

THE OREGON SCOUT

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UNION OREGON.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

The Gospel is spreading rapidly in Japan. In Tokio it is estimated that the new converts average five hundred a month.

Dr. G. W. Knox believes that Japan will yet become the center of the Christian agencies that are to revolutionize the East.

An English curate, who was taking a religious census, asked a workman of what persuasion he was. "You may put me down as the religion of a wheelbarrow—I go whichever way they shove me."

The McAll Mission is now carrying the Gospel to the common people, in forty halls in Paris, with 259 devoted workers, holding last year 17,000 meetings, attended by 1,114,000 hearers, many of whom became doers of the Word.

A. J. Drexel, Philadelphia millionaire and philanthropist, proposes to devote \$1,500,000 to build and endow an industrial institute in that city for the instruction of and training of a thousand girls in the daytime, and an equal number of boys at night.

Among the converts to Christianity from Mohammedanism at Ooroomiah there are five Sayids, direct descendants of Mohammed, who are held in special awe and reverence. They attribute their conversion to the reading of the New Testament.—N. W. Christian Advocate.

The State of New Jersey has the proud distinction of having a larger proportion of its boys and girls in Sabbath-school than any other State in the Union. It appears by statistics recently taken that there are just about two hundred and eighty thousand children in the 1,997 Sabbath-schools of New Jersey.

Editor Phelan, of the Western Watchman (Catholic), writing from Italy, says Venice is the "most religious city in Italy. The churches are full of people on Sunday, and at any hour of the day you may behold old and young, men and women, soldiers and sailors, kneeling at the altars and praying with all their heart."

The colony of Victoria, Australia, with 1,100,000 inhabitants, is said to muster 150 "religious sects," easily beating the record of our country, of which it was once said that we had "a hundred religions but only one grave." But what is a "religious sect?" Two of these Victorians are set down as "secret worshippers," one as a "fatalist," and six profess "religion & s. d."

Medical mission work in China is lessening the anti-foreign feeling of the Chinese in diminishing the power of superstition which connects diseases with evil spirits, and sends the suffering to the exorcists and the idols, instead of the physician; in giving constant proof of the unselfish character of our Christian religion; and in preparing the way, and making openings for direct evangelical work near by and far off.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Slander would very soon starve if no one took it in and gave it lodging.

Age is not always a criterion of ability, for many a man of thirty can "lie like sixty."

It is the sins of other people that self-appointed reformers make the most fuss about.—N. O. Picayune.

It is the man continually cramped who finds difficulty in keeping his head above water.—Texas Siftings.

The line dividing genuine helpfulness from downright meddlesomeness is, sometimes, very narrow.—Advance.

Accepting ourselves for what we are and making the best possible use of what we have is a sure secret of happiness.

A Frenchman recently remarked that every one in this world was obliged to bear his cross, but the smart chaps wear theirs on their lapels.

The man who makes an apology in preference to engaging in a fight will never need to tell a lie when asked how he came by that black eye.—Boston Courier.

Ability to do, is no evidence that the doing is justified by the ability—although there is no ability that can not be desirably utilized.—United Presbyterian.

An ancient adage says: "It is better to suffer an injury than to commit one." But this depends largely upon circumstances. Size of the other man, for instance.—Philadelphia Press.

We are none of us perfect in this world, but a good many of us look complacently at ourselves in the glass sometimes, and cheerfully think that we are pretty near it.—Somerville Journal.

Patience strengthens the spirit, sweetens the temper, stifles anger, extinguishes envy, subdues pride; she bridges the tongue, refrains the hand, and tramples upon temptations.—Horne.

It is an accepted truth in science and philosophy that the progress of knowledge is from the indefinite to the definite; and this is as true of the individual as of the accumulated knowledge which is the common property of men.—S. S. Times.

Not many people work simply for work's sake; very few, at least, begin to be industrious for that reason. Nearly all have some motive, some object to be gained, and in this lies the difference between them.

SHADOWS.

Shadows obscure lofty heights of the mountain. They fall across the deep valleys below. Over our paths through the fields and by fountains. Passing through shadows, wherever we go.

Never a home, where no shadows are resting. Where there was never a sorrow or pain. Never a heart but some grief is distressing. Shadows have fallen again and again.

