

OREGON SCOUT

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UNION, OREGON.

A hand tapped at my door, low down, low down;
I opened it and saw two eyes of brown,
Two tips of cherry red,
A little curly head,
A bonny fairy sprite, in dress of white,
Who said, with lifted face: "Papa, good night!"

She climbed upon my knee, and, kneeling there,
Lisp'd softly, solemnly, her little prayer;
Her meeting finger-tips,
Her pure, sweet baby-lips,
Carried my soul with hers, half unaware,
Into some clearer and diviner air.

I tried to lift again, but all in vain,
Of scientific thought the subtle chain;
So small, so small,
My learning all!

Though I could call each star and tell its place,
My child's "Our father" bridged the gulf of space.

I sat with folded hands, at rest, at rest,
Turning this solemn thought within my breast;
How faith would fade
If God had made
No children in this world—no baby age—
Only the prudent man or thoughtful sage;

Only the woman wise; no little arms
To clasp around our neck; no baby charms,
No loving care,
No sinless prayer,
No thrill of lisp'd song, no pattering feet,
No infant heart against our heart to beat.

Then, if a tiny hand, low down,
Tap at thy heart or door, ah! do not frown;
Hear low to meet
The little feet;
To clasp the clinging hand; the child will be
Nearer to Heaven than, thee, nearer than thee.

—Little E. Barr.

A DIAMOND NECKLACE.

It Was the Clue Which Convicted a Scoundrel.

The noontide sun of a hot summer day beat fiercely down upon the convicts at work in the apparently boundless cotton-field that belonged to Colonel Jefferson Clay. It was a large plantation, and was almost entirely worked by a force of chain-gang convicts leased to Colonel Clay by the State authorities.

As the sun reached the meridian its rays came down so pitilessly and with such scorching fervor that the four guards who kept watch over the miserable convicts were compelled to seek shelter under the few scattered pines which dotted little knolls in different parts of the field.

Lazily reclining on the grass, the guards played with their battered old muskets, and kept a keen lookout for the slightest indication of lagging work or insubordination on the part of the eighty prisoners who were engaged in hoeing cotton.

There was little danger of the convicts escaping. A heavy ball and chain was attached to each man, and it was difficult to make much headway. The guards were always vigilant, and when it was necessary they had a pack of trained blood-hounds in reserve for the pursuit and capture of fugitives.

Suddenly one of the guards looked at his watch.

"Dinner-time!" he exclaimed, and raising a whistle to his lips he blew a keen blast which was heard all over the field.

The effect was magical. Every hoe fell to the ground and four squads of convicts were soon sitting in the shade devouring their scanty rations of corn-bread, bacon and greens. Forgetting their miseries for the time, these unfortunates revelled in the enjoyment of their rude repast. The clinking of their chains was interspersed with bursts of laughter over an occasional joke—such jokes as are never heard outside of a chain-gang camp.

During the progress of the meal one of the guards was attracted by the peculiar conduct of a prisoner in one of the squads. Approaching him, the guard said in a surly tone:

"See here, Joe, no shamming now; it won't do, you know. No sickness allowed in this camp!"

The convict looked up with a start into the cruel eyes of a cruel face, and saw no mercy there.

"Curse you!" he snarled; "I wonder if you have a heart."

"Think I have," replied the other nonchalantly, "but that has nothing to do with your case, my friend. Our worthy host, Colonel Clay, is of the opinion that a convict never gets sick—only shams—and, as his instructions are to punish every case of shamming with thirty-nine lashes, well laid on, I have nothing to do but to obey orders. You understand?"

The convict looked up into the face of his guard. The guard looked down into the face of the convict. Tall and erect, youthful and handsome, making allowance for the cruel eyes and face, the guard, despite his rough jeans suit, looked like a man who had seen better days. And his history did not run counter to his appearance. Five years before Dick Macon had been one of the spoiled darlings of society. The gaming table and the wine cup had sent him down at headlong speed to his present level—had reduced him to the necessity of accepting the position of chain-gang guard on Jefferson's Clay's convict plantation.

