

THE COUNTY PAPER.

OF DOBYS & WALLER.

OREGON. 1 1 1 M

HE CAME TO THE SOWER.

He came to the sower of her I love, Twanging his sweet guitar, He called her in song his snow-white dove, His lily, his fair, his bright star.

THE DOOM OF RENDON.

The above couplet was cut in rude old characters over the mantelpiece of the dining-hall of Rendon Grange, and gazing excitedly at the window, while staying there on a shooting visit, I asked our host one night in the smoking room what was the origin or meaning of the couplet, and Mr. Rendon declared that it was a family tradition, handed down from his grandfather, who was a famous hunter, and that it was a prophecy of the doom of Rendon.

menace her with the point. Ther at I shall start up, but complaining of old age and weakness, call on her cousin to assist her. He will crouch and wince in terror, pale as a girl at the sight of cold steel. Thereupon, take Dora down—enter the hall with her—the coward will be shamed in the sight of all, and I shall have good cause for breaking my word finally.

The Indians—What Shall Be Done With Them? The White river of the Rocky mountains is the most considerable tributary of the great Colorado river of the West, which empties into the Gulf of California. The streams of Colorado beyond the main range of the Rocky mountains flow into the White river. It runs between the settlements just beyond the range known as the Gunnison country and Utah. The Gunnison river is a tributary of White river. The Denver and Rio Grande railroad, which has crossed the range of the Rocky mountains to Gunnison, is endeavoring to push its line on beyond White river towards Utah. An engineering party which had ventured beyond the White river, a few days since, were met and turned back by the Ute Indians. The chief of the surveyors returned to Leadville after finding it impossible to induce men to work in face of the dangers which threatened. He probably had little appetite for the work himself.

THE SOWER. In the dim dawning saw thy seed, And in the evening stay not thine hand, What it will bring forth—wheat or weed—Who can know, or who understand? Few will heed, Yet sow they seed.

them, had crowded in the space of one night. Hunting Alligators. Jacksonville Correspondence Savannah News. Parties are hunting the 'gators way down on the Calooshatie and Kissimmee rivers, and upon the numerous lakes in that region. Nothing is used except the skins upon the belly and legs, the rough scaly plates upon the backs of the animals being rejected. The heads are cut off and buried for a few days, until the tusks can be detached. It was announced some days since that one person had killed an alligator tooth to the amount of 250 pounds. This fact alone will give some idea of the destruction now going on among these creatures. Jewelers mount these teeth in a thousand odd and fantastic shapes, and many of the articles in the show-cases here display true artistic genius. Not more proudly does the Sioux brave wear his collar of grizzly bear talons than does the Broadway belle parade her polished bracelet composed of teeth of slain alligators. On the St. John's river a new method has been devised for the successful pursuit of the game. A dark lantern with a powerful reflector, is used on suitable nights, and no difficulty is experienced in approaching the quarry. The animals appear to be perfectly bewildered by the strong glare, and make no effort to escape.

possible. Mail communication was not one-third what it now is. There were but twenty-six States. The nation scarcely exceeded seven or eight millions. Yet the sorrow was as sincere and the tokens as earnest and cordial as those that are witnessed now. The shock to the country was heightened by the fact that Harrison was the first President who had died in office. The wheels of Government had revolved for fifty years without this check. The people were unprepared for the event, and were uncertain—nay, anxious—as to its consequences. They had not the assurance we enjoy that the political system would bear the strain. As now, so then, everywhere were seen demonstrations of the national grief. In Washington city nearly every building bore tokens; the public buildings were shrouded, the elegant dwellings were heavily draped—even the lowliest abodes bore some inexpensive badges. Business was suspended. The funeral pageant was, for that era, very magnificent. The procession was two miles in length, and comprised the United States troops stationed in and near Washington, with many regiments from other cities, under the general command of Winfield Scott, besides numerous civic societies and a vast body of civilians. It was marshaled by officers in mourning. The remains of the deceased President were laid temporarily in the Congressional burying ground, the burial service of the Episcopal Church being read by the Rev. Mr. Hawley, and military salutes fired. The car on which the coffin was borne to the cemetery is described in contemporaneous accounts as a splendid one, decorated with black plumes and drawn by six white horses. In July following the remains were transferred to their permanent resting place near North Bend, upon a beautiful knoll rising 200 feet above the Ohio river.

A Happy Home. A pretty story about a German family discloses the secret of a happy home, wherein joy abounded, though there are many to feed and clothe: A teacher once lived in Sturaburg who had hard work to support his family. His chief joy in life, however, was in his nine children, though it was no light task to feed them all. His brain would have reeled and his heart sunk had he not trusted in his heavenly Father, when he thought of the number of jackets, shoes, stockings and dresses they would need in the course of a year, and of the quantity of bread and potatoes they would eat. His house, too, was very close quarters for the many beds and cribs, to say nothing of the room required for the noise and fuv which the merry nine made. But father and mother managed very well, and the house was a pattern of neatness and order. One day there came a guest to the house. As they sat at dinner the stranger, looking at the hungry children about the table, said compassionately, "Poor man, what a cross you have to bear!" "If a cross to bear?" asked the father, wondering; "what do you mean?" "Nine children, and seven boys at that!" replied the stranger, adding bitterly, "I have but two, and each of them is a nail in my coffin." "Mine are not," said the teacher with decision. "How does that happen?" asked the guest. "Because I have taught them the noble art of obedience. Isn't that so, children?" "Yes," cried the children. "And you obey me willingly?" The two little girls laughed roguishly, but the seven youngsters shouted, "yes, dear father, truly." Then the father turned to the guest and said, "Sir, if death were to come in at that door, waiting to take one of my nine children, I would say—and here he pulled off his velvet cap and buried it at the door—"Rascal, who cheated you into thinking that I had one too many?" The stranger sighed; he saw that it was only disobedient children that make a father unhappy. One of the nine children of the poor schoolmaster afterward became widely known; he was the saintly pastor Oberlin.