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DEVOTED TO ALL LIVE ISSUES. The Interests of Southern Oregon Always Foremost. The Development of our Mines, the Improvement of our Harbors, and Railroad Communication with the Interior, Specialties.

Charity.

Only a drop in the bucket, But every drop will tell; The bucket would soon be empty Without the drops in the well. Only a poor little penny, It was all I had to give; But as pennies make the guineas, It may help some come to live. A few little bits of ribbon And some boys—they were not new; But they made the sick child happy, Which has made me happy, too. Only some outgrown garments— They were all I had to spare; But they'll help to clothe the needy, And the poor are everywhere. A word now and then of comfort, That cost me nothing to say; But the poor old man died happy, And it helped him on his way. God loves the cheerful giver, Though the gift be poor and small; What doth he think of his children When they never give at all?

A Pirate's Story.

On the nineteenth of December, 1823, a trial for piracy, which excited great attention in London and elsewhere, took place before the high court of admiralty. The prisoner who stood at the bar, and who was liable, if convicted, to the penalty of death, had passed through a series of misadventures and adventures, stranger than fiction, and only rivaled by the career of some of Dumas' heroes. Involuntarily the associates of a crew of murderers and buccaners, whose deeds were such as struck terror into every merchant shipper's heart, the prisoner, Aaron Smith, now stood at a criminal bar, and had to prove to a jury that his companionship with the pirates had been compulsory. On that proof his life hung on that sharp December day.

To a nation like England, rich in merchant shipping, and deriving from it enormous wealth, the crime of piracy was always a heinous one. Far back as the twelfth century of Henry the Eighth's reign, a statute had made robbery on the high seas punishable with death and loss of lands. When to his robbery, murder in its most cruel forms was added, it is evident that to Englishmen the crime and criminals became so hateful as to be hunted down on every chance. The reports of the atrocities of the West India sea thieves had come, ever and anon, across the ocean to England, and had roused both hate and fear and honest wrath.

The risk which Aaron Smith ran was a very dangerous one. He was acquitted, however; for his story, which, during the space of some hours, held court, jury and public enthralled by its interest, was marked by the signs of truth. He called twenty witnesses to speak as to his humanity and generosity. The girl to whom he was betrothed, whose beauty attracted general admiration, proved that their marriage would have long since taken place, had not the prisoner been detained abroad. The tears of the young lady, and the emotion of the prisoner, touched those present as sincere tokens of grief, and Aaron Smith was held a deeply injured man, and set free.

He drew up a little volume, called "The Atrocities of the Pirates," containing a very simple and unvarnished record of his adventures, and which was published in 1824.

In June, 1821, Aaron Smith left in the warship *Herrington* for the West Indies. There he staid (having left the ship) for some time engaged in various adventures, when he was captured by the first mate of the brig *Zephyr*, a Mr. Lumden being master. On the 29th of June, the voyage to England commenced. Some days brought the brig off Cape Saint Antonio, whence she stood eastward.

On the next day, at 2 p. m., a strange schooner stood out from the coast of Cuba toward the *Zephyr*. The master was informed of this by Smith and one Captain Coper, a passenger, but obstinately refused to change his course, supposing—I presume, on the *captus* *Reverend* principle—that as he bore the English flag, none would molest him. Mr. Lumden was doomed to be harshly undeceived. The grim schooner came on swiftly, her decks full of men, and lowered boats. Next came a hoarse order to lay to, enforced by a volley of musketry, which increased the rising terror of the *Zephyr*'s master.

The brig was now boarded by the pirates' boats, which were filled with armed men. The chief, a ferocious fellow, staid in his schooner, and had Lumden, Coper, Smith and others brought before him on his deck. His questions in broken English, as to cargo, etc., were answered by threats of turning the *Zephyr* and every soul belonging to her if the truth was not told.

Smith was told by the pirate captain that he would be kept to navigate the schooner. The mate entreated to be released, and drew a harrowing picture of an imaginary wife and children longing for his return, but all in vain.