The prisoner, whose keen, black eyes were scanning the relentless face above him, was a middle-aged man, whose slight frame showed that he was ill-fitted to bear the hardships of the situation. His restless eyes, haggard face, trembling hands and husky voice would have awakened pity as well as contempt in the breast of almost any observer.

There was nothing novel in the spectacle to Dick Macon, however, and bringing his musket down with a vicious thump, he said:

"You'd better take care, Joe—you'll get a licking before night, if you don't get about your work quicker."

Joe bowed his head and muttered: "Twenty thousand dollars, and I was fool enough to think of giving him half. I'll hide my time."

"What's that?" asked Dick Macon quickly.

"Nothing," answered Joe, with his head still bent down.

"Joe!" said the guard.

"Well," was the snappish response. "I want to know, you rascal, what you meant by your allusion to \$20,000."

"O, it was nothing," replied the other. "It was mere madness on my part. I meant that I would give half of the \$20,000 that I have securely hidden away if I could once get out of this blasted place."

"You lying scoundrel!" laughed the guard, "do you think you can make me tumble to that sort of racket? You never had \$20,000 in your life."

"Liar, yourself!" shouted Joe, with a sudden flash of fire in his wolfish eyes. "What am I here for, Dick Macon?"

"Humph!" said Dick, "murder, I believe."

"Correct," returned the convict, "murder it is. I was convicted on circumstantial evidence, and owing to that fact I saved my neck, and was sent up for life. But with that murder was connected a robbery. When old Henderson was killed he had on his person money and valuable jewels amounting to a small fortune."

The guard looked at the other convicts. They were a little distance off, quarreling over their rations.

"Go on," said he.

"Did you ever hear that the plunder was found?" asked Joe, with a cunning leer.

"Don't know that I ever did," said Dick, "but still it may have been found."

"Not by a—sight!" answered Joe with great energy. "The booty is safe enough, and I could lay my hands on it in forty-eight hours if I could just get out of this cursed camp."

"What will you give for freedom?" asked Dick, with a provoking grin.

"Half!" cried the prisoner. "Ten thousand dollars to the man who releases me from this infernal place, and puts me beyond pursuit!" and he looked eagerly into the guard's insatiable face.

Dick Macon whistled a lively tune, turned as if to walk off, and then wheeled abruptly about.

"Take a couple of buckets, you lazy slouch!" he shouted to the convict. "I must have some fresh water, and we must go to the spring to get it. I say, Bill," he called to one of the other guards, "just bring your gang over here and watch my pets while I go for some water."

Bill did as directed, and Joe, laden with two empty buckets, limped along in the direction of the spring, closely followed by Dick Macon, with his musket thrown carelessly over his arm.

The spring was about three hundred yards from the other convicts and their guards, and was concealed from their view by intervening trees.

The guard and the convict remained at the spring some time—so long, in fact, that their thirsty comrades left behind began to cast wistful glances in their direction.

The loud report of a musket in the neighborhood of the spring plumed the chain-gang and the guards into the greatest excitement.

What was the matter? Had Dick Macon fired upon Joe in the act of escaping? Had Joe wrested the musket from Dick and shot him? These were the questions asked among the convicts. The affair was explained in a moment.

Dick Macon made his appearance, running at full speed. He was almost breathless when he came into the gang of prisoners.

"I had to kill him!" he gasped. "I was sorry enough to have to do it, but he turned on me all of a sudden with a big stone in his hand, and if I had been a second later he would have killed me!"

Some of the prisoners murmured at this statement, but the ominous "click" of the muskets quieted them, and after a brief consultation a trusty was dispatched to the house to inform Colonel Clay of the occurrence.

The wealthy convict lessee swore roundly at first, but after a little reflection he said:

"By jove! I'm glad the fellow's gone. He was a head of trouble—a powerful sight of trouble—couldn't do a fair day's work, and always stirring up the other men to mutiny—it's the best thing that could have happened."

"The trusty returned to the field bearing from Colonel Clay the laconic message: "It's all right," and the work of the day went on as usual.