Hopes are oft blighted, and lone and forsaken. Day has no sun, and night not a star. Friends we have loved from us have been taken. Many a mound casts its shadows afar.

But, on our pathway, though shadows are falling. Mists settle down and our visions obscure. Yet, through the mists, silent voices are calling. Out from the realm of the blest and the pure.

Even through the shadows a form is appearing. Born of a glory which streams from above. Shadows are lifting, the morning is nearing. Brightness is dawning of infinite love.

Morning shall rise with no shadow or sadness. E'en from death's valley shall mists roll away. Out from the shadows, to sunshine of gladness. We shall emerge to the unclouded day.

—J. Hyington Smith, in Christian Inquirer.

AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.

Scenes on Board Most American Bound Ships.

Foolish Fears and Amusing Conduct of Passengers Who Possess Dutiable Goods.—The Unconcerned Individual and What Dams Rumor Said.

It is safe to say that seven persons in ten who cross the ocean as cabin passengers add to their apprehensions a new terror of the voyage in the form of the customs officer they are to meet at the end of it. Nine in ten have spent more than they meant to, and have no desire to add to the expenditure by paying duty on their purchases. On the homeward voyage all Americans are practical free-traders. The story of one midsummer voyage is like the story of all. The good ship

—, of the Gulon Line, made a recent trip with a typical cabin-load. The women began to glisten with newly-purchased diamonds before the journey was half finished, "just to see if they would attract much attention," they explained. The men appeared at odd intervals in stiff new garments, in order to say that they had worn them. Half the talk was about the dreaded customs inspectors. Almost every one who had undergone any experience with these sentries of the coast reported them more than half human, and disinclined to notice ordinary European purchases; but what these veterans said had little weight beside the startling narratives of those who merely repeated anecdotes of what had happened to persons they had heard of. Some of these were tales of hapless passengers who had been obliged to retire and be searched, or to spend days and hundreds of dollars in satisfying the greed of our protective policy. There was one story of great *empathement* about a gentleman who, on being asked to pay duty on two silver candlesticks, threw them into the river rather than do so. After seven days of such recitals a great number of the cabin passengers were rendered nervous to a degree that made life wretched for those who had to listen to the borrowed trouble that weighted all their talk. Shakespeare's reference to that human possession which "makes cowards of us all" was never better understood or justified than in that cabin company.

One black-haired woman, of girlish frame and placid mien, exhibited no interest in the otherwise all-absorbing topic. Those who had gone over on the same ship with her declared that she had appeared equally indifferent to the ceaseless rocking of the vessel as it rode out one gale after another all the way across. It seemed that nothing moved or affected her. Early every morning she came up to her deck chair with an unfinished quilt, and the basket of patches, needles and silk, with which she was completing the pretty spread. All day long she sewed away, stopping only for her meals or her cup of broth at eleven o'clock each forenoon. Old Judge Dash, of Boston, whose wife had purchased two pairs of lace curtains in Brussels, felt personally outraged by the quilt-maker's placidity. He and his wife thought of nothing except the customs inspector who was to examine their trunks. Every day both resolved upon a new mode of smug—that is to say, of getting the curtains through to Boston without paying duty upon them. It was usually the Judge's wife who hit upon each new plan, and the Judge complained that she always woke him up with these new conceptions at five o'clock in the morning, after having kept him up till one o'clock the previous night with impracticable plans. Between loss of sleep and a troubled conscience the Judge was visibly wasting away, but his wife as plainly improved as each day sped along. In Liverpool she put the curtains under paper in the bottom of her trunk. She took them out aboard ship, and folded each half curtain in with the skirt of one dress after another. Then she decided to rip the lining out of his new English ulster, and sew the curtains between the lining and the cloth. She actually went so far as to rip the lining loose, despite his excited assertion that he was not at all certain of getting the ulster in duty free, since it was midsummer, and there was no meteorological excuse for his having an ulster at all. She was only dissuaded by finding that the curtains were too thick to go in the coat without a new and larger lining, accom-

panied by a certainty of detection. As she put it, the Judge would have looked like the slice of ham in half of a sandwich if he put the coat on with the curtains sewed into it.