Ultimately he was forced to go on board the brig, collect his property and necessities for navigation and return to his new master. In the interim, Lumden and Coper were lashed to the pumps, and combustibles placed round them and fired to extort a confession as to hidden treasure. The pirates plundered the brig, and Smith was driven at the point of the knife into the pirate schooner, and saw the brig and his companions sail off, leaving him in captivity.

In due course, the schooner touched at harbor—Rio Medias—where an evident understanding existed between the pirates and the Spanish magistrates, and where a dance took place between the crew and the fair ladies of the neighborhood at the chief magistrate's house.

Our hero, compelled to share in the festivities, made the acquaintance of a

young Spanish beauty, Seraphina, who seems to have excited a reciprocal attachment in his heart. These Arcadian delights of music and dancing and hobnobbing of Spanish authorities with corsairs, were followed by the sale on board the schooner of the brig's cargo, the love-making on Smith's part to Seraphina, and his promise of marriage if she would aid his escape, and wound up by a furious fight between two of the pirates, one being stabbed.

Smith was ordered, despite his protestation, to act as surgeon, the captain admitting no plea of ignorance, and the unhappy captive had to staunch and bandage as best he could.

The cause of the quarrel was investigated. One wounded man informed the captain that the other had formed a plot to assassinate him. The crew simultaneously rushed down, cut off the poor wretch's legs and arms with a blunt hatchet, and threw him overboard. Such was Smith's first experience of pirate customs, and, while he still shuddered, the captain told him this would be his fate if he concealed information from him.

The schooner cruised out to sea, and at last came back to harbor. Out to meet her came the chief mate, with that portion of the crew who had been left behind. These were implicated in the assassination plot. A white handkerchief was held up to decoy them, and, when close, a volley fired among them. But one man survived, and he was doomed by the captain to die in the favorite vend-like manner of the Cuban pirates.

For three hours a boat's crew was occupied in rowing up and down a narrow bush fringed channel, the unhappy wretch being stripped naked and pinioned in the boat, while myriads of mosquitoes and sand-flies hovered round, and closed on his flesh. Says Smith: "We had been scarcely half an hour in this place, when the miserable victim was distracted with pain; his body began to swell, and he appeared one complete blister from head to foot." His voice failed, his features became undistinguishable, and in this condition they brought him back. The captain had the boat moored, and ordered six muskets to be fired at the dying man. He only faintly. A pig of iron was fastened round his neck, and he flung into the sea.

So ended this specimen of vengeance; and next came the turn of Aaron Smith to feel the captain's cruelty. Refusing to board a merchant brig, the rage of the corsair was so great with his captive, that he had him tied to the mast, a circle of gunpowder strewn round him, a train laid, and a match applied to it.

The blaze burst up, lapped the unhappy man in its embrace, and, his clothes all on fire, he fell insensible. Recovering, he found himself unable to move, both hands and legs lacerated, and, in fact, the bones laid bare, and large blisters on various parts of his body. Compassion was excited in the heart of one of the crew, who showed kindness and attention to the unfortunate prisoner. The latter, in the pain he was made to make sails, to act as surgeon, and even to mend the rigging, by the captain, whose brief fits of humanity ended in bursts of ferocious threats.

About this time a collision occurred between some survivors of the chief mate's gang (who lurked in the woods near the harbor in which the schooner constantly made her headquarters) and the crew. The friendly magistrate, before referred to, was wounded, and mortally wounded him in the chest with a mattress two miles inland to the house, to dress the official's wounds.

Here he saw the charming daughter Seraphina again, and hopes of escape were indulged in by both. To lure the wretched, he affected reluctance to go ashore, which produced compulsion. One day, on his return, one of the "gang" was captured by the boat's crew, and even to mend the rigging, blindfolded, tied to a tree and shot, ere their return to their approving captain and comrades.

Other unhappy traitors were made targets of, tied to trees, and betas indulged in as to hitting or missing them. All these things Smith was compelled to witness silently on peril of life, while his own maimed, tortured limbs forcibly reminded him of his captor's state of mind.

A Dutch vessel was next captured, and her cargo taken, while Smith was made to act the surgeon. About this time he met with Seraphina, on one of his visits to her father, and was overjoyed to find she had arranged matters for their flight.

