

THE PIONEER WOMEN OF OREGON

By Mrs. Owens-Adair, M. D.

On January 2, 1841, Mary Ann Dickinson, a girl of 16, and John Adair, 21 years old, were married. Both these young people had been given the best advantages of education then obtainable, by parents having more than average means and position in Kentucky. They began married life as farmers in the beautiful and fertile "blue grass" region of the Kentucky river valley. After farming for about 11 years, both became tired of the institution of slavery and anxious to get into a free state with their young families. Mr. Adair examined the then young states of Indiana and Illinois and from their many attractive openings for a new home he selected and purchased a splendid tract of land on the Washburn river, three miles from Terre Haute. This place was known as "Fort Harrison," having been the site of a fort so named in early Indian wars. To this new farm, Mr. Adair brought his family and an old negro woman and her 15-year-old son, who had been family servants all their lives; of course, they became free negroes after crossing the Ohio river into Indiana. The old woman, however, remained a faithful servant, but the son after two or three years became worthless and left his mother.

Mr. Adair was so pleased with his new home and surroundings, that he advised his wife's father, Mr. Dickinson, to come to this neighborhood, which he did the following spring. Mr. Dickinson bought land adjoining Fort Harrison, another new farm. Here the two families lived and prospered until the Mexican war came on, when Mr. Adair took an active part in raising a regiment of state troops and was appointed brigadier general. He was about ready to leave for Mexico, when his family became afflicted with scarlet fever, and within a month this dreadful disease had proved fatal to three of the Adair children also to Mr. Dickinson. This was a grievous affliction to both the Adair and Dickinson families and was the chief cause for their returning to Kentucky early in 1848. General Adair had already taken much interest in the "Oregon News," and upon breaking up his Indiana home determined to go to that faraway Oregon land, which even at that early date, was justly reputed to have a most healthy and mild climate. In the fall of 1848 General Adair received from President Polk, the appointment of "Collector of United States Customs" at the Port of Astoria, Oregon, and was directed to proceed to that port and open his office. He brought his family to the home of the widow Dickinson, in Louisville, Kentucky, and here Mrs. Adair's mother, Mrs. Dickinson, assisted her in making preparation for the long sea journey to Oregon. Mrs. Dickinson felt that she was about to lose her eldest daughter forever and it sorely tried this good lady's heart to give up this one of her three living children. She advised that the oldest Adair children, Betty and Ellen, be left with her, in order that they might receive the same advantages of education their mother had been afforded. After much discussion, misgivings, and sorely trying the mother's heart, it was finally agreed that the two girls should remain with their grandmother, and preparations were made accordingly. In November, 1848, General and Mrs. Adair, and their four youngest children, with sad hearts, said good bye to Mrs. Dickinson and to Betty and Ellen Adair. The carriage containing the Adair family had hardly passed out of sight of the Dickinson residence, when General Adair exclaimed, "Well Mary Ann, if you are so disturbed at leaving Betty and Ellen behind, I will go right back and get them." Without waiting for a word in reply he directed the driver where to take the family and dashed back after the girls. Within ten minutes after the family reached the steamboat, the husband with Betty and Ellen joined them, making the reunited family as happy as possible.

In this case it was the father's heart that failed, and in after years many a heavy laugh was created in the family circle, by Mrs. Adair's recital of the incident. All the members of the family agreed though that it terminated just right. The family were ten days in reaching New Orleans on the splendid river steamboat Champion. From New Orleans they proceeded on the old steamship Falcon. Shortly before leaving New Orleans, the gold discoveries in California had spread through the land, causing people to rush on board the Falcon. From the New Orleans levee as long as a standing room could be had on the steamship. Among the thousand passengers on the Falcon, only a few had been at sea before, so all were sea-sick. Mrs. Adair suffering intensely from "stark to finish." She was greatly relieved when they exchanged the Falcon for a canoe on the little Chagres river and on to Panama by a hammock strung on a pole, carried by stalwart natives over the middle of muddy trails across the isthmus from "Gorgona" to old Panama. Here the family went to housekeeping for six weeks, awaiting the arrival of the old California, overdue from New York. Cholera had appeared among the Americans on the isthmus, proving fatal to a great many. Mrs. Adair had successfully nursed her youngest child through the disease. After this weary waiting in Panama, the California, the first American steamship to float on the waters of the Pacific, finally made her appearance. By this time several thousand Americans had reached Panama, all eager to get forward to the California gold mines. Unfortunately for many of the "through ticket" holders the California already had about 300 gold seekers in her cabins, but in a few days these were removed to a temporary deck above the main deck, and nearly 1000 Americans crowded into the camp on deck, till they reached San Francisco. The weather was calm and delightful, making the ship to reach San Francisco after a voyage of 25 days. Provisions, water and coal were short several times, but the California delivered her

