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Miserable

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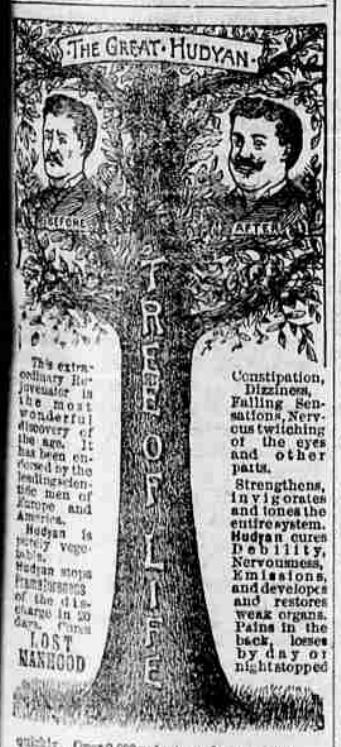

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AGONIES OF CHILDHOOD.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
Noting, of course, an exception or two—
Notably when I staid home, as requested,
And pushed the lawn mower the rank, tough grass through.

Caught by my father when, stalled in the greensward,
I gave vent to language to print quite unfit,
Grabbed by the collar and dragged to the wood shed,
And for days intervening unable to sit.

The rusty lawn mower, the edgeless lawn mower,
The meanest lawn mower that ever I knew.
—Detroit Tribune.

SIX TO ONE.

"Six great, strapping boys, and never a girl among 'em!" says old Martha Gray, with a look full of exclamation points and a half smothered sigh of what tried to be resignation.

For my own part I have no objection to boys. On the contrary, I rather like them. But I must say I like them diluted. A family of unmitigated boys is, I think, with Martha Gray, rather formidable.

"Must make a sight of work, Patty," says Martha's crony.

"Sight! Laws me, from morning till night it's tops and kites and marbles a-rollin around on the floor and a trippin of me up, and strings a snarlin and lookin glasses a breakin, with balls and boxin gloves and—laws me, I'd rather have the care o' 20 girls than them six boys!"

"What on airth, then, makes you stay there? Why don't you go somewhere else? There's places enough would be glad to get you, and we all know Martha Gray ain't beholdin to nobody, neither."

"Leave? Leave Miss London, with them ar six boys, to her own destruction? She wouldn't live a month. She ain't no more fit to take care on 'em than your Geordie."

"No reason why you should slave yourself out for 'em. Why didn't she bring 'em up better?"

"Lud a massy!" fired up old Martha. "What be you a-talkin about, Nancy Smith? There ain't no better behaved family in the world, I don't care where they be. Miss London ain't never had no health, and can't do for 'em, but she manages 'em like waxwork. Th' ain't one of 'em but what minds her just as quick as she speaks—same as they do their father. And they're just the most affectionest creeturs you ever see. And Mr. Fred has took the first salutery at college, and Dave expects to get the medal, and the' ain't one but what's bright as a button. Sure, they's noisy, and they's boisterous and sights o' trouble, but I should like to know what boys ain't that's wuth the name o' boys. I wouldn't have such white livered things as Miss Jameses boys, and I don't leave Miss London's till I'm turned outdoors neck and heels."

That is the way good old Martha Gray stood up for her darlings.

Now, it so happened that very nearly at the same moment, a pleasant room in Mr. London's house was chattering full of these very boys that Martha was talking about. I was going to call it the parlor, but it was not the parlor—it was "ma's room." "Ma," being almost an invalid, sat a greater part of the time in her room, and in consequence everybody else sat in her room when any sitting was going on.

"Do you think girls are gooder than boys, papa?" asked Basil seriously.

"Softer and lighter than boys and easier to handle," answered papa, quite as seriously.

"There ought to be one girl in a family," interposed Fred, who, having just taken a "salutery," was supposed to be capable of pronouncing a final decision on any subject whatever. "All boys and no girls is a bore."