Some days elapsed, the feverish hope in the prisoner's mind making him unable to remain quiet. While thus on tenterhooks, he witnessed another scene of murder.

The French cook of the Dutch vessel, seized by his captors, seized a hatchet and wounded one. The rest simultaneously plunged their knives into his body, and flung him, still breathing, overboard. Again Smith was made to become the injured pirate's surgeon.

Two more prizes were taken, and then the famous Rio grew too hot to hold the pirates. Five gunboats were ordered down by the Governor of Havana, and in this condition magnanimously turned her adrift to pursue her voyage. Returned to her old anchorage—the storm having blown over—the schooner lay inactive. The pirate captain (who, by the way, according to his crew's account, had murdered twenty men with his own hand) fell ill.

Smith, forced to prescribe, put an opiate into some arrowroot; and while the captain slumbered and the crew got drunk, stole into the canoe of some fishermen who were aboard, cut her loose, and steered for Havana. Two nights and a day in this frail cockleshell, he traversed the ocean, while, as he says, "the wind blew from the southwest, and, what appeared to me to be a special providence, continued to do so the whole day—a thing very unusual in that climate."

He reached Havana, and after boarding a ship commanded by an old acquaintance, went ashore. Recognized by a Spanish officer who had been a prisoner on board the schooner, the unfortunate man was seized and flung into a dungeon swarming with vermin, and kept prisoner for five weeks, though a few comforts were got for him by a friendly Spaniard. He was then handed over to the British admiral, who, he bitterly complains, had him put in double irons.

He seems to have been treated at first with great severity. During the whole voyage he was, although freed from fetters, kept with a sentry over him to prevent his speaking to any one.

On arrival home he was taken to London, committed for trial, indicted, tried and acquitted, the story of which we have given the outline being so evidently true as to convince all that Aaron Smith's career of suffering and hardship was involuntary, and that his private adventures were as unavoidable as remarkable in the history of the seas.

How Some Women Make Slaves of Themselves.

Very often we find women who make an everlasting treadmill of their life—one continual strain of body and mind from morning till night, and when night comes, the time for renewing and regaining strength for the coming day, the limbs are so weary and the head throbbing with such pain, that the night is passed in restless tossing and moaning. Morning dawns, but she will not find her feet and hands ready for her work, but peevish and weary of her work, and sometimes weary of the world.

We speak of those who, by circumstances, are compelled to do their own housework; who have no thought beyond the mere idea that they were born for work, and they must work their life away in cooking and overseeing the rations for hungry, dyspeptic creatures, who have been made so, only by her (speaking of one of this kind in particular) own ignorant hands. She has placed choice dishes before their gourmandizing eyes until they have fallen into the habit of complaining if she deviates a trifle from her accustomed indulgences. After a heated round of cooking, over a scorching fire, she takes her seat at the table with her family, who have been made so, only by her (speaking of one of this kind in particular) own ignorant hands. She has placed choice dishes before their gourmandizing eyes until they have fallen into the habit of complaining if she deviates a trifle from her accustomed indulgences.

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Hotel Fires.

The fire at the Lawrence house Friday morning came very near being a repetition of the terrible disaster at the Southern hotel at St. Louis, on a somewhat smaller scale, but not the less terrible to every victim. The flames spread with incredible rapidity, the elevator serving as a fine and air-tight fan to the flames and give them an open way from floor to floor. The house was so quickly filled with smoke and flames as to cut off all means of exit except from the windows. It required the utmost efforts of the fire department to handle their ladders in time to rescue the inmates, and even then, some were scorched, one man severely injured by jumping or falling from a fourth story window, and with scarcely an exception all the inmates lost everything but the clothes on their backs.

One cannot but shudder at the peril so narrowly escaped, but unfortunately it is not without numerous precedents and with every probability of many repetitions in the future. For unless all hotels are compelled by law, and a vigorous public sentiment, to provide better safeguards against fire and better methods of escape, the progress in that direction will be very slow. We believe, however, that public opinion can do much to bring about the necessary remedy, and that it is the duty of the press to agitate the matter and insist on public sentiment.