On these accounts the Judge felt provoked at the demure quilt-maker for taking no interest in what to him was as interesting as the sentence at the end of a trial is apt to be to a prisoner. "You don't seem to be at all concerned about the custom-house, miss," said he.

"Not at all," she replied. "Well, how is that?" he asked. "Because I'm bringing nothing dutiable," she replied.

"Well, I am," said he. "I've got two pairs of lace curtains, and my wife is making me so nearly crazy about them that if this voyage lasts three days longer I'll either throw them overboard, or I'll walk right ashore with them over my arm, and I'll call out: 'Here's what I've been trying to run through; here's what made me feel more like a sneak than I ever felt before; here's what's sapped my manhood for seven long—'"

"It was very foolish to buy lace curtains," said the quilt-maker, softly. "But now that you have got them, the only thing to do is to put them at the bottom of whichever trunk has got all your soiled linen in it, then pile the linen on top. Inspectors aren't apt to go much farther when they come to that point."

"Madame," said the Judge, "I know why you've got nothing dutiable. You know too much. You're too level-headed. The consequence is you're about the only one on board who is really enjoying the trip."

The quilt-maker smiled and went on with her sewing. The others continued their worry. The moving tales of happenings to other persons in the past came to an end at last, and the uneasiness might have been temporarily allayed had not an old traveler, who had held aloof from every body and every thing except the poker-players and the smoke-room, been indiscreetly questioned about the course he had always pursued toward the custom-house men. It was an extra nervous and loquacious lady who asked him the question. His answer, repeated by her to every body on the deck, was like a bomb-shell.

"My plan is very simple," said he; "I tell nobody on shipboard what I've got. I deal only with the inspector who examines my luggage. These ships are full of custom-house spies. They report what they have learned from the gossip of their fellow passengers, and the inspectors have no course left except to do their duty."

The ship full of spies! There was a state of things! It capped the climax. Every man and woman tries to absent himself and herself from all the others, in order to recollect just what they had conversed with, and what they had told them. The ladies who had brought their knick-knack of silver and china and gold on deck to show to one another were in a fever of alarm. The Judge and his wife, who had allowed every soul on board to know about the lace curtains, were in an agony of apprehension. In a large measure the passengers now began to suspect one another of being custom-house spies. The tension in the cabin was such that had it been transferred to the boilers it would have been dangerous.

The next incident of the voyage was the arrival of the two officers, who came aboard at Staten Island, to receive the declarations of the passengers. A curious mental process, upon which there is no room here to dwell, had gradually brought about a general stifling of conscience, accompanied by the assumption that, after all, no one had any thing that was really dutiable; excepting the Judge's lace curtains, of course, and the jewelry and spoons and pen-knives and watches that would go in the gentlemen's pockets, and therefore did not count, since it was understood that the searching of pockets was a rare occurrence. Therefore all agreed that they would say they had nothing dutiable, and all asserted that they felt easy of mind and conscience in doing so. This was so largely the general agreement that one pledged the other not to break the compact, but to be firm and say they had nothing, when asked the question. What, then, shall be said of human nature when it is known that (so far as one man was able to judge by what he was told and observed) nearly every passenger, on coming to the crucial point, weakened, and gave the officers a general idea of what he had that might call for an enforcement of the law. Not what he or she had in his or her pockets—"mere trifles, you know," of jewelry and precious stones—but the Delft plates, and the suits for the eldest boy at home, and the cheap etchings, and a hint of all the things that had to be left in the trunks. The only answer to such a queer *denouement* is that human nature is either better, or at least more cautious, than it sometimes pretends to be. As for the officers who heard all this, they replied that such things frankly acknowledged were not worth the Government's while to bother about.

Each passenger came away from these fore-runners of the dreaded inspection bearing a card on which was written a number. Meantime the steamer moved up the harbor to her wharf. There the passengers landed, and their hand-baggage was carried after them by the ship's stewards—another name for waiters and servants. Each selected a spot on which to pile these small traps, and then the passengers stood guard over them while

waiting for the trunks and portmanteaus to be lifted out of the forward hold, four pieces at a time, by rope and windlass. Each lot thus lifted out was put upon a hand-truck and wheeled up the wharf by a longshoreman, past all the passengers, who scanned each truck-load, and claimed their own when they recognized it. As fast as a passenger secured all his belongings, he went to a desk set up on the wharf, and showing his number to the official in charge, had an inspector detailed to follow him back to his little island of baggage, for it to undergo inspection. To each lady unattended by a man a female inspector was detailed; to each man, or man and family, a male inspector was told off. The trunks and bags and hold-alls, and even the hat-boxes, are all gaped like so many fishes beached in a storm, and the inspectors and inspectresses are delving in the receptacles, mercilessly disarranging the packing that was produced by so much care, and perhaps even by professional packers hired in London or Paris.