When the prisoners knocked off work at sundown they marched to the stockade, in which they were always penned up at night, and two men were sent out with a guard to bury the dead man. No coroner's inquest was held. It was not likely that any body would raise a stir over so trifling an event as the shooting of a chain-gang malefactor. A grave was hastily dug near the place where the body lay, and the carcass was dumped into the hole and covered over with dirt.

In a week the affair was forgotten. Matters at the camp moved on as usual, with the exception of the illness of Dick Macon. This young man fell ill without any warning, and after a few days resigned his position, saying that he would have to seek some lighter employment. The great convict lessee swore at Dick, but finally parried with him in a tolerably good humor. The thought never crossed his mind that the shooting of Joe had any thing to

do with the illness of the guard and his desire for a change of scene and occupation.

So Dick Macon drew what wages were due him, and fitted away one morning, whither no one knew or cared to know.

The season at Bagatelle Springs was at its height. Visitors who had not missed a season for twenty years declared with contagious enthusiasm that Bagatelle had never appeared to better advantage. The hotel was filled with guests and the cottages were well patronized. Fairer women and braver men were never assembled together to trifle away the days and engage in midnight revelry.

The gayest of all the gay and high-spirited gallants who were the acknowledged lady-killers of Bagatelle was unquestionably Mr. Richard Macon.

This young man was a riddle to the few students of human nature who occasionally made him a special study. Young, handsome, possessed of abundant means, and regarded with undisguised favor by more than one of the reigning belles, there appeared to be every reason why young Macon should be a thoroughly happy man. That he was not happy, in spite of his bright sallies, was plain to all who cared to see. The days passed and Macon was engaged in a continuous round of pleasure. Athletic and proficient in every manly sport and pastime, from a rowing match to a game of croquet, it was not surprising that his time should be fully occupied.

Nobody knew any thing against Mr. Richard Macon, and yet there was a feeling of unpleasant surprise in the gay circle at Bagatelle when it was known that the young man had won the heart and a promise of the hand of Irene Murray, the prettiest little blonde beauty at the springs. Still it was difficult to give a reason for this. Miss Murray was an heiress, the only child of a widowed mother who had come to Bagatelle in reality for her health and not to set her cap for a second husband. But Macon was a handsome, generous fellow, a little moody and queer at times, but in the main genial and clever, and, better than all, the owner of certain mining stocks which said him fabulous dividends. His antecedents were not known, but he claimed kinship with highly-respectable families well-known to the social world, and no one questioned his story.

It was the last night of Irene Murray's stay at Bagatelle. On the morrow she and her mother were to return home. The two lovers had much to say to each other, and they preferred to say it away from the glare of the ball-room, and away from the sounds of flying feet and the watering-place band.

As they promenaded on the spacious piazza of the hotel Irene said as her loving eyes rested upon the handsome face of her escort:

"Now, Richard, dear, you will follow us soon?"

"In ten days at farthest, my darling," answered Richard. "I am waiting for a business letter which may call me to New York, but even in that case my stay will be short, and you will see me before you have begun to miss me."

"Richard!" said the fair girl with a tinge of melancholy in her tone, "there is only one thing needed to make me perfectly happy."

"Had'nt you?" laughed Richard; "you would have the old lady view me with more favorable eyes."

"That is just it," was the earnest answer. "Mamma is all I have left, and I do so desire to please her; and yet her prejudices are so unreasonable."

"Of course, I think so, as they are leveled at me," said Richard; "but never mind, dear, the prejudices will vanish when she sees how devoted I am to you, and how we love each other."

"I hope so," replied Irene seriously, and with a tremor of her rosy mouth.

"Of course they will," answered the lover, cheerfully; "no prejudice will be proof against such love as mine."

The two continued their promenade, but finally paused where the light from the ball-room windows fell upon them.

"I have a little present for you," said Richard Macon, with a strange, intense ring in his voice. "It is an heirloom in our family, and has been for a couple of centuries, I suppose; I have always kept it concealed from profane eyes, with the intention of giving it to my promised wife."

The girl's face grew radiant as she raised her eyes with an expectant look.

Cautiously and with singular awkwardness for one so graceful and self-possessed, Richard drew from his breast pocket a jewel case. Silently opening it he exposed to the astonished vision of the beautiful girl a quaint and rare necklace of glittering diamonds in just such an antique setting as would have delighted a Florentine jeweler in the middle ages.