"I guess we've got a girl now," spoke up young Roderic. "I guess mamma is as good as a girl."

"Now, ma, say," said Dave, "don't you wish one of us was a girl?"

"Which one could I spare, I wonder?"

"Oh, well, Moore is 16. He'd be just the right age for me," exclaimed Fred.

"Catch me!" cried Moore. "Basil now might be a girl. He likes to sit in people's laps and be babied. That's what girls like. We'll make him up into a girl."

"No, I won't be a girl," shouted Basil. "Hen Dumley's a girl."

Basil had very limited views of womanhood. Hen Dumley stood for the sex. He knew that he hated Hen Dumley, and he did not mean to be put into any class to which she belonged.

"Yes you will be a girl," said Fred, who loved to tease him. "You wear dresses now, and it'll come all right."

"Well, I am not going to be a girl, and I'm going to wear a jacket next spring, ain't I, ma?"

"If it doesn't rain."

"But don't you want to be a girl and have a doll to play with and a beau to come and see you?"

"I'd rather go a-courtin," said Basil dubiously. A gay laugh followed this rejoinder, and——

About six weeks afterward there came to Mrs. London's ears a tale of sorrow—of shipwreck and suffering and death. Beauty and youth and hope and life went down into the angry waters. Father and mother, brother and sister, friend and acquaintance—the sea spared them not—the wrathful, ravenous sea. But one little human blossom—one tiny, frail life—one 2-year-old girl baby, found her ark in the arms of a broad shouldered negro sailor, was borne "through the jaws of death" and smiled from her blue eyes straight out into the sunshine, just as happily as if father and mother were not torn from her forever.

It was known that Mrs. London was fond of little girls and had none of her own. Would she mother this poor waif? The child's family were not yet discovered, but great efforts were making. It was evident that she was gently born, but months might elapse before she could be restored to friends. Meanwhile she ought to be tenderly cared for, and in case her family should not be found it was desirable that she should be with those who would cherish her as their own. She could not be given up to public charity. The pity which her sad fate excited was too great for that. So the little stranger was laid in Mrs. London's lap, and the father and the six boys came and looked upon her. What did they see that stirred their hearts so, hushed their ringing voices into silence and brought a dampness to their eyes? Only a shy, sturdy face, half afraid, half repellent—only little fat hands and dimpled arms—only a baby girl, swept away from father's arms and mother's bosom—swept up by a pitiless sea upon the bleak shores of a stranger world, an orphan and alone. But when Mrs. London said in a low voice, "Well, papa, what do you say?" Roderic answered quickly:

"I say, let's have her."

"Is it a vote?" asked papa.

"She's too young to be of any use to ma," said Fred, appearing indifferent, to gloss over the fact that he had been very near crying, "but it's too bad to send her tossing around the world again. She'll be a good plaything. I'd keep her."

"What says Basil? Will you have your nose put out of joint?"

"She can't hurt my nose," said Basil.

And by a unanimous verdict "she" was admitted to the family circle.

"She" turned everything topsy turvier than it had ever been before. Very timid and silent at first, the tenderness that waited on her footsteps soon soothed away her shyness, and she unfolded like a June rosebud. No queen was ever more loyally served, and it must be confessed that she repaid service with baby gratitude. She walked into Fred's writing desk, threw his papers all about the room and adored him. She set down her foot in the middle of Arthur's best kite and crowed loudly to make him look up. She took a crayon and flashed streaks of black lightning in Roderic's just completed prize drawing and cooed lovingly in his ear. She pulled both wheels off Basil's tin wheelbarrow, and threw his soft ball into the coffeepot and was so sweet and cunning that they laughed at her mischief as if it was the nicest thing in the world to be done and loved her with all their hearts. To these boys who had never known a sister, this tiny girl's nature was a revelation. They never thought of standing up for their rights against her encroachments. They battled with each other famously and exacted the very utmost farthing, but she walked over all their necks and was not afraid. Old Martha softened to her marvelously, and those meddlesome fingers worked restlessly in among Martha's caps and collars as London fingers had never dared to do. Meanwhile the little one had no name.

