

THE OREGON SCOUT

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THE STARLESS STRIPES.

A REPORTER'S RAMBLE THROUGH A GEORGIA CONVICT CAMP

A Large Brick Making Concern—How the Prisoners Are Worked, Fed and Guarded—The Sweet Box for Disorders—Better Grub Than Many Were Used To.

Nestled in the vale of the Chattahoochee is a village of something over 200 inhabitants.

Of these, 185 are under the ban of the law, and like the Israelites of old, are making bricks for the mighty piles in the populous cities of the land.

From the mountains of West Virginia to "Tampa's desert strand" you may find these bricks, and the finger prints upon them are made by the clasp of the hands of felons.

Wearied of the common cussedness of the police station, the Nighthawk hid him away to this village by the river to spend an hour among the starless stripes of a Georgia convict camp.

Capt. Woodruff, the superintendent, was found, and showed the visitor through the works.

There are 185, about 10 per cent. whites, and among the number of negroes, twenty-two women.

Everything is life and activity. Some are engaged in hauling clay from the clay fields several miles down the river; others are manipulating the dirt through the two machines that prepare it for the mill; a deaf and dumb man was shoveling it into the hopper and several were taking out the bricks.

Fifty bricks a minute is the record of one of these.

"A TURKISH BATH."

"Step in there," said Capt. Woodruff, "and you can see how it works."

The unsuspecting newspaper man stepped inside.

Slam!

The darkness was palpable. The air was suffocating.

"Wonder if this is a practical joke," thought the prisoner, as he gasped for breath and reached out his hand in search of something to hold on to. The sweat broke out on face and hands, and just then the door was raised and the Nighthawk scrambled out with feelings of relief indescribable.

"That is what we call a Turkish bath," and we give the boys one occasionally," remarked Capt. Woodruff, with a smile.

Out of these dryers busy hands were trundling bricks to the big kilns.

Seventy-two varieties of ornamental and pressed brick, besides the common grades, are made here, and the beautiful twin Corliss engines go whirling around, rain or shine, all the livelong day.

The farm attached to the works consists of many acres of river bottom, and here are grown hundreds of bushels of corn, many tons of hty, barrels of sorghum sirup and vegetables innumerable.

Collards, cabbages, rutabages and white turnips are grown on the rich slopes for the maintenance of the convicts.

Fat pigs are raised on the refuse and ten big uddered milch cows graze on the meadows. This is the farmer side of the subject, and on farms many of the hands are kept constantly employed.

What goes with the crops? Well, you see, each and every convict is a man with an appetite. He may lose his character, sacrifice his reputation and consign his rights and franchises as a citizen to the dingy den of a workhouse, but he retains his appetite, and the longer he remains the more robust becomes his capacity in that line.

The way they fatten up is frequently proved by weighing them when they come in and at intervals afterward. The increase shows how rapidly they grow and thrive.

CHANGING GRUB.

Far be it from me to try and induce any respectable citizen to emigrate to Chattahoochee, and when I speak of its attractions I do it without hope of reward, fear of punishment or any of the motives that cause real estate men and boomers to prevaricate.

But when I walked into the kitchen and got a sniff of the grub that the women were cooking, I tell you I had to choke down a sob.

And I got so hungry and stayed so hungry that when I got back to Bolton, in the gloaming, the first thing I did was to buy a box of sardines.

But this is a digression. You would play upon me; you would seem to know my steps; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass, and there is much music, excellent voice in this little organ, yet cannot you make it?

In that passage a strong figure of speech is presented, illustrating what may be done by those who have made a proper study of mankind. They can play upon humanity as skillfully as the musician plays upon the pipe.

Guidenstern lacked knowledge more than Hamlet lacked advancement, but there were doubtless others even in that way who could have sounded Hamlet from his lowest note to the top of his compass, and have guided and controlled him. At all events, the ruler instruments represented by common men may be played upon, and it is those who have made the study recommended by Pope who do play upon them, and become leaders among men. It is a study that all can undertake, the subjects are innumerable, and the guide book to them all is ever present in the student's own person.—Baltimore Sun.

They Made a Splendid Board.

Bagley—Well, old man, I'll expect you to-night.

Bailey—I'll be there.

Bagley—Oh, by the bye, if you don't mind you might wear your new trousers, and we can have a game of chess.—Judge.

THE KING'S DAUGHTER.

When you was out a lady called,

A lady faine and fair,

With sweet blue eyes, and purty mouth,

And lowly banded up hair.