"Richard!" the cry escaped Irene's lips in an agonized tone, as she grasped the necklace and held it to the light.

"Isn't it pretty?" said Richard with an injured look.

"O, merciful Heavens!" exclaimed Irene, "I can't be mistaken? No, it is too evident—how did you come by this necklace, Richard? Did you say it was an heirloom in your family?"

"What a racket!" said Richard, turning pale and speaking very rapidly.

"Yes, it is an ancient heirloom in our family—an great-great-grandmother used to wear it; it has never been out of the family since it was purchased

by an ancestor of mine, in Paris, I think."

Irene gave another searching glance at the necklace, and then clutched it tightly in her hand.

"Richard Macon," she said in calm, clear tones, "this was never an heirloom in your family."

"What can you mean—you are beside yourself!" gasped Richard.

"I mean," returned Irene with a piercing glance, "that this necklace is one of the articles my poor murdered father had with him when he was killed and robbed in Georgia four years ago."

"Pshaw!" cried Richard; "it may resemble it, but of course it can not be the same. Don't I know that it has always been in our family? You are losing your senses, Irene."

"I am not mistaken," was the agitated reply. "I have handled this necklace too often to be mistaken. Why, here is the private mark placed there by my father one day in my presence. I will recollect that he said at the time that the mark might some day aid in identifying the necklace if it should ever be lost. It is the same, and now, Richard Macon, how came you by this precious heirloom?"

"Your question is an insult," was the hot answer. "Give me the necklace."

"Never! This matter must be explained. I must know if your hands are stained with my father's blood."

"Confound it!" said Richard. "I never even heard that Mr. Murray was murdered. Your talk is the maddest mystery in the world to me."

"My father's name was Henderson," said the girl, sternly. "It was murdered in a lonely place among the mountains of Georgia. He had with him a large sum of money and this jewelry. A poor devil was tried for the murder, found guilty, and sent to the chain-gang for life. The money and jewels were not found on him, and he always protested his innocence—perhaps he told the truth."

"You said your father's name was Henderson?"

"Yes. After his death a wealthy bachelor brother of my mother died and left her a fortune on condition that she should resume the family name of Murray, and the condition was exacted of myself. We accepted the terms, but when a foul murder is to be avenged, Irene Murray remembers that she is Irene Henderson."

Richard Macon looked dumbfounded. "I swear—" he began.

"I will not hear you!" exclaimed Irene, her eyes flashing fire. "You began with a lie—you called the necklace an heirloom—you will lie on to the end of the chapter if I permit it! If you have any statement to make explaining how the necklace came into your possession you may proceed."

For a moment Richard Macon looked like some wild animal at bay. Then, recollecting himself, he made a profound bow, and said:

"I shall leave you now, Irene—you are in no mood to listen to reason. In the morning you will laugh at your conduct to-night and will beg my pardon. I shall leave you here. Au revoir!" and with a mocking smile kissed her hand and walked rapidly away, leaving Irene standing like a statue, with the necklace clutched tightly in her hand.

When morning came, just as the gray light was chasing the darkness away, a pistol shot rang through the hotel. There was a rushing to and fro, and finally a crowd of servants and boarders stood in Richard Macon's room, gazing upon the dead body of the suicide as it lay stretched upon the bed with a pistol firmly grasped in the right hand.

Richard Macon had taken his own life. It was not the fear of the law that impelled him to this rash step—he felt able to hold his own against the world. But he knew that no deceit, however artful, would clear him in the eyes of Irene Murray, and death was a thousand times preferable to life with the ever-present sense of her loathing and confident suspicion of his guilt.

The miserably man left a sealed letter for Irene Murray. In it was a true recital of the facts in the case. The proposition of the convict Joe was stated, and the writer told how he yielded to temptation—how he induced the prisoner, by promising him freedom, to disclose the hiding place of Henderson's money and jewels, and how, when he had ascertained what he wanted, he had treacherously and coolly shot the convict down like a dog, and afterward made use of the scoundrel's hidden plunder. The letter was written with devilish coolness, but at the close the writer expressed his undying affection for Irene, and begged her to forgive his madness, folly and guilt.