great load of passengers safely. With these pioneers and pioneer steamship came General and Mrs. Adair, their six children, five of whom are now living. Mrs. Ellen Mendell, wife of Col. G. H. Mendell, U. S. Engineer Corps, San Francisco (retired); Katie Welcker, wife of Professor Welcker, Berkeley, California; Col. John and Samuel D. Adair, of Clatsop county, Oregon; and Mrs. Mary Jordan, wife of Col. Wm. H. Jordan, U. S. A. (retired), of Portland, Oregon. The sixth and oldest child was Betty, the wife and widow of C. J. Bresham, a man of large affairs in San Francisco from 1850 to his death in 1876, he having been twice mayor of that city.

Among her fellow passengers on the California, Mrs. Adair found very few ladies and only one single child, outside her own deck. As far as the records tell these were the pioneer children, coming to Oregon by way of Panama, the ocean route. With these "California" passengers were our late General E. R. S. Canby and wife, General Persifer F. Smith and our late worthy citizen Mr. Lloyd Bresham. On this voyage Mrs. Adair and Mrs. Canby formed a friendship that lasted all their lives. In San Francisco, General Adair was detained several weeks, seeking an opportunity to get on to Oregon and finally took passage on the brig "Valador" early in March for Astoria. The Valador was an old Spanish vessel then commanded by Captain Hall, and owned and chartered by Portland's pioneer Captain Nat Crosby, whose presence on the voyage was exceedingly valuable. The little vessel's large list of passengers. Three days after leaving San Francisco the little brig sprung a leak, requiring "all hands at the pumps" to keep her afloat until the evening of the 25th day, when she sailed into the mouth of the Columbia river and dropped anchor in front of Astoria, April 3, 1849. The next morning General Adair got his family ashore, the late Mrs. Nancy Welch kindly entertaining them at her home. Her husband being away in the mines. On that day General Adair opened the United States Custom's Office for business and the brig Valador made the first entry officially recorded from the waters of the Pacific Ocean. Mrs. Adair was especially delighted to know that her long sea trip had ended. She had suffered so long and continuously from seasickness that she felt she could never return to the Atlantic states until a railroad spanned the continent. Once ashore, however, she soon recovered her usual good health and cheerfully went about making a happy home, in a little one-story, one room house. The floor of this house was three or four feet above ground and not nailed down. There being but one bedstead, the children all slept on the floor. A few nights after the family had begun their housekeeping, the children were awakened by having their beds lifted up here and there. General Adair lit a candle to see what the matter was, discovering the heads and shoulders of several swarthy Indians coming up through the floor. An explanation made it known that a number of Indians from a nearby camp were under the house to get shelter from the rain. Mrs. Adair very quietly told the children to go to sleep and so they did. General Adair was the first federal officer who brought his wife and family to Oregon with him.

It is extremely difficult and indeed quite impossible for this generation to appreciate the character of Mrs. Adair as wife and mother, an educated, refined lady, doing her whole duty, in each position in that wild time of 1849 in Oregon. That was the period of gold glare, attracting nearly all the men of Oregon to the mines in California. Many amazed wealth to which the majority had not been accustomed, but was readily utilized in making their families more comfortable. With Mrs. Adair the reverse happened. She had been accustomed to all the comforts and conveniences of a well-to-do eastern home. She was an accomplished musician, had a charming voice, was perfect master of the piano, which she had delighted in making do its very best to make her home happy and attractive to her family and friends. She soon learned, however, to be a thorough and systematic housekeeper and as much master of the kitchen as the piano general at the same time learning all about milking a cow. There were no "helps" in Oregon in those days of gold and the word "servant" had not yet crossed the plains or come by sea to Oregon. Shortly after reaching Astoria General Adair purchased the possessory right to the Donation Land Claim just above old Astoria or Fort George as then called. He immediately built thereon the house occupied by himself and wife during the rest of their lives. He moved his family into this home during the summer of 1849 and shortly after presented his wife with the first piano brought into the limits of old Oregon. It would be quite impossible for my pen to give even a faint idea of the civilizing influences, imparted by that delightful pioneer piano, especially when presided over by its matchless mistress, Mrs. Adair. There were other master musicians in those wild and woolly times, who ably took their turn in making that old "Knarby" fairly talk, such as the late Mrs. Covington, who during the administration of General Grant was accustomed to delight the members of the White House with her wonderfully sympathetic and pleasing touch upon the piano. Also Mrs. C. C. Augur, wife of the late General Augur, U. S. A., who had a voice rivaling that of Jenny Lind and a touch most delightful. These were among the earliest friends and frequent visitors at the ever hospital home of Mrs. Adair. There were four children born to Mrs. Adair after reaching her Oregon home, two boys and two girls, one of each are now living; Mrs. Laura P. Barker, wife of H. Rev. Bishop Barker of Washington, and Wm. B. Adair of Astoria.

