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The Oregon Scout

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LOVE'S WHISPER.

Somebody whispered to me yesterday,
Someday whispeered to me,
And my heart leaped a flutter, and flew awa' clean
As something whispeered to me,
And the rose, that I had in my tangle hair,
Was a token of love, I ween.
An arm was round my waist yesterday,
And my heart leaped a flutter, and flew awa' clean
As something whispeered to me,
And the rose, that I had in my tangle hair,
Was a token of love, I ween.

THE OLD HULK.

My father was captain of the English coast guard service for the district, so on this account, that he might be near his men, we lived on the water's edge, near the barracks, and when I had been very good he would give me in charge of Bresslin, the old pensioner, who would row me about the harbor and tell me strange stories of the sea. Then we would row over to the old black hulk of the Bellona, which was chained there in the harbor many years before I was born. The masts were gone long since; the tall sides were denuded with the marks of battle and the neglect of years, which is still more destructive, and Bresslin would tell me how this vessel had been with Nelson and the Victory at Trafalgar. He would hobble up and down the deck, talking loudly and pointing out to me the beauties of the old man of war. Here, on this spot, the captain had stood; over there was the place where the shot came through that killed him—and I would fall on my knees and begin looking to see if there yet remained any of the hero's blood that the rain and time had not washed away.

Bresslin would take me forward and hold me over the bows so that I could admire the figurehead—a beautiful lady, with gold eyes and blue hair. The nose had gone years ago, but there seemed a certain majesty in the look, even though it was a piece of art it was. Bresslin agreed with me fully that there had been nothing like it since. But, indeed, with Bresslin the good old days were long passed, and he would have placed the decadence of the English navy with great exactness at 1840—the year he left it and got his pension.

Yes, it was pleasant to row about the old ship and listen to the old sailor's stories of her—stories of the times when she sped through the waters like a swan, with a merry crew and her white sails set in the breeze, a terror to the enemies of England wherever met—poor thing! she was so helpless now.

But even now there was some mystery connected with the Bellona, as she lay, a broken and useless old hulk, chained in the harbor. Bresslin hinted strange things. It was known throughout the town that my father had given strict orders that no one should go on board except Bresslin and myself. Vague conjectures were indulged in by more than one village gossip. There was some mystery, no doubt an awful one.

Each time I had visited the ship I had noticed the hold full of long black bones, all stamped with the government seal. What the cargo was I would have given my ears to find out.

At length I could contain myself no longer and so made known my suspicions to Bresslin as we sat together on the quay one sunny afternoon.

"Why don't people go on board the Bellona?" I asked. "Is it haunted? Please tell me." But the old sailor puffed at his pipe very sagely for a moment or two and ventured his opinion that he had no doubt that there were ghosts there, no doubt whatever, such things were natural, most natural. Had I never heard the story of the "Flying Dutchman"? And thereupon he began to relate a tale of such a horrible and bloodthirsty nature that I was frightened near to death of the phantom ship and the ghosts who had to appear by night and as misty forms set the airy sails and clear the deck for action and act over the fight again until some kind mortal would release them from their dreadful task.

It seemed to me an awful story, but Bresslin said it was true, for he had sailed once with a man who had seen the Flying Dutchman and the phantom crew. What more proof could I ask?

That evening I went home in a strange state of mind. At dinner my father noticed my silence and asked me where I had been. I told him, and he inquired if Bresslin had left his pipe on shore, a question which seemed to me at the time to be most singular, and only strengthened my belief in the old sailor's tale of the ghosts. My father, however, could not tell them; but what relation could there be between ghosts and pipes? Did he wish to turn my thoughts from so terrible a subject? Truly, I must learn more about ghosts. To-morrow I would ask the cook, who was an authority on the subject.

That night I went to bed early, but not to sleep; visions of cloudy spirits haunted me continually. All the terrible stories of Bresslin came unbidden to my mind. I began to count a hundred in hopes of bringing on sleep; it was useless. The village clock began striking the hours as I lay there awake. Eleven—twelve! I arose timidly and approached the window. There in the moonlight stood the old ship; a slight mist seemed hovering around it. My breathing on the window pane had hid it a moment. I looked again. No! I could make out nothing. Perhaps the clock was not right; perhaps the spirits were invisible except from the deck of the ship. Truly, it was a hard, hard task to see them—so I went to bed full of great ideas for the morning.

Next morning I arose rather early and immediately sought the cave of the sibil—er, in plainer words, the kitchen. The cook seemed rather astonished at my question.

"Did she know of ghosts? Faith, why shouldn't she? She was a lowly Christian woman, and her own sister's husband, Mike Doogan, had seen ghosts often, till Father Tom McGonigle went out and laid them." I had sought the right shrine.

"How did he lay them?" I asked. "Faith, I dunno; but he tuk two blood candles an' some lowly washer and spash in Latin, and they just were laid and never troubled the family from that day."

