

THE PIONEER WOMEN OF OREGON

By Mrs. Owens-Adair, M. D.

(Sketch of Sarah Damron Owens, pioneer of 1842.)

Mrs. Owens was born in Kentucky January 1, 1818. She was the first daughter of Moses and Jennie Damron. Her father was of pure English blood and emigrated from England with two brothers, Lazarus and Richard, and settled on the Big Sandy river, and was employed by the government as scout and spy during the war with the Shawnees and Delaware. He performed great deeds of daring and bravery, which were recognized by the government; among them and worthy of record, was that of rescuing a woman and five children. The Shawnees had scalped her husband and carried off herself and six children. The Indians soon tired of the baby and tearing it from its mother's arms beat it to death against a tree, they hushed the mother's screams by rubbing her face with her husband's scalp. Mr. Damron volunteered to go in pursuit of these Indians and with 11 men he followed 20 miles, coming up with them just after dark. All were sitting around the fire eating their supper. There were 20 warriors. The leader was standing before the fire. When the men saw the 20 warriors, 20 turned and fled. Mr. Damron nothing daunted, instantly shot the leading savage, who fell into the fire. Damron gave the war whoop to charge and the Indians thinking an army was upon them fled. Mr. Damron and his one faithful comrade rushed in and rescued the woman and children and carried them across a mountain and returned to the trail, well knowing that the Indians would soon be on their tracks. He secreted himself under an old stump, having an over growth. Soon two Indian scouts came along, striking their flints and lighting their pipes. They stopped close by the stump, so near that Damron might have touched them with his hand. He often said that he thought then the scouts might have heard his heart beat. They did discover the tracks of the 10 retreating white men and on they rushed, whistling to their comrades to follow. As soon as they passed Mr. Damron lost no time in returning to his charge and with his comrade took the woman and children to a settlement in another direction. For this feat of bravery our government presented Mr. Damron with a splendid rifle, richly mounted with silver and valued in those days at \$200. Mr. Damron killed the noted Indian terror "Big Foot," shooting him in a pass of the Cumberland mountains.

During these dreadful times of Indian wars Mr. Damron, in 1852, married Miss Jennie Mullins. To them were born six children, Moses, Sarah, Louise, Elizabeth, William and Solomon. In 1852 they moved to Illinois, where they lived two years, but not being satisfied there, Mr. Damron started to return to their old home in Kentucky. They reached Posey county, Ill., on the Ohio river, where they stopped to rest. Here Mr. and Mrs. Damron were attacked by what was then known as "milk sickness" and within six days both were dead and buried. During their illness, the father called the oldest son and daughter, Moses and Sarah, the subject of this sketch 12 and 10 years old, to his bed side and told them many times, describing in the minutest detail every turn and cross road on their long journey home. He marked out their whole route and made them promise that they would continue steadily on until they reached their relatives in Kentucky. In those days children without parents were often "bound out" to provide against this. Mr. Damron called in his Masonic brethren and executed a pledge for them that they would see to it that his children should not be "bound out." He then made all arrangements for their journey. After the burial of their parents these six children started on their sad journey, in a light one horse wagon, or carriage. They reached home in one month, including all stops; never once losing their way or having to retrace their steps, so well had this wise father impressed his accurate knowledge upon the minds of his young son and daughter, but said to say this trip was the means of rendering this 15-year-old lad a cripple for life. While ascending steep hills he often had to put his foot under the wagon wheel to keep it from sliding and thereby bruised his foot and ankle, which brought on a disease of the joint, making him a cripple and finally causing his death. The children were overwhelmed with kindness throughout their trip. One night they stopped at the house of an old bachelor, who upon reading their letter from the Massons made up his mind to adopt the children. He kept them for nearly a week. He seemed to have been a good but very eccentric sort of a person, for he had provided himself with a coffin in which he kept his tin of whiskey. The sight of the coffin thoroughly frightened them, especially Sarah who ran down stairs screaming. The old man was very kind to the children and loaded them with good things to eat. One day he went to town leaving them with an old negro and his wife, telling the children he would not be gone long. As soon as he was out of sight the children huddled up their horse and slipped away; the old colored people pretending not to notice them. They travelled with all haste for fear the old man would follow them, but they never saw him again. Sarah and Eliza had theague and shook every other day. After several days travel they came to the Widow Hopkins, a wealthy woman who was known far and wide. She kindly took them in and cured the girl's ague. Widow Hopkins had a large plantation and a hundred slaves. Her two widowed daughters lived with her. The hearts of these wealthy and good women were warmed toward these orphaned children, and they begged them to stay with them, offering to raise and educate them. But Moses, that honest and faithful boy said, "No, I promised my father on his death bed that I would take the children