Mrs. Adair seldom left her home for a single night during the first 16 years of

her life in Astoria, and her presence in that home made it a real paradise to her large family of children and afforded all of them such excellent advantages of education as but few children enjoy. In 1868 Mrs. Adair lost her youngest child and in order that she might more readily recover from this shock as well as realize an increasing desire to see her aged mother and only sister, her eldest son, Col. John Adair, contributed \$300 towards defraying his parents' expenses in visiting the Atlantic states. This visit was greatly enjoyed by them both and was in many ways a grand holiday and rejuvenating experience to these worthy pioneers. It was especially enjoyed by Mrs. Adair as it gave her the great pleasure of visiting her relatives and renewing the friendships of her early life in Kentucky and also meeting many dear friends made at this pioneer Oregon home.

Mrs. Adair at her time was 31 years old, the mother of 13 children, 12 of whom had received from her all the essentials of a practical and polite education. She had in a large measure enjoyed prosperity, endured privation, adversity and misfortune amidst an old civilization and in the newest of new society. In all phases and accidents of life, she remained the same sincere, strong, refined, cheerful Christian lady; the highest type of noble woman. An example to her children, as a thorough systematic house and home keeper; to her husband always a loving, dignified, practical helpmeet. Her manners were exceedingly charming, her deportment and appearance such as the queens of all lands might envy. After her eastern trip she returned to her Oregon home where she pursued the even tenor of her life. Her Christian character shone as brightly now as ever. All her life a communicant of the Presbyterian church, she had during her residence in Oregon seldom been able to attend her own church. Four of her daughters and two of her sons became members of the Protestant Episcopal church. Shortly after their eastern trip General and Mrs. Adair caused to be built near their home, the little chapel of the "Holy Innocents," giving the site and contributing the labor for its erection. Here these noble pioneers, with their visiting children and friends, were able to enjoy the privileges of Christian worship and coming to like the beautiful ritual of the Episcopal church they both united with that church. Mrs. Adair's eldest son, my husband, has been heard frequently to say, "I never knew my mother, speak an angry word, in my life, not because she had no temper, but by reason of the marvelous control she possessed over the strongest, deepest and most admirable disposition it has been my fortune to know." Making every allowance for natural filial affection, this expression coming from a son who lived a bachelor until 65 years of age, "having wealth to spend and a power to roam," together with many similar expressions from others goes far towards placing Mrs. Mary Ann Adair among the grandest and most admirable characters of her generation.

IN MEMORIAM.

A Brief Sketch of One of the Pioneer Women of Early Oregon.

Mrs. Mary Ann Adair, widow of the late General John Adair, of Astoria, Or., died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. T. Welcker, at Berkeley, Cal., on the 8th day of April, 1907. She was a little over 77 years of age. Mrs. Adair, who was born Mary Ann Dickinson, was the granddaughter of Colonel Elliott, who took the part of the colonies in their struggle against the crown, in the war of the revolution. Under the administration of General Washington he was stationed with the garrison at the falls of the Ohio, since known as Louisville, Ky. Elizabeth Elliott, his daughter, married Samuel Dickinson. These were the parents of Mrs. Adair, who as Mary Ann Dickinson was married to John Adair, January 2, 1841. Her husband, John Adair, was the son of General John Adair, governor of Kentucky and United States senator from that state. He, too, had served the colonies in their seven years' struggle against Great Britain, and also in 1812 against the British and Indians, rising to high rank and command.