"What do you suppose her name is?" Basil asked a dozen times a day. "How soon shall we name her if we don't find out her name?"

"And, mamma, if you don't find out anybody who owns her she'll be christened just as we were, won't she?"

"Yes, dear. We mean to have her."

"And her name will be London something—no, something London?"

"Just so."

"And she'll be our very own sister—just the same as if she was borned so?"

"Not exactly the same, but just as dear, won't she? She will not be our own blood, but she will be our own heart."

But one day, when the little girl had been with them about eight months, there came a letter announcing that the search had been successful; that the child's grandfather had been found; that he was an English clergyman and had already started to visit America and bring the baby home. The news fell upon the ears of the London family like a thunderbolt. They had gradually grown into thinking her their own, and they shrank from giving her up. The letter had been delayed on its way, and the day after its reception the grandfather arrived. There was a long conference in the parlor, to which the children were not admitted. They gathered in the library, however, and compensated themselves by abusing their guest.

But when they were called into the parlor and presented severally to Mr. Talbot their anger was turned away. Even their young eyes could see the lines which grief had traced on that thin face, and not only in the thin, worn, aged face, but in the bent and feeble frame they saw the marks of sorrow—the signs of a broken heart—which touched theirs to the tenderest pity and sympathy. They felt, but did not know how deeply they felt. The little girl, contrary to their expectations, was not afraid, but sat quiet and trustful in her grandfather's arms. Some blind mother instinct controlled her wayward little heart.

"So these are my Barbara's brothers," he said, with a pleased smile.

"We hope you will let her be," answered Moore.

"I am sure she can find no better," he responded, his smile dying like a sigh.

"You don't mean to take her away, please, sir?" asked Arthur eagerly.

"Not tonight, my boy," said his father. "Mr. Talbot is ill and exhausted from his journey, so we will let that rest and talk about it tomorrow."

"But just tell me, papa," said Basil softly, "is that her name?"

"Yes. Barbara Postlethwaite Talbot is her name."

"There's lots of it," whispered Dave. "And tomorrow we shall know who's going to have her!"

"Yes, my child. Probably tomorrow Mr. Talbot will decide."

But tomorrow brought the decision from a higher power than Mr. Talbot. His health had been feeble for years. The anxiety of suspense which he had endured regarding the fate of his only child, Barbara's father, had been too much for him. The news of Barbara's rescue had roused and renewed him once more, but it was only for a moment, and in the night God sent his angel. Delaying yet a little while to the prayer of love, the angel stood by him, clasping close in his hand the hand of the weary wanderer, and little Barbara's happy face shone in his longing eyes. In those last hours he made a final disposition of his affairs, and the child was consigned to the care of the new friends who loved her so well.

"I have outlived my family," he said. "There is no other to whom I wish to commit her. You will cherish her tenderly." But he needed no assurance. He had seen himself how dear she had grown to them.

It had been her father's wish that the seal of baptism should be set upon her brow by his father's hands. It was decided that she should bear her own name, but that the name of London should be inserted. The children had gathered in the room where the old man lay bolstered up in bed. Mr. London held the little girl in his arms, and in a few words asked for her the blessings of God. Then the dying man touched her forehead with the water of baptism and pronounced with a clear voice:

"Barbara Postlethwaite London, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Then the angel gently pressed his hand, and they two went away together through the gates of pearl into the beautiful city.

But Barbara staid behind. Her pattering feet make music still in the home that would be lonely without her. No spring violet is more lovely than she. No June rose exhales a sweeter fragrance than her dewy presence. All the summer birds sing in her joyous voice, and when the summer is gone and winter seals up the melody and covers away the beauty she brings the perfume of flowers, the ripple of brooks and the hum of bees around the household hearth. — Gail Hamilton in Home Queen.