The employment of female inspectors in numbers sufficient to meet even the midsummer demand at the one great port of the nation has proved a great convenience to all our lady voyagers, except those "suspects" who have to submit to personal examination. There are twenty of these inspectresses, and they are detailed to each incoming ship in the proportion of one to each thirty cabin passengers. It is quite possible for more than half a ship-load of home-coming passengers to land and undergo the customs ordeal without being aware of the presence of these inspectresses, for they are of lady-like appearance and deportment, and the tiny badges they display only when they are actually at work easily escape notice.

So far as I heard, in this case, no passenger was called upon to pay any duty upon any thing, and no passenger was taken aside to be searched. This disagreeable necessity occurs very infrequently. It does occur when what is found in the trunks gives proof of a clear intent to smuggle; when jewelry is found sewed into clothing or slipped in with the straw or paper used in packing other things. It occurs still more frequently when guilt and anxiety are written on the face and reflected in the behavior of the person whose baggage is undergoing inspection. In such cases the inspectresses deal with a wife apart from her husband, taking her into the little building or room used for the purpose, and to be found, in some form or other, on every steamship company's wharf. The men are examined by officials of their own sex in the same way.

I repeat, however, that, so far as I heard, no one was found guilty of endeavoring to bring in more than Uncle Sam's good-nature would allow. How it was about the Judge's curtains I did not hear, though he and his wife declared at the last that they would put the unhappy purchase on top of every thing, in full view, and would volunteer to pay whatever duty was required. But there did float back upon the wind of rumor, a few days later, an almost incredible tale. It was to the effect that the little lady who sewed so placidly upon her quilt, far beyond the clouds of borrowed trouble on the voyage, was a practiced smuggler. It was said that into every patch she laid on she sewed a diamond to be smuggled in for a relative in the jewelry business. I merely repeat the rumor—and with the incredulity I felt when I first heard it.—Julian Ralph, in Harper's Weekly.

THE LOUNGER ON DUTY.

How Personal Paragraphs Are Prepared for Society Papers.

Scene 1—Office of Society Topics. (Enter a brisk order of red herrings and lager beer, followed by seedy individual in decollete broadcloth, with dried beer trimmings.)

Proprietor Society Topics—Hello, Rola, d'ye want to make a stamp?

Seedy Individual (promptly)—Well, I should relax my facial expression!

Proprietor Society Topics—Well, just take in a few of the hotel registers this morning and see who's in town.

Scene 2—Front of St. Marc Hotel. Seedy Individual (humbly approaching desk)—Beg pardon, sir, but can I glance over your register for one moment?

Clerk (haughtily)—Hey?

Seedy Individual (meekly)—I asked whether I could glance over your register for one moment. Hope, sir, you have no objection, sir!

Clerk (with magnificent scorn)—Well, rush it! I'll give you just two minutes to look over the list and fling yourself out into the sidewalk again. Time!

Scene 3—Office of Society Topics. (Seedy individual hard at work as follows on the Lounger paragraphs):

"While glancing languidly over the register in the lobby of the St. Marc yesterday I almost dropped my cheroot (a reminiscence, by the way, of a delightful evening spent with Sir Lionel Westgate, of Her Majesty's Life's, and a select little set of club-men), as I remarked, I almost dropped my cheroot in surprise to run across the autograph of my old chum, the Count de la Frombosio. So the Count is once more basking in the sunlight and *chic* of Gotham society. Well! well! as we would say on the Bourse: *Ce monde est plein de fous*. If I remember aright, I first met the Count at Baden, where we were both taking the waters. His persistent attentions to Miss Madeleine X—, a fair young bud of two seasons, was the talk of the clubs. Many were the rumors, etc."—Journalist.