"What did he say in Latin?" "Deporrah! I'm no scholar. Shure, he'n Latin Latin, and isn't it all the same, the only thing the devil can't understand! And if he can't understand Latin, how will he know another?"

The logic was irrefutable. Any Latin, then, would do. I would get my "Cesar," which I proposed to take up soon, and read that. The great question was at last solved.

Now I had some idea. I don't know from what source it rose, that Sunday, being a day of holiness, would be better fitted for my undertaking, so made my preparations accordingly, but with great secrecy and care. Two wax candles I stole from my adviser, the cook. My Latin "Cesar" never left my pocket, and one afternoon, just at dusk, I peeped cautiously into the old Catholic church upon the hill and, finding no one there, filled a small bottle with holy water from the font near the door. Now I was perfectly equipped.

NEWSPAPERS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

Books are reproduced in this country directly from photographic plates, and so cheaply as to sell for one half the price of reprints by the usual type methods—the Encyclopaedia Britannica, of which seven-volume volumes have been issued, being the most important work thus far photographically reproduced. By chance it was discovered that the gelatine plate, from which the electrolyte is made in this process, could be printed from directly, giving a larger number of good copies than the hardest electrolyte. The New York Evening Post now says the most recent development in this direction, and one which has scarcely been foreseen until very recently, is the proposed use of the gelatine process of printing for newspaper work.

A western inventor has been engaged for some time in an experiment, which aims at nothing less than the entire elimination of the compositor for book work and even newspaper work. The process is virtually that already followed by the firms which reproduce English works by photography, but instead of photographing a printed page, it is now proposed to photograph from type written pages, and reducing the plate at the same time to the size of ordinary print to place the resulting gelatine plate upon a printing press and use it instead of the electrolyte made from the metal types. The late Col. Richard Howe, the veteran press inventor, in reviewing the development of the printing press during his lifetime, said: "I have some idea that the next jump will be in the direction of photographing the newspaper upon the sheet of paper as it flies through the press. I don't know how such a thing can be done, but with the instantaneous process of lightning photography some genius will use it for the newspapers." He did not live to see any experiment made in the direction of natural photography of newspapers, but there seems to have been something almost prophetic in his suggestion of photography for the newspaper of the future.

—Chicago News.

The Coin Collecting Craze.

"The coin collecting craze begins in curious ways," said B. H. Collins, of the treasury department. The foremost collector of the United States, who died recently, became a collector through an accidental desire to possess a big cent of the year of his birth, 1799. His collection was sold after his death at auction. It brought \$20,000, and it would today realize double that sum. The cost of rare coins increases year by year, and the increase in values during the past five years has been over 200 per cent. Coins must not only be rare, but they must be in good condition, and the best are hard to obtain. A perfect coin of some dates are as rare as a Maud S., a peaciblow vase or a Koh-i-noor diamond.

"What are the leading specialties of the United States collectors?" "Three-fourths of the collectors of this country collect United States and colonial coins, and the others collect miscellaneous coins, ancient and modern, foreign and United States. Some collect only certain series, some only gold coins, some silver and some only copper. My specialty is copper cents. Its coins are the rarest to be found in perfect condition, and the values of copper coins are more certain. It is very hard to find fine specimens. The cents and half cents have circulated to such an extent that they have become worn, disfigured, black and smooth, and rare cents in good condition are thus very costly.—Washington Cor. New York World.

Choosing a Physician.

"Doctor," said a prominent scientist to an equally prominent physician, "when you are sick, who attends you?" "Why do you ask?" replied the doctor. "Oh," was the response, "I want to find out whom the doctors select to attend them; that man shall be my physician."

But shun the man who habitually sneaks ill of his professional brethren; he is not a generous man, probably not a just one. Shun also the man who has a sure cure for every ill, and is always ready to promise that he can help you; who boasts of his wonderful cures, and never owns a failure; who is always talking about his cures, and telling what a heavy business he does. His stock in trade is bluff and brag. And shun the positive man, who has a ready answer to every question, who can tell exactly what the matter is, how it was caused, and what the result will be. He knows too much—to be honest. Medicine is not a positive science, and where there are so many elements of uncertainty, it is not in human nature to know the end from the beginning.—Demorest's Monthly.

The Bohemian Love of Music.

The Bohemian Dvorak relates in an autobiographical sketch that in his country every child must study music. "The law enacting this is old; it was once repealed, but is in force again. Herein I consider lies one great secret of the natural talent for music in my country. Our national tunes and chorals came, as it were, from the very heart of the people, and beautiful things they were. I intend some day writing an oratorio into which I shall introduce some of these chorals. The Slavs all love music. They may work all day in the fields, but they are always singing, and the true musical spirit burns bright within them. How they love the dance, too! On Sunday, when church is over, they begin their music and dancing, and often keep it up without cessation till early in the following morning. Each village has its band of eight or ten musicians."—Home Journal.

Exercise for Heart Disease.

