

THE WEST SHORE
V. XII. 1886

December?

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NOVELS AND STORIES.

"The Hundredth Man," a novel by Frank R. Stockton, author of "The Lady or the Tiger?" etc., begins in November. Two novelettes by George W. Cable, stories by Mary Halleck Foote, "Uncle Remus," Julian Hawthorne, Edward Eggleston, and other prominent American authors, will be printed during the year.

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Harper's Weekly maintains its position as the leading illustrated newspaper in America; and its hold upon public esteem and confidence was never stronger than at the present time. Besides the pictures, Harper's Weekly always contains installments of one, occasionally of two, of the best novels of the day, finely illustrated, with short stories, poems, sketches and papers on important current topics by the most popular writers. The care that has been successfully exercised in the past to make Harper's Weekly a safe and welcome visitor to every household will not be relaxed in the future.

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE.....	4.00
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Harper's Young People has been called "the model of what a periodical for young readers ought to be," and the justice of this commendation is amply sustained by the large circulation it has attained both at home and in Great Britain. This success has been reached by methods that must commend themselves to the judgment of parents, no less than to the tastes of children—namely, by an earnest and well sustained effort to provide the best and most attractive reading for young people at a low price. The illustrations are copious and of a conspicuously high standard of excellence.

An epitome of everything that is attractive and delightful in juvenile literature.—*Boston Courier*.

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TERMS, Postage Prepaid, \$2.00 per year.

Vol. VIII Commences November 2, 1886.

Single numbers, Five Cents each.

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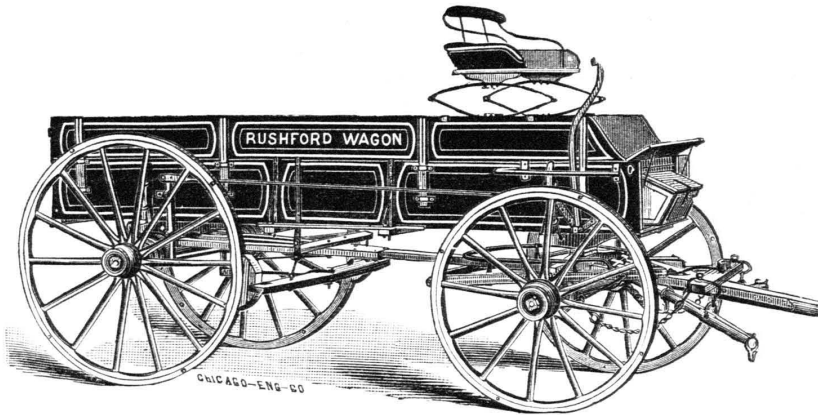
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Frank Brothers' Implement Co.,

1875. FARM AND MILL MACHINERY. 1887.



Walter A. Wood's Mowers, Reapers and
Twine Binders,

Thomas Sulky Wheel Rakes,
Hodge's Improved Headers,
Gaar, Scott & Co's Threshers, Engines, etc.,
LaBelle and Rushford Farm Wagons,
Rock Island Gang, Sulky and Walking
Plows,

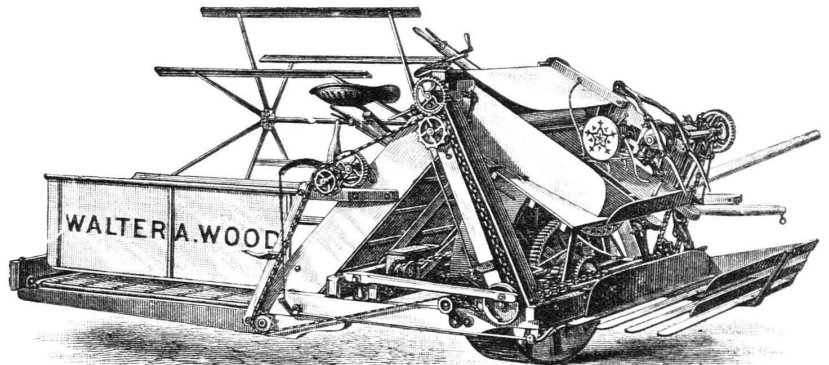
Randall Pulverizing Harrows,
Havana Press Drills,
McSherry Drills and Seeders,
Pacific Broadcast Seeders,
Bennet Bob Sleighs, Cutters, etc.

Largest line Fine Buggies and Car-
riages on the North Pa-
cific Coast.

Write for our 1887 Catalogue. Address

Frank Brothers' Implement Co.,

68 and 70 Front Street,
PORTLAND, - OREGON.



Corbitt & Macleay,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., AND PORTLAND, OR.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

Importers and Exporters of Oregon Produce.

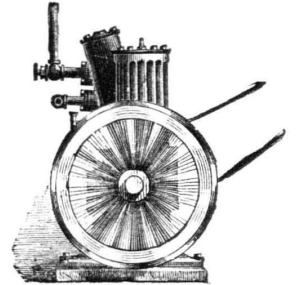
THE WEST SHORE.

PARKE & LACY,



MACHINE DEPOT,

No. 8 North Front St,
PORTLAND, - OREGON.



Agents for Ingersoll's Rock Drills and Compressors,
ALSO WESTINGHOUSE AUTOMATIC ENGINES.

Hoisting Engines, Boilers, Pumps, Wire Rope, Rock Breakers, Cornish Rolls, Car
Trucks, T Rails, Batteries, Jessops Steel, Iron Pipe and Fittings, LUBRI-
CATING OILS, etc., etc., etc. Smelters, Mills and Concentration
Plants, Wood Working Machinery and Machinists' Tools.

THE PORTLAND REDUCTION WORKS,

INCORPORATED, AUGUST 17, 1886.

President, - - - - -	W. S. LADD,	Treasurer, - - - - -	JAMES STEEL,
Vice President, - - - - -	W. A. JONES,	Secretary, - - - - -	J. M. ARTHUR.

Ores of all kinds received, sam-
pled and treated.

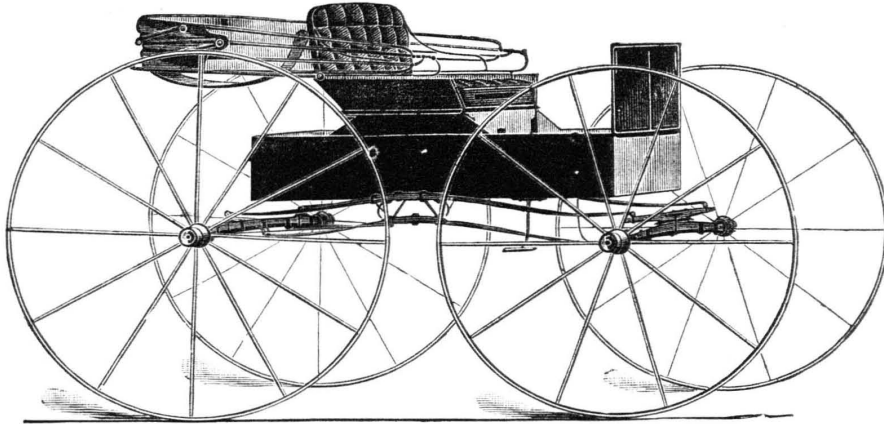
Rates for Treatment are moderate, and returns are based upon

NEW YORK VALUES OF LEAD AND SILVER.

Ores in lots of not less than one hundred pounds, and upon which freight to the
works is prepaid, will be

SAMPLED AND ASSAYED FREE OF CHARGE.

THE WEST SHORE



Mitchell & Lewis Co.,

LIMITED.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

Fine Carriages, Buggies,

Phaetons, Road Carts, Sleighs, Etc.

Send for Catalogue and Price List Free.

188 to 194 Front St., PORTLAND, OREGON.



PLEASING TO THE PALATE,
and Death to a Cough!

GREEN'S
LUNG RESTORER, SANTA ABIE,
THE KING OF CONSUMPTION.

The Original and only Genuine scientific compound of Abietine
Gum and Yerba Santa, for Coughs, Colds, Lung
and Bronchial Troubles, Etc.

BETTER THAN GOLD!

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. None genuine unless the words "Lung
Restorer," "SANTA ABIE," are on the labels of each
bottle. Not a secret compound. For sale by all
druggists, Wholesale and Retail.

PREPARED ONLY BY THE
ABIETINE MEDICAL CO.

Oroville, Butte Co., Cal., U. S. A.

Owners of the only Abietine Grove and Distillery in the world.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS.



Ask for Santa Abie and Catarrh Cure.

CAT-R-CURE!

GUARANTEED A POSITIVE CURE
for Catarrh, Cold in the Head, Hay Fever,
Rose Cold, Catarrhal Deafness and Sore Eyes,
Restores the Sense of Taste and Smell, Re-
moves Bad Taste and Unpleasant Breath re-
sulting from Catarrh. Easy and pleasant to
use. Follow directions and a cure is war-
ranted. Price, \$1.00 per box. \$1.10 by mail.
For Sale by all druggists.

SNELL, HEITSHU & WOODARD,
Wholesale Agents, Portland, Oregon.

Sole Agents for the Pacific Northwest, for Trojan But-
ton Fastener Co., Bon-Ton Polish, Ladies'
French Polish.

HERBERT BRADLEY & CO.,

IMPORTERS OF

Shoe Store Supplies, Shoe Brushes, Dressings,

BLACKINGS, ETC.,

LEATHER AND FINDINGS.

Manufacturers of Boots, Shoes and Gaiter Uppers, Slippers, etc.

No. 73 Front St., PORTLAND, OREGON.

C. E. DEAL.

J. C. O'REILLY.

DEAL & O'REILLY,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

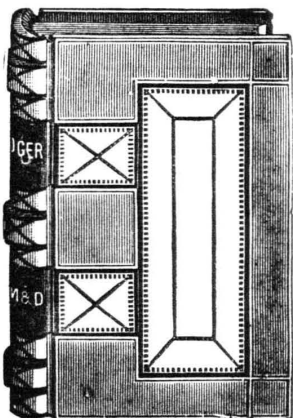
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And Manufacturers of Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Ware.