And when she asked of you was in,

Says I, "No, mam, she's not;

But of you'll have your card wid me,

I'll see it's not forgot."

"Oh, niver mind," says she; "I came

A little news to bring

About some poor we're doing for—

I'm dar'ther av the king."

Thin, howly saints! I lost me with,

And courtesied down so low;

That when the princess led the door,

I niver saw her go.

But gettin' quick me somes back,

I hurried down the stairs,

And, bowin' low, says I to her,

"Pray won't your highness wait?"

She looked at me and smiled most sweet,

And all her white teeth showin';

"No, no today; I'll come again,"

"So toime I must be goin'."

Now, though I am a dimmyer, all

All kings and queenses hatin',

And bein' an American,

All white folks equal ratin'.

I'd jolke to know the princess' name,

And who might be her father,

And what she's doin' over here,

So far across the water.

And of her royal highness wants

A maid to wait upon her,

I'll do on these blessed knees,

Sure's a name's O'Connor.

—Mary L. Henderson in The Century.

THE STUDY OF MAN.

Nature, Not Text Books, the Means of Learning Human Nature.

When Alexander Pope wrote "The

Proper Study of Mankind is Man," he

gave expression to a far reaching truth,

illustrated every day. To understand

man in his various moods, to be able to

control and guide him, is to be a king

among men. Self control is the first fruit

of each study rightly carried on, and then

follows the control of others—not as an

exacting master, but as a guide and

friend. The leaders in business, in politics,

in war, the men who attain eminence

in the active affairs in which large num-

bers are associated, although they may

not have set out to make a study of man,

and may, in fact, be unconscious of their

attainments, have nevertheless acquired

a knowledge of themselves, which gives

them self control, and a knowledge of oth-

ers' moods, impulses and weaknesses of

others, which enables them to take control as

leaders. Such power is not necessarily

associated with a high degree of culture

in other directions, nor, on the other

hand, does the possession of general in-

telligence necessarily include this power.

The contrary is very frequently the case

—literary culture, arising from a close

study of books, depriving one of that in-

imate association with men which is es-

sential to a knowledge of their disposi-

tions, emotions and passions.

Even the books that "hold the mirror

up to nature" present but a partial and

imperfect view of man. The true student

must go to nature herself for instruction.

It is this circumstance that sometimes

gives rise to wonderment at the success

of this man or the failure of that by those

who fail to consider the great value of a

study of man to those who would be

guides or leaders, or who are called upon

to manage large bodies of men. He who

learns by study, observation or experi-

ence when to humor, when to command,

and how to play upon the hopes, ambi-

tions, cupidity or fears of others, so as to

get them to do his bidding, has mastered

the greatest of all instruments, beside

which the playing upon a pipe is, indeed

simple. There are men of this kind who

having special aptitude for command,

soon learn, unconsciously it may be, how

to lead, guide or drive others. They

come to the front in war, in politics and

in business life, and succeed oftentimes

in spite of defects in their scholastic training,

while their better educated rivals, lacking

knowledge of men, fall into error, or if

they rise above the ranks gain only subordinate places.

Until within recent years there have

been scarcely any attempts to make a

The Arab Dominion in Africa.

But the problem of Arab dominion is not on the coast at all, but in the interior of Africa. On the coast the European states can make their influence felt, but it extends no further than a narrow strip of land, beyond which barbarism reigns supreme. And here we arrive at one of the most remarkable phenomena of the age in which we live and the planet we inhabit. The aboriginal inhabitants of Central Africa are savages, sunk in heathenism, afflicted by the evils and weaknesses of savage life, and perhaps inferior in mental and physical vigor to the stronger races of mankind.

Over them has passed, like a tempest from the east, a horde of men of another and a stronger race, which marks them out for slavery and destruction. The Arab invasion of Africa is characterized in every part to which Europeans have penetrated by desperate valor in arms, by an utter indifference to human life, and, above all, by an enthusiastic and fanatical belief in the faith of Islam.

They remind us of those ardent followers of the prophet who, in the first ages of Mohammedanism, bore his blood stained standard and his intolerant creed from Spain to the confines of China, and wellnigh overthrew the faith and civilization of the ancient world. Indeed, if we are not mistaken, they are the same men—the living inheritors of the passions, the valor and the faith of the soldiers of Mohammed.

Before the strength of the Christian states they are now reluctantly compelled to bow; but over the unarmed and untutored native races of Africa they are supreme. Accordingly, what we are now witnessing in Africa, since it has been partially opened to our view, is an amazing recrudescence and fermentation of Mohammedan power. On the Congo it is not the native population, but the bloodthirsty Arab slave dealers, who oppose the progress of civilization; the natives ask for protection from these formidable tyrants.

