

Children's Corner.

DEAR EDITOR.—As I very seldom see a letter in the Children's Corner from Oregon, I thought I would write a few lines to the CONSERVATOR. I am a little girl ten years. Last year we lived in Washington, but this year we live in Oregon, near Oregon City. One month ago Mamma and I started out with Papa on his first round on the Willamette District. I enjoy traveling as I get to see a great deal. I saw some very large ocean steamers in Portland, Oregon.

ELSIE ELNORA BLACK,
Oregon City, Oregon.

DEAR EDITOR.—This is my first letter to your paper; my papa takes your paper and I think it is very nice. I was nine years old the 10th of August. I had five little chickens and they all died but two, and them that are alive now are black and the others were two little black ones and one little white one. I was converted last winter and joined the U. B. Church. I have two little kittens, and I have two brothers. I will close answering Fletta Waterburg's question. The shortest verse in the Bible is "Jesus wept." Please find ten cents for Publishing House dept. I remain your little friend,

VIOLET BOWERS,
Walla Walla, Washington.

In the Rockies.

No other mountains are quite like the Rockies, massive, tumultuous, and grand. After beholding them one feels that neither pen nor picture can adequately transfer and reincarnate the impression. The Alleghenies, Adirondacks, and the White Mountains seem ultra-refined and civilized compared with the savage majesty of the peaks that rise sheer and awful from Colorado's plateaus. A humanizing feature is the clearness and beauty of the brooks and streams, which, fed by the melting snows, go bounding to the plains below, singing their merry crooning songs all the year through.

Colorado's climate has no equal in the world. It has twice as many hours of sunshine as has Switzerland, and a temperature very much higher. Contrary to the common opinion, her mountain altitudes are much higher than those of the Alps. The Alps have but one grand peak, Mt. Blanc, the most famous and oft-named of the mountains of the world. Her Jungfrau is 13,393 feet high, Matterhorn is still lower, the great pass of St. Bernard is 8,170 feet high; in fact, the Alps range does not begin to average the height of the Rockies. Colorado alone has 200 peaks all over 14,000 feet high, and her passes are over 10,000 feet above the sea. In Switzerland the region of perpetual snow and ice begins at 8,500 feet, and to ascend to a height of 10,000 feet on Mt. Blanc is to take one's

life in hand in danger of freezing to death or perishing from the fatal avalanche. How different in sunny Colorado! Here we find timber growing to the height of 12,000 feet, and here we find the cities of Altman, Victor, Cripple Creek and Leadville all averaging in height over 10,000 feet above the sea, whose winters are not more severe than those in Minnesota, and whose summers are warm and delightful, with now and then little gusts of snow and hail. Here is the land for the consumptive, because he can get to lofty altitudes, and at the same time enjoy balmy air, a feature denied him in the Alps.—*H. A. Ott, in Herald and Presbyterian.*

A Touching Scene.

The writer remembers being on a railroad train several years ago, when directly in front of him sat a kindly looking, snowy-haired old man, evidently unaccustomed to traveling, and as manifestly in his "second childhood." He was very talkative, and he told me all about the journey he was taking.

"I'm going out to Iowa to see my son Jimmy and my daughter Nellie. Just think! I ain't seen either o' them children for most six years, and if they ain't tickled to see me I'll be mistaken. An' this train seems to fairly drag. I get so impatient ev'ry time it stops at a station! Wish it'd keep right on an' never stop until we git to K—; that's where Jimmy an' Nelly live."

He began gathering up his few belongings when we were still an hour's ride from his destination.

"I want to be all ready to git right off when we stop," he said. "Jimmy and Nelly'll both be at the depot to meet me, although they live nine miles out in the country; and there ain't need o' them comin'. But they'll be there—you see if they ain't."

When we reached K—the excited old man started to leave the car in eager haste. But the train had not come to a standstill when a great bearded giant of a man, fully fifty years of age, hurried into the car.

"Jimmy!" called out the man eagerly. "Here I am, Jimmy!"

"Father!" cried the son, and he took the little old man right into his arms and hugged him, while the tears stood in the eyes of both.

A stout, plainly clad, middle-aged woman appeared at the car door and cried out: "Father!"

Then she turned and called to some one on the platform: "Here he is! Here's father!"

"Nelly, my girl!" said the old man.

The son and daughter both had an arm around the father as he left the car. On the platform were seven or eight grandchildren from five to twenty years of age.

"Here's your gran'pa!" said Nelly,

joyfully; and a great hugging and kissing time ensued.

Of course the passengers in the car and the bystanders on the platform smiled; but I think the most of them agreed with a lady on the car, who said:

"It is a beautiful sight to see an old man loved and revered by his children and grandchildren, and I only wish that such exhibitions of affection were more common.—*Ex.*"

Her First Patient.

The famous nurse, Florence Nightingale, whose kindness to wounded soldiers has made her name famous throughout the world, when but a little girl, showed her love toward all suffering things. It is said that her first patient was a shepherd dog. Some rough and cruel boys had hit his leg with stones, and it was very badly hurt—so badly that the men were going to kill the poor creature to put him out of his misery. Nothing else could be done, for he would not allow any one to touch the wound. Presently little Florence went up to him, saying in a soft, caressing tone: "Poor Cap! Poor Cap!"

The dog looked trustingly up into her eyes, and, while she talked to him and stroked his head, he allowed his leg to be examined. She was told that there were no bones broken, but that the leg was badly bruised and ought to be fomented to take the swelling down. "Fomented" was such a big word that the little girl did not quite understand what it meant.

"How do you foment?" she asked.

"With hot cloths dipped in boiling water," was the reply.

"Then that's quite easy," she said, and at once went to work, applying the compress of old rags soaked in hot water to the poor dog's wounded leg until he was out of danger and on the high-road to recovery.

The New Boy.

The "new boy" is of later origin than the "new woman." He can make his own bed, sew buttons on his own clothing, cook his own breakfast, and wash the dishes, if necessary, and he no longer considered a "sissy" for so doing. He can carry on successfully a bachelor establishment for his father and himself, and even do his part socially, without losing his place among the first six at school. The "new boy" is the result of a growing belief among mothers and educators that domestic training is just as good for boys as for girls. They argue that a domestically trained boy makes the best husband, and that the brother who is obliged occasionally to make his own bed or boil an egg will not look down on his sister for doing the same things; also, the girl who can use her brother's kit of tools will no longer consider him a superior being because the tools are his property rather than hers.