

A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE.

"All's fair in love, war and ways o' gittin' whisky," said Pete Tinker, an old rauger of the Shenandoah.

Pete, a queer-looking fellow, with a weathered face and a weak voice. You wondered how he could stand in the sun without tanning. He was a tall, thin man with long legs and a box of a body, and one of his eyes had been shot out, its absence giving a sinister look, or lack of look, to the visionless side of his face. But he could see as much with one eye and as well as another could with two, so it was no easy matter to get on his blind side.

"Yes," said Pete, "that's what Joe Whalen, an old army chum o' mine, used to say—'all's fair in love, war and ways o' gittin' whisky.' Joe was a soldier that had took to drinkin' on account of some trouble with his affections, so he knowed all about love, war and ways o' gittin' whisky. He belonged to an Ohio regiment, but was, like me, a Virginian by birth. He was the worst sort that ever disgraced an army by drinkin', an' the best soldier that ever brightened a battlefield with bravery. He was never out of the guard house only when there was a battle, an' he never went into a fight without comin' out wounded. He was not only full o' pluck, an' would fight at the drop of a hat, but he was the best feller I ever seen. He had that kind o' good nature that'll give you the shirt off his back when it's drunk, an' then sneak around an' steal your coat."

"Everything he laid hands on went for whisky. The sutler's tent was a kind o' pawn shop for him. Sometimes he'd stagger onto the drill-ground—fur dress parade—mind you without a coat or cap on, an' his gaiters draggin' down about his legs, an' sometimes without shoes on, and even his socks about half off. He'd a gone on dress parade without his breeches if he could a pawned 'em. They got so sick o' him they threatened to drum him out o' the army, but it wasn't any use; he'd quit drinkin' when they quit makin' it."

"It was a gal, boys, that done it all, an' she was as purty as a peach. They had some trouble about his habits, an' Joe went to the dogs till he drove 'em all out o' the kennel, an' had full possession to himself. Joe, like me, was one of the true blues o' Virginia. We was called 'blue-bellied Yankees,' an' had to clear out. We was young sprouts then, an' enlisted under Shields down at Winchester. He had a friend, a corporal, that stuck to him close as a poor relation, but they was always fightin'. Joe whipped him every time. He'd be so drunk he couldn't stand up, but he'd whip that corporal. 'Peared like he was born to do it."

"I never heard him mention the gal's name, but I knowed he was thinkin' about her all the time. I've seen him often when I thought he was goin' to cry, he looked that down in the mouth. This was when he was soberin' up in the guard house. It was hard to tell what thoughts was goin' through the poor feller's head then. It just 'peared like it was God a-talkin' to him. I tell you, it made me heart go out to him, and a drink the time I've slipped him a drink to cheer him up. I knowed he was drinkin' hisself to death on account o' the worst disease in the world—affections with no prospect in 'em. I tell you, it's a ground-hog case when you've got your happiness in another person's possession. It's like havin' your money in another man's pocket."

"But I wanted to tell you how he come to quit drinkin'—God bless him for it. He'd done a brave thing in holdin' an outpost from a sudden attack o' the enemy, an' capturin' their colors and commandin' officer with his bare hands; an' it come to the general's ears. They couldn't promote him on account of his habits; fur he was always prowl'n around arter stills. It was a wonder he never got shot, the way he prowled around, but he wanted to get killed. A feller that ain't afraid o' dyin' is a good man, or he's purty tough. Joe was about both."

"But they had to do somethin' to honor him, an' what do you think the general did? He up an' sends an order to the colonel, known as the indefinite order o' the day, that Private Joe Whalen had permission to git drunk till further orders. It looked like a furlough for a lifelong drunk, fur no further orders come on the subject; an' Joe had full swing at the stills."

"It got out among the boys, an' Joe had to stand an awful sight o' gittin' whisky; an' he whipped the corporal, an' assed the colonel, who was one o' the boys hisself, an' could stand as much fun as anyone. Joe mauled the corporal till he hollered for a guard. Then he wanted to whip the whole regiment, an' said he could do it right off a gun-wagon, includin' the reserve. I tell you, it riled him mightily, but it done him good; he was sober fur two days at a stretch."