The mistake is frequently made of advising subjects of heart disease to keep absolutely quiet. This is all wrong. Exercise in moderation is beneficial, and protracts the course of the disease. The muscular substance of the heart, like all other muscles, needs exercise, and must have it, otherwise it cannot keep up its nutrition to the highest point possible. Indeed, Professor Gertel goes so far as to recommend mountain climbing as the best form of exercise for these cases. It may be that this is going a little too far, but there can be no question as to the benefits to be had from moderate exercise in this class of cases.—Globe Democrat.

TRANSFORMED.

He was a smug-faced, self-satisfied, and with a throbbing heart, when he saw her pass along the way, Miss, the King's child, dainty and fair, Could not but fall upon her path and cry, Fair lady! may I look upon your face? And so his restless vanity, and the man, Smitten to life, as by the hand of Jove, Burgeoned in thought; lost all his former self. Thus, in a trice, before her beauty's spell, Became a Poet.—'Tis a legend old, Write in the chronicle of Mohrland. —Gilbert P. Knapp.

Lawyers Looking for Libels.

There is another and not a small class of lawyers who industriously peruse the columns of the press in quest of opportunities to advise the bringing of suits for libel against a paper that may have mentioned somebody's name in an uncomplimentary way. I know of a recent case where a paragraph spoke somewhat disparagingly of a friend of mine. The next morning when he got to his office he found a dozen notes from as many attorneys lying upon his desk. He opened them, and each contained a slip of the paragraph in question and all urging him to bring suit and offering their services. He had not read the article, and knew nothing of it until he opened the bids, each and every one of which pronounced the paragraph an outrage. Before he had read half of them he was boiling over with indignation against the publisher. Visions of sweet revenge and heavy damages fairly danced before his aggravated eyes. He immediately determined upon bringing suit and came to me for advice as to which of the bidders he should select to heal his wounded feelings and fill his not overly plenteous purse. I explained to him the glorious uncertainties of the law and dissuaded him from his contemplated course.—Philadelphia News.

The Littleless of Man.

There are 1,400,000,000 people living on the planet which we inhabit. And yet there is now and then a man who wonders what the rest of us will do when he dies. There are people in "society" who honestly think that all the world closes its eyes when they lie down to sleep. There are men who fear to act according to their own convictions, because perhaps ten persons in a crowd of 1,400,000,000 will laugh at them. Why, if a man could only realize every moment what a bustling, busy, fussy, important little atom he is in all this great ant hill of import and fussy little atoms, every day he would regard himself less, and think still less of the other molecules in the coral.—Robert J. Burdette in New York Star.

A Great Piece of Luck.

"Ah! how d'ye do, Jones? I had the greatest piece of luck last night." "How so?" "Why, you see, one of my tenement houses burned down." "You don't mean it! Did the families get out in safety?" "No, I believe a few of them were burned to death. But that's neither here nor there. I was going to tell you about my good luck. I had intended to put in a fire escape this very week—the papers are making such a fuss, you know—and it would have cost me \$100. I've saved that now. How's that for luck?"—Boston Transcript.

Pushing Trade Too Far.

"You mustn't push matters a little, James," said the druggist to the new boy. "By calling a customer's attention to this article and that article you can often effect sales." "Yes, sir," responded the new boy, and then he hastened to wait on an elderly female who wanted a stamp. "Anythin' else, mum?" inquired the ambitious boy, politely; "hair dye, cosmetic, face powder, rheumatic drops, belladonna, mole destroyer." The elderly female licked the stamp viciously and left the door open as she went out.—Texas Siftings.

The Graduate's Negligence.

School Girl—Mamma, my head aches so I can't see the figures any more. Won't you do this sum? Mamma (looking over the problem)—I don't know how, dear. "Why, grandma said you graduated with the highest honors." "Yes, I did. I could have answered any question in the books then; but I can't now." "Have the books changed?" "No, but after leaving school I negligently allowed my head to stop aching."—Omaha World.

He Drew the Line.

Minister (discussing religious matters)—Of course, Mr. Hendricks, one can be too narrow in his ideas regarding the observance of the Sabbath, but there is fishing, for instance. Do you think it is right to fish on Sunday? Mr. Hendricks (evasively)—Well—er—I think I would draw the line at fishing on Sunday.—Texas Siftings.

After the Storm.

Jinks (who has just slipped and tumbled down the front steps)—Never mind, old fellow. Guess I'm not hurt much. How do I look? Blinks—Never looked more natural in your life. Jinks—Impossible! Blinks—I tell you it is so. You look just like your rolled self.

Explained by Science.

Science has at last furnished an unanswerable reason why very young men know so much more than old ones. The brain decreases in weight with age. It is heaviest between the ages of 14 and 20. The old gentlemen should now get off the band wagon as gracefully as their age will permit.—Denver Republican.

Didn't Quite Understand.

Tobacconist Customer—The figure of the Indian is all right and true to nature, but I don't understand why you put that bottle of rum in his hand. Sign Sculptor—Heckon you've never seen a live Injun, boss.—Eld Bits.