On the Nile the fierce chiefs of this new warfare have made Khartoum a seat of power and authority over the neighboring tribes, for since the overthrow of the Egyptian government in the south they are masters of the Sudan. The capture of that important position, and the defeat and death of the heroic champion of civilization who perished there, were much greater events than they even seemed to be at the time they occurred; for they established a power, whether it was that of the Mahdi or any other name, which commands the interior and the river.—Edinburgh Review.

A Dangerous Drug. Cocaine, as is now well known, is a very valuable but an exceedingly dangerous drug, and M. Dufournier has lately published in The Archives de Medicine the remarkable results of his investigations into its use. Cases where accidents have occurred are very numerous, and there is hardly a surgeon using cocaine who has not had occasion to witness them. As early as in 1887 Dr. Mattison published the account of forty such instances, and the roll of victims who have lost their life from a dose of cocaine has now reached as high as nine. In a large number of cases it has given rise to a species of poisoning, from which the patient usually recovers. Among the phenomena characterizing this form of poisoning, one observed in a patient of Dr. E. Bradley is worthy of mention. This patient was taken with facial paralysis, from which he did not recover for six months. Other symptoms are hallucinations, great excitement and cerebral agitation, and, finally, Dr. Leslie Colloghan in one case saw the entire body covered by a scarletiform rash.

Dr. Szmian, wishing to remove a large wart situated at the base of the thumb of a young girl of 30, injected under the skin, close to the wart, one cubic centimeter of a one-in-ten solution of cocaine. The patient felt no pain, but as the little wound was being sewed together she suddenly lost color and fainted, her pulse became weak and slow, and her hands and feet stiffened. Water was dashed in her face and she recovered consciousness, but she did not regain at once her sense of feeling, as she kept asking where her hands were. By this time the stiffening had extended to the whole of her person, but these alarming symptoms quieted down little by little, and by half an hour's time they all came to a happy end. This case represents the mildest form of cocaine poisoning. Between this form and the cases in which death ensued come in a series of severer forms, in which the alarming symptoms lasted three hours to five or six days.—St. James Gazette.

Curious Figures on the "Surplus." The weight and bulk of the gold and silver coins now held in the United States treasury form the subject of much inquiry among people of a mathematical turn of mind, one of whom has ascertained that the gold alone weighs 601 tons of 2,000 pounds, and that the silver weighs 8,000 tons. Corded along the highway, as wood is corded, the gold would make a wall 4 feet high and 4 feet thick for a distance of 335 feet. The silver, if similarly packed in a solid wall, would extend 4,248 feet, or about five-sixths of a mile. If packed in carts, a ton to each cart, the procession would be nearly 33 miles long, of which distance the carts containing gold would cover two and one-half miles, and the silver laden carts a fraction over 301 miles.—St. Louis Republic.

A Cure for Diphtheria. The following remedy was discovered in Germany and is said to be the best known: At the first indication of diphtheria in the throat of a child make the room close; then take a tin cup and pour into it a quantity of tar and turpentine, equal parts. Then hold the cup over a fire so as to fill the room with fumes. The little patient, on inhaling the fumes, will cough up and spit out all the membranous matter, and the diphtheria will pass off. The fumes of the tar and turpentine loosen the matter in the throat, thus affording the relief that has baffled the skill of physicians.—New York Telegram.

CLEOPATRA.

Being an Account of the Fall and Vengeance of Harmachis, the Royal Egyptian, AS SET FORTH BY HIS OWN HAND.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

Author of "King Solomon's Mines," "She," "Allan Quartermain," Etc., Etc., Etc.

Illustrated by NICHOLL, after CATON WOODVILLE and GREIFFENHAEGEN.

Thro' strength with me began to ebb. I felt my life ebbing at its springs. Death drew near to me, and his shape was Silence. He entered at my heart, entered with a sense of numbing cold; but my brain was saved alive, I could yet think. I knew that I was drawing near the confines of the dead. Nay, I was dying fast, and oh, the horror of it! I strove to pray and could not; there was no more time for prayer. One struggle and the stillness crept into my



I SAW THE WORLD AS IT HAD BEEN BEFORE MAN WAS.

brain. The terror passed; an unfathomable weight of sleep pressed me down. I was dying. I was dying, and then I was dead—nothingness!