Grand Gold Medal awarded at the Portland Mechanics'
Fair for best Stoves and Ranges.

Plumbing and Gas Fitting. Metal Roofing and General
Jobbing. All Work Guaranteed.

N. E. Cor. Second and Yamhill Sts., PORTLAND, OR.



MESTON & DYGERT,
Book Binders and Paper Rulers.

Magazines, Music, Etc., Bound
in any style desired.

112 and 114 Front Street,
PORTLAND, OREGON.



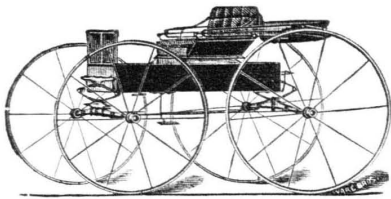
KELLY, DUNNE & CO.,
Manufacturers, Importers and Dealers in

PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, VARNISHES AND
BRUSHES,

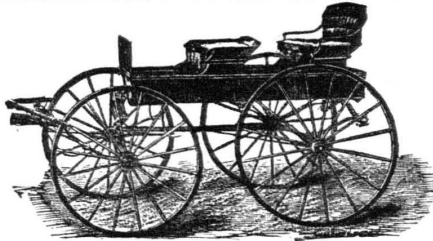
42 Front St., PORTLAND, OR.

Agents for Berry Bros' Varnishes, Detroit, Mich.,
John W. Masury & Sons' Colors, New York and Chi-
cago, Skidgate Oil Co's Oils, Victoria, B. C. Pro-
prietors of Phoenix Oil Works.

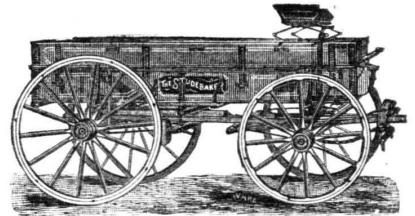
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Buggies, Carriages, Carts and Vehicles of all kinds.



Four Spring, Platform, Half Platform, Three-spring and Express Wagons.



Thimble Skein, Steel Skein and Tubular Axle Wagons, and everything on wheels.

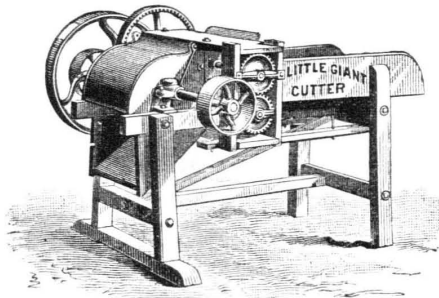
STAVER & WALKER,

DEALERS IN

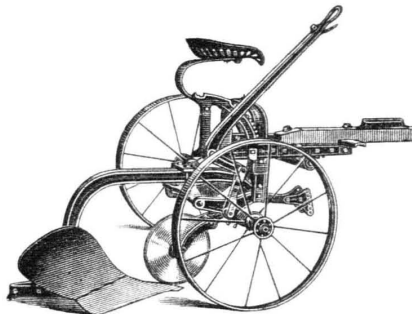
Farm, Dairy and Mill Machinery, Wagons, Buggies and Carriages, Binder Twine, Belting, Oils and Machine Supplies of all kinds.

208, 210, 212, 214 Front Street, PORTLAND, OREGON.

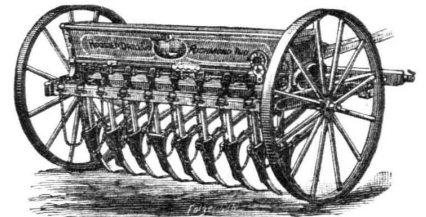
BRANCH HOUSES, Walla Walla, W. T., LaGrande, Or., Moscow, Idaho. It will pay intending purchasers to call and examine our large stock, or send for handsomely illustrated catalogues and price lists, mailed free on application.



Ross Feed Cutters, guaranteed best in the world.



Jay Eye See Sulky Plow. Lightest and strongest Plow in the market.



Hoosier Force Feed Drills and Seeders with Truss Axles and Wide Tires.



Dry Plate Outfits and COMPLETE Photographic Supplies a SPECIALTY.

Send for Illust'd Catalogue 141 First and 26 Alder Sts., PORTLAND, OR.

F. S. AKIN.

BEN. SELLING.

H. E. DOSCH.

AKIN, SELLING & Co.

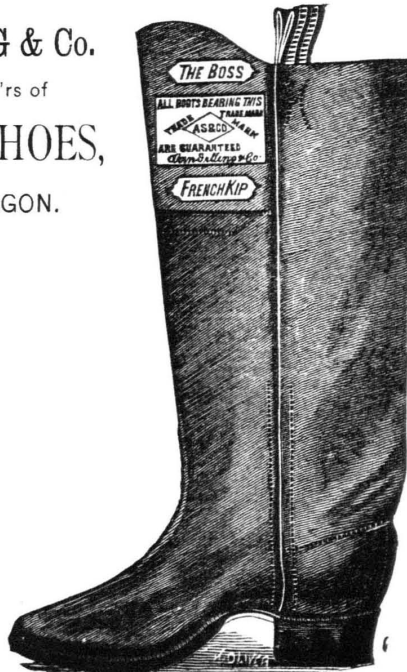
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BOOTS AND SHOES,

PORTLAND, OREGON.

"The Boss"

If You want the Best see that our name is on every pair.



J. K. GILL & CO.,

Booksellers & Stationers,

No. 73 FIRST STREET,

PORTLAND, OREGON.

A Complete Line of School Books used in the Northwest.

Agents for "Scotch Linen Ledger," "Mount Hood" and "Columbia" Writing Papers, Carter's

Inks and Mucilage, Mabie,

Todd & Co's Gold

Pens, etc.

THE WEST SHORE.

For Honest, Reliable Goods, selected with reference to
Good Service and Comfort to the Wearer,

Call upon or send to

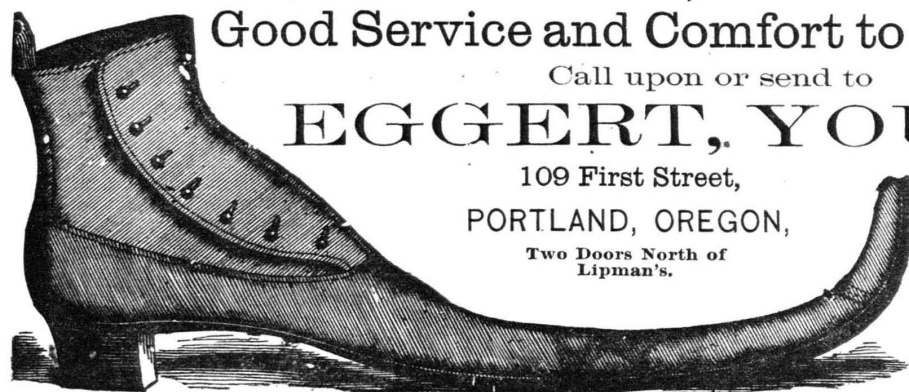
EGGERT, YOUNG & Co.

109 First Street,
PORTLAND, OREGON,
Two Doors North of
Lipman's.

"PACIFIC"

BOOT & SHOE HOUSE.

SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE.



Leading Dry Goods House!

SHOPPING BY MAIL

Is a practice which has proven satisfactory for years, both East and West. It brings the largest and best assortment to the most distant out-of-town residents, and gives them the same advantages as those residing in the city; it saves money, is easy and practicable.

We feel amply rewarded by the success of our last season's illustrated catalogue; our new catalogue you will find a great improvement over our former issues. We have endeavored to make it as perfect and complete as possible, however, we will cheerfully give any further information by letter that may be requested.

Our business has assumed such proportions that we have been compelled to greatly enlarge our stores, and are now occupying the entire lower floor, full depth of the building, together with the second floor, which is reached by an Otis Elevator, giving us at once the most complete and largest establishment of the kind on the coast.

We have never increased prices, and always decreased them when possible. This process, followed through a term of years, has brought our rates down to the lowest notch.

The size of our business may be taken as a sure indication that we present solid advantages to purchasers.

OUR NEW CATALOGUE is now ready for distribution, and will be mailed *FREE OF CHARGE* to any address upon application.

Cor. First and Washington Sts., Portland, Or.

Lipman & Co.



HIMES
THE
PRINTER

33

YEARS AGO I was moved from East to West expressly to engage in Job Printing for the benefit of the public, employes, the country generally and myself. I would simply suggest that you would do yourselves a favor by calling upon me when you come to Portland. You will find the best appointed printing office in the state, in capacity, reliability and competent workmanship, and its range of GENERAL PRINTING, BINDING and kindred

branches, as wide as the boundless Occident will permit. I want to know you—the benefit might be mutual.

The largest stock of Legal Blanks in the state.
P. O. Box 154. Telephone No. 75.

GEO. H. HIMES, The Printer,

169-171-173 Second Street, Portland, Oregon.

TO THOSE WHO COME WEST, AND ALL
Others whithersoever dispersed, GREETING:

THE WEST SHORE.

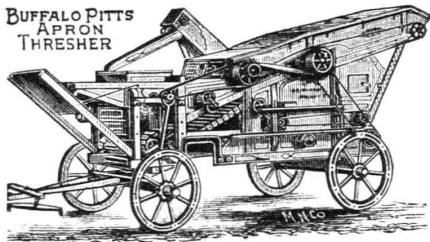
KNAPP, BURRELL & COMPANY,

IMPORTERS OF

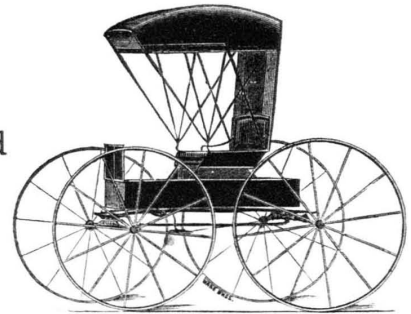
Agricultural, Milling and Wood Working Machinery.