The subject of this notice, with her husband and children, came on the California, which was the first American steamship that ever entered the Golden Gate. They afterward went, early in 1849, to Astoria, Or. They continued throughout life to reside there and were closely identified with the interests of Oregon. General Adair was the first United States collector of customs on the Northwest coast, having been selected for the position by President Polk. Mrs. Adair was the mother of 13 children, the survivors of whom are Mrs. Ellen Mendell, the wife of Colonel G. H. Mendell, of the United States engineer corps; Mrs. Katie Welcker, wife of William T. Welcker, of Berkeley, Cal.; Colonel John Adair, of Clatsop county, Or.; Mrs. Mary Ann Jordan, of the United States army; Samuel D. Adair, of Clatsop county, Or.; William B. Adair, of Astoria, Or.; and Mrs. Laura P. Barker, wife of the Right Rev. William M. Barker, bishop of Western Columbia.

She lived as she had lived, a faithful and devoted Christian woman, and commendation of the Episcopal church. Her character was plain and of its depth. The accidents of life, prosperity, adversity and misfortune, and she saw life in all its phases, rippled the surface but left the depths undisturbed. Her patience was sufficient for all trials, her serenity was never clouded, her gentleness never failed, her faith never doubted, and her charity covered the failings of all. No child ever received from her a rebuke that left a sting. No misbehavior gained currency by her report.

No reputation suffered at her hands. The radiance of her character was calm, strong, soothing, peaceful, an influence for good to all whom it reached; an education for many. The writer, who knew her well for nearly forty years, never heard a harsh judgment from her lips, nor indeed did she appear to think of passing judgment upon others.

Her life for the most part was bounded by her home, in which she moved the center of love and admiration. She came to Oregon at the age of 16, with a flock of young children, who were dependent upon her for care of mind and body. Some received at her hands all education necessary to form accomplished women. In the early days of Oregon there was little opportunity for girls elsewhere than in their homes. The best of education was loving association with her.

The writer has known several men of prominence, who, in their early days, partook of the unstinted hospitality dispensed at the table of General Adair, and has heard from their lips an account of the impressions which Mrs. Adair made upon them by her sweetness, calmness, power and simplicity. The story was always the same. During the present year the writer received an account, from a gentleman in New York, of his association with her family in the years of 1850 and 1851. He described himself and those who were with him as having been "blasted by the spectacle of this refined home in the midst of the wilderness, which abounded on the western shore in those early days. These impressions were made upon many men who have repeated the story of her patience and gentleness, in many a home.

Who can measure the wideness and depth of the beneficent influence which this story, read daily by her neighbors, and reported in many places, has exerted in forming characters, who, in turn, in extending circles, have transmitted, and yet transmit, a gentle force through human lives.

The power of goodness is unmeasurable and unmeasurable, Christianity yet lives.

REASONS WHY CHAMBERLAIN'S COLIC, CHOLERA AND DIARRHOEA REMEDY IS THE BEST.

1. Because it affords almost instant relief in case of pain in the stomach, colic and cholera morbus.
2. Because it is the only remedy that never fails in the most severe cases of dysentery and diarrhoea.
3. Because it is the only remedy that will cure chronic diarrhoea.
4. Because it is the only remedy that will prevent bilious colic.
5. Because it is the only remedy that will cure epidemical dysentery.
6. Because it is the only remedy that can always be depended upon in cases of cholera infantum.
7. Because it is the most prompt and most reliable medicine in use for bowel complaints.
8. Because it produces no bad results.
9. Because it is pleasant and safe to take.
10. Because it has saved the lives of more people than any medicine in the world.

The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Estes-Cong Drug Co.

HE KNEW.

"Papa, what is a monocycle?"
"What? A boy of your size don't know what a monocycle is?"
"No, I know what a bicycle and a tricycle and a quad is, but what is a monocycle?"
"Why, it's the name of the machine, of course."
"What do they call it that for?"
"Because it's made in Mono cycle, of course. Don't you study geography?"
—San Francisco Post.

SUREST TRANQUILLIZER OF THE NERVES.