In the case of the fire Friday morning the night clerk of the hotel, when he discovered the fire, had the forethought, after giving the alarm to a watchman near by, to rush up stairs and arouse the sleeping inmates. The smoke and flame, however, soon drove him from this duty, and the firemen, who were quickly on the spot, found it impossible to enter the building above the first floor and were compelled to devote all their energies to the rescuing of shrieking people by ladders from the windows. After all were rescued the fire department then threw water and did not trouble in quenching the fire. Now, here was a condition of things very clearly pointing to the essential safeguards that ought to be provided in every public hotel. 1. A system of electric bells in every bedroom which could be rung instantly and simultaneously from the hotel office. This would be reversing the ordinary electric call bell system now found in all first-class hotels and could be made an attachment of the same using the same wires for that purpose. 2. Every hotel should be provided with permanent escapes of some kind. There are various devices for this purpose; the difficulty is that very many of them are never put in service. They cost money and so are neglected. 3. Elevator ways ought to be trapped to prevent the rapid spread of fire. 4. Every floor should have a water supply and hose, and chemical fire extinguishers. These precautions all involve some outlay and supervision, but human life is worth all the cost and trouble, and an appreciative public will quickly learn how to discriminate in its patronage.—Huck Eye.

A PITCH OF PRINTING? "P."—Between the reports of the races, the report of the Presbyterian assembly, the type setters and a "pi," the following paragraph was accidentally constructed and would have appeared in one of yesterday's city papers, but for its timely discovery by a proof reader: "The assembly was opened and Rev. Dr. Sherk led in prayer up to the quarter of twelve. The report of the assembly was read for a moment soon succeeded by Stratton, who yielded the floor to Dr. Akeley, who wished to state to the assembly that the committee on bills and overtures joined the strangers in their belief that the Tennessee crack would prove a sure winner. Falsetto was next with a motion to call up their report when Dr. Blacknight moved to amend by forcing the point which was exceedingly hot. Rev. Dr. Winged offered a resolution in lieu of that, as the committee on synodical records were lunched. At this point Rev. T. C. P. Gladdis knocked Lord Murphy to his knees, but the bonnie Scotland was on his feet, calling for the previous question. The eyes and nose being taken, victory was declared in favor of Darden's Lord Murphy, with Rev. Dr. Craib and a second, the motion and week-and-neck with One Dime. Paris mutuals paid the foreign mission in time 2:38."

ARE FISH DEAF?—Most trout-fishermen would laugh at any suggestion that fish would be deaf, but they are not accustomed to move noisily along the banks of brooks, lest the timid fish take alarm, and their sport be spoiled, the mere mention of deaf trout seems absurd to them. But both Green, the famous breeder of fish, who knows more about trout than veteran fishermen express the opinion that fish cannot hear. He also gives stubborn facts in support of his opinion.

In a pond a hundred feet long, well stocked with trout, when the fish were gathered at one end, his servant, lying flat on the ground, and unseen by the trout, could strike together heavy stones in the water without exciting any disturbance among them. Mr. Green often fired his gun close by the pond, but if the trout could not see the flash, they never stirred. On the other hand, a slight jar of the ground communicated to the water would start them in alarm. Mr. Green is convinced by his experiments that trout cannot hear common sounds. They are quick-sighted to detect any moving object, and they may be startled by the step of a fisherman, if he jars the ground. But to ordinary sounds, he believes they are utterly deaf.

POPULAR ERRORS HAVE ALWAYS SOME FOUNDATION IN FACT. At a recent school examination a little English girl defined "a nobleman" as a gentleman who "gains his livelihood by a riotous living."

PREVENTING MEAT FROM BURNING.—Set a cup of water in the oven while baking. It will prevent meats or bread from burning.

COULD CICERO BEAT?—

Dorry-Fishing.

With perhaps an exception in favor of the capricious canoe, there is no species of craft which can glide from beneath its unaccustomed occupant with more startling ease than a fisherman's dory. This characteristic, with the fact that it is light, sharp, narrow, and flat-bottomed, suggests to the average landman, that a dory is not a very safe craft. Yet the question of safety depends largely upon the man having the management. If skillfully handled, a dory will ride out a gale in midocean with comparative ease, while a ship's long-boat would probably be swamped.