Bain and Olds Farm Wagons, Spring Wagons,
Buck Boards, Buggies and Road Carts,
Buffalo Pitts Threshers, Powers and Engines,
McCormick and Deering Harvesters and
Binders, Reapers and Mowers,
Hodge's Improved Headers, Monitor Grain Drills
and Seeders, Casaday Sulky and Gang Plows,
Flying Dutchman Sulky and Gang Plows,

BUFFALO PITTS
APRON
THRESHER



Moline and Garden City Steel Walking Plows,
Harrows, Cultivators, etc., Oliver Chilled Iron
Walking Plows, Buckeye Force Pumps, Iron
Turbine Wind Mills, Iowa Barbed Wire,



RUBBER AND LEATHER BELTING, ETC., ETC., ETC.,

Together with a complete assortment of Agricultural Implements of every variety known
to the trade. Correspondence solicited. Catalogues, price lists and manufacturers' pamph-
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BRANCH HOUSES: { WALLA WALLA, Washington.
COLFAX, " " " " " "
CHENEY, " " " " " "
ISLAND CITY, Oregon. " " " " " "

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ALLEN & LEWIS,

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Staple & Fancy Groceries & Provisions.

SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

North Front St., bet. C and D,

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Importers and Jobbers of

HARDWARE, IRON AND STEEL.



AGENTS FOR DUPONT'S GUNPOWDER.

81 AND 83 FRONT STREET,

PORTLAND, OREGON.

THE WEST SHORE.

CHAS. H. DODD & CO.,

Front, First and Vine Sts., Portland, Oregon,

Importers of Hardware, Iron, Steel and Farm Machinery.

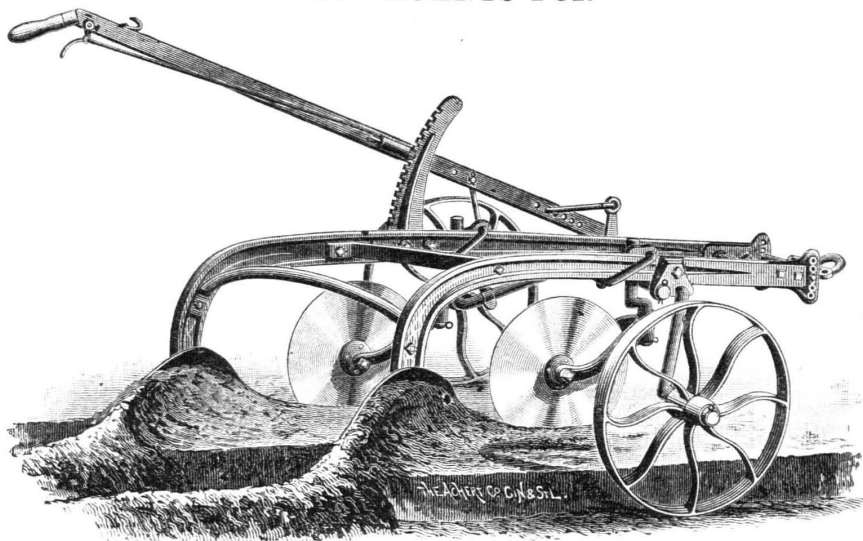
SOLE AGENTS FOR

Deere's Harrows,

Buckeye Mowers,

Hall's Safes,

New Deal



California Powder

Works,

Haish Celebrated

Steel Barb Wire

(Best in the World.)

Gang Plow.

DEERE'S NEW DEAL GANG PLOW.

JOHN DEERE BREAKING, STUBBLE, NEW DEAL GANG AND SULKY PLOWS.

We are also agents for the **SUPERIOR SEED DRILLS**, **SUPERIOR BROADCAST SEEDERS**; all our Superior Drills, also Broadcast Seeders have grass-seed attachments, and are complete with neck-yoke, doubletrees, etc., and are positive force-feed.

Sole agents for **SCHUTTLE FARM WAGONS**, which have stood the test for half a century; **CORBIN STEEL DISC ROLLING HARROW**, with or without seeding attachment.

We keep a full assortment of **ROAD CARTS AND VEHICLES**, Cook Buggies, Carriages and Phaetons of every description. Send for **Special Circulars and Price Lists**.

WADHAM'S & ELLIOTT,

WHOLESALE

Grocers and Commission Merchants.

Agents for J. O. Hanthorn & Co's Premium Brand of

Columbia River Salmon, and Red Crown Roll-

er Mills Snow Flake Flour.

46 AND 48 FRONT ST., PORTLAND, OREGON.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., OFFICE, 206 FRONT ST.

THE WEST SHORE.

Clocks, Silver and Silver Plated
WARE.

THE

Manufacturing and Repairing
A SPECIALTY.

Leading Jewelry House of the Northwest.
COR. FIRST AND MORRISON STS.,

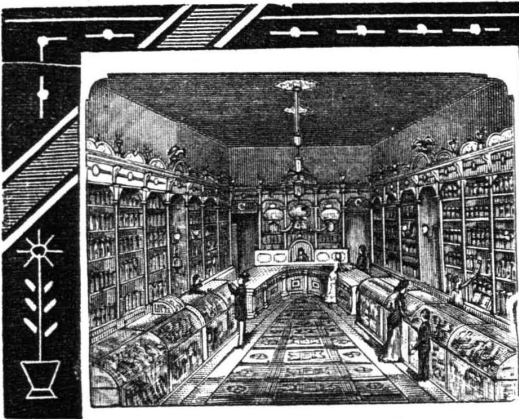
ALBERT FELDENHEIMER,

PORTLAND, OR.

Only Direct Importer of Diamonds, Watches & Jewelry.

Optical Goods of All
DESCRIPTIONS.

All the Fashionable
NOVELTIES.



Interior View of Wisdom's Drug Establishment.

W. M. WISDOM

Manufacturing Druggist,
And Importer of fine French, English and German
Perfumes, Toilet Soaps and Fancy Goods,
Rare Chemicals, Drugs, Essential
Oils and Pharmaceutical
Preparations.

We carry in stock a full line of Dr. Squibb's celebrated medicines, which are exclusively dispensed in physicians' prescriptions. It is conceded by all that we have the most elegantly appointed Drug Store on the Pacific coast, and to those familiar with the general character of the establishment it is needless to say that the quality of the goods and the skillful manner in which they are handled are in perfect keeping with the general elegance and neatness of the store, which at once stamp it as a first class pharmacy—a fact of which the public is fast becoming aware.

THE PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

Is in charge of MR. JULIUS HEUBNER, the well known German apothecary, who will be pleased to meet his friends and acquaintances at this popular stand,

Cor. First and Stark Sts., - - Portland, Oregon.

Farmers' & Mechanics' Store,
ONE PRICE TO ALL.

SHOPPING BY MAIL.

There are no difficulties in the way of purchasing goods by mail, either imaginary or real, which can not be overcome if proper care is exercised by both buyer and merchant. Many who have become familiar with the simple details find it oftentimes less troublesome than shopping in person. The advantages gained in buying in Portland are so great that one can ill afford to lose them, if any way is afforded by means of which they may be obtained.

To be agreeably served, buyers must perform their part thoroughly and well, state their wants clearly and fully, omit nothing, such as the size of hose, gloves, etc., the color desired, or their NAME or address, and must allow sufficient time for the transit of letters and goods. They must remember, also, that the merchant is limited in what can be procured, that all things are not possible with him, and that the supply of any kind of goods may be quickly exhausted; it is, therefore, not always possible to send just what was ordered, no more than it is to find it by a tour through the stores of so large a city as this, and possibly, here lies a principal cause of dissatisfaction. For illustration: certain kinds of goods may become extremely popular after samples have been sent almost broadcast, and may be sold before the orders from such samples can be received; as it required months to produce the stock already sold, it is out of the question to manufacture more; what shall be done?—if the purchasers live within a day's mail route of the city they can be notified that such is the case, and other samples submitted; but if they be far away much time would be lost in doing this; were they at the counter similar goods would be shown them from which to make another choice; as they are absent the difficulty is overcome by making the choice for them and sending it subject to their approval, they having the same opportunity to reject as though present, for their money will be refunded if they return the goods, which they are at perfect liberty to do.

That those who live away from town may stand on the same footing with those who come to our stores, samples of nearly all kinds of goods are sent without charge; these samples are not scraps, odd pieces and remnants, but are cut from the rolls of goods as received from the manufacturer, and are sent freely and willingly. Mistakes occur in spite of the utmost care, but when made known are corrected and made good.

As letters are sometimes lost, a failure to receive a reply indicates that the letter never reached us or our answer has gone astray; if you do not receive a reply in due season, write again. Confidence in the merchant is the key-note to success in shopping by mail. The reputation of our house is a guaranty that its principles and dealings are correct, and open and above board, and that it is worthy of confidence; if we sell goods subject to their being returned, for which we must refund the money, it is evident that it is for our interest to send only the goods wanted; and as it is desirable to retain the same customers year after year, it is proof that the general treatment must have been satisfactory to have resulted in so large a business.

Our catalogues of information will be sent without charge to all who desire.

FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' STORE,

200, 202, 204 First St., and 6 Taylor St.,

PORTLAND.

OREGON.

Farmers' & Mechanics' Store,
ONE PRICE TO ALL.

THE WEST SHORE.

GEO. W. SNELL.

SAMUEL HEITSHU.

FRED. K. ARNOLD.

C. H. WOODARD.

SNELL, HEITSHU & WOODARD,

(Successors to HODGE, DAVIS & CO., and HEITSHU, WOODARD & CO.)

Importing Wholesale Druggists,

92 AND 94 FRONT STREET, COR. STARK,

PORTLAND,

OREGON.

Portland Steam Candy Manufactory.

ALISKY, BAUM & CO., Proprietors.

MANUFACTURERS OF

FRENCH AND AMERICAN CANDIES,

AND CONFECTIONERIES.

FACTORY:

SALESROOM:

Cor. E and Sixth Streets, Cor. Front and Stark Sts.,

PORTLAND, OREGON.

THE WEST SHORE

WHITTIER, FULLER & CO.