A change—life came back to me, but between the new life and the life that had been was a gulf and difference. Once more I stood in the darkness of the shrine, but it blinded me no more. It was clear as the light of day, although it was still black. I stood; and yet it was not I who stood, but rather my spirit of crystal, and there the haze of gems shone even through the glory that rolls around the city which is in the Place of Death. There were trees, and their voice as they rustled was the voice of music; there was air, and as it blew its breath was the sobbing notes of song.

Shapes, changing, mysterious, wonderful, rushed up to meet me and bore me down till I seemed to stand upon another earth.

"Who comest?" cried a great voice.

"Harmachis," answered the Shapes that changed continually. "Harmachis, who hath been summoned from the invisible, look upon the face of Her, that Was, and Is, and Shall Be. Harmachis, Child of Earth!"

"Throw back the Gates and open wide the Doors!" pealed the awful voice. "Throw back the Gates and open wide the Doors. Seal up his lips in silence, lest his voice jar upon the harmonies of heaven; take away his sight, lest he see that which may not be seen, and let Harmachis, who hath been summoned from the invisible, look upon the face of the Unchanging. Pass on, Child of Earth; but, before thou goest, look up that thou mayest learn how far thou art removed from earth."

I looked up. Beyond the glory that shone about the city was black night, and high on its bosom twinkled one star.

"Behold the world that thou hast left," said the voice, "behold and tremble!"

Then my lips and eyes were touched and sealed with silence and with darkness, so that I was dumb and blind. And the gates rolled back, the doors swung wide, and I was swept into the city that is in the Place of Death. Swiftly I was swept I know not whither, till at length I stood upon my feet. Again the same voice pealed:

"Draw the veil of blackness from his eyes, unseat the silence on his lips, that Harmachis, Child of Earth, may see, hear, understand, and make adoration at the shrine of Her, that Was, and Is, and Shall Be."

And my lips and eyes were touched, once more, so that my sight and speech came back.

Behold! I stood within a hall of blackest marble, so lofty that scarce even in the rosy light could my vision reach the great groins of the roof. Music waivered about its spaces, and all down its length stood winged spirits fashioned in living flame, and such was the brightness of their forms that I could not look thereon. In its center was an altar, small and square, and I stood before the empty altar. Then again the voice cried:

"O Thou that hast been, art, and shalt be; Thou who, having many names, art yet without a name; Measurer of Time; Guardian of the Worlds, and the Races that dwell thereon; Universal Mother born of Nothingness; Creatrix increased; Living Splendor without form, Living Form without Substance; Servant of the Invisible; Child of Law; Holder of the Scales and Sword of Fate; Vessel of Life, from whom all Life is, to whom it again is gathered; Recorder of Things Done; Executor of Decrees—hear! Harmachis, the Egyptian, who by Thy will hath been summoned from the earth, waits before Thine Altar, with ears unstopped, with eyes unsealed, and with an open heart. Hear and descend! Descend! O Many-shaped! Descend in Spirit! Hear and Descend!"

The voice ceased and there was silence. Presently, moved thereto by I know not what, I raised my eyes from between my hands, wherewith I had covered them, and I saw hanging over the altar a small dark cloud, in and out of which a fiery serpent climbed.

Then all the Spirits clad in flame fell upon the marble floor, and with a loud voice

adored; but what they said I could not understand. Behold! the dark cloud came down and rested on the Altar, the Serpent of Fire stretched itself toward me; and with its forked tongue touched me on the forehead and was gone. For I within the cloud a voice, sweet and low and clear, spoke in heavenly accents:

"Depart, ye Ministers, leave me with my servant whom I have summoned."

Then like arrows rushing from a bow the flame-clad Spirits leaped from the ground and sped away.

"O Harmachis," said the voice, "be not afraid. I am She whom thou dost know as Isis of the Egyptians; but I am the true Isis, strive not to be like her; it is beyond thy strength. For I am all things, all life is my spirit, all Nature is my raiment. I am the laughter of the child, I am the maiden's love, I am the mother's kiss, I am the Child and Servant of the Invisible that is God, that is Law, that is Fate—though myself I be not God and Fate and Law. When winds blow and oceans roar upon the face of Earth thou hearest my voice; when thou gazeest on the starry firmament thou seeest my countenance; when the spring blooms out in flowers, that is my smile, Harmachis. For I am Nature's self, and all her shapes are shapes of Me. I breathe in all that breathes. I wax and wane in the changeful moon. I grow and gather in the tides. I rise with the Sun. I flash with the lightning and thunder in the storms. Nothing is so great for the measure of my power, nothing is so small that I can not find a home therein. I am in thee and thou art in Me, O Harmachis; that which bade thee be made Me also be."