"Well, let me see; it was a moonlight night like this, in the late part of the summer. Winchester had been took an' retok so many times that a fight down there was looked on as a sort o' fun that might be left off an' begun agin' to suit yourself. Sheridan had got hold o' things, an' was makin' the fur fly in the valley. It was hammer-an'-tong, tooth-an'-nail, eye-gougin', ear-chawin' fight right straight along, like they have in a Kentucky Blacksmith shop on Saturday afternoon."

"Things was hot fur all that was in 'em, and we'd moved up about hyar. Early was camped up that mornin' the foothills. Joe an' me was on picket duty over thar on one o' them peaks yonder. I said it was a moonlight night like this, but it was just about dusk ur a little arter. The moon was a-comin' up over the mountains beaut'fully. A silver streak along the jagged horizon over thar in the sky showed whar the ole gal was a-comin' jist as she's doin' now. Ev'rythin' wur as still's the dickens. You could a-moos' a heard the moon risin' if you'd listened loud enough."

"We'd been thar four hours 'thout bein' relieved; an' it looked like we was thar to stay the night out. From the peak we was on we could see, when the sun was still a shinin' on the house whar Joe's gal lived. The rebs was camped right around it. Joe must a been awful dry, fur two whole days 'thout takin' a drink to a mile like him must a made him feel like a hot sand-heap in a swamp. He hadn't said a word fur over an hour, but kep' pacin' up an' down with his eyes glancin' off toward whar his gal's house was. He'd a down-hearted look, an' I knowed whar the poor feller was a thinkin' about. All at once, he turns to me an' says:

"Pete, ain't it Abe Lincoln that says somethin' about not shootin' a young feller for brak'n' fur tall timber when he thinks o' his gal?"

"I knowed what was in his head at once—he was a-goin' to break. 'They'll shoot you, Joe,' says he, 'I can't stand this no longer; my heart is brak'n'. An' the cryin'-like look come into his eyes. 'I must see her, Pete, an' see her to-night, if I die fur it,' says he. 'But I don't think I'll die fur it. The gineal says I git drunk till further orders. I intend to take him at his word. There's a still over thar, Pete. Jist say I'm gone to it.'"

"I saw a twinkle in his eyes under the mist that had come into 'em. That's about all I did see; fur, the next minute he was gone, hollerin' back as he'd disappeared down the mountains: 'I'll be back at day-break, Pete!' An' he kept his word. What's more, he had the girl with him. The post wasn't relieved all night, an' jist at peep o' day, he come puffin' an' pantin' up the mountains with the gal in his arms."

"What happened to him that night he told me afterward. When he left he made straight fur the rebel lines. He was a nimble feller on his legs, and could give a deer all the odds it wanted, an' beat it runnin'. He found it easy to get inside the lines, fur the poor Johnnies were all worn out, like we was; an' he got clean to the house 'thout the least bit o' trouble. The still was near thar, but he never went nigh it."

"A rebel colonel had his quarters in the house—a Col. Taunton that was Joe's enemy in war an' peace, and wanted the gal fur hisself. Her room was upstairs. A light was burnin' in it, an' her window was open. A tree grew close by—so close the branches scraped against the window in the winter."

"Up the tree Joe went like a squirrel. The light from the window and the moon was both in the treetop, an' Joe stuck his head out among the leaves to git a view o' the inside o' the room. He ketches his breath in a gulp-like as he looked in, fur thar was his gal on her knees at the window, lookin' out at the sky, a-sayin' her prayers. He listened with all his senses crowdin' into his ears, an' heard her mention his name—heard her prayin' that God would take care o' him, an' make him quit drinkin' an' bring him back to her!"

"That settled Joe. He lost his presence o' mind, an' his hold on the tree at the same time, an' fell right down among a lot o' rebel soldiers sleepin' on the ground. How they hollered! They jist tied him, an' kicked an' cussed him fur disturbin' thar rest; an' axed him if he was General Sheridan; an' Joe told 'em he was, an' that he'd jist dropped down informin'-ly-like to swap hisself fur General Early; but they wouldn't trade. Then they laid down agin, leavin' him fur mornin', when they intended to hang him fur a spy."