Manufacturers and Importers of

Paints, Oils, Window Glass, Colors, Varnishes, &c.,

SASH, DOORS AND BLINDS,

NOS. 60 AND 62 FRONT STREET, PORTLAND, OREGON.

☛ Sole Agency of the French and Belgian Plate Glass Companies for the Pacific Coast. ☛

P. O. Drawer 4. In corresponding, please mention this paper.

A. B. STEINBACH & CO., THE CLOTHIERS AND HATTERS,

Cor. First and Morrison Streets, PORTLAND, OR.

Manufacturers and Importers in all the Latest Novelties in

CLOTHING, HATS AND FURNISHING GOODS.

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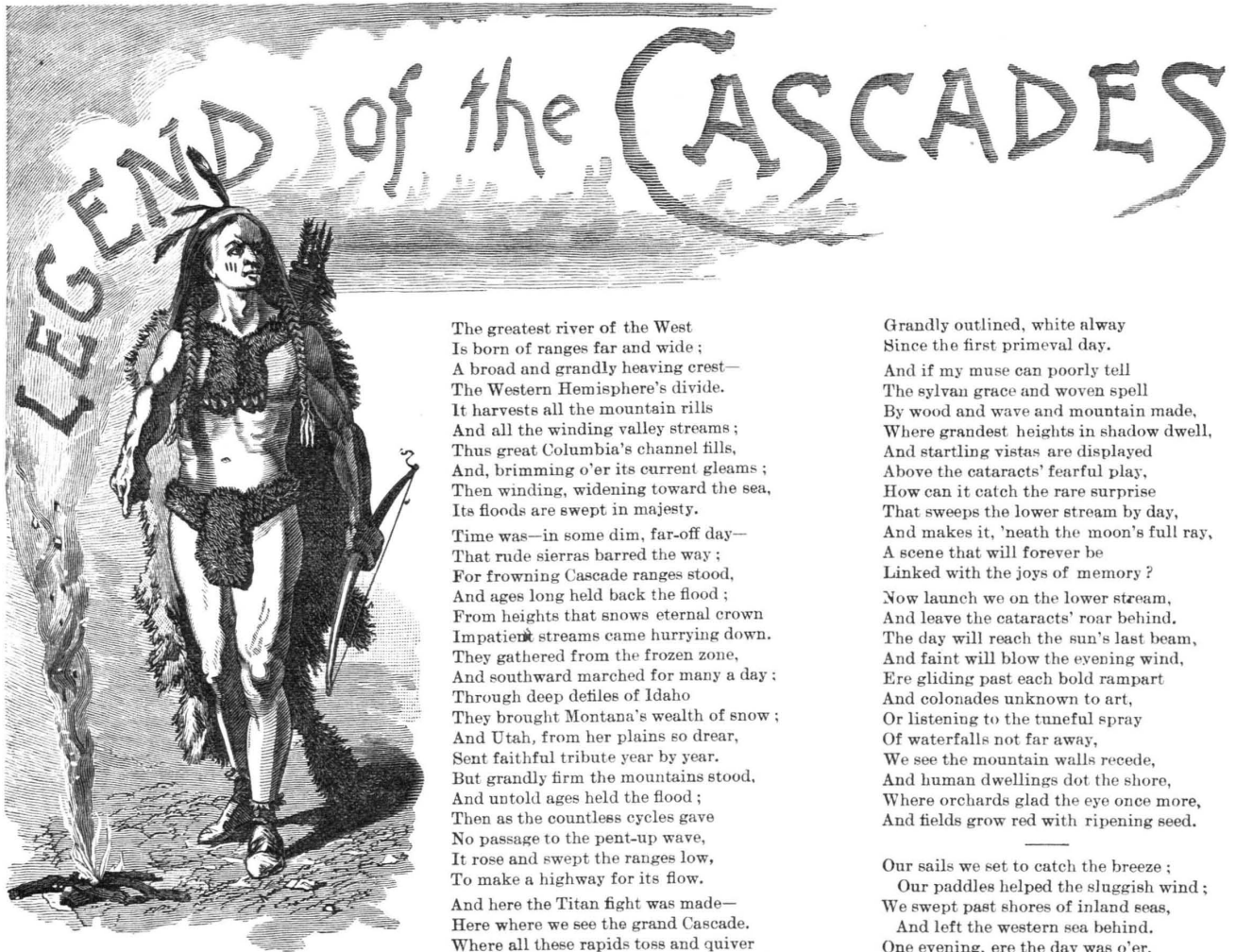
MINING LIFE ON THE YUKON.

IN the *Alaskan* of recent date appeared the following account by Mr. J. E. Chapman, of the experiences of two years on the great Yukon river. It will be full of interest to those who contemplate a visit to the mines of that remote region. Says Mr. Chapman:

"The party I started out with consisted of eleven persons. We went by the Dyay pass, traveling by the same route made famous by Schwatka. The first difficulty we had to encounter was a financial one, viz: the enormous cost of packing food and necessary material to the gold diggings. The Indians for this service charge as much as the first cost of the articles. The region traveled is wild and rugged and the divide presents magnificent scenic effects in precipitous chasms and snow-clad peaks. The first stream we struck was the Salmon river, not more than two feet wide but gradually increasing in volume as it neared the great Yukon. At its junction with that river we made our first diggings. Here our little party broke up, the majority going ahead to prospect the Stewart river, another tributary of the Yukon. More than sufficient gold to pay expenses was taken out of Salmon river—in fact we never made a prospect that did not show enough to pay expenses during the time we were in the country. At every sand bar down the Salmon river we got good prospects, and these had been worked the year before by other parties. I spent my first summer working on the Salmon bars; thence I went to the mouth of the Stewart. The second summer I worked on the Stewart river. Men working at the mouth of the Stewart averaged from seven dollars to nine dollars per day. Here great trouble was experienced in trying to save fine flour gold, as it is called. If some means can be invented to save it, there are fortunes in it. I experimented three months in trying to devise means to save this flour gold, and succeeded, in a measure. When we had to shut down for the season, the diggings were paying fifty dollars per day to the man. Notwithstanding the rigorously cold winters, and the widespread reports that the season is too short to make enough to pay expenses, it lasts fully six months, and the poorest diggings struck would do more than that, and as to the climate, I would rather winter there than in south-eastern Alaska. The cold is intense, averaging forty degrees below zero during the winter months, and getting down as low as seventy and eighty degrees below zero occasionally. But when the cold is so great there is a perfectly dead calm—as calm as it is in your room—and at night the stars are so clear that they seem to hang from the sky. The absence of wind during the winter readily accounts for our not suffering much from the cold. We found plenty of game while we were there, along and in the neighborhood of the river, but it is becoming scarcer each season, and it is generally best to be independent of the resources of the country in that particular. I haven't any doubt that richer diggings are yet to be found in that region. The part of it we traveled over did not embrace more than five hundred and

fifty miles in all, including the feeders, the Salmon and Stewart rivers.

The richest diggings will undoubtedly be found along the headwaters of the Yukon. At the head of the Stewart river \$150 diggings were found by Messrs. Bozwell and Frazer. There are about seventy-five men who will winter at Fort Nelson, near the junction of the Stewart and Yukon. Quite a settlement is here established, consisting of several substantial store buildings and the houses of the miners. It is a beautiful location and evinces an eye for business and beauty on the part of the locator. Very little prospecting for quartz has been done so far; miners confining their attention principally to placers. I have heard of but one ledge on the Yukon, discovered accidentally, specimens of which assayed \$2,000 per ton. We found gold in every stream we prospected, and from other miners who have traveled over a greater extent of territory than I have, am informed that gold is found over a wider range in northern Alaska than in any state or territory on the Pacific coast. There is no doubt that we have in Alaska the largest quartz ledge that was ever found, and recent information proves that we have also the most extensive placer diggings in the world. I haven't done very well myself—have very little to show for my seasons' work, only \$1,284 after paying my expenses, but there are others who have made as high as \$6,000 in less time. I am going back next spring and with new machinery and the experience I have already gained, I expect to clean up from \$5,000 to \$10,000. The country is mountainous in the truest sense of the word, broken, jagged and rugged, with very little softness. There are stretches of flat land along the river, the result of ice and water erosion. These flats are well timbered, and as far as I could perceive, just as good as is found anywhere in south-eastern Alaska, with one additional feature that lent a glory and a beauty to the landscape in autumn, not seen anywhere except in the east, and that was the superabundance of small annuals, whose foliage became a blaze of color when the frost king began his artistic work. Of these annuals, the cotton-wood was the most abundant. In spring and early summer the number, variety and beauty of the wild flowers was bewildering. It was a perfect bouquet of color, and many of the flowers are delicately perfumed. The auroral lights were something grander than I had ever seen before. They always seemed far away, but now they came down in streams of gorgeous light right over me. I felt as if they were atmospheric glaciers, only that they rushed through space with lightning velocity and cleaved the calmer, warmer air about me, making a sizzling noise as of something burning. I think it is caused by intensely cold air, or a wedge of cold air coming in contact, or forcing its way into a warmer stratum near the earth. When I started into the Yukon country I was fortunate in meeting a party going there, and thus had company. Coming back I got a little short of provender, but managed to get through all right. There is only one very dangerous place in crossing the divide, and that is a rapid mountain stream not very deep, but very strong, which must be forded several times. We adopted the plan of holding each other's hands while we waded waist deep in the cold, icy stream, and gained the other side in safety.



BY S. A. CLARKE.

On swiftly to the golden West,
To end its toils on ocean's breast,
The mighty river flows;
Its floods are gathered far away,
Where mountains rise to bar the day—
Old with eternal snows.

O, wondrous river! could I well
Reveal the wonder of that spell
Which rests thy shores along,
And show, responsive to my lay,
Thy shades of fir and cliffs of gray,
That would indeed be song!

Then should the Cascades' low refrain
Thrill through my song, a ceaseless strain,
To tell thy legend's story;
Then sky of blue and wooded cliff
And struggling stream should glow as if
They knew a sunset's glory.