home to our people and I must obey." After they reached home they were divided among their relatives. Sarah went to live with her maternal grandmother, who was then 80 years of age. After her grandmother's death, Sarah went to live with an uncle and aunt, who were very kind to her and taught her to spin and weave and to do all kinds of work. Her only sorrow was her separation from her brothers and sisters. The nearest was 30 miles away. When she would get homesick to see them, her aunt would take her to visit them. Then she would take her shoes and stockings and a change of clothing in a handkerchief and start early in the morning. She would walk and run 20 miles, easily in one day; wading a creek, called Shelby, 30 times. I have often heard of these trips she felt as though she could fly, and she did run for miles at a time.

This passed her young life until she reached the age of 18, when she met and married a Mr. Thomas Owens, then sheriff of Pike county, Kentucky. Mr. Owens was the son of a wealthy planter and was a tall, handsome, athletic young man and for six years had been sheriff of his county. He knew neither danger or fear. They settled on a farm in the forks of Big Sandy, about seven miles from Pikeville. Here their first child, Thomas, was born, who survived only a few weeks. Also their first daughter, Diana, was born here. After two years they emigrated to Missouri. For this trip my father, Mr. Owens, built a flat boat in which he moved his family effects down the Big Sandy to the Ohio and up the Ohio to Cincinnati, where he sold his boat and traveled by steamer to Van Buren county, Missouri. Here their second daughter, Bethenia, (the writer) was born in 1840. Here my father built a log cabin and mud walls and fenced in some land. The following spring he bought five yoke of oxen and a plow, and broke 20 acres and planted it in corn. He fixed a little chair on the plow in which the eldest child, the late Mrs. John Hobson, would ride, while mother with her baby in her arms, walked behind and dropped the corn, which was covered up by the next furrow. The corn was planted in every third furrow and this planting produced a fine crop without any further attention. Father and mother lived here only about a year and a half and moved to "Platte Purchase," Missouri. This move was due to the continuous affliction of the ague. On February 22, a son was born, the late Hon. W. F. Owens, of Douglas county, Or. In the spring of 1847 my parents moved to Independence, Missouri, and there joined the emigration that year for Oregon.

MY MOTHER'S STORY.

The first day everything went along finely and for several days thereafter. Our wagon was loaded with provisions and everybody was happy until we came to a creek called the "Blue." Here we camped, and about midnight a fearful wind storm blew down our tents and the rain fell upon us in torrents. The next morning we found that about half our corn meal was wet. Then my husband said to the company, "At least half our meal is wet and unless it is converted into bread it will be lost and my advice is that we make bread and make it all into bread. This advice was unfortunately only followed by myself and a few other women. Thousands of pounds of meal were left by the roadside. Had Mr. Owens's advice been followed and economy practiced as it should have been, no person in that emigration need to have suffered from lack of food. That day was principally devoted to drying dried out, ready for a new start. From here we moved on without special occurrence till we reached the Platte river. Here we camped while the men found a good ford, which seemed to be about a mile across. Then the wagon beds were ruled about six or eight inches and from 40 to 50 wagons and teams were fastened together with long chains. Horses were attached to the first wagon and oxen in the rear. The men went a head horseback, with ropes tied to the front team. Upon reaching the other shore the men would pull in the ropes, in this way keeping the front team on the right course, while each man sat in his wagon and directed his own team. In this way we all crossed in safety. Thus we journeyed until we came to Sweet Water, in the buffalo country, where Mr. Owens was made captain of the hunters. I then took charge of the oxen and drove them throughout the buffalo section. While the hunters were killing game other men with pack horses were sent out to bring in the meat. As soon as it reached us the women set to work cutting it in thin slices and string it on ropes, which were fastened to the bottoms of the wagon beds, within three days this meat would be well cured and ready to pack away in sacks.