"Things didn't look cheerful fur Joe. His wrists was tied cheerful fur his head, fur apart, to two saplin's, and his ankles to two more, some way; an' thar was enough ropes an' cavalry straps round his body to wrap a mummy in. An' thar he laid, flat on his back, lookin' up at the sky through the branches o' the trees, an' thinkin', a strong active feller as he was, as an infant tied to the four corners o' its cradle."

"It was about the middle o' the night, an' so still the silence seemed 'sigin'. Out whar the trees was thin an' scatterin' the tents stood white an' still in the moonlight. The wind sigh'n through the woods, seemed tryin' to keep still, too, in a futterin' way. Sometimes a horse made a noise blowin' under its lips, or stamped in the woods, makin' a dull report underground-like; or maybe thar was a far-away challenge o' a sentinel ringin' up out o' the muffled night. Sometimes an' unsen presence seemed trampin' around 'thout makin' any noise, all was so muffled an' dead-like. As Joe laid thar a-singin', when thar wasn't anythin' to listen to, 'ceptin' the stillness, he suddenly felt somethin' tuggin' at one o' his wrists. He thought it was some wild animal that had crep' out o' the woods, an' turned his head to look over his eyebrows at what it was, makin' some little noise, when a low 'sh!' at his ear warned him to lay still. The blood o' hie bounded through him, fur he knew it was his gal to help him."

"They say love laughs at lock-

smiths. If that's so what's ropes an' cavalry-straps when it gits its fingers on 'em? She soon had his hands free, and he could set up, an' help her with the rest. The next minute, they was flyin' through the woods quicker'n the chasin' shadders flung by the flyin' moon. They had no time fur huggin' an' kissin', but made straight fur a road leadin' down to the river, whar they had played when children. An' thar, on the banks o' the Shenandoah, with his hand riz above him and tears on his face, he swore to her he'd never take another drink as long as he lived, an' she promised to be his wife."

"He had took her by the hand to lead her down the stream, as happy as anybody ever was outside o' Heaven, when, as he stepped round a tree, he come face to face with Taunton, whod been standin' thar listenin'. The colonel's sword was out, an' gleamed in the moonlight, but Joe was too quick fur him, an' was onto him like a tiger, an' had him by the throat. In a twinklin' the sword that was intended fur Joe Whalen's body, flashed through Taunton's heart, an' the colonel fell dead'n'a macker'l."

"The gal fainted and fell; but Joe was soon swimmin' the river with her, fur the rebs was onto his escape, an' arter him, swimmin' along the bank at the tree jist as he dropped hisself an' the gal out on the other side o' the stream, an' broke fur the mountains. They opened fire on him, but thar bullets couldn't ketch him. Nothin' ever done much good as to see him a-tearin' up the mountain that mornin', in the pepperin' away o' the rebs, jist as the sunlight was a breakin' in the east."

"The firin' o' the rebs brought out our relief; an' we soon saw the whole rig'ment on the peak a-crackin' away at the Johnnies, an' a-cheerin' jist as his story went around. The corporal felt so proud o' Joe he wanted to fight him fur good-feller-ship's sake, but Joe wouldn't fight. I never seen no one laugh like the colonel when Joe told him what he done. They couldn't do anythin' to him fur deserin' his post, fur thar stood the indefinite order o' the day to protect him. Joe turned it on the general nice, and he didn't git drunk, either."

"Him an' the gal got married a short time afterward, and he was the hero of the camp. Him and Joe served through the war, and Joe come out a major. He's livin' up thar with his wife and children in the old house, as fine a feller's you'd want to meet. He's a justice o' the peace now, and mighty easy with fellers that only git drunk, and don't do other mean things."

"What became of the corporal, Pete?" asked someone.

"I'm him," said Pete, under the blanket, in a voice like a boy's in a muffled fox-horn, as he began to snore. "I went in a corporal and come out one. I've been a corporal ever since, and I'll answer to the call 'Corporal of the guard!' when the angels inquire fur me."—Paul O'Connor, in Kate Field's Washington.