Then should the children of the wood
Live in my song as once they stood,
And knew these shores their own;
Then Indian maid, with lover near,
Should saunter by thy waters clear,
As in the days long flown.

A score of years have passed since we
(She still is more than life to me),
With youth our happy lot,
Ere steamer's keel had marred thy flow,
With paddle stroke made passage slow,
And saw each charm-ed spot.

More azure far than sky or wave
The views that love and youth so gave—
Hope's hues thy wild banks wore;
The mountains wear their forms alway,
The cataract pours its floods to-day—
I know them as of yore.

The greatest river of the West
Is born of ranges far and wide;
A broad and grandly heaving crest—
The Western Hemisphere's divide.
It harvests all the mountain rills
And all the winding valley streams;
Thus great Columbia's channel fills,
And, brimming o'er its current gleams;
Then winding, widening toward the sea,
Its floods are swept in majesty.

Time was—in some dim, far-off day—
That rude sierras barred the way;
For frowning Cascade ranges stood,
And ages long held back the flood;
From heights that snows eternal crown
Impatient streams came hurrying down.
They gathered from the frozen zone,
And southward marched for many a day:
Through deep defiles of Idaho
They brought Montana's wealth of snow;
And Utah, from her plains so drear,
Sent faithful tribute year by year.
But grandly firm the mountains stood,
And untold ages held the flood;
Then as the countless cycles gave
No passage to the pent-up wave,
It rose and swept the ranges low,
To make a highway for its flow.

And here the Titan fight was made—
Here where we see the grand Cascade.
Where all these rapids toss and quiver
With force that makes the boulders shiver,
Is Nature's mightiest art displayed;
Here has the master skill of Time
Wrought architecture most sublime.
These cliffs were fashioned by the wave,
That still, at times, when floods are brave,
Inscribes its name upon the land
In scattered drifts and heaps of sand.

And while the torrents flash and gleam,
Note what huge boulders choke the stream!
These once were adamantine walls,
High cliffs that graced a peaceful tide,
And falling thence, they made these falls,
And raised the waters far and wide;
So high that where once forests stood
Above the rapids rolls the flood.
Floating above that lucent wave,
We saw those forests in their grave;
As Time from age to age has flown,
The prisoned wood has changed to stone.

Not far above the rapids' rush
The river flows with tranquil hush,
Like some fair lake, embosomed deep,
On which the mountain shadows fall,
Where spell-bound islands calmly sleep,
While echo hovers within call.
Isles of deep emerald floating there
Show wilderness of leaf and bloom,
And echoes wait thee to declare
Their presence in the mystic gloom.
Their light canoe can track the flow
From sun-up till the sun is low;
And while you drift watch well the shore,
Where mountain streams come winding through;
For if those openings you explore,
The snowy peaks will come in view—
Amid the ranges southward, Hood;
Mount Adams, northward, through the wood;
Each frowns on each in distance gray,
Miles and miles and miles away.

Grandly outlined, white alway
Since the first primeval day.

And if my muse can poorly tell
The sylvan grace and woven spell
By wood and wave and mountain made,
Where grandest heights in shadow dwell,
And startling vistas are displayed
Above the cataracts' fearful play,
How can it catch the rare surprise
That sweeps the lower stream by day,
And makes it, 'neath the moon's full ray,
A scene that will forever be
Linked with the joys of memory?

Now launch we on the lower stream,
And leave the cataracts' roar behind.
The day will reach the sun's last beam,
And faint will blow the evening wind,
Ere gliding past each bold rampart
And colonades unknown to art,
Or listening to the tuneful spray
Of waterfalls not far away,
We see the mountain walls recede,
And human dwellings dot the shore,
Where orchards glad the eye once more,
And fields grow red with ripening seed.

Our sails we set to catch the breeze;
Our paddles helped the sluggish wind;
We swept past shores of inland seas,
And left the western sea behind.
One evening, ere the day was o'er,
We stood upon the cataract's shore.
We saw, where rapids wildly sweep,
A rock that bravely stood the flood;
We saw the salmon past it leap,
While on its brow a fisher stood;
Sometimes arrowy spear he threw;
Sometimes scooping net he drew.

Firm set amid the dizzy swirl,
Graceful poised, he threw the spear;
Or beside the mad pool's whirl.

As he saw swift fins appear,
While the waves his brown feet wet,
He drew the salmon in his net.

He stood there naked to the waist,
And his bare feet trod the rock;
No look, no motion, tokened haste,
Save when springing to the shock,
Fierce light glittering in his eyes,
With barb or net he won his prize.

When his muscles weary grew,
Coming from the dripping rock,
Down the net and spear he threw,
And stood beside his waiting flock;
Salmon, children, squaw and he
Made a tableau you should see!

I spoke him in the Chinook tongue,
And said to him, "O, tillicum,*
To me it has been said and sung
That from your fathers there has come
The legend of the grand Cascade,
And how the rapids first were made.

"I've seen you swing the net and spear,
And win great salmon from the flood,
And I have said, 'He knows no fear,
And is a brave Siwash,† and good,
And I should like to hear him, well,
The Legend of the Cascades tell.'"

* Friend. † Indian.

I would that I could show to you
The grace of motion all his own—
Tell how each guttural sentence grew,
And, swelling into monotone,
Was chanted as one should rehearse
Low fragments of iambic verse.

He spoke assent, and wave of hand
Showed where a trail forsook the shore;
He then, as if it were command
For us to follow, went before
Through narrow pass, that seemed as if
A saber stroke had cleft the cliff.

It reached a shelf—a sunny spot,
Where firs in primal verdance grew,
Well grassed to be a village plot,
And shimmer with the morning dew;
There, 'neath the wall of mountain shade,
The tribal lodges were arrayed.

We clambered on, in Indian file,
Still higher, where a rocky shelf
Surfaced the jutting crags, the while
The mountain leaned to see itself
Reflected on the sullen flow
In shadow pictured far below.

The fisher's rock hung far beneath;
The fisher's lodge was fair in view;
The mist flung like a bridal wreath
Of white that shone the azure through;
And where cliffs rose precipitous
Poured water-falls that bowed to us.

Down far below the rush of flood
Sent up its everlasting plaint,
And as thus pinnacled we stood,
It with our accents mingled faint—
A weird-like choral chant that swept,
And measure with our measure kept.

My people once were many as the bended heads of clover;
The red men and their children were like leaves the forest over;
They filled the hills and valleys, as the red cones dot the pine;
And theirs were all the sunny plains where mountain streams entwine.
Their lodges rose in clusters on each river bank and shore,
For everywhere the Great Tyeet had given a bounteous store;
The antlered elk they hunted where the highest ranges stood;
They chased the mighty bison through the valley and the wood;
For them the shaggy buffalo was pastured on the plain,
And marched in thundering columns as they never will again.
They feared nor man nor mortal, and worshiped that Tyeet,
Sahullah,§ and Great Spirit, who made the land and sea.
He sent warm breath from far Chinook, to melt the winter's snow,
He drove the salmon up the stream as far as they could go;
He gave them elk and bison, gave them springs so cold and clear,
And lent them cuitons ‡ so swift to chase the fallow deer.

The salmon still are many, and they climb the streams each year;
But the Siwash and the mowitch, ¶ how fast they disappear!
It seems as if my people were all fated soon to go
To the silent, distant hunting grounds where went the buffalo.
The rivers still flow seaward, and the mountains stand the same;
The Indian follows on the trail where went the vanished game.

Back in the early days of all the Siwash men were few;
Before they dwelt in all the land as far as falls the dew
The snowy peaks that north and south now rise to summits grand
Stood here the river's flow beside, and watched it near at hand.
The Spirit of the Storms kept one, and when his robe he shook,
The roar that swept the clouds along was heard to far Chinook;
His was the snowy peak, far south, whose name with you is Hood;
Mount Adams, whiter than the snow, across the river stood;
'Twas there the spirit dwelt whose fires flash from the mountain's shroud
In lightning strokes that signal when shall peal the stormy cloud—
Dread spirits, born of gloomy power, whose anger sometimes woke
In jealous wrath, and then would flash the lightning's fiery stroke;
Then thunder, with its muffled roll, would answer, peal on peal,
And fires would light the mountain side, like blows of flint on steel.
Far-reaching then, from mount to mount, in one broad native span,
A rock-hewn arch, or bridge, was thrown, 'neath which the river ran;
And with its flow the light canoe went down the tranquil stream,
While underneath the darkling arch the river gave no gleam.

A pilgrim to this mountain arch oft'times the hunter came,
And on the stone of sacrifice made offering of his game:
The choicest salmon of the streams the fisher brought and gave,
To yield the Spirit Father back a tribute from the wave.
And often joining in the throng two strangers would appear,
Tufted in eagle feathers long, and dressed in skins of deer,
All braided with such rare device as Indian never wore
This side the happy hunting grounds upon the farther shore.

And here was held high carnival when many tribes were met,
For festival and worship joined. The legend lingers yet
That, circled on the river's arch, the tribes looked on—each one—
While fairest maids laid sacrifice upon the altar stone.
Rude flames leaped up from mossy logs high piled the arch along,
And by their glare the aged priest doled out his chanted song.
His child, the priestess of the arch, of Indian maids most fair,
On altar steps with hands out-stretched, and with wide-flowing hair,
As one entranced by vision, stood, all statue-like and still—
A bronze ideal votaress who knew no self nor will.

From where the crescent shape slow climbed the ranges far away,
The moonlight, cleaving through the sky, proclaimed the waning day;
Deftly its gleams came struggling through the flame-lit gorge below;
Slowly the evening stars came down to glint the river's flow;
The sombre shades of night had crept into the twilight's hush,
The sighing wind and restless leaf toned the dark river's rush—
A weird cadence that suited well the lonely chanted rite,
As deep-voiced woods or lone sea swells blend in the far-off night.