The butterflies of the social world at Bagatelle could not fathom the mystery of Macon's suicide. They did not know the contents of his letters to Irene, and it was not until she was happily married, a couple of years later, that any one knew it. She told her husband all about it one day, and he, for an answer, merely folded her in his arms and kissed her.—Wallace P. Rock, in Atlanta Constitution.

—A wood turner of San Francisco died ten days after receiving an injury to the brain, which was not discovered until several days afterward. The surgeons found behind one of his eyes a piece of steel three and a half inches long, one inch wide at the center and tapering to sharp points at the ends. One end was buried one inch and a half in the brain.—San Francisco Chronicle.

NOCTURNAL VISIONS.

A Conscientious Physician's Rational View of Dream Representations.

Wundt regards most dream representations as really representations, since they emanate from sensorial impressions which, though weak, continue during sleep. An inconvenient position during sleep causes the representation of a mountain, etc. A slight intercostal pain becomes the point of an enemy's dagger or the bite of an enraged dog.

Difficultly in respiration is fearful agony caused by nightmare, the nightmare seeming to be a weight rolled upon the chest or a horrible monster which threatens to stifle the sleeper. An involuntary extension of the foot is a fall from the dizzy height of a tower.

Flying is suggested by the rhythmic movements of respiration. Further, "those subjective visual and auditory sensations which are represented in a waking state as a luminous chaos of an obscure visual field, by humming and roaring in the ears, and especially subjective retinal sensations, have an essential role," according to Wundt.

"There are shown to us innumerable birds, butterflies, fish, multicolored pears, flowers, etc. But if there be some entaneous irritation, these visions are usually changed into caterpillars or beetles, crawling over the skin of the sleeper."

The sleeper sometimes dreams of his appearing on the street or in society only half dressed; the innocent cause is found in some of the bedclothes having fallen off. An inconvenient position of the sleeper, a slight hindrance to respiration, or interference with the action of the heart may be the cause of dreams where one seeks an object without being able to find it, or has forgotten something on starting on a journey. The movements of respiration may suggest to the sleeper, as previously mentioned, flying, but this flight may be objective, and instead of himself flying he sees an angel descending from the heavens or a luminous chaos where birds are swiftly moving.

The representation of dreams having sensorial origin may have mingled with them those which arise solely from the reproduction of past memories. Parents and friends cut off in the flower of life ordinarily appear in dreams, because of the profound impression which their death or burial has made, "hence the general opinion that the dead continue during the night their intercourse with the living." This view of dreaming is rational, and explanatory of most of the phenomena that we are conscious of, while it may lead to a better understanding of those visions to the asleep and half-awake that are so extraordinary as to appear at present unaccountable except by imputing supernatural causes to them.—Theological Journal.

THE ART OF WELDING.

A Legend Telling How It Was Revealed to a Smith by the Evil One.

Standing on the curb, with a friend of a philosophical turn of mind, looking at the operations of a smithy at a portable forge, he said to me: "That blacksmithing reminds me of the story that is told about the art of welding. It is said that it is only within a hundred years or so that blacksmiths have been able to weld two pieces of hot iron together with any great degree of success, and that the secret of doing this was discovered in a dream. The story goes that a slumbering blacksmith dreamt that he had an interview with the devil; and, seeing that it was a great business opportunity, impudently his Satanic Majesty to inform him how he could weld iron together with success. Satan was in an agreeable mood, and said something which sounded like 'send it,' and then suddenly the blacksmith awoke. He puzzled himself a long time over the meaning of these words, and at last concluded that what the devil had said was 'Send it.' He then tried rubbing the heated iron in said before welding it, and found that he had discovered the secret which has been in use ever since, and has played a great part in the progress of the mechanic arts. The method of making a pulley turn another pulley, at a distance, in the opposite direction, was also discovered in a dream. For ages the ingenuity of mechanics could not effect this. At last a mechanic fell asleep and dreamt that this could be done by twisting the belt, and the device has been in use ever since."—Chicago Journal.