The surest tranquillizer of the nerves is a medicine which remedies their super-sensitiveness by invigorating them. Over-tension of the nerves always weakens them. What they need then, is a tonic, not a sedative. The latter is only useful when there is an intense mental excitement, and an immediate necessity exists for producing quiescence of the brain. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters restores tranquillity of the nerves by endorsing them with the vigor requisite to bear, without being jarred or disturbed, unhealthfully, the ordinary impressions produced through the media of sight, hearing and reflection. Nay, it does more than this—it enables them to sustain a degree of tension from mental application which they would be totally unable to endure without its assistance. Such, at least, is the irresistible conclusion to be drawn from the testimony of business and professional men, literateurs, clergymen, and others who have tested the fortifying and reparative influence of this celestial tonic and nerve.

AWKWARDLY PUT.

"Do you ride the wheel, Miss Passy?"
"No, why do you ask?"
"I wanted to be sure before I inquired why it is that all the homely girls ride?"
—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

Some for ten, some for twenty and some for thirty years have suffered from piles and then have been quickly and permanently cured by using DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, the great remedy for piles and all forms of skin diseases. Charles Rogers.

"Last summer one of our grand-children was sick with a severe bowel trouble," says Mrs. E. G. Gregory, of Proctor, N. Y. "Our doctor's remedy had failed; then we tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which gave very speedy relief." For sale by Estes-Cong Drug Co.

A SURPRISE PARTY.

"What's Mrs. Breezly in such a stew about?"
"She asked the pleasure of Lieutenant Slick's company to tea and he appeared on the scene with forty of his men."
—Detroit Free Press.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE STOLEN MARTIN-HOUSE

A Good Reason Why the Birds Did Not Occupy It.

It was Aunt Susan that insisted on putting up the house for the martins. They came so early in the spring, she said, and their notes were so cheerful, and then they kept the hawks away, and were a protection to the chickens. We all thought it pleasant to watch their swift flight about the place, and to see how every one of them knew his own room of the little tenement.

Most of our neighbors had martins, but they gave them nothing so pretentious as a house. They merely set a long sapling in the ground, with its branches cut off so as to leave a number of short spikes at the top, and then they hung gourds on those spikes; gourds with holes cut in one side. No matter every martin knew his own gourd, and was perfectly satisfied.

But we determined to have something exceedingly fine in the way of a house; and we induced Uncle Jack to help us, and we explained our ideas to him. The result was that in a few days we had an elegant little edifice, with balconies all around it, and six rooms in each side, and Bert and Ned and I took turns painting it from the paints that had been left over when the house was renovated.

As there were several colors, and as we used them with unvarying hand, the result may be better imagined than described. We admired it, however, and Ned said, with the greatest enthusiasm, that the martins who wouldn't like a house of that kind didn't have sense enough to come in out of the rain.

We set the house firmly on the end of a tall pole, in the middle of the lawn at the back of the house; and we knew that we had it up in good season, for the martins had not yet made their appearance.

It was nearly a month afterwards that we heard the first note of the familiar sound, and then we all rushed to look. Sure enough, there were half a dozen martins circling about the new house, and we watched them exultingly. True, we did not look further after seeing that house. What martin would be satisfied with a gourd, when he could live in a villa with galleries all around it, and with all that point to make it beautiful?

Every day for a week or so, they flew around the house and sometimes they perched on the roof. We had no doubt that they were building, for there seemed to be the greatest excitement among them. Perhaps they were telling one another that they had never seen anything so fine as that house, and wondering how any sensible martin could endure life in a gourd. But, all at once, it seemed that there were no martins anywhere around. Had they all left the country. Had some dreadful calamity overtaken them, and killed every one?

The question answered itself. As we drove to church, the next Sunday, we passed the Foster place, and there was the tall pole with its cluster of gourds, and every gourd was swarming with martins.

Aunt Susan came home looking exceedingly thoughtful.
"There's something the matter with that house," she declared. "I believe your children have put too much point on it. It's enough to frighten a martin into spasms to look at that point, and it's no wonder they all went away."
Now we thought this very ungrateful, after all our trouble; and we told Aunt Susan that martins need to have their taste cultivated, and that nothing helped to cultivate one's taste like colors. And then, after Aunt Susan had said "Nonsense," we sat down disconsolately on the steps and looked at the martin-house, the beautiful house, which the ungrateful birds had left tenanted.

All at once Ned started up hurriedly. "I'm going to peep into that house and see if there is anything the matter with it," he declared, and without a moment's delay we had the ladder and were pushing it up against the pole.

It was not a very safe proceeding, for the pole shook and wavered under the weight; but it was firmly set in the ground, and we determined to risk it. Slowly and carefully Ned climbed, and drew himself up until his eyes were level with the row of rooms on that side.