The bravest of the bravest loved Mentonee, who fed the sacred flame,
And hoping to deserve her love, they sought for fields of fame;
And when they launched the light canoe, or swept the lowland plain,
Or scaled to heights of summer snow, they hoped her love to gain.
And one there was of noblest deeds, and of a chieftain's line,
Who loved fair Mentonee from far, and worshiped at her shrine.
He uttered never word of love; He wooed no other maid;
But, voiceless, at her vestal feet, gifts from the chase he laid.
No voice to thought gave utterance his soul's one deep desire;
He watched and worshiped as afar she fed her altar's fire.
Vigils by night would guard her lodge if danger hovered nigh,
And his the truest arm that e'er let feathered arrow fly.

And she was priestess of the arch. She fed her sacred fire
Unpassioned by a mortal throb, unfelt love's swift desire.
Slowly the waiting months came round—surely the fates came true—
Swift come or slow, they ever found her love to Heaven still due.
And pleading at the sacred shrine, her chanted prayer arose
To ask no boon of human love, but balm for human woes.
No vestal ever fed the lamp with soul more chastely fair;
No altar of earth's worshippers was tended with such care.

As, standing by the altar's glow, we list the priest's low song,
The genii of the snowy mounts go gliding through the throng.
Her voice keeps time-beat with the flames that claim her sacrifice.
With mystic presence by her side the spirits seek device
To win from her a word, a look. Now summer lightnings flash;
Now through the gloom of nearer hills we hear the thunder crash;
Then rising into forms of shade, these jealous spirits grow
To giant height on either hand, and fiercer flashes glow.
Her rite has ended; yet she stands there statue-like and still,
Unheeding all the demon strife—no thought of coming ill.
On one bank darts the living fire, on other hand a cloud,
And answering back the bolts of flame, the thunder peals aloud.
Amid the gleamings of the fire a flame-wrapped form is seen,
And robed in shadows of the cloud is shape of angry mien.

They strove, and 'neath their earthquake tread tall pines and cliff shores
The lofty forests prostrate fell. The awe-struck tribes forsook [shook;
The quivering arch, whose mighty span rocked o'er the wondering tide,
Till every beating heart thereon with fear seemed petrified—
Save two, and one had ceased to beat; her form was reft of life.
Even as she worshiped she had died—slain in the demon strife.
Nor died she there alone; nor hellish strife nor earthquake shock
Spoke fear to Tamalis' great love to drive him from that rock.

Fire answered fire from mountain high, cloud answered peal to cloud,
The great arch hung in space awhile, and then it tottering bowed;
And as it fell the gleamings high of sacrificial flame
Lit up the maid's imploring form, that stood in death the same—
Her head uplift, her arm upraised, and her beseeching eye—
Went down to meet the whelming wave fixed on the night's deep sky.
And he, so mute of love in life, whose heart such silence kept,
Stood by and clasped the lifeless form as downwardly they swept.

We watch the grand Cascade to-day where once that arch arose,
And yonder, where were forests once, now deep the river flows!
Still giant trunks, beneath the wave, mark where the forest stood,
And, monuments of ages flown, are stone instead of wood.
No more the snowy mountains stand and guard Columbia's wave;
No more the spirits of the heights abuse the powers Heaven gave.
The Great Sahullah's angry hand, 'gainst which none dare rebel,
Has set the snowy peaks apart, and bids them far to dwell.
Prisoned in each, for aye and aye, deep in the realms of fire,
The angry spirits utter still the ventings of their ire—
When Hood its sulphry vapor heaves upon the wintry air,
When Adams from its deepest depths sends groanings of despair.

When falls the twilight of that day—once more in every year—
That fell the arch, it comes again; again the tribes appear;
Then snowy mounts and wondrous span look on Columbia's flow,
While gleaming fires of sacrifice on waiting worship glow,
And charm-ed hush and mystic spell dwell on the haunted air
The while the priestess tends her fire or lowly chants her prayer.

‡ Chief. § The Highest. ¶ Horses. ¶ Deer.

He ceased. With graceful hand outspread,
And arm upon a rock reclined,
The eagle's tuft that graced his head
Slow nodded to the evening wind;
In attitude he seemed to dwell
Upon the legend loved so well.

The twilight, with a stealthy tread,
Had closed the portals of the day;
The moon her crescent silver shed
From cloud-touched ranges far away;

Day's latest red went down the West,
And stars crept out of Heaven's breast.

While as with limning hand he drew
The outlines of the spectral span,
Methought the aerial structure grew
Material to the legend's plan,
And, answering to my soul's desire,
The priestess fed her altar fire.

The night-bird's cry gave sudden thrill,
A wild halloo went down the shore,

The lodge-fires gleamed aslant the hill—
These called me back to life once more;
But oft the legend lives again
When memory woos the olden strain.

O joys of fancy! that can gleam
So brightly from the vanished years,
Though but a fragment of some dream
Of love that vanished amid tears;
Heart echoes haunt the crowded cells
Where hope with all her treasure dwells!

DISCOVERY OF THE BONES OF MAMMOTHS.

On a recent trip through Spokane county, I stopped at Latah, and in conversation with Mr. Coplen of that place, regarding the volcanic formation of that section, he informed me that he had examined some large bones of great antiquity. In company with Mr. Coplen I went to the spring where the relics were dug out. It is located on a strip of springy prairie. The excavation around the spring is twelve or fifteen feet deep and thirty or forty feet across. The bones were covered by several distinct layers.

The first layer was ancient peat, then gravel, then volcanic ashes, then a layer of coarse peat. From this spring were taken no less than nine mammoths, or elephants of different sizes; the remains of a cave bear, hyenas, extinct birds and of a sea turtle. Mr. Coplen kindly presented me with some specimens of these relics. The dimensions of some of the bones of the larger mammoth were wonderful to look at. The horns were a sort of tusk, and protruded from the head just below the eyes, extending downward below the jaws, then upward over the head. By dropping the head in the act of feeding, the circle of the horns that extended below the jaws partially rested on the ground, giving support to the head, which is estimated to have weighed a ton.

The horns were worn away several inches deep at the bonnet of the turn or half-circle, indicating constant use by rubbing on the ground or rocks. One of these horns was ten feet and one inch long, and twenty-four inches in circumference. It weighed one hundred and forty-five pounds. One of the tusks measured twelve feet and nine inches in length and twenty-seven inches in circumference. It weighed two hundred and ninety-five pounds. The jaw weighed sixty-three pounds. The molar teeth weighed eighteen pounds each. Some of the ribs were eight feet long. The pelvic arch was six feet across, and an ordinary man could walk erect through the opening. This huge and antique monster was eighteen feet and six inches high, and was estimated to weigh twenty tons.

Just imagine far back in the misty by-gones of antiquity, probably before the appearance of man upon the earth, that Washington Territory was the home of these monstrous animals, that roamed over the great prairies, traversed the Columbia river and made the genial climes of Puget sound their haunts in winter. It matters not what the theories may be in regard to these imbedded bones of such huge proportions; why so many of them were piled together in these springy places; what period or age the animals lived; at what time the

great change took place which made them disappear from the continent, whether they first made their appearance in this part of America and whether or not it was then a tropical climate. Certain it is that they lived and flourished here thousands of years ago, and the remarkable discovery of these bones may lead to fresh researches in the vicinity.—*W. M. Lee, in Tacoma Ledger.*

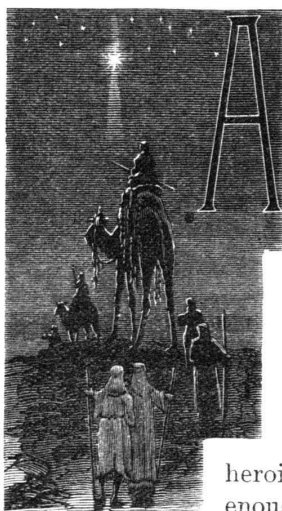
CAPT. CLARKE'S GRANDSON.

Occasionally an item under the above heading appears in the Montana and Idaho papers, similar in substance to the following, from the *Helena Independent*:

"Over on the Flathead reservation is a young Indian, a grandson of Capt. William Clarke, of Lewis and Clarke, the first white men to explore the country lying between the Missouri river and the Northern Pacific coast. Lewis and Clarke spent one winter—1804-5 the *Independent* believes—in the Flathead country and their winter camp is generally considered to have been in the Bitter Root valley into which they crossed from the Big Hole. During that winter Capt. Clarke took an Indian woman as his companion, and the fruit of their companionship was a boy, who was always recognized in the tribe as Capt. Clarke's son. He died a year or two ago. He had married an Indian woman and the issue of the marriage was this boy, Sakalee."

While it may be a fact that this Indian is a grandson of Capt. Clarke, there can be little doubt that, if such be the case, his grandmother was not a Flathead woman. There is no reason for "considering" anything about where Lewis and Clarke spent their winters, as their published journal accounts for their whereabouts during the entire two years of their absence. They left St. Louis in May, 1804. That winter they lived with the Mandans. In the spring they continued their journey, and crossed the Bitter Root mountains by the Lolo trail, reaching the Clearwater in a famishing condition on the twentieth of September. Stopping only long enough to construct canoes, they descended the Snake and Columbia to the ocean. They wintered at Clatsop, and in the spring of 1806 started on the return journey, arriving at the Clearwater the first of May. Owing to snow in the Bitter Root mountains, they were compelled to remain with the friendly Nez Perces six weeks before they could resume their journey. It was at this period, if at all, that Captain Clarke married an Indian woman, and if Sakalee is a genuine grandson of Captain Clarke, his grandmother must have been a Nez Perce woman, and not a Flathead.

A CHRISTMASTIDE SPINNING.



ALL OF US know something of what we call common-life heroisms. We like to hear of them, in the rounded-out periods of the sermon or lecture. Surrounded by all the pleasant accessories of a comfortable church or lecture hall, in the temporary freedom from home and business cares, and inspired by the eloquent utterances of a brave, candid, sinewy speech, from attractive genius, or gifted religious experience, these heroisms appear simple enough, easy enough of assimilation. Under such

circumstances, the dullest of us come into some sort of actualization of our accountability and responsibility. We catch at the fact that all endeavor regenerates by units, and that we are some of the units; that from hearts braced to the true instincts of the nobility of life germinates the flower and fruit of real heroism. And yet, how often has it happened, that, the instant the speaker ceased, and the chill air of the every-day, matter-of-fact aspects of our lives struck us, the whole thing dissipated as a dream. We have found it easy enough to be virtuous, and honest, and manly, and helpful, in theory, but once under the stress and strain of a practical test, we have bowed to the assumptions of fashion, or the kingdom of Satan within us, and shut out from our sympathy and support, some one, who, under the speaker's broader law of humanity, was entitled to our assistance.