A PROFANE MAN'S LESSON.

When I hear a father swearing before his little children I shudder. Little does he know the harm it may do that child. I will relate a little incident which occurred in our family many years ago.

My great-uncle was a man who in his early manhood thought it necessary to finish up every sentence with an oath. During the younger portion of his life he lived with an older brother and his brother's child, little Ella, a baby of 2 years of age, was around with him almost constantly, for she had a deep affection for her uncle. He, not content with using bad language himself, taught Ella to swear "cute little words," as he styled them. One day he was at work planing a board, and little Ella bothered him a great deal. Being in a hurry to finish his work he lost patience with her, and, speaking sharply, told her to go away and leave him alone until he finished his task. For reply she swore at him. The words she used were so bad that he exclaimed: "Ella, Ella! where will you go if you use such naughty language? The devil will catch you if you do not stop."

With a wicked oath the child said, "I am not afraid of your old devil." That very night she was taken violently ill, and in spite of all that loving hands could do, she died before morning. She was laid out on the identical board her uncle was planing the day before.

After that my great-uncle was a changed man. He left off swearing, and in time became a devout christian, living a good life and doing much good; and when he had children of his own, they never heard their father swear. An overwhelming remorse filled his soul, that because of him that innocent babe had gone out into the great hereafter most with an oath on her lips.—Orange Judd Farmer.

"You must let the baby have one cow's milk to drink every day," said the doctor.

"Very well, if you say so, doctor, said the perplexed young mother, but I really don't see how he is going to hold it all."

The republican victory is great bull factor in the business situation, but it will not begin to thoroughly assert itself until March 4th next, when the democratic congress dies.

The democratic majority in Texas will go a little beyond 50,000, a loss of 50,000 for the party since the last election. There's a good time comin' even for Texas republicans.

JUDGE NOT.

We have no right to judge others until we know all the circumstances that influence their conduct. In many cases we might act like these who condemn under like circumstances.

A young man employed in a printing office in one of the large cities incurred the ridicule of the other compositors on account of his poor clothes and unsocial behavior. On several occasions subscription papers were presented to him for various objects, but he refused to give his money.

One day a compositor asked him to contribute for a picnic party, but was politely refused.

"You are the most officious man ever employed in this office," said the compositor angrily.

"Stop," said the young man, choking with feeling. "You have insulted me."

The other compositors gathered around the excited man. The young man looked at them for a few moments with a famished look and a strange fire in his large eyes.

"You know little," he said, "how unjustly you have been treating me and accusing me. For more than a year I have been starving myself to save enough money to send my poor blind sister to Paris to be treated by a physician who has cured many cases of blindness similar to hers. I have always done my duty in this office and have minded my own business. I am sacrificing everything in life for her. Would either of you do as much? Could anyone do more?"

He had been judged without a knowledge of circumstances.

Be slow to censure and condemn. We cannot read the heart of others, and in many cases to know is to forgive all.

"Judge not, that ye be not judged."—The Indian Helper.

TO AID EMPLOYEES.

William L. Douglas, the president of the world famed W. L. Douglas Shoe Co., has always had a great personal interest in the army of men and women who inhabit the great factory at Montella during the working hours of the day, and who make the greatly advertised \$3 shoe.

He is a great believer in the idea that manufacturers should have this personal interest in the condition of their employees, and feels that if the idea is carried out to the extent that is possible, that it will result ultimately in the breaking down of the barriers which have been built up between employers and those whom they employ. He believes that the breaking down of these invisible but strong barriers would be a great thing for everybody concerned, as it would convince the workmen that their employers are not their enemies, as some of them seem to think now, but their friends, with a desire to do all for them that is in their power.

Having strong feelings upon this point, it is only natural that Mr. Douglas should give the matter some study and acquaint himself with the result of the trials of such plans in other places. He is satisfied that the scheme he has originated is a good one, and he has now put it to practical test.

Today he handed to every person in his employ—and they form a small army—a card, a facsimile of which is here given:

Residence: To full and free medical attendance while employed by the W. L. Douglas Shoe Co. A competent and skillful physician will be at the private office of the company at 12 m., daily, except Sundays and holidays. If said employee should be detained at home by sickness, the physician will give full and free medical attendance there.