This was a jolly train, we had music, singing and dancing nearly every night. In the evening while the men were attending to the cattle and horses then wives and daughters would be carrying "buffalo chips" in their aprons, making fires and preparing supper, which was eaten and relished with appetites that only outdoors life can give. During all this time we never saw an Indian to annoy or molest us and not until we reached Independence Rock, where Dr. Whitman met us and when we got our first news. Our hunters here saw a band of Indians and notified the train. This brought the only non-social member of our company into close relationship. This Englishman, by name Evers, was a very non-social and disagreeable man, he usually camped a quarter of a mile away from the company; but the Indians were brought him into line. After this guards were stationed every night. Dr. Whitman traveled with us until the Blue mountains were reached and then

went ahead and blazed out our route. We proceeded on until we reached Chimney Rock (a rock) where we camped and sent out the hunters. They found the buffalo very wild. There our first serious accident occurred. While the hunters were approaching the buffalo through the tall grass, a gun in the hands of one of them was accidentally discharged and shot a Mr. Goodman through the hand, which crippled him for life. The hunters were successful and coming in with their game we proceeded on our journey.

The next evening after camping we had quite a scare, from a band of at least 200 buffalo that were apparently coming down on us; but fortunately they swerved from their course sufficiently to pass us, while had they continued straight on we would have been trampled to death. The next morning the "Platte" we found very deep and swift, detaining us three days, preparing to cross this turbulent stream. To do this we lacked buffalo hides on the bottoms of several wagon beds. In these novel boats were placed our portable beds, ropes were then fastened and good swimmers carried them over and pulled the boats across, while other men swam along side to steady them and keep them from upsetting. In this way our goods and families were all safely landed. The wagons were then taken apart and ferried over in the same way. After which the stock were driven in and made to swim across. It required two days to prepare for our onward march. From this to Fort Hall we subsisted principally on antelope meat and small game, the buffalo having become very scarce. At Fort Hall those of the company who had become almost destitute of provisions procured some, and here Mr. Owens sold his buffalo gun for \$30.

A few days after leaving Fort Hall we had another "scare," some 30 or 40 warriors of the Osage tribe came in sight. We at once stopped and prepared for battle, making a square inclosure with the wagons, by placing the tongue of each wagon on the back of the one next to it. In this corral the stock was placed. Fortunately the Indians did not molest us.

When we reached the sage brush country our captain, Mr. Jesse Applegate, divided us into platoons of four wagons each, in order that each platoon might take turns for one day in the land breaking a road through the high sage brush. I would have been impossible to have proceeded otherwise as the sage brush was from 2 to 6 feet high. After passing through this section we reached Snake river and found a ford which we all crossed safely, except Mr. Evers. Our wagons were hitched together and a man went a head with ropes to lead the foremost team. Mr. Evers's family were afraid to cross with him and begged to go with the company, and were landed in safety. Mr. Evers would not heed the protestations of the company, but persisted in driving his fine milk team by himself. The milk soon became unmanageable and turned down the stream and soon Mr. Evers disappeared from sight, lost his life and everything he had. The company brought his family through.