We are fond of hearing of that heroism of manhood which saves a man; not that heroism, put away on Sunday night with rustling silks, soft laces and twenty-button kid gloves, or the best broadcloth suit; but the energy and manliness that stem the tide of misfortune, discouragement and doubt, all the things which make up the vast, pathetic music of mankind, are quite another thing. It does not require any very great effort to talk about high purposes and heroic deeds, but when it comes to coining that talk into daily character and doings, we discover that it is far from easy. Perhaps the majority of people miss the blessing there is in doing a kind, serviceable action, because they are always waiting for the time when they shall be especially fitted for some great work. The little needs lie all along the way; the cups of cold water; the sympathetic pressure of the hand; the kind, cheery word; the fragment of flower sent to a sick child; the word of favor for another, all these are close at hand; the afterwards may never come. Great deeds stand like isolated islands in the sea. Out of these little things, which daily rise in the eastward of our lives, we shall get the content of homes; the exquisite delight of love and friendship; a genuine sweetness of living; strong and trustworthy love of country, characteristics

by which we shall find each other in the everlasting community beyond.

Husbands are plentiful enough who find it necessary to maintain a strong grip upon themselves in order to keep from doing something of the heroic for their wives; yet these same husbands can not be depended on to split the family kindling wood. They fail to realize that husbandship, like good, honest christianity, is a matter of pots and kettles; of little things manfully done. It is not the acreage, but the kind of cultivation we are giving our soil. A man in this splendid valley may have a hundred acres, and be heir to all the bird songs and rain-drops that come upon his spread-out fields, yet he must steadily cultivate them if he would have a harvest. He may have ten thousand acres of moral, christian and intellectual life, and get nothing from them but weeds; perchance a little volunteer grain, that will now and then force itself into the most neglected life. Another may have a mere garden patch, yet by that tilling which invites the Creator's interest, make it yield richly for all the future. The most splendid gift of the Creator to man is opportunity. He never gives man new faculties nor perfected plans. He can not give us back lost opportunities. Men like the fictitious. They like fictitious sorrow and woe. We go wild over a thing in art that we avoid in nature. We pay a dollar for the box at the theater in which to weep over the represented sorrow of "Two Orphans," instead of taking our tears and sympathy and money to No. 900, tumble-down tenement house, where real orphans are actually dying of hunger, where it would, indeed, be heroism to labor. We do not care to find out the sparrows of humanity, who, morally and physically unclad, thirsting, shelterless, and out in the wintry air of indifference, are dripping away through the coarse sieves of discouragement and doubt. It is so much more pleasant and congenial to sit down before the open grate fires, and have flame-framed pictures of that moral and intellectual Arcadia, which is a beautiful trust, a cloud-city dream, that comes out of the drone of a lazy summer afternoon, and toward which the sentimentalist stretches the pinions of his lore and fancy. Most of us find it easy enough to help a certain class of poor. Here, for instance, is a family, refined in habit, correct in speech, polite, shabby genteel; they are clean. If they could bake or stew or fry refined habits, and sauce it with politeness, they would all be fat and independent. But the carpet is worn and patched; the clothing has been much made over; the cupboard is a sort of Mother Hubbard affair. Why, almost any of us will help such people. But over there is another case. The man is brutal in speech, and beastly in habit. He is filthy to the touch. He has been educated to beef and beer and dog fights. He is repulsive. It is human nature to kick him. Nine times out of ten we do kick him.

You and I know highly respected and respectable people whom it would be wholly unsafe to take literally, because we know that they could not be absolutely honest in principle nor candid in speech. They may be

very round people, but somehow they fit into every square hole that happens along. They are illustrated by Ben. Butler, who, while kissing one campaign baby is looking at another. They exemplify that phenomenal law, which, just at the edge of town, becomes so strong among the strawberries or peaches, that all the large ones crystalize at the top of the basket. There is just enough strawberry truth to cover up the deception at the bottom of the basket. None of the principles and passions implanted in the constitution of our natures are more deeply rooted, perhaps, than the love of distinction; the wish of occupying some place on the tablet of human remembrance. But if I had to say which of the two men I most respected, him, who is wholly insensible to the awakening stimulus of ambition, or remains a parasite, awaiting with sullen satisfaction the death of annihilation, or him, who, for distinction or notoriety only, plays a part in life, I would choose the first. I would rather have his dead, dry muscle, than the petty meanness of the man who never accepts any moral or social obligations, unless they promise him dividends. Deliver me from the man who, in the duties or pleasures of life, is faithful or cordial only in correspondence with the manner in which these bring him into the public eye. In view of the strict law of labor and compensation, such a man is an embezzler and defaulter. A man who has only egotism as his law, who is seeking to subjugate everything to his interest, who trades upon either the ignorance or credulity of his fellows in order to advance himself, who is too weak or too cowardly to make any assertion of his personality, who shirks all social responsibility and shifts it upon others, while he, unburdened, thrives apace, is a social sneak. It is this character in the community who shirks labor in the church, in the literary or reform club, or movements and methods to upbuild humanity, and when the thing is on the crest of the wave of popularity, manages to slide in from some sidetrack, and reap a large percentage of the benefits. You find this character at the church sociable, or at the clean-out-the-minister party, and in the early candle light stages of it, selecting choice pieces of the weightiest pound cake, for a "sick friend" who could not come. In the ordinary sense, the man may be a good sort of citizen, that is, with pendulum regularity, he goes to and from his daily labor. To the cent he pays his debts, and to the cent he demands of his debtors. Beyond that, he has nothing in common with his fellow men. That is his daily, weekly, monthly, yearly life, until he wears out. Only the newspaper man is sorry over that last event—at twenty cents a line. A life may have the length and breadth of intense humanity and still be thin. It must have height as well as length and breadth in order to be symmetrically complete. We all understand that when the business career of a man, as a means of conveying to society evidence of personal integrity, points just that one way in every hour of it, we have in view a magnificent object lesson of how spherical a man will be who has the three dimensions, length, breadth and height. He may

live neighbor to the long, narrow man just described, but he *lives* in the community. He doesn't merely stay, or reside, or count one more numerically. He is a factor; he is a reliable factor; always ready to do his share in every honest, manly effort. That is the man whom you can take literally. His living has a purpose; his muscles are tense; his head is erect, and his eyes are always uplifted.

A common trouble, especially among young people, is, they get the idea that the exaltation of manhood and honor and honesty of action, is conditioned or circumscribed by geography or arithmetic. They must be brilliant or not shine at all. The Creator has planted some of us in bare, desolate places, and we are apt to think that our sphere is very narrow; so narrow, indeed, that it does not make much difference what we do. This is false logic. Man has but one thing to do, that is, to grow, broaden, deepen and beautify in the precise corner of the field of human life where he belongs. Naturally enough, many think they could be more useful and lead a nobler life if their environment were enlarged. Possibly; but they should not lose sight of the fact, that, for the present, they are in one particular spot, and in no other; working at this particular calling and no other; possessed of just this particular amount of education and knowledge, and no more. In these circumstances it is duty to endeavor to brighten life; to make a worthy human life. A life devoted to mere pleasure has no heroism, and a life that never rises higher than duty has no sweetness. The one is weak, the other is harsh. Disgust and disappointment are the outcome of one; there is nothing of the other, save the opening of the door through which death lets life out. Every man may, with perfect manliness, pride and hope, work every day upon the principle that he is doing what the law of his individual life has made his duty.

A good many people are prevented from doing all they should, by what we call the virtue of the head. It keeps them from making real and practical the blessings and good will of the Man of Nazareth. Such people become saturated with the idea that if they pay a fair proportion of taxes, if they support the schools, if by their silence they give their consent to reform clubs and associations for the upbuilding of humanity, if they place no obstructions in the way of churches and Sunday schools, and especially if now and then they lend their presence at some of these places, they have redeemed themselves from the charge of moral lassitude and indifference. This character, having only the virtue of the head, is one of moral idleness. The man lacking in virtue of the heart is counted in the community. Between him and the man who possesses the virtue of the heart and affections, it is the difference of being weighed and being counted. Plato illustrated this thought when he said "I have the better half of Athens for audience when I lecture to Aristotle alone." A man who lives in a modest daily round of routine duty, whose way is hedged in by the shifting necessity of common drudgery, can escape from it if he will, long enough to add the

weight of his presence, or his voice, to accept his share of this lodgment of the power for good. That is helpfulness; it is moral activity in behalf of the common weal. In God's universe, none of these things are lost; not a deed; not an influence; not a whispered prayer for that which is right. I am not saying that all men will, but that every man can, rise to the point of an interested factor. Men educated to beer halls and dog fights and the lower kinds of amusement, will not rise to the level of these finer things. They have no desire to do so. It takes the touch of the Infinite to make such men something else than sodden, egoistic, lower forms of life. The Greek called man *anthropos*, one with face turned upward. And what shall be the use of all our wealth and wealth-creating inventions, all our civilization, all our arts and sciences, if these do not turn man's face upward and create a higher range of personal feeling, ambition and action for the race. Not only are we entitled to luxury and culture and refinement, but we should have a high spirit of beneficence, guided by justice, and justice adorned with the garlands of a judicious benevolence. Under this our charities should be multiplied, that we may lift from the weak and unfortunate a portion of that weight of Cane which crushes into dumb despair half the human race. Born of such a spirit, will come honor and honesty and courage and self denial and modesty and charity, qualities which enlarge their influence from the fireside to the neighborhood, until they permeate the community, and public sentiment will at last become imbued with the spirit of personal worth.