The important point under such circumstances is to keep the little craft, as the sailors say "head on to the sea," which means that the bow must continually be presented to the on-coming wave. Thus managed, the dory, from its extreme buoyancy, dances like a cork on the summit of terrible waves, which would break over and fill a heavier boat.

But if the heart of the rower fails, or worse still, if his thole-pin gives way, or his oar breaks, there is he in danger indeed. The dory, swinging broadside to the sea, is rolled over in an instant, and becomes the sport of the waves, while its occupant finds himself struggling for his life.

These three methods most in vogue among fishermen for taking cod on the Banks of Newfoundland, are these—"hand-lining," "trawling," and "dory fishing." The two former have been often described. It is sufficient for me to say that in "hand lining," all hands fish from the vessel's deck, while in "trawling," a line sometimes a mile in length, to which hundreds of baited hooks are attached, is sunk to the proper depth, and visited once or twice in the twenty-four hours if the weather permits—so that the fish may be taken off and the hooks rebaited.

But in "dory-fishing," a dory is allotted to each of the crew, in which, unless the weather be exceptionally bad, he must launch out into the deep, here to remain until he catches his first fish, or is warned by the gathering darkness to return.

Though, as to that, it is seldom or never really light for any length of time on the Banks. Here, indeed, is the birthplace of gloomer, denser, and more generally unpleasant fogs than can be found anywhere else in the world. But catching thousands upon thousands of fish cod-fish seems an ample equivalent for not catching even a glimpse of the sun for weeks at a time, and, doubtless, the world looks all the brighter when one again reaches a region of clear atmosphere and sunny skies.

But despite the many unpleasant and dangerous surroundings of such a trip, almost every one returns several pounds heavier, and several degrees healthier. Hard worked collectors, and even many by-students, often ship from Cape Ann or Gloucester in the spring, with this sole object in view.—St. Nicholas for July.

An Unpublished Letter of Burns.

Not far from this structure Carrick Hill rises abruptly from the road, and from its crest a wide view is revealed of the Frith and its mountain boundaries in purple haze. Ailes Craig out to ward crests, that on the bay, and the serious collectors, and even many by-students, often ship from Cape Ann or Gloucester in the spring, with this sole object in view.—St. Nicholas for July.

"DEAR WILLIAM:—In my last I recommended that you should apply my Learn tenetivity. It is absolutely certain that nobody can know our thoughts, and yet from a slight observation of mankind one would not think so. What mischief daily arise from silly garrulity and foolish confidence! There is an excellent Scots saying that a man's mind is his kingdom. It is certainly so; but how few can govern that kingdom with propriety. The serious chiefs in business which this Frith of village occasions do not come immediately to your situation; but in another point of view—the dignity of man—now is the time that will make or mar. Yours is the time of life for laying in habits. You can not avoid it, though you will choose, and these habits will stick to your last sand. At after periods, even at so little a price as my years, 'tis true that one may still be very sharp-sighted to one's habitual failings and weaknesses, but to eradicate them, or even mend them, is quite a different matter. Acquired at five by accident, they are by-and-by begin to be, as it were, necessary part of our existence. I have not time for more. Whatever you read, whatever you hear, that strikes a note in your mind, look into the living world about you, look to yourself, for the evidences of the fact or the application of the doctrine.

"I am ever yours, ROBERT BURNS. "Mr. WILLIAM BURNS, Saddler, Longtown."—W. H. Riding, in Harpe's Magazine.

Wings and feathers of birds retain their brightness and color best when they are plucked from living birds. The bird catchers of France catch swallows on fishhooks suspended by silken threads from poles. When the swallows fly low, as they do warm weather, or on the approach of rain, the bird-catchers are in their path, and the birds, jumping at the bait, are caught.

Sea Wanderers.

