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THE OREGON SCOUT.

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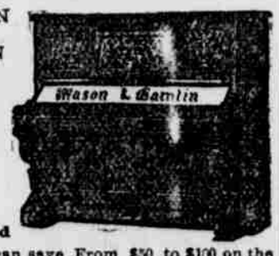

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Spring Blossom Cures LIVER and Kidney Complaints.

THE FAIRY SPRING.

"A picnic in the glen, Kit! Just what I've been wishing for! Of course it will be on the knoll, near Bacon place, and— —"

"Of course," interrupted Kittie, "Mr. Lionel Bacon will be there, and if, under the combined influence of the poetic woods and a heavy dinner, Miss Agnes Hale doesn't make him propose before the day is over she deserves to forfeit all her laurels won!"

Agnes deigned no reply, and we will use the pause to explain that she was the belle of the country round, and that Lionel Bacon was the most eligible young man in the same country; and that, in addition to being rich and handsome, he was also honorable and manly. He lived with his brother's family at Bacon place, and was an admirer of Miss Hale's but up to the present time he had failed to avow any warmer feeling, which piqued that lady not a little, for she was not accustomed to having her charms withstood, and she had secretly resolved to become Mrs. Lionel Bacon.

The picknickers were gathered in the glen. It was a grand day, clear and bright without a shadow of a cloud to portend the shower that always comes, and everyone was in good humor.

Agnes and Kittie were both in the party; Agnes as fresh and beautiful as the day, and Kittie looking very well for her quiet little self, for she was neither a beauty nor a genius, only a fresh-hearted sensible girl, able and willing to take her share of the everyday sunshine and cloud of ordinary life.

Lionel Bacon had not yet appeared, but Agnes did not expect him till noon and she employed her spare time in shedding sweet smiles on her other swains.

The snow-white cloths were spread, and a most tempting feast was developing itself when a voice cried:

"Who will go to the spring for water?"

"I will," said Kittie, and she seized a jug.

"Allow me to carry that, Miss Kittie," cried Fred Jones, rising from his seat by Agnes, whom he had been fanning.

Kittie knew her sister did not like adorers to leave her side for any other woman, and she attempted to decline the offer, but he persisted, adding:

"You come too Miss Agnes, for this is a fairy spring, and if you chance to reach it at just the right moment you will find a water nymph who will tell you your fate. Who knows but this may be the appointed time? Will you try?"

Agnes laughed assent, and they set out for the spring. They soon reached it, and, sitting beside it, found, not a nymph or a fairy, but as dirty and bedraggled and sorry a looking child as one could wish to behold, who, as they approached, sprang up and ran to meet them, and, seizing Agnes' dainty dress in her dirty, trembling hands, sobbed:

"Take me home! Please take me home!"

Agnes snatched her dress away and pushed the child from her exclaiming:

"Good gracious! You dirty little thing! Go away! You have ruined my dress!"

But Kittie went to the little thing and tried to comfort her.

"For pity's sake, Kit," Agnes continued, as her sister wiped the tear-stained face with her handkerchief, "what are you doing? I wouldn't touch the filthy thing for the world!"

Mr. Jones looked uncomfortable. Kittie turned from Agnes and gave her attention to the child. Mr. Jones filled the jug, and then stood irresolute between them. Agnes grew impatient. It was past noon; Lionel Bacon would arrive at the picnic before she returned, and she did not wish that to happen. She asked pettishly:

"Well, Mr. Jones, are you going back with me, or will you also join the foundling service?"

Mr. Jones turned to Kittie.

"I—am—very sorry, Miss Kit——"

"Oh, never mind!" interrupted Kittie. "You go back with her. I shall do what I can for this baby, and then I think I can find the way back alone."

They left her, and Kittie washed the little face and tried to smooth out the rumpled dress, and discovered in so doing that the face was delicate and pretty and the dress fine and handsome. She tried to learn from the child who she was and where she belonged, but in vain. She was a mere baby, scarcely three years old, and all Kittie could get her to say was:

"Take me home to mamma and Annie!"

Kittie was in despair, and had just decided to take the child to the picnic when there was a rustle in the bushes, and the next minute a nurse, aproned and capped and with a white, scared face, appeared, and the child screamed "Annie, Annie!" and ran to her.