An exclamation of astonishment burst from him, and he shouted with delight: "What do you think? Flying squirrels, as sure as I'm living! They're keeping house in this room; the old ones and two little ones!"

Well, this was a discovery. It would have been very pleasant to have had the martins, of course, but what were martins compared with flying squirrels? Our cries of delight brought out the family, including Aunt Susan, who wanted to know if flying squirrels could keep the hawks away from her chickens.

Another wild shout from Ned, who nearly lost his balance as something flew out swiftly and silently, almost brushing his face with its wings, and fluttered blindingly into the hedge at the back of the yard.
"A screech!" he cried jubilantly. "Here's its nest in one of the upstairs rooms. Well, if this isn't fine! We've a happy family here, all our own."
Filled with delight Ned came down from the ladder, and moved it around to the other side.
"There's no telling what we may find here," he said, as he climbed back to his perch. "Just as like as not, there'll be a great American eagle or a roe, or something of that kind."
Just then his eyes were opposite to the rooms of the lower series, and then with a wall of "Ow" Ned came tumbling down the ladder and flew around the house as fast as his legs would carry him. The rest of us ran too; not because we saw anything, but because it seemed safest to run.
"What was it?" we demanded, when

we met Ned on the other side of the house.
"Oh, nothing but a wasp's nest about the size of my hat; and there were more than a thousand wasps on it, and every one of them was shaking his legs in my face. When a thing like that happens, you know, I think it's best to run."
Here was a condition of things, indeed. Flying squirrels, screech-owls, and wasps, keeping house in the same dwelling, a dwelling that we had set aside for the martins!

But we could not think of disturbing the flying squirrels, or the beautiful little screech-owls, and as an attack on the wasps would have unsettled the others, we decided to leave the happy family to themselves. It was evident that they had lived together in peace up to this time and we thought it interesting to have a combination of that kind right there in our own yard.

And now that we knew they were there, we could see the wasps flying in and out all day long. Perhaps the peaceful condition of things was due to the fact that the wasps were daytime workers, while the others were abroad only at night.

In the twilight, we could see the two screech-owls flit away, with that noiseless flight of theirs, and their quivering, "henny" cry would come up from the trees in the orchard. Time had been when we were afraid of screech-owls; but that time was past; and now we looked on them as delightful pets. In a little while they became so accustomed to us, and so sure of our kindly intentions towards them, that they often came into the house, through the open windows, and flew about the room in the dark, and sometimes perched on a chair-back and uttered their mournful little cry.

And then, to sit on the lawn in the evenings, and see the squirrels launch themselves from the balcony of their little house, and skim lightly and sofly down-wards, until they could alight on the trunk of one of the trees; and sit there and watch them running or floating from tree to tree, unimpaired by our presence; that was something to be anticipated with pleasure all day. Somehow we were fonder of these little animals than if we had captured and tamed them. It seemed such a very pleasant thing that they had come to us of their own accord, and had taken possession of the house, without asking permission.

Several times we were up in the morning in time to see the squirrels return to their little home for their day's sleep. It had puzzled us to know how this was done, for the house was set at the top of a pole, and we did not think they could climb in from the pole. But it was very easy. They merely ran up to the top of the largest tree that stood near, and from that height threw themselves into the air and floated down to their house, as softly and as silently as spirits.

All summer long we amused ourselves with our happy family in the martin-house; until the first cold winds from the north sent the squirrels back to the woods, and the screech-owls, with their fall-deed young ones, winged their silent way to other haunts. We hoped that they might come again the next year; but a number of enterprising martins took possession early the next spring, and held the place against all comers.

AN INDIAN CRADLE SONG.

Swing thee low in thy cradle soft,
Deep in the dusky woods,
Swing thee low and swing aloft—
Sleep as a pappoose should;
For safe in your little birchen nest,
Quiet will come and peace and rest,
If the little pappoose is good.

GRANT'S HORSEMANSHIP.

How He Astonished Those Dashing Italian Officers.

A writer in McClure's Magazine says that in the spring of 1876 he was in the city of Milan, and there, before the hotel where he was staying, he saw an immense crowd about a beautiful horse, which three groups were holding with difficulty. A group of Italian officers in full uniform were waiting near on their own horses, and evidently some grand ceremonial was about to take place. Presently he was told that General Grant was to review the pride and flower of the Italian army, the flying Bersaglieri, and in a few moments the general appeared, dressed very plainly in civilian's clothes.