Of all the wonderful sights in this land of wonder there are none greater than the wonders of the reef when the tide is low. The ideas about coral which people have who have never seen it in its living state are generally erroneous. They know it is a beautiful white ornament under a glass shade or in delicate pink branches in their jewelry, and they imagine living coral is like these. Their ideas are, however, long by the common misnomer of trees and branches, as applied to coral. I have never seen it in the South Sea Islands, but throughout the Eastern seas the most common variety takes a laminated form, not unlike the large fungi to be met with any summer's day in an English wood growing out of the older trees. Flat, circular tables of dingy brown, growing one over another, with spaces under each. These attain a great size, extending for years without a break, so that the bottom of the sea is perfectly level. This kind is much sought after by the lime burners. Another species grows in detached masses like thick-stemmed plants which the gardener has trimmed round the top.

These change grow out of the sand and stand up in dull brown against the white flooring. A third pattern is spiky like a stag's horns tangled to gether and is of a dingier brown than the first; its spikes collect the drifting weeds and its appearance is consequently untidy. There are scores of varieties of corals and madrepores, but the three mentioned are those which principally make up the mass which is overgrowing under the still waters in the lagoon. At Makleburg the reef is distant seven miles from the shore, and the whole of this great lagoon is in process of filling up by coral. There are one or two holes left capriciously, and a channel which the river has cut to the reef which it pierces in what is locally called "a pass." Everywhere else the bottom is only a few feet under water, and it is always slowly rising. The various corals, the patches of silver sand, the deep winding channel, lead each a tint to the water—sapphire blue, where it is deepest sea-green with emerald flecks, or cerulean blue shot with opaline tints, in the shallows. The reef is a solid wall, shelving towards the ocean, and varies in width from 20 to 100 yards. Against the outer face the rollers rage incessantly. Swell follows swell smoothly and regularly. There is no hurry, for here there is no shelving bottom to keep them back. On they come, separating their ink-blue masses from the tumble of the ocean, rearing aloft their crests, like living things anxious to try their strength, and fall with a roar on its edge as it stands up to meet them. You can stand within a few feet of the practically bottomless sea and watch them tumble, with the water no further than your knees, as the surge of their onward rush carries across the reef. To stand so and watch them coming on appears, to one not used to the sight, to court destruction; the wave is so vast, its crest rising higher as it advances, sluis out the sea behind; it stands up as between a wall of water rolling in; its strength is so apparent, so irresistible, and the pause it appears to take as the top curls over seems to check your breath. The rock and lumps of dead coral with which storms have strewn the reef are high and dry; the pools of limpid water in the holes sink down and drain away, their surface glassy and their depths full of color and strange-shaped living things; the rollers break and scum and surge of water hissing by, and the reef has sunk beneath the foam and bubbling water.—Traveller's Magazine.

Good Americans in Paris.

The American colony in Paris, contrary to the general belief at home, is not unlike an American village. The usual number of eccentric characters who made the talk and gossip of the place, are to be found, while the mass live a quiet and dignified life, in perfect harmony with that of their friends and relations on the other side of the ocean. Their happiest moments are when they receive "letters from home," and many a drive or evening entertainment is refused because they have "letters to write," and then the daily or weekly paper which arrives by the foreign post, perhaps a journal of one of our great cities, or a poorly-printed provincial sheet, but giving items of local interest from home—they all receive it and look for its coming. They look carefully through the lists of arrivals in the local papers before reading the fashions, although the fashions are not forgotten. They are interested in some politics only and attend church every Sunday. Think of a lady (and we know one) who has lived in Paris many years in luxury, and fond of enjoyment, the grand fetes, military reviews and a war, who has never seen a Grand Prix, and will miss the next, because they are always run on Sunday! And there are many other ladies in the colony who stay quietly at home on that Parisian *jeu de jour*. No one that was invited to a party of one of our great cities, or a poorly-printed provincial sheet, but giving items of local interest from home—they all receive it and look for its coming. They look carefully through the lists of arrivals in the local papers before reading the fashions, although the fashions are not forgotten. They are interested in some politics only and attend church every Sunday. Think of a lady (and we know one) who has lived in Paris many years in luxury, and fond of enjoyment, the grand fetes, military reviews and a war, who has never seen a Grand Prix, and will miss the next, because they are always run on Sunday! 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