A few words told the story. The nurse had taken the child into the woods and she had strayed away, and the nurse had been searching for her, wild with terror, and was almost discouraged when she found her. This she poured out, mingled with thanks and blessings for Kitty, and then, taking the child in her arms, she went away, and Kitty returned to the picnic.

They were in the midst of dinner when she arrived and in high glee. Lionel Bacon was there, and Agnes was happy with him at her side. A shout greeted Kittie's appearance, for Agnes had told the story with a coloring of her own.

"Where is the foundling?" cried a voice. "We are dying to see her, for we have resolved to adopt her and call her the daughter of the picnic."

Kittie's face flushed, but she replied, quietly:

"I am sorry that you will not be able to carry out your praiseworthy design, but I delivered the baby to her nurse, who will restore her to her family."

The day after the picnic Agnes was in a bad humor. Lionel had not proposed; in fact, he had decidedly relaxed his attention to her, and, in addition to this, she had gotten a badcoat of sunburn and was almost sure she had discovered a freckle. She lounged listlessly around the room, comforting herself by saying ill-natured things to Kittie, who bore them with commendable patience, till they were both attracted by the sound of a carriage at the gate. Agnes hastened to the window and exclaimed:

"I declare, Kit, if it isn't Bacon's carriage, and the coachman is bringing a note. What can it mean?"

She put out her hand to take the note as the maid brought it in; but, to the suprise of both, it was for Kittie, who opened it and read aloud:

MY DEAR MISS KITTIE—I have just learned from my brother how much I am indebted to you for your kindness to baby yesterday. I should have come to you myself, but I am confined to the house with a cold, and in consideration of this I beg you will return with the carriage, that I may tell the gratitude I am unable to write.

Yours, affectionately,
MARTHA BACON.

Kittie ceased reading and Agnes broke out—

"Heavens! Who could have dreamed that dirty little imp was her child? I have indeed thrown away my fate, for Lionel Bacon will never enter this house again." And she burst into a flood of tears.

Agnes' mortification was deep and bitter, but she soon healed it by making new conquests. She was, however, wrong in one thing. Lionel Bacon did enter the house again, and when the next spring time came he took from it little Kittie, to make her his wife. She found her fate at the fairy spring.

Sudden Changes of Climate.

Popular Science Monthly.

If a blizzard of unusual severity were coming from the Northwest that would send the thermometer down 50 deg. or 70 deg. in three hours, we should expect a great increase of pneumonia or other respiratory diseases, resulting in deaths. Now instead of three hours, suppose the mercury was to drop 60 deg. in three minutes—or take another step in fancy, and suppose this great change to take place in three seconds—what would likely be the effect of health? And yet we bring about, artificially, changes to ourselves quite as sudden and as severe as this.

We make an artificial climate in our houses. We live indoors in an atmosphere heated by stoves, furnaces or steam-pipes to 70 or 80 deg., and we pass from our parlor to hall so heated into the open air. At a step, literally in a breath, the temperature of the air has, for us, dropped 50 to 70 deg. We may put on an extra coat or shawl and shield the outside of the body and chest, but we can not shield the delicate linings and membranes of the air passages, the bronchial tubes, the lung cells. Naked, they receive the full force of the change—the last breath at 70 deg., the next at freezing or zero—and all unprepared. We have been sitting perhaps for hours, in a tropical atmosphere; nay, worse, in an atmosphere deprived by hot iron surfaces of its ozone and natural refreshing and bracing qualities. Our lungs are all relaxed, debilitated, unstrung; and in this condition the cold air strikes them perhaps 60 deg. below what they are graduated to and prepared for. Is it strange if pneumonia and bronchitis are at hand? If we are in the West Indies, or even in Florida, and wish to come North in winter, we try to make the change gradual. But in our houses we keep up a tropical climate, or worse, for we have not the freshness of air that prevails in an open tropical atmosphere, and we step at once into an atmosphere as much colder as 40 degrees difference of latitude will make it. It is in effect going from Cuba to Iceland—or at least to New York—at a step, and we make the journey perhaps a dozen times a day. And often, while we are still shut up in our domiciliairy Cuban climate, Iceland comes down upon us from an open window. Especially is this likely to occur in school, where children will instinctively seek to get a breath of fresh air that has not had all its natural refreshing qualities quite cooked out of it by hot stoves, furnaces or steam pipes. And all these sudden changes and shocks of cold come upon us while the whole system has its vitality and powers of resistance gauged down to the low necessities of a tropical climate.