W. L. DOUGLAS, President.

CONDITIONS.

The physician will not make visits outside the city limits. This ticket is not transferable, and does not apply to the family of the employee, and must be returned as soon as the term of employment ceases. This privilege is a free gift of the company and is no part of the contract for wages, and may be made void by the company, at its own option, without notice.

This is a practical illustration of Mr. Douglas' idea, and will surely be appreciated by the hundreds who receive the cards.

He says that he believes there are hundreds of workmen and workwomen who find a doctor's bill a great burden after a period of enforced idleness, and that if this is lifted from them they may feel that their employer is interested in them in some other way than simply to get all the work he can for just as little money as he can. He says also that there are men and women who keep right at work when it would be better for their health if they were laid off a day or two and have medical attendance. Then again they will not feel free to consult the doctor when they have slight troubles, where heretofore they would not do so because of the cost. The plan goes into effect today. Dr. S. J. Gruver has been engaged as the physician and enters upon his duties tomorrow. The plan is a good one.

Speaking of the W. L. Douglas Shoe Co. it may be said that their factory is the only one in the city where the principle of arbitration is recognized and has full sway. Mr. Douglas is a firm believer in the principle and has been since the establishment of the state board of arbitration. He claims that labor troubles would not be as frequent as

they are if manufacturers and help would recognize this great principle and adopt it.

The firm obliges every man who is hired to sign an agreement to submit any disagreement that may arise, and which cannot be settled by the interested parties, to the state board of arbitration, the decision of that board to be final and to be binding on both sides. Pending a settlement of any disagreement the men agree to continue at work. This agreement went in force December 10, 1888, and has worked well. It is signed by the L. P. U. on behalf of the masters.

GENERAL DOW'S WAIT.

"I was a policeman in Portland when General New Dow was mayor of the city in 1854," said a Lewiston gentleman. "A man had been abusing his wife on Pearl street, and the mayor had personally instructed me to go down and arrest the man and to be sure to bring his bottle along with the prisoner too. The mayor came into the municipal court the next morning and requested that the bottle be brought in and tried with the man. The man pleaded guilty to kicking over the table and swearing at his wife, but stuck to it that he had not been drinking. The mayor took the bottle and placed it on the table in the courtroom, and the prisoner fixed his eyes on it and admitted that he had drunk out of it."

"When the man was sent up to the jail, Major Dow took the bottle along himself and requested the turnkey to place the flask just outside the cell door where the prisoner could see it, and it stood there two months. He begged to have the bottle broken or removed. Once, when the door was opened, he made a dash with his foot to break it, but did not succeed. When that man was released, he perfectly hated the sight of a whisky bottle, and to my certain knowledge he never tasted a drop of liquor afterward till his death in 1864, of consumption."—Lewiston Journal.

GEOGRAPHY IN POLITICS.

The absurdity of permitting geographical considerations to enter into the question of presidential preference is well illustrated in the case of Thomas B. Reed. It is ordinarily assumed that the most promising aspirants for the presidential nomination in 1896 are Reed, McKinley and Harrison, but most persons are in the habit of dismissing Reed with some such remark as that "his nomination after all is really out of the question." But why should Reed be ruled out of the race thus summarily? Intellectually he is the peer of either of his rivals; he has a longer political record than either, and he has rendered as valuable service as either to his party and his country. His qualifications and his record, however, appear to count for nothing in the presence of the circumstance that he lives at one extremity of the center instead of somewhere near its center.

But if the question of geography is to have a decisive influence in determining a presidential nomination, why is it not invoked in contests for the speakership? The speakership ranks next in importance to the presidency, and the one, like the other, is a national official. Nobody thought of raising the geographical barrier against Reed when the republicans in the house of the fifty-first congress started out to nominate a speaker, nor will anybody think of doing it next year when the republicans fill the speakership again. A man who is good enough to be a speaker is good enough for president. It is true only one speaker has ever reached the presidency, but in intellect and character the thirty-two speakers represent as high an average as do the twenty-three presidents.