Julius Cæsar was assassinated on March 15, in the year 44 B. C., at the foot of Pompey's pillar in the senate chamber, Rome. He was 56 years old at the time of his death. The whereabouts of his tomb is not now known.

OVER THE VERGE.

During the fall of 1877, just after the expedition which resulted in the running down and capturing Chief Joseph and his band of warriors, my troop was detached to make a scout from Camp Brown down through the Rattlesnake range to the Platte river and from there to the Yellowstone by way of the Goose creek trail.

When we went into camp on Clear creek, a comrade, named Lee, and I started off for a day's hunting among the high peaks of the Big Horn mountains, expecting to get a few sheep. Lee was a man of extraordinary strength and was noted in the regiment for his feats of muscular ability.

We ascended the mountain by a deer trail, Lee riding in advance. The trail led up a "hogback" until it ran out against the side of the mountain, when we had to pick our way over the side hill until we struck another trail winding in a zigzag manner toward the summit. We dismounted and led our horses, for the trail ran dangerously close to the edge of a cliff that formed one side of an immense canyon, whose depth we could only guess. Narrower and narrower grew the trail as we advanced until it seemed to terminate at a point only a short distance in front of us. We moved forward cautiously, for on one side the mountain appeared to rise from under our very feet into a wall of solid rock. On the other side we looked into the depths of the great canyon, which would prove an eternal grave to either of us should he lose his footing and topple into it.

The apparent termination of the trail was due to a curve at that point, to round which required steady nerves. We passed it safely, but had not gone 20 yards when both horses bent their ears forward, snorted and showed evidence of the greatest terror. Before I could ascertain the cause of it, being in rear of Lee's horse and unable to see beyond it, a shot was fired that awoke 10,000 echoes.

What followed the sound of the shot happened so quickly that I did not realize danger until I found myself hanging between life and death. My horse, unable to see what was in the path ahead of us, but whose instinct warned him of the presence of some dreaded wild beast, had stopped in terror, and, when the shot was fired, suddenly threw up his head and began backing. I had pulled the reins over his head when I dismounted and held them in my right hand, to which fact I owed my escape from instant death. The rapid backward movement of the horse and the sudden tossing of his head threw me off my balance, and before I could recover I was falling over the cliff.

Instinctively I tightened my hold on the reins and endeavored to grasp the edge of the cliff with my left hand as I was rolling over. I did succeed in checking the shock of my fall somewhat, but could not secure a hold sufficient to sustain my weight. For a moment I hung suspended over the terrible abyss, my whole weight resting upon my right arm. Quick as a flash I grasped the reins with my left also, and there I hung, expecting death every instant, for I knew that my horse would not stand long in the position he then held.

I could see him standing above me, and the beauty of his pose and the rigidity of his position, as he stood braced against the weight dangling at the end of his bridle rein, made an impression upon my memory that will never be eradicated.

I asked myself how much longer it was possible to hang on by so frail a support as a bit of leather. The grip of my hands was so tight that my finger ends were tingling and burning as though touched with a hot iron.

Suddenly another shot rang out, awakening a myriad of echoes that seemed to mock me with shrill laugther. Again that backward movement of my horse, and as I felt the reins drag along the edge of the precipice I thought I must surely let go and fall. Strange thoughts began to flash through my brain; mental pictures of loved ones long since dead appeared to whisper prayers for me; there was a singing sound in my ears, and I realized that my strength was fast giving out.

Just then I heard my name spoken. At first I thought it was but the voice of one of the visions my excited brain had conjured up. But, no; there it sounded again. It was Lee's voice, calm, collected and inspiring. He was whispering words of caution.