Counting in Bank Notes.

The bank note has any number of enemies. These conspire to shorten its average life of three years sometimes to less than as many weeks. Bad habits are fatal to it. If it starts out on a tour of the drinking places and falls into low company the chances are a dozen to one that it will turn up at the redemption agency in a few days, a ragged and disreputable vagabond, to be chewed up and made into papiermache frogs, turtles, etc., for paper-weights. The bloody fingers of a butcher and dirty pockets into which the bills are stuffed, wadded up in every way, are not especially friendly to the life of the bill, and fire and water claim many of them for their victims in a year.

The charred and blackened remains of many thousand notes appear at the treasury department every month. They come in singly, in half-dozens, and sometimes in great packages, charred through and through. All the burned bills go into the hands of one lady in the comptroller's office, whose duty it is to identify them before they can be redeemed. If the notes are stuck together in a crisp, black mass, she first separates them, one at a time, with a knife made with the thinnest possible blade for the purpose. The remains of each note is then laid upon a glass slab and very closely scrutinized through a magnifying-glass. The lady is familiar with the minute peculiarities of the issue of notes by the various banks and it rarely occurs that some clew to the identity of the note is not discovered.

Notes which are mutilated go to the redemption agency, which owes its origin to Gen. Spinner. Here about 160,000,000 notes on an average are handled five times each in a year, the largest numbers coming in January and June. An expert can handle about ten thousand notes in a day. When the notes are received they have to be "counted in." The "counter-in" must go over them twice, and if any mistake is made or any counterfeit passed the loss is deducted from the salary of the one making the error. The counter is handed a bunch of from 5,000 to 10,000 notes, for which a receipt is given, and if, when they are "counted back," the two counts agree, credit is given for them. Each package bears the name of the counter and the amount which it contains.

When the notes are thus counted they go to the "sorters," where those in good condition are separated from those that are badly delapidated. Next they are arranged according to denomination and then distributed into banks of issue After this they are grouped into denominations, the head of the bank putting them out, and are finally "counted out." The "counter-out" must handle the notes three time. The responsibility of the "counter-in" is much greater than that of the "counter-out." The "counter-in" must bear in mind constantly the name of every bank whose notes have been counterfeited. The greater part of the work in this department is done by women, and the degree of expertness displayed is little short of marvelous.

The New England "Blue Laws."

These laws were enacted by the people of the "Dominion of New Haven," and became known as the blue laws because they were printed on blue paper. They are as follows:

"The governor and magistrates convened in general assembly are the supreme power, under God, of this independent dominion. From the determination of the assembly no appeal shall be made.

"No one shall be a freeman or have a vote unless he is converted and a member of one of the churches allowed in the dominion.

"Each freeman shall swear by the blessed God to bear true allegiance to this dominion, and that Jesus is the only King.

"No dissenter from the essential worship of this dominion shall be allowed to give a vote for electing of magistrates or any officer.

"No food or lodging shall be offered to a heretic.

"No one shall cross a river on the Sabbath but authorized clergymen.

"No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep houses, cut hair or shave on the Sabbath day.

"No one shall kiss his or her children on the Sabbath or fast days.

"The Sabbath day shall begin at sunset Saturday.

"Whoever wears clothes trimmed with gold, silver or bone lace above one shilling per yard shall be presented by the grand jurors, and the selectmen shall tax the estate £300

"Whoever brings cards or dice into the dominion shall pay a fine of £5.

"No one shall eat mince pies, dance, play cards, or play any instrument of music except the drum, trumpet or jews harp.

"No gospel minister shall join people in marriage. The magistrate may join them in marriage, as he may do it with less scandal to Christ's church.

"When people refuse their children convenient marriages, the magistrate shall determine the point.

