

A MOTHER'S TROUBLES.

BY J. W. ADAMS.

It was in the spring of 1864, when death held high carnival in the slave states of America. The roving guerrilla bands not only carried off or destroyed property but did not hesitate to take life also for any trivial offense, real or fancied. The subject of this sketch, with her husband and three small children, lived forty miles south of Springfield, Mo. Their cattle had all been taken and they were left to make a living as best they could, for to get away was next to impossible. One day while sitting at their noon meal, a band of passing guerrillas shot through the open door, killing the father, and then rode away. The horrified mother, leaving the children with the dead, went to procure help. After a time she got two boys to assist her and, without coffin, the body of her husband was laid away—ali because he was a Union man and hoped to see the old stars and stripes again wave over an undivided country. The mother remained at the old home, without means to get away and without sympathy from her rebel neighbors. She soon had nothing to eat save what the little garden produced from the toil of her own hands. Three months had passed since the family had tasted bread and the mother had heard the pitiful cry of the children for bread until it became unbearable. Leaving the little ones all alone she set out on foot for a mill twenty miles away to beg if possible a little flour or meal, but after her wearisome walk under a burning sun, she reached the mill only to find the mill shut down and neither meal nor flour could be had. But being permitted to sweep the floor and bolting chest she obtained in this manner about fifteen pounds of dirty flour which she carried away on her back. On reaching home she soon had bread baking in an oven by the fire while she, nearly exhausted, lay down to rest. She was soon awakened, however, by the children to find that the heartless guerrillas had entered her cabin and had taken not only the bread from the oven but the remaining flour also and rode away. The mother gave up in utter despair as she looked forward to the long winter with nothing in store but trouble. But fortunately one day a company of Union cavalry came that way; she hailed them and told her pitiful story. They at once sent her and her little ones to Springfield where the Northern army was stationed.

Here their wants were supplied by the government until the war closed.

LETTER FROM DAIRY.

Dairy, Or., May 10, '93.

To the Editor of the TALENT NEWS:

I thought a squib from this locality might be of interest to your readers.

Dairy is a small village consisting of one store, a hotel and a school house. It is situated in Alkali Valley and is about twenty miles east of Klamath Falls.

The name, Dairy, would naturally bring up ideas of milk maids, gentle cows, butter and cheese, but if one expects to find any of these in Dairy he will be greatly disappointed. True here are cows but their eyes are wild instead of mild and if a maid should approach them on foot, bucket in hand, saying "So boss," they would either toss their heads and run or else lower their horns and come as if they intended to make a solid mash on that girl and the girl thinking that she had caught a tartar would suddenly conclude that she was needed on the other side of the nearest fence. The picture of a milk maid scaling a seven rail fence with a wild eyed cow in pursuit would hardly comport with the common ideas of milk maids leading the mild eyed cow by the bell strap across the field of clover.

Although the girls of Dairy are not strictly speaking dairy maidens and the poet has not commented on their fine singing and the painter has not taken them as models; they are none the less charming and would be fit subjects for a poem or would grace a picture. Whatever Dairy has been in the past or may be in the future, at present the dairying business is not flourishing. It is an unusual thing to see a roll of butter on the market and if there is a cheese it is manufactured somewhere else. As there is in Dairy a conspicuous absence of milk maids, mild eyed cows and butter and cheese, therefore the name Dairy is a misnomer and should be changed.

It has been a very wet spring here as elsewhere and the farmers have been delayed in putting in their crops, but the present fine weather is in their favor and they are sowing their grain rapidly.

The farmers are expecting big crops this year. Although crops are rather uncertain here in Klamath county on account of late frosts, no country can boast of more easily cultivated, or better soil.

When a railroad strikes this county and creates a market it will be one of the best counties in the State. There is plenty of government land here now and a young man will do well to take time by the fore-lock and take a claim. If Horace