He walked out of the hotel quite unnoticed, and presently one of the officers, who had dismounted and was standing in the hallway to receive him, remarked: "Why does not General Grant come?"
"There he goes," said the American, pointing to the simply-dressed figure.
"The Italians gave a doubtful laugh."
"No," said one, "that cannot be he."
But as the general very evidently stood waiting for them, they advanced, received him and took him to his horse, which was making frantic and almost successful efforts to escape from the stalwart warriors. A man crouched beside the creature it would be difficult to describe, and from the sky looked that passed among the elegant young officers, it almost seemed as if they had, at set purpose, assigned their guest a steed not yet broken.

But General Grant looked at the horse and his face lighted up with admiration. Whether he was not well, or merely assumed a sort of helplessness, could not be determined, but in mounting he accepted the aid of two officers, and from an apparent stiffness had some difficulty in getting his right leg over the saddle. Once in the seat, however, he grasped the reins, settled himself, straightened his form and assumed so perfectly the air of a horseman that a shout of applause went up from the crowd. The horse, after a few plunges, discovered that he had found his master and started off in a gentle trot.

The Bersaglieri perform all their manoeuvres at a run, and for two hours, most of the time with his horse at a gallop, General Grant kept them moving. When he returned to the hotel, his escort, themselves rather ruffled by fatigue, were loud in expressions of wonder and admiration, and the great American was still as calm as if he had not been in the saddle at all.

Sick headache can be quickly and completely overcome by using those famous little pills known as "DeWitt's Little Early Risers." Charles Rogers.

Each gun is fired once, a blank charge, but enough to show that the gun is in good order and ready for service. As suddenly the pandemonium subsided; confusion gave place to silence and order, and not a sound is heard; but the battle-batteries flashing about the crowded deck reveal the well-disciplined crew standing at their quarters, every man equipped with cutlass and pistol, silent and alert. Sponges, rammers, spigot boxes and battle-axes litter the deck; every thing is provided and ready for action; while the captain, accompanied by the executive officer (the first lieutenant), with an orderly bearing a lantern, makes a thorough inspection fore and aft and below, including the powder division, magazines and shell rooms, to see that nothing is lacking which would be required in real action.

At the touch of the drum the ship had been changed from death-like stillness to readiness for battle, every officer and man at his station, armed, silent, expectant, and all in less than three minutes.

THE SQUIRRELS IN THE OAK.

How the Little Fellows Kept House and Got Their Provisions.

My favorite haunts in the oak were the gray squirrels. The boys knew their hole from the woodpecker at a glance, for it was in the living trunk of the tree, and the red-brown margin always showed where their powerful teeth had been cutting away the bark that threatened to grow in and close them up. I have often wondered how the woodpeckers knew that it would injure them and that they must put up with the dead hole.

As for the grass, they were not afraid to live in the heart of the oak, and what stores of nuts, harvested in the hickories on the hill, they did manage to "tot" up there! There must have been a peck, at least, when I rubbishly chopped into the hollow with a sharp hatchet and captured a brood of young ones that were soon tamed into graceful and affectionate pets.

The old father and mother we did not want if we could have caught them, because they were decreed and untamable in captivity. The abduction of their pretty children did not seem to weigh much on their minds; they gave no sign of potent grief, not to be comforted, that I have seen, for instance, in bluebirds whose nest had been despoiled—but red-tailed jays as snugly as before and raised another family.

When my squirrels went hawking, one of them first held his head in the mouth of the hole for half a minute to see if the coast was clear. Presently out he whisked, while his mate followed. Then Mr. Squirrel gave a rasping, long-drawn bark of defiance, which must have filled his lady's heart with admiration for his boldness, and with apprehension lest some unwary creature should come within reach of her lord's anger.

Then—if you didn't betray yourself and send both scampering in wild flight back to the hole—after playing hide-and-seek for a few minutes, they ran in single file out to the topmost twig of a great bush, raised a branch of a neighboring bare walnut, and crossing to its farther side, made a desperate flying leap to the top of a young lory. Springing half way down this they used a succession of dogwoods and oak saplings until they had reached the grove of tall, staghorn hickories on the hill, an eighth of a mile from their hole in the oak. Come on them suddenly now, if you would care to see fast time made over this queer course, and some record-breaking traps that fairly take away one's breath—Brentner's Magazine.

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