Coming to the Powder river our troubles began in earnest; for owing to carelessness and wastefulness by many in the company starvation began to stare them in the face. Captain Nesmith with a part of the company were a few days in advance. We found many dead and disabled cattle along the road, which was used for food, by those in need. Thus we proceeded to Salmon river, where we bought some dried salmon and dried berries from the Indians. In the Snake river country we met the old mountain "Peg leg" Smith and led considerable trading with him and his squaws, who were very friendly and represented quite a tribe. From here we went on to the Blue mountains where Dr. Whitman left us, proceeding onward to send us provisions. We pulled on until we reached and passed the summit of the Blue mountains. One night we were overhauled by receiving supplies of wheat, corn and peas from Dr. Whitman. Then the paroling of wheat and corn and the sending of some milk made sweet music for our ears, bringing encouragement and happiness to us all. In the midst of this pleasure and feasting, I was called to the bed side of Mrs. Oliver. And soon was ushered into the world a girl baby, the first child born to the emigration of 1842.

The writer is disposed to add that eight years ago she met a tall handsome lady of education, who said Doctor Owens is your relative of Mrs. Thomas Owens of the emigration of 1827. "Yes I am her second daughter, the oldest now living." She said I would rather see her, your mother, than any woman on earth for she attended my mother at my birth on the Blue mountains. Her name is unfortunately forgotten.

(Continued next Sunday.)

THE W. C. T. U. PICNIC.

The morning of Thursday, July 25th, broke cloudy, chilly and threatening, which fact was discouraging, particularly as there was to be a picnic that day. Now, a picnic is a great institution, and with weather and everything favorable there is nothing beats it for good, wholesome enjoyment. But the ladies of the W. C. T. U. of Astoria had arranged to have their annual picnic on the 25th, and they never back down when they undertake to do a thing. Accordingly, they and their friends, to the number of about fifty, took the train for Sunnyside at 10 o'clock a. m. and in about twenty minutes were at Sunnyside station. The weather had begun to improve by this time, and everybody being in good humor, we started on the walk of about half a mile to the residence of Colonel and Mrs. Dr. Adair in the best of spirits. There was a wagon for the

baskets, small children and one or two elderly people. By 11 o'clock we were at our destination, and an ideal place for an occasion of this kind it is.

The Adair residence is on a level piece of ground just high enough to overlook the stretch of meadow reaching out towards Young's bay and the Columbia river, with Scarborough hill in the background. By this time the weather was simply perfect—warm, but not oppressive, and continued so during the rest of the day. Colonel and Mrs. Adair made their guests feel at home, and all amused themselves in various ways—looking over the place, with its abundance of fruits and flowers. Several old family horses were put into service, and with two or three of the young people mounted on each, by taking turn about, gave all a chance for a good ride. There was also boat-riding in the creek for those who desired.

A great deal of amusement was afforded by a family of a dozen shepherd pups about two weeks old. Every one of the young folks was going to bring one or two of the small dogs home, and some of the older ones seemed to take much interest in them.

Our hosts, assisted by some of the visitors, spread tables on the lawn near the house, and at noon the company sat down to as fine a repast as ever a hungry lot of pioneers were favored with. Where so many good things came from so suddenly is a mystery. One lady complained, however, that they were a little short on Dutch cheese. I don't want to mention any names, but state the fact, so that it need not occur on any future occasion. My friend, Mr. Max Young, did good service as waiter—at the second table—and surprised all by his activity and efficiency in that line. I might mention here that the ladies were in a large majority on this occasion, which accounts for its being so quiet and orderly, with very little commotion going on at any one time. One of the ladies was found to have in her side pocket a "hysterical" novel, which came near producing serious effects, but was discovered in time. Another put in her spare moments knitting socks for Klondike gold-seekers, but for the most part all attended strictly to the duties of the hour and the occasion. There was a business meeting held on the lawn, I shall not attempt to disclose what was transacted, but

Upon this point every one agreed—To have the next picnic at Jay Sunnyside.

The afternoon passed quickly and pleasantly away, and about 4 o'clock we made a start for the station, where we arrived in due time for the train and were back to town shortly after 5 o'clock, every one feeling satisfied with the day's outing.

Mr. Paxton, the photographer, took some views during the day, which will enable those not fortunate enough to be there to get an idea of the scene.

Astoria, July 30, 1897.

MILESTONES ON THE ROAD TO HEALTH.