Opening my eyes, I saw his face above me. What a white, scared face it was, I thought. Slowly, oh, so slowly, his hand stole down the reins until it rested upon my wrist. Then there was a quick grip of powerful fingers, an exertion of wonderful strength, and—I was in safety. Lee told me afterward that I was unconscious when he stretched me out on the trail.

The first shot had been fired at a mountain lion that crouched in the trail a short distance ahead and had sent it crashing into the depths of the canyon. Hearing my cry of fear as I toppled over the brink of the cliff, he had shot his horse to clear a path to get back to where I was and had been in time to rescue me.—W. P. Coulter in True Flag.

Death of Paul Jones.

On July 18, in the afternoon, seeing he was fast failing, Gouverneur Morris induced him to draw up his will. It is a simple document in which he divides his property between his sisters and names Robert Morris as his sole executor.

He was then able to sit up in an armchair, and his friends left him to have the will copied into French. They returned at 8 o'clock and witnessed it, after which Paul Jones returned to his bedroom. Presently came the queen's physician. They all went into the room, and there on the bed, face downward, lay Paul Jones. The great captain was no more—"in peace after so many storms, in honor after so much obloquy."

Two days later he was buried. The national assembly resolved in its proces verbal to send a deputation of 12 members to honor "the memory of Paul Jones, admiral of the United States of America, a man who has well served the cause of liberty."

In the funeral discourse over him it was said: "The fame of the brave outlives him. His portion is immortality."

So long as ships sail the sea will the name of Paul Jones be respected. His country owes him a great debt, for he truly said, "I have ever looked out for the honor of the American flag." And it may be said of him, as of the great Conde, "This man was born a captain."—Molly Elliot Seawell in Century.

He Came Back.

"I understand," said Hopkins, "that the spirit of old Stubbs materialized at one of those recent seances. Did he answer any questions?"

"Oh, yes. They asked him if he was happy, and he said it was a perpetual Fourth of July where he is now."

"How is that?"

"Fireworks."—Detroit Free Press.

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, 1895-96.

The University of Oregon, Eugene, Oregon, offers Free tuition to all students. Young men can obtain Board, Lodging, Heat and Light in the dormitory for $2.50 per week. Roomers furnish their own linen. Young women are provided with board in private families at $3.00 per week. Young women desiring board should address Prof. John Straub, Eugene, Oregon, or Secretary Young Women's Christian Association, Eugene. The University offers three baccalaureate degrees: Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Science and Bachelor of Letters, with corresponding courses of study. The following shorter courses are also offered. An English course leading in two years to a Business diploma, and in three years to the title graduate in English; an advanced course for graduates of normal schools leading to the degree Master of Pedagogy; a three years' course in civil engineering leading to the degree Civil Engineer; a course of two years for teachers of physical education leading to a diploma and the title director of Physical Education. The University charges an incidental fee of $10 which is payable in advance by all students. Students holding diplomas from the public schools and those having teachers' certificates are admitted to the preparatory department without examination. Those desiring information regarding the preparatory department should address the Dean, N. L. Narregan, Eugene.

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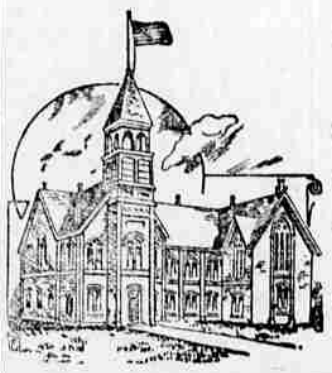

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Roseburg, Or., July 8, 1895.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before A C Jennings, county clerk of Lane county, Oregon, at Eugene, Lane county Oregon, on Aug. 17th, 1895 viz: Isaac Higgins on homestead entry No. 6411, for the w½ n e ¼, n ½ s e ¼ of sec 14, tp 20 s, r 1 west.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

Oliver J. Warbinton, Henry S. Tilton, John Guiley and Milton Veatch, all of Dexter, Lane county, Oregon.

R. M. Veatch,
Receiver.