their two daughters and two gentlemen in

the legal profession, besides Mr.

Markley. At first there was only ragedepicted. on the faces of the four people who were so soon to have all taken from them, but when Evelyn in agentle way told them that she would divide her property with them, their rage was turned to shame and each humbly

asked her forgiveness. Evelyn has consented to become Mrs. Markley as soon as she has laid her mourning garments aside.

Cooking at Sea. The first thing that naturally attracts the attention of a landsman is, what a fearful state of confusion there must be in the galley during a rolling sea! Imagine an ordinary kitchengeate covered with saucepans, etc., were her life was indeed a burden to her, it suddenly to begin to swing back-Of a refined, gentle nature herself, two ward and forward like a sea-saw. This difficulty, however, iscasily overcome. Every galley fire is fitted with a numter co iron bars fastened to a rod at she went out and seated beredt under the back, and which fit into little grooves in a rod in front. Consequently, when the sea is rough these bars bars just the same as a sausepan could be held over an ordinary fireplace with a strone pair of pincers.

Another difficulty is when the sausepans on the tire are full-when the ship rolls they run over. The remedy for this is as simple as Dr. Abernothy's one for the old lady who complained of having such a dreadful pain in her arm when she went "so." He pocketed his guinea and said, "Don't go so." So. with the saucepans. The simple remedy is, "Pon't fill the saucepans. No sauc pans on board ship should ever be more than three-quarters full when the ship is rolling. My first impression in watching the

cooking on board ship was-how many practical lessons might be learned rom it by cooks on shore! How often do cooks compiain "there is no doing anything in this poky kitchen." the poky kitchen being probably quite our times the size of the galley in which I am standing, in which breakfast, lunch and dinner have to be pre-pared for over 200 persons. The pared for over 200 persons. quisite qualities required for success pre early rising, an entire absence of lussiness, and, by no means the least important, the power of looking ahead and seeing that each person mind his own business without interfering with another's - Cassell's Family Magazine,