The recovery of digestion, and the resumption of activity by the liver, kidneys and bowels are milestones on the road to health. They quickly become perceptible when Hostett's Stomach Pills is used by the invalid. Nothing so surely and expeditiously conquers the distance to the goal. As no bodily function can suffer interruption without impairing the general health of the system, so the system can never acquire perfect vigor, health's synonym, until that function be actively resumed. Take, for instance, digestion, a suspension of which is invariably notified by the flitters. If the organs upon which it depends grow weak, biliousness, constipation, headache, poverty of the blood, and a hundred other symptoms supervene, which indicate unmistakably the baneful influence of dyspepsia. The disappearance of all these symptoms, through the use of the flitters, show with what thoroughness it removes their cause.

A CRITICISM.

"But," said the argumentative friend, "there is some reason for people's complaining at the increase of price for sugar."

"Not necessarily," replied Senator Sorghum blandly. "Sugar is unhealthy as a diet, anyway. Where they made their mistake was in not letting sugar alone and saving up their money to buy stout."

Who does not know women and young girls who are continually in tears? Who always weeps the dark side? Who have frequent fits of melancholy without any apparent cause? The intelligent physician will know that it is some derangement of the complicated and feminine organs. The young girl suffers, bodily and mentally, in silence. There is undue weakness, unexpected pain, unreasonable tears and fits of temper. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription exerts a wonderful power over woman's delicate organism. It is an invigorating tonic and is specific for the peculiar weaknesses, irregularities and painful derangements of woman. Careless, easy-going doctors frequently treat their women patients for biliousness, nervousness, dyspepsia, liver or kidney troubles, when the real sickness is in the organs distinctly feminine, and no help can come till they are made perfectly strong by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Send 25 cents in one-cent stamps to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, New York, and receive Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, Illustrated.

WHY THEY DON'T.

Kansas Populist Orator—I tell you, my friends, the sturdy farmers of Kansas are standing fast to face with hunger and want.

Voice—Why don't they make a kick?

Kansas Populist Orator—Well, sir—they are so busy harvesting their enormous wheat crop that they haven't time just now.

"They are dandies," said Thos. Bowser, of the Crockett, Texas, Enterprise, while writing about DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for sick headache and disorders of the stomach and liver. Charles Rogers.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

NERO'S STRANGE ADVENTURE

A Chapter from the History of a Dog That Got Lost.

Nero was a dog, quite young, and unused to the ways of the world. In spite of his youth, however, he was big and strong; and in spite of his being the best-natured dog you ever saw he looked very fierce. He did not know that he looked fierce, for, being gentle, he naturally supposed that he really was.

Nero's home was in the city, and his only playmate was the 12-year-old son of his master, a bright boy named Ned. One day Ned received a visit from some cousins from the country, and, of course, he had to show them the city. They were all very anxious to take Nero along with them, and finally received permission to do so.

The boys wandered about the streets a while, stopping now and then to look at something of special interest. Finally a brass band came down the avenue, and they immediately fell in with the crowd and followed the music. Unfortunately, they forgot Nero, and he was left to do as he chose.

For a time he followed the crowd, too, but he soon became absorbed in observing that appeared to his curiosity, and forgot to keep his friends in view; so he soon found himself alone in a strange part of the city.

Then he wondered what had become of his companions, and began to search for them; but instead of finding them he wandered farther and farther away, until at last he became hopelessly lost. It then occurred to him that it would be a good plan to inquire of some one where his home was, and he approached a little girl, who sat upon a doorstep playing with a doll, and wagging his tail pleasantly, he said:

"Little girl, can you tell me where I live?"

But the little girl was frightened and began to scream, and a woman came running out of the house crying:

"Go away, you ugly dog!"

This astonished Nero very much.

"What did I do?" he asked himself. "She must have misunderstood me; I will try some one else."

He soon met a curly-headed little urchin, dragging a toy wagon. He went up to him and wagging his tail asked:

"Can you tell me little boy where my home is?"

The little boy thought he said "how, wow, wow!" and he dropped his cart and ran crying down the street.