SOME FAMOUS TRAMPS.

English Men of Letters Who Were Enthusiastic Walkers.

The finest thoughts of many great thinkers are undoubtedly the more or less direct result of their communion with the out-door world, its strengthening winds and healing sunshine. Certain men of incalculable influence over ideas and morals have been constant lovers of country walks, and it would be difficult to overestimate the effect of such solitary rambles on their habits of thought.

It is calculated that Wordsworth, in his many years of sauntering, must have traveled a distance of 180,000 miles. What sights he saw during such prolonged and delightful wanderings only those who have the poet's mind and eye can even guess.

Charles Dickens was a confirmed tramp, and no doubt acquired his experience of "life on the road" from actual acquaintance with all sorts of vagabonds and odd characters, such as frequent towns and country lanes and highways.

One of the most remarkable of unprofessional walkers was Prof. Wilson, the "Christopher North" of literature. His fine physique and great endurance prompted him to the performance of wonderful feats, which seemed to him entirely a matter of course. He once walked forty miles in eight hours, and at another time walked from Liverpool to Ellery in twenty-four hours, a distance of eighty miles. It is good to think of the long, unwearying strides with which he swung along, his blood bounding with healthy pulses, and sending invigorating waves to the active brain.

Henry Fawcett, also, was a tireless walker, and one who, when deprived of sight, did not for a moment think of relinquishing this among many forms of exercise. He was a familiar figure on the roads about Cambridge, and there is no exaggeration in saying that few men blessed with all their senses could enjoy nature more thoroughly than he.

Southey, worn and preyed upon by mental application and the practical anxieties of everyday life, found his greatest relief in tramping about the country, listening for what nature had to tell him, and learning contentment from her stability. John Stuart Mill delighted in pedestrian tours, and Charles Lamb, though he loved town better than the country, was one who believed in sweeping cobwebs from the brain by brisk and continuous walking.

All these men walked not merely for profit, but for pleasure, and the profitability of the exercise was the greater because of their pleasure in it. Their example may be commended to all. It is safe to say that whoever once forms the habit of regular tramping will never forego it except under some necessity.—Youth's Companion.

THE PRIMEVAL POTATO.

How Persecuted by Beasts and Birds, It Invented the Tuber.

In some unknown region in the new world, probably somewhere about the highlands of Peru—for the origin of the potato, like that of *Joannes da la Plunche*, and other important personages is "wrop in mystery" there grow, at that precise period of history known to chronologists as "once upon a time," a solanaceous plant peculiarly persecuted in the struggle for life by the persistent attention of too many hungry and herbivorous admirers. In such a case the common resource of any ordinary unscrupulous member of the solanum family would doubtless have been to adopt the usual solanaceous tactics of poisoning these its obtrusive friends and actual enemies. Any other solanum would have filled its stem and leaves with narcotic juices and made itself exceedingly bitter to the taste, so that the beasts and birds, disgusted at the first bite, would have desisted from the vain attempt to devour it. Not so the father of all potatoes. That honest and straightforward plant declined to have recourse to such mean strategy. Hard pressed by herbivores in the struggle for existence it struck out a new line for itself and for Ireland.

It invented the tuber. And what is the tuber, which natural science, thus acting upon the necessities of the primeval potato, succeeded in producing for a hungry world? Essentially and fundamentally it is not, as most people imagine, a root, but an underground branch, bearing buds and undeveloped leaves on the surface, which we know as eyes, and capable of doing all the work of a branch in producing foliage, flowers and berries. All that is peculiar to the tuber, viewed as a branch, sums itself up in two cardinal points. First, it happens to develop under ground (an accident which, as we all know in the familiar cases of layers and suckers, may occur with any ordinary branch any day); and, secondly, it is large, swollen, and soft, because it contains large reserves of material, laid up by the plant in this safe retreat to aid the future growth of its stems and leaves in a second season. A tuber in fact must be regarded merely as one of the many plans adopted by plants in order to secure for themselves continuity of existence. In woody shrubs and trees the material laid up by the individual to provide for next year's leaves and flowers is stored in the inner bark, which does not die; and this accounts for the way in which such trees as almonds, mezerion and pyrus japonica are enabled to blossom in early spring before the foliage itself begins to come out.—Cornhill Magazine.