I bowed my head—I could not speak, for I was fear-stricken.

"Faithfully hast thou served me, O my servant," went on the low, sweet voice; "greatly hast thou longed to be brought face to face with Me here in Amenti; and greatly hast thou dared to accomplish that desire. For it is no small thing to cast off the tabernacle of the flesh, and before the face of Me, as thou didst commune that night upon the Temple towers of Abothis. For I was there with thee, Harmachis, as I was in ten thousand other worlds. It was I, O Harmachis, who laid the lotus in thy hand, giving thee the sign which thou didst seek. For thou art of the kingly blood of those who served Me from age to age. And if thou dost not fall thou shalt sit upon that kingly throne, and restore my ancient worship in its purity, and sweep my temples from their defilements. But if thou dost fail, then shall Isis become but a memory in Egypt."

The voice paused, and gathering up my strength, at length I spoke aloud:

"Tell me, O Holy," I said, "shall I then fail?"

"Ask Me not," answered the voice, "that which it is not lawful that I should answer thee. Perchance I can read that which shall befall thee, perchance it doth not please me so to read. What can it profit the Divine, that hath all time wherein to await the issues, to be eager to look upon the blossom that is not blown, but which, lying a seed in the bosom of the earth, shall bloom in its season? Know, Harmachis, that I do not shape the Future; the Future is to thee and not to Me, for it is born of Law and of the rule ordained of the Invisible. Yet art thou free to act therein, and thou shalt win or thou shalt fail according to thy strength and the measure of thy heart's purity. Thine be the burden, O Harmachis, as thine in the event shall be the glory or the shame. Little do I reek of the issue, I who am but the Minister of what is written. Now hear me. Always will I be with thee, my servant, for my love once given can never be taken away, though by sin it may seem lost to thee. Perchance I can read that which thou shalt triumph, great shall be thy glory; if thou dost fail, heavy must be thy punishment, both in the flesh and in the land that thou callest Amenti. Yet this for thy comfort; shame and agony shall not be eternal. For, however deep the fall from righteousness, if but repentance holds the heart, there is a path—a stony and a cruel path—whereby the height may be climbed again. Let it not be thy lot to follow Me, Harmachis! And now, because thou hast loved Me, my servant, and, wandering through the maze of fable, wherein men lose themselves upon the earth, mistaking the substance for the spirit, and the altar for the God, hast yet grasped a clew of Truth the Many-faceted—and because I love thee and look on to the day that, perchance, shall come when thou shalt dwell blessed in my light and in the doing of my holy tasks—because of this, I say, I shall be given to thee, O Harmachis, to look upon the face of Isis—even upon the eyes of the Messenger, and not die the death. Behold!"

The sweet voice ceased; the dark cloud upon the altar changed—it grew white, it shone, and seemed at length to take the shrouded shape of woman. Then the golden scales crept from its heart once more, and, like a living diadem, twined itself about the cloudy brows.

Now suddenly the vapors burst and melted, and with my eyes I saw that Glory, at the very thought of which my spirit faints. But what I saw it is not lawful to utter. For, though I have been bidden to write what I have written of this matter, perchance that a record may remain, thereon have I been warned—ay, even now, after these many years. I saw, and what I saw can not be imagined; for there are Glories and there are shapes which are beyond the reach of man's imagination. I saw—then, with the memory of that sight stamped forever on my heart, my spirit failed me, and I sank down before the Glory.

And as I fell, it seemed that the great hall burst open and crumbled into fakes of fire around me. Then there was a sound as the sound of worlds rushing down the cataracts of Time—and I knew no more!

CHAPTER VII. OF THE AWAKING OF HARMACHIS; OF THE CELESTIAL CHORUS OF WHICH HEARACHIS WAS THE OFFICER AND THE LOW LAYS; AND OF THE OFFERINGS MADE TO THE PHAROAH.

AGAIN I WOKE, and myself stretched at length upon the stone flooring of the Place of Isis.

That is at Abothis. By me stood the old Priest of the Mysteries, and in his hand was a lamp. He bent over me and gazed earnestly upon my face.

"It is day—the day of thy new birth—and thou hast lived to see it, O Harmachis!" he said at length. "I give thanks, Arise, Royal Harmachis—nay, tell me naught of that which has fallen thee. Arise, beloved of the Holy Mother