"Well, this is strange!" thought Nero. "I wonder what the matter is! Perhaps they are too young to understand me. I will try some other person," so he trotted down the street until he met a young lady with a basket on her arm.

He began to wag his tail again, which means in dog language, "I am glad to see you"—and stepping in front of her politely said:

"Young lady, will you kindly tell me where my master lives? I am lost."

But she cried out:

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What shall I do?" and turned and ran across the street and into a store on the corner.

"Well, now, this is very remarkable," thought Nero. "I would really like to know what is the matter with all the people. Perhaps it is my voice that frightens them. I will approach the next one quietly, and see if that makes a difference."

He continued on his way down the street, and soon overtook a lady who was going in the same direction that he was. He came up very quietly, so as not to frighten her, and stuck his nose against her hand, to attract her attention.

My, how she did scream! Then she cried out:

"Oh, you ugly, horrid beast, you!" and hurried up the steps of the nearest house and violently shut the door.

Nero dropped his head and trotted on down the street in despair. He made up his mind that it was useless to ask questions of such people, and determined to keep on going until he found his old master or a new one.

By and by he left the city, and came to the open country. Here he saw big farms, with here and there a farmhouse and a barn standing by the roadside.

After a while he noticed, ahead of him, a ragged, disreputable-looking man, who was turning into the path that led up to a house that stood a little back from the road.

"I will watch him," said Nero, "and see what he is about to do." So he waited by the gate and saw the man run up the door.

A woman answered the knock, and when she saw the man she cried:

"Go away from here we don't want any tramps about!"

Then she slammed the door in his face, and the man came shuffling out to the road again.

Nero followed at a respectful distance, and saw the man turn in at the gate of the next house. This time a man came to the door, and he talked very loud and harsh to the tramp, and threatened to thrash him if he did not leave, so the tramp walked away.

"This is, indeed, a strange country," thought Nero. "The man fares no better than I did. The people must be very hard-hearted," and he felt sorry for the man, and wished to make his acquaintance.

They soon came to a spring by the side of the road, where the ragged man stopped to drink and rest himself; then Nero ventured to approach him. The tramp, at first, seemed inclined to be afraid, but Nero wagged his tail and looked as pleasant as possible, and then the tramp patted him on the head and called him "good dog," and they soon became friends. The tramp opened a small bundle that he carried, and took out some

bread and meat, which he shared with Nero, and they resumed their journey.

Just as it was beginning to grow dark, the tramp stopped at a farm-house and asked for food. The good woman of the house kindly asked him to come in, and set a nice lunch upon the table and invited him to partake of it.

Your poor dog must be hungry, too," she said; so she gave Nero some food, also.

When they had finished their meal, the tramp and Nero resumed their travels. Nero felt sorry to go, when he saw what a kind old woman it was that fed him, and he thought how nice it would be if he could stay there always; but he had not not been invited to stay, he deemed it best to go on with the tramp. When it became quite dark, the tramp went to a haystack that stood back from the road, and together they curled up in the hay and were soon fast asleep.

A little after midnight Nero was awakened by the tramp, who was leaving his bed in the haystack. Nero wondered at his starting out in the middle of the night, but he said nothing and followed to see what was about to happen. They retraced their steps until they came to the house where they had taken supper the evening before. The tramp crept quietly to the back of the house, and, taking from his inside pocket a small iron lever, he began to pry at a window, trying to force it open.

Nero did not like this, and he began to whine and protest, but the tramp whispered savagely, "Keep still, you fool!" and continued his work.

The window soon gave way and the tramp raised it, and began to clamber in. This excited Nero very much. What to do he did not know, but finally, remembering the kind woman who had given them their supper, he could remain quiet no longer, so springing upon the tramp, who was now half way through the window, he fastened upon one of his legs and began to bite and pull with all his might.

The tramp, surprised at the unexpected attack, and nearly wild with pain—Nero was very strong in his jaws—yelled loudly, which awoke the farmer, who came quickly upon the scene. He took in the situation at a glance, and before the terrified tramp could break loose from Nero's grip, the farmer had disarmed and securely bound him.