Tumors and Cancers of the Eye.

There are certain tumors that are apt to grow within the eye-ball or in the orbit, interfering with the vision by the pressure they give rise to, or by destruction of the essential structures of the organ of sight. The retina itself may give origin to a tumor (glioma or sarcoma) which will destroy the eye, and, eventually, the life of the sufferer. Such tumors are to be observed mostly, if not entirely, in children. They give a peculiar yellow tint to the eye when looked at closely, somewhat reminding one of the eyes of the cat. Extirpation of the eye-ball early offers the only hope of saving life, and this is generally doomed to disappointment. The growth returns to the orbit or within the brain, and ends by killing the patient after months of suffering. Cancer, in any of its varieties, may attack the eye-ball or its surroundings in the orbit, even the bone not escaping its ravages. Its end is in death, unless life is cut short by other disease.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"They never throw any thing away in New England," F. B. Aldrich said to me one day; "they always put it up in the attic."—St. Nicholas.

"What," asked Toozer, "do you think of a man who owed his tailor a bill for years?" "Who is the tailor?" "Quick!"—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

A Missouri sheriff went home in disguise in the evening to see if his wife would scold. She fired three shots at him so promptly that he dropped his experiment and began looking for the end of one of his fingers.—Detroit Free Press.

Deer in the far West are fast going the way of the buffalo. One dealer in Jacksonville, Ore., in two months bought thirteen hundred deer skins, and other dealers in Southern Oregon have bought as many. These were all killed for their skins only, contrary to law.

About five hundred workmen are employed at Berlin in the production of shoe rosettes. The sale amounts to about one million yearly, and the rosettes are exported to all the European countries and North and South America.

A devil fish with seven arms, each from nine to thirteen feet in length, was lately washed ashore at the Oregon coast, having perhaps died of old age. Those who examined the body were of the opinion that he could have easily handled three men in shallow water.

Smear on the Printer's Ink.—If you want to succeed in a business line smear on the printer's ink. If in a profession you wish to shine, smear on the printer's ink. Fear not to tell what you have to sell; advertise, and do it well. If you'd have the customers come pell mell, smear on the printer's ink.

—Brooklyn Citizen.

Natural gas is by no means recent discovery. Even its utilization for the purposes of the mechanic arts was long ago successfully attempted in China, where, by pipes of bamboo, it was conveyed from natural wells to suitable furnaces, and consumed by means of terra cotta burners.

Very few hotels now keep old registers. They are either burned, disposed of to autograph collectors, or sold for waste paper. The trouble hotels have become involved in, and the unenviable prominence some got through registers in court, is the reason for this action on the part of proprietors.—N. Y. Herald.

A party of young ladies were in the city recently who are taking a trip to Washington on the savings made by eschewing expensive dresses on class day at their college. The custom not only enables them to see the world, but will make them a preferred class of candidates for matrimony.—Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette.

Profound philosophy is sometimes met with in unexpected places. A poor old man who was engaged in out-of-door labor that evidently paid but a pitiful return for many weary hours of arduous work, was overheard to remark feelingly to a fellow-laborer: "I wish I could live two lives, and have the last one first."—Providence Journal.

The town of Weatherfield, N. Y., has a freak in the person of a young girl, the daughter of a farmer, who, without any previous training, has developed a decided talent for literature and music. A few days ago she rose from a sick bed and wrote a book which is said to be interesting, and since then she has composed several pieces for the piano. Her "gift comes from an influence outside of her," she says.

Professional humorists may be interested in these two jokes: "Mrs. W., walking on one of the wharves at New York, jocosely asked a sailor why a ship was always called 'she.' 'O,' said the son of Neptune, 'because the rigging costs more than the hull.'" "A preacher who kept a huckster's shop was heard one day to say to his shopman: 'John, have you watered the rum?' 'Yes.' 'Have you watered the brown sugar?' 'Yes.' 'Have you watered the tobacco?' 'Yes.' 'Then come in to prayers.'"—The first was published in the "Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, and Vermont Almanac" in 1799, and the second in "Benjamin West's Rhode Island Almanac" of 1855.—N. Y. Sun.

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