"A man who strikes his wife shall be fined £10.

"A woman who strikes her husband shall be punished as the law directs.

"No man shall court a maid in person or by letter without obtaining the consent of her parents; £5 penalty for the first offense, ten for the second, and for the third imprisonment during the pleasure of the court.

How Congressman Browne, of Virginia, Was Elected.

From the Baltimore Herald.

Congressman-elect Browne, of the Ninth Virginia District, will probably be recognized as the best poker-player in congress when he goes to Washington. He has the reputation of having a more profound knowledge of the science of the game and having raked in more big pots than any other man in the state. He comes from the mountainous Southwestern portion of the State, where poker is cultivated as assiduously as the meager crops and where a knowledge of the game is regarded as a necessary part of every man's education.

His election to Congress was due in a great measure to his poker reputation.

In every place Browne Went to he was cheered almost as much by Democrats as Republicans, and he frequently gave practical demonstrations to the voters that his reputation was honestly earned. Election day came around, and it was evident that Henry stock was away down; and the result proved this to be the case as Browne was elected by several thousand majority, gaining about 2,000 Democratic voters. Mr. Browne's only equal in bluffing is Gaines, of Petersburg. These two met once and tried their weapons. After making the pot several hundred dollars they showed up Gaines having a pair of deuces and Browne a pair of fours.

Mr. Browne plays by rules and is a real scientist in his own way. A few of these rules were given to an admiring constitutent last Fall, and here are some extracts:

1. Never bet on the first hand unless you have three of a kind or better.
2. If you have a pair and an ace, hold on to the ace in the discard.
3. Never draw to kings.
4. If there are more than two men in a jack pot, never have any confidence in anything but a full hand or better.
5. Never draw to a middle straight.
6. Never draw to a straight flush.
7. Never break a pair under any circumstances.
8. If your opponent, after looking at his cards, drops them carelessly and folds his arms, keep out.
9. Never take your eyes from your opponent's face during the betting not even when picking up your chips.
10. Never allow a pot to be taken in without a call.

Some players may doubt the expediency of some of these rules, but they certainly stood Mr. Browne in good stead during his scientific career.

A Conscientious Surgeon.

A remarkable suicide has recently been committed in St. Petersbury. A short time ago a woman, aged 23, came to consult Dr. Botkine, who found that she was suffering from a tuberculous ulcer. An operation being deemed necessary, Dr. Botkine sent her to M. Kolominne, a surgeon of considerable repute. He administered to her a slight dose of saline acid of cocaine, and, finding this did not take effect, he increased the dose and performed the operation with complete success, but a few hours afterward he received a message to say that his patient seemed to be dying, and he found, upon hurrying to her, that, judging by the feebleness of the pulse and bluish appearance of the face, she was suffering from the effects of poison. All the efforts made to save her were of no effect, and she died the same evening. M. Kolominne was so overcome that he denounced himself as her murderer, though all his colleagues assured him that he was in no way to blame. But he would not listen to them, and a few days afterward he blew his brains out, leaving a note in which he said: "I must have been the victim of some temporary aberration, and, this has caused the catastrophe which drives me to despair. I am not gnilty, for my intentions were good, but I cannot live."

Removed to his Home from the Cemetery a Man Regains Life.

Henry Weichman, aged 45, of Red Lion, York county, Pa., died suddenly and was prepared for burial. A large concourse of people attended the funeral and followed the remains to the grave. "Ashes to ashes and dust to dust" was pronounced by the clergyman, and the sexton dropped the customary shovel of earth upon the rough box lid. One of the sons of Weichman, who stood among the weeping mourners, suddenly exclaimed, "I must see father once more! Something tells me he is not dead." The people were startled, but the undertaker, in order to gratify the son's wishes, ordered the coffin to be raised from the grave and carried to the tool house of the sexton, where the lid was removed. A doctor was summoned, and when the body was examined it was found to be quite warm. The doctor lanced the deceased and blood commenced flowing as if from a live person. The coffin was carried back to the house of mourning and the supposed corpse, still in its shroud, carried up stairs to bed. The man is now slowly recovering and there is great rejoicing in the family, whose gloomy holiday has thus been turned into a very happy New Year.