After the tramp had been secured and an officer had been sent for, the farmer and his wife turned their attention to Nero and never did a dog receive so much petting and praise as he got, for, said they, "He has saved us from being robbed and perhaps murdered."

So they determined to keep Nero, and after the officer had removed the tramp, and the excitement had subsided, they began to question him about his name, but of course he was unable to answer.

"I will call him by the names usually given to dogs," said the farmer, "and if I speak the right one he will answer it," so he began to call over all the names he could remember, and Nero paid careful attention.

"Tower, Pinto, Fido, Rover," called the farmer, but no response from Nero. "Watch, Spot, Tray, Jack," he continued, and a dozen other names he tried, but still no response from Nero.

"Well," said the farmer, "I shall have to give up and give him a new name. What shall we call him?"

"Let us call him Hero, for he has surely acted the part of one," she replied.

"All right then, Hero it is," said the farmer, and then Nero began to frolic, for he thought that his right name had been called.

"I verily believe we have hit upon his real name," said the farmer; "see how he acts. Here, Hero," he said, and again Nero answered to the name.

"Yes, it is the right name," said the wife; "how strange that it should be so!"

And I am sure you will agree with them that, though the name was wrong, it was really right.

GRANDPA'S FARM.

Oh, you don't know the fun on grandpa's farm.

For grandpa says "Let 'em, it ain't no harm."

An' Cousin Bob starts us, an' cries "Here goes!"

An' mamma she only just says "Such clothes!"

We've a Crusoe's Island an' robber's cave, An' Tower of London, an'—don't you know,

When one of us wants to let on he's brave He crawls under the sawmill, scared an' slow.

Oh, you don't know half the fun out there.

For grandpa he never tells "Take care." An' Cousin Bob laughs an' says to "Ca-rouse!"

An' mamma, you see, is off in the house.

We fish in the brooks an' play in the sands, An' try to catch tadpoles out of the springs;

We hide in the bushes like Indian bands An' fight with the horses an' get their stings.

Oh, there's no end of fun on grandpa's place.

For grandpa, he says, "Now shoot on a race!"

An' Cousin Bob grins an' says, "There she blows!"

An' mamma she only just says "Such clothes!"

—F. H. Sweet in Orange Judd Farmer.

a kitten. What can be the matter with him?"

"He's just as big and fat!" wailed the little mother, "He ain't thin and little like Mamma's baby, what you can roll 'em' as easy. And he gets fatter and worse every day. I'm so tired o' rollin' him I done stopped lovin' him. There! Jus' look at him! He stands up in the carriage that way sometimes, and when I have to hold him I must fall over! If he was only a thin, little baby like Mamma's, I wouldn't mind rollin' him—but I jus' hates a big, fat baby like Jake!" And two big tears began to run down the brown cheeks, and with a vicious little shake she made Rolyoly open his round eyes and squeal again with delight, under the impression that she was going to play with him.

The poor, tired, disgusted "little mother" shoved the heavy baby down on the carriage seat and rolled slowly away, sobbing softly.

"There was strange man here to see you today, papa," said little Ethel, who met her father in the hall as he came home on Wednesday night. "Did he have a bill?" "No, papa, he had just a plain nose."

A little girl busy in making a pair of worsted slippers, said to a companion near her: "You are lucky; you are. Your papa has only one leg."

An English poet without a peer—Shakespeare—Golden Days.

The Whole Trouble.



Billy—What's the matter, Jimmie? Ain't de cigar good enough for you? Jimmie—Yes, I guess it was, but I didn't know enough to let good enough alone.—Up to Date.

A Sweet Meal.



First Shipwrecked One—I'm hungry. Is there anything? Second Shipwrecked One—Nothing but a few more rolls.—New York World.

Another Foreign Outrage.



TRAINING UP THE AMERICAN FLAG.—New York Journal.

A Question of the Hour.



What are these stand up, turn down collars coming to—Judy.

A Familiar Term Illustrated.



"HE HAD A HANDSOME LOOK."—New York Sunday World.