The "Globe-Democrat" is not putting the ex-speaker up for the presidential nomination. It is not urging the claims of anybody in particular to that honor at this time. It is merely calling attention to the absurdity and the injustice of allowing the question of locality to have a dominant influence in determining the choice of candidates in national conventions. This consideration has no weight in the selection of chief justice. It ordinarily has little or no weight in the naming of senators, and never ought to have any whatever.

The relation of Maine, Florida, California and Washington to the Union is precisely the same as that held by Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri, and our laws as well as our traditions and the spirit and tendencies of our institutions forbid discriminations against the residents of any state. When a man becomes president he ceases to be a mere New Yorker, Indianan, Ohioan or citizen of any other state in particular, but takes on the character of representative of the entire country, and becomes the embodiment of the interests, aspirations and authority of the whole people.—Globe-Democrat.

Marvelous Results.

From a letter written by Rev. J. Gundersen, of Dimondale, Mich., we are permitted to make this extract: "I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery, as the results were almost marvelous in the case of my wife. While I was pastor of the Baptist church at Hives Junction she was brought down with pneumonia succeeding a gripe. Terrible paroxysms of coughing would last hours with little interruption and it seemed as if she could not survive them. A friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery, it was quick in its work and highly satisfactory in results. Trial bottles free at Hillsboro Pharmacy. Regular size, 50c. and \$1.00."



CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

THIRTY years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of millions of persons, permit us to speak of it without guessing. It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it Mothers have something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

- Castoria destroys Worms.
- Castoria allays Feverishness.
- Castoria prevents vomiting Stomach.
- Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic.
- Castoria relieves Teething Troubles.
- Castoria cures Constipation and Flatulency.
- Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air.
- Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property.
- Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.
- Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk.
- Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose."
- See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of *Dr. H. H. Fletcher* is on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

HOW TO ENCOURAGE BUSINESS ENTERPRISES.

MR. EDITOR:—After learning of the flattering accounts of the experiments as to the quality of bees raised in this vicinity, how gladly would the farmers of this vicinity seize the opportunity of supplying bees for a sugar factory at \$4 to \$5 per ton. Your estimate of fifteen tons per acre is a low one for the rich lands of Washington county, and the profit at \$1 per ton would be an encouraging return to men who have been selling oats at 20 cents and wheat at 40 cents per bushel. But to secure such prices for bees we must have the factory, and how can we expect men to invest in such undertakings, while our assessment laws are so liberal to all business enterprises. Such enterprises are almost universally carried on in part, at least, by borrowed capital. The cry is that to encourage these enterprises money must be had at a lower rate of interest. It is difficult for us by law to control that rate, but we can encourage the enterprise by refusing to tax it out of existence. The taxes in Oregon average about 2 per cent. If the laws allow exemption for indebtedness, by so much will the enterprising business man be encouraged to not only invest the money he has on hand, but will be induced to borrow the additional amount required to initiate and build up the business. Every improvement in the state adds to the value of the taxable property, then why not take this common sense way of encouraging it. Under the existing laws if the enterprising man uses borrowed capital he must not only pay a tax on the same but must pay a tax on the value of his property as enhanced by the improvement he has made.

Let us suppose that A has a capital of \$100,000 on hand and invests the same in a sugar factory. To carry on the business with success requires an investment of \$200,000—\$100,000 then will be borrowed capital. Will A be encouraged to pay the ordinary rate of interest for the money required with the certainty that two per cent in taxes will be added to the other charges on the business. This matter will be made plainer by an investigation of the reasons for the incurring of the bulk of indebtedness in this as well as other states in the union. The census reports show that nine-tenths of the mortgages on farms have been incurred in the purchase of farms and in making necessary and valuable improvements thereon. In Oregon this borrowed money has almost universally been expended in improvements. These improvements have added to the value of the land for purpose of taxation; then why should the enterprising class of our citizens be taxed because of their enterprise. The public, especially in a new country, have a deep interest in improvements of every kind, and especially in the initiation of enterprises that will supply the wants of the people. The necessity for liberal encouragement to such enterprises often leads to the granting of exemption from taxation for a term of years. The objection to this is that it is a release from taxation of property that the party benefited actually owns. But no such objection can be against exemption of indebtedness, because indebtedness is not ownership of the amount for which the person may be liable. The ownership in this case is in the creditor, a different person altogether, who should of right be taxed for the amount, and is so taxed if our ordinary assessment laws are enforced. Let us then relieve the enterprising man who builds up the country by allowing an exemption from all indebtedness.