The good wife of Mr. Wackstead, the shoemaker, has presented him with twins. He looks at the cherubs critically and asks: "Are they rights and lefts?"—Burdette.

A MERCHANT'S STORY.

How His Life Was Changed by a Simple Performance of Duty.

A gentleman, who is now a prosperous merchant, in a conversation with a representative of the Economist, said that his life was changed by a simple performance of duty.

"I was clerk behind the counter of a large retail store in Boston, at a small salary. I had been out of work some time, and when I secured the position in Boston I was thankful, and made a mental promise that I would perform my duties thoroughly. I had been working for two days with poor success; trade had been quiet, and it was difficult to get any customers. I felt somewhat down-hearted because my counter had been idle for some time. A customer making his appearance, I tried my utmost to effect a sale, but, do what I might, I could not please the man. Every thing was either too light or too dark, and if the color was selected for his satisfaction, the 'quality' was not what he desired. I have a quick temper, and at times during the transaction I felt that I could strangle the customer; but I quickly curbed my temper and went at him tooth and nail. I felt that my reputation as a salesman was at stake, and it was a question of conquer or to be conquered. At last I made the sale, and with it came a great satisfaction; but I was not done with the man yet. I wanted to sell him more. He said something about sending his wife around to look at some dress goods. I promised to send samples of new patterns as they arrived. The customer thanked me and said:

"It has taken you a long time to sell me a few goods. Are all of your customers as hard to please as I?"

"It takes some customers but a short time to make their selections, while others wish to go slower; we are bound to please them all," I answered.

"Does it pay your house to devote so much time to so small a sale?" he inquired, again.

"Yes," I replied. "I have taken pains to give you what you want. I know you will find the goods as I say. You will have confidence to come again, and the next time it will not take so long."

"After getting his package he walked out of the store. In three days I mailed samples of the new dress goods to his wife, and the circumstance passed entirely out of my mind. In about a month I was transferred to another counter and received a slight advance in wages. Much to my astonishment, I was taken away from this department, after only a month or six weeks' trial, and placed in another position. I could not believe that I was not giving satisfaction, because with each change an increase of wages was made. One morning I was informed that Mr. B wished to see me. I went to the office with surprise and some fear. I was more surprised when I saw sitting beside my employer my customer of a few months back. He proved to be the moneyed partner of the concern, whose other business interests kept him away from the drygoods store almost entirely, and he was known to but few of his employees, although he knew that I was a new man as soon as he saw me, and thought to see what metal I was made of. That he was satisfied is proved by his making me a buyer of the several departments where I sold goods. My prosperity began with the tough customer, and now I thank goodness that I got him, and that I did not show my disposition to strangle him."

A CLEVER IMITATOR.

Strange Doings of Washington's Scientific Frankenstein.

There is another queer genius connected with the National Museum in the person of Prof. Henley, who is familiarly known as "the Wizard of the National Museum." His particular forte is in making perfect imitations of any object from a diamond to a human being, the appearance, weight and size in each instance being perfect. His imitation of grapes, bananas, peaches and other fruits are marvelous. They not only appear natural to the eye, but also to the touch, having the same pliability, color, etc., as the original. The professor's latest and grandest achievement, however, is the manufacture of human ears and noses to take the place of natural members which have been lost in fights or by accident. The advertisement of a Chicago man who had lost his right ear while fighting with his brother induced Henley to make experiments for the production of artificial flesh. The unfortunate Chicagoan offered \$550 to any one who would satisfactorily supply him with another ear. Henley undertook the task and succeeded. In his laboratory, in the Fish Commission building corner of Sixth street and Maine avenue, several specimens of his skill in this direction can be seen. They are hanging on the wall—three ears and two noses—and the sight of them recalled my visit to the dissect-room. The noses and ears are perfectly pliable, colored the natural hue of human flesh, and can not be effected by either heat or cold.

"They will stand the temperature fifty below zero," said Professor Henley, "without danger of being frost-bitten."

The most striking peculiarity about them is that after being affixed to the patient both ears and noses will assume and maintain with regularity the temperature of the patient's body.

Out of the same composition Henley has made a large slice of beefsteak, the appearance and touch of which would deceive the most expert cook.—Washington Cor. Chicago Times.