A FRIEND OF IMPROVEMENT.

Dr. J. Guy Lewis has brought \$1000 in gold dust into Baker City from Sparta, a partial clean-up from his Sawmill gulch place.

SCHOOL REPORT.

The following is the report of the Patton Valley school for the month ending November 22: No. days taught, 20. No. days attendance, 352. No. days absence, 47. No. times tardy, 2. No. enrolled, 25, average attendance for the month 19. The following named pupils were neither absent nor tardy: Wheeler and Earnest Coughtry, James and Myrtilla Lee, Ellen, Jane and Jesse Bates, Mary Warner, Lou Vail, Pearl Davis and Emma Martin.

SARAH BATES, Teacher.

DISTRICT NO. 8.

The following is the report of District No. 8, for the month ending November 9: Enrollment 25, average attendance 21. No. tardy 9. The following named pupils were perfect in deportment: Annie Bennett, Fred Blanchard, Edith, Cleo and Forest Backens, Charles Davis, Lott Hathorn, Albert Hanly, Jennie Sinclair, Maggie Sinclair, Mary Smith, Elsie and Myrtle Trapp, Edith and Maud Pomeroy, Dell and Emily Young, No. of visitors 3.

H. M. MCKEEL, Teacher.

DISTRICT NO. 1.

The following is a report of school in District No. 1, for month ending November 9th: No. days taught, 20; No. days attendance, 380; No. days absence, 129; No. boys enrolled, 10; No. girls, 19; total No. enrolled, 29; average daily attendance, 20. Pupils not absent during the month were: Ralph Imbrie, Lena Hesse, Myrtle Minnie, Aggie and Grace McLean, Charlie Hesse.

MARIE TRAYER, Teacher.

DISTRICT NO. 44.

The following is the report of school in district No. 44, for month ending November 9th: No. days taught, 20; No. times tardy, 6; average daily attendance, 18; No. boys enrolled, 13; No. girls, 7; total No. enrolled, 20. Those neither absent nor tardy during the month are: Frank Creps, Charley Hines, Lendin and Bertie Phillips, Ely Mills, Alf and Fred Stephens, Vicia Ingles, Laura Mills and Louie Shanmahan. No. of visitors, 6. ANNA BATES, Teacher.

"God Will Know You."

One evening about Christmas, a gentleman was strolling along a street in Toronto, with apparently no object in view but to pass away the time. His attention was attracted by the remark of a little girl to a companion in front of a fruit stand: "I wish I had an orange for ma."

The gentleman saw that the children, though poorly dressed, were clean and neat, and calling them into the store, he loaded them with fruits and candies.

"What is your name?" asked one of the girls.

"Why do you want to know?" queried the gentleman.

"I want to pray for you," was the reply. The gentleman turned to leave, scarcely daring to speak, when the little one added:

"Well, it doesn't matter. God will know you, anyhow."—Selected.

Lincoln's Penetrating Remarks.

Lincoln, with his quaint way of seeing through human nature, read Curtin like a book. With all the respect which he felt for the governor's strong points was mingled a little irritation at the side of his nature, which the latter would show now and then. The two men got along very well till the war was halfway through, and a confederate army made an attempt to cut through Pennsylvania to the North. Then Curtin was seized with a momentary panic and telegraphed to the president. "The rebels are within four miles of Harrisburg and have begun firing." The answer which came back was characteristically Lincolnian: "What are they firing at?" This ended the correspondence. In after days Lincoln used to say, alluding to the episode: "Curtin would be a better man if he didn't lose his head in emergencies." And Curtin used to say of the war president: "Lincoln was a great man—a very great man—but it was hard sometimes to know how to take him."

Troy Times.

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