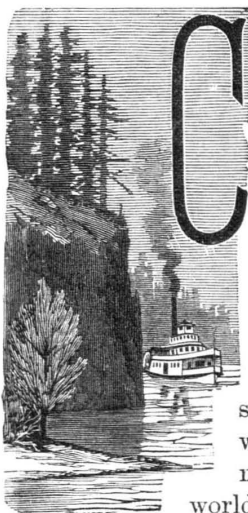
C. B. CARLISLE.

IN the struggle of life is it not well for the farmer to pause a few moments to consider where he is drifting, what he is working himself and his family so hard for, what he expects to accomplish in the end? We can name a hundred Montana farmers to-day, who have, in a maner, worked themselves and their families to death. True they are not literally dead, only dead on their feet, as it were, dead to every enjoyment but making money, and are candidates for the graveyard ere the prime of life is reached. Yes, we can name a hundred farmers, who, with their families, have worked and are working every spark of ambition out of their lives, simply to get rich. How rich they cannot tell, for the man has never yet lived who has accumulated enough. Many who slave and toil thus have obtained a competency, obtained at a cost of every comfort that goes to make life pleasant, at a cost of their strength and ambition, and even now had they the disposition and capacity to enjoy themselves, have not the health to do so. This is a mistake. The chief object of every farmer should be the comfort of his family. His home should be his Mecca. It should be his palace; and while it is well to practice economy, and to impress such habits on rising generations, it will not do to enslave one's self or the members of his household. There is nothing in wealth to justify it. There is more in a contented mind, a pleasant and happy home than in all the gold of Ophir.—*Husbandman*.

THE *Avenir Militaire* gives us some particulars concerning a torpedo cannon ball invented by Captain Coudray, of the navy. Four years ago the captain presented his projectile to the authorities, who at once ordered experiments to be made with it at Gaves, near Lorient. We are told that for some time past the modest inventor has been engaged in manufacturing his projectile under the supervision of a special commission named by the Minister of Marine. At first it was found that all projectiles discharged at the mean velocity of one hundred and fifty meters a second rebounded on striking the object at which they were fired. Time was afforded to Captian Coudray to improve his invention, and it seems that, in spite of such hard striking on the part of the *savants*, he has succeeded in curing the defect complained of. The torpedo cannon ball, we are assured, now travels at the rate of three hundred meters a second, and instead of rebounding on striking a ship, glides along its side, and never loses contact until it explodes. The last cannon balls constructed contain a charge of forty pounds of guncotton, although twenty-five pounds is said to be sufficient to blow up the biggest vessel. It is stated that these projectiles can be fired to a much greater distance than the Whitehead.

A project is on foot for tunneling the "Great Divide." The divide is the Rocky mountains, and the point proposed to be tunneled is under Gray's peak, which rises no less than fourteen thousand four hundred and forty-one feet above the level of the sea. At four thousand four hundred and forty-one feet below the peak, by tunneling from east to west for twenty-five thousand feet direct, communication would be opened between the valleys on the Atlantic slope and those on the Pacific side. This would shorten the distance between Denver, in Colorado, and Salt Lake City, in Utah, and consequently the distance between the Missouri river, say at St. Louis, and San Francisco, nearly three hundred miles; and there would be little more required in the way of ascending or descending or tunneling mountains. Part of the work has already been accomplished. The country from the Missouri to the foot of the Rockies rises gradually in rolling prairie, till an elevation is reached to five thousand two hundred feet above the sea level. The Rockies themselves rise at various places to a height exceeding eleven thousand feet. Of the twenty most famous passes, only seven are below ten thousand feet, while five are upward of twelve thousand feet, and one, the Argentine, is thirteen thousand feet. Of the seventy-three important towns in Colorado, only twelve are below five thousand feet, ten are over ten thousand feet, and one is fourteen thousand feet. Passes at such a height are, of course, a barrier to ordinary traffic, and the railways from the Atlantic to the Pacific have, in consequence, made detours of hundreds of miles, leaving rich plains lying on the western slopes of the great snowy range practically cut off from Denver and the markets of the East. The point from which it is proposed to tunnel is sixty miles due west from Denver, and although one of the highest peaks, it is by far the narrowest in the great back bone of the American continent.—*Scientific American*.

THE QUEEN OF THE KLIKITATS.



COME and spend Christmas with me. I hear you intend going to Oregon, and we will talk it over."

That is the message that greets my eye to-day, as I open and read a yellow note sheet, that time has set its shadow upon these many years; for it is a memento of a very pleasant occasion, and brings back associations that were cheerful and kind in their day.

My uncle was a man who had seen the world during a youth that was passed in travel, though it was not nearly so convenient to see the world then as it is to-day. He was in his prime, and at his best at the time of which I write, and that was in days when Oregon was new.

I accepted the invitation, and as I look at the yellow note the pleasant memories return. I hear the music, the laughter, the merry jests and reparté, and recall the story that enraptured the youngsters and pleasantly entertained the elders, which I introduce by this prelude as my Christmas offering for 1886.

At my uncle's house was an old friend of his, an English gentleman of the olden time, who happened to be in this country on business, and accepted his friend's invitation, as he could not spend his "Merry Christmas" in his own home. He and uncle had been fellow-travelers in younger days, though subsequent to the exploits recounted here.

It was Christmas Eve, and the elders were met in one of the parlors, while the youngsters were in great glee not far away. When the conversation lagged my uncle said—

"Lonsdale, why can't you tell us that story of your Indian queen, that you have so often promised?"

Mr. Lonsdale protested that it would occupy the evening and trespass on the occasion, and he was by no means a romancer.

The little audience drew quietly round his easy chair, and assumed a waiting position so natural that the guest laughed and blushed by turns. Then making the best of the matter, he concluded to surrender—to give up the story, at least—and did it so politely and unassumingly as to win good opinions before he spoke.

Somehow, the news of a story being told crept into the children's room, and the little shavers, catching the words "story of an Indian queen," came stealing in, taking refuge behind their best friends, until the room was closely filled. Another scuttle of coal was poured into the glowing grate, the lamps were placed where they would "do the most good," and all eyes turned toward the embarrassed stranger.

"Mr. Avery," said he, bowing to the host, "joined our expedition about starting toward the Orient, but was not with us during the previous year when we were dar-

ing dangers and seeking adventures in the wilderness of the Occident. It is only a story of savage life and ways, and not worth your listening, but I will tell it as best I can.

"In our seeking for adventures, as Englishmen always have, and ever will, my friend and myself had reached the country known as Oregon. We had visited the Sandwich islands, and from there had reached California. But the now famous name, San Francisco, was not then heard, and instead was Yerba Buena. From there we outfitted, and joined a party of fur traders and trappers who were bound for the Columbia. We went there because of the presence of the Hudson's Bay Company in that wilderness, not thinking that in this pleasant parlor, quarter of a century gone, I would be telling my Oregon adventures in the presence of one about to become a citizen of that state. Time's changes are indeed strange.

"Reaching the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company, after numerous fights with tribes of Indians that lined our overland way, losing one member of our company and having several wounded, from which I carry the only scar received in all my 'raids,' we enjoyed ourselves awhile, making excursions through the western valleys of Oregon, and finally determined to make a journey east of the Cascade mountains, to view the treeless stretches of landscapes, the arid plains, and the uplands that wave with billowing grasses, as well as the grand mountain scenery. Before our departure, some difficulty had occurred between the fur company people and the Indians, who guarded the pass of the river through the heart of the Cascade range. These were Klickitats, a powerful nation that owned the vast plains north of the Columbia and the mountains west to the middle of the range. This was the romantic spot where the Cascades foam, valuable to them as a fishing ground. As owners of this pass they could also collect tribute from all passers by. It was on this account there was a difference, and the British had temporarily withdrawn the small trading post that had been planted at the Upper Cascades. We passed on above that point, and our Indian guide accompanied us to the foot of Mt. Adams. We knew the return route, and knowing he had a family near by, let him go, not dreaming that he was in collusion with the Klickitat queen, as at that time the nation had a Zenobia in place of her father, who was king.

"Returning to the mouth of the Klickitat river, we loosened and launched our canoe and had loaded it with our plunder, when Zip, my dog, by barking, told of danger coming near. Pushing off in haste, we cleared the bank and had gotten but a short distance away when there came a flight of feathered arrows, which fell but little short of the canoe. We saw that the shore we had left was lined with painted savages. Some uncommonly strong arm drew a powerful bow that sent an arrow whizzing past us, so we dipped our paddles and pulled away out of shooting distance—for bows, at least. A sullen war-whoop told us that our fears of pursuit were soon to be realized. The shores at that point are

mountainous. Along the banks, as we ascended, we had seen canoes moored to the shores, so we kept close to the north side and occasionally set one adrift to save it from our enemies. This was hardly wise, for, seeing one afloat, an Indian stripped and swam to it. He had no paddles, as we had taken them out; but he paddled to the shore with his hands and soon had some extemporized. Having one boat, the enemy pushed on and captured more. These were manned rapidly by those who followed the shore trail. Canoes captured after this were well equipped and made all the headway stout arms could give. Before we had gone three miles we saw four boats in pursuit, manned by twenty men. All this time we were making steady progress down the river. We were tired, because a sense of danger had for several days impressed us, and we had not stopped to cook or sleep. We sat and paddled for life; the dog looked wisely on while we planned our future course. We had used paddles all over the Pacific ocean, until a savage could hardly be more expert. The dog seemed to take in the situation fully, and by yelping gave notice if fresh danger threatened. What a situation was ours! On one side was the Pacific ocean and a few British traders near at hand, while from the Pacific to Hudson's bay or the Atlantic, through a dense wilderness for four thousand miles, no settlements of white people existed, save those belonging to the same company. There was a lonesome grandeur to the situation that became oppressive at times, and was never a pleasant realization.

"My friend and companion was Ned Johnson, a true man as a traveler, safe and sure and willing to do all that man should try to do. He was heir to the fortune he possesses to-day, but preferred traveling amid dangers to waiting for dead men's shoes on an allowance. We were fair shots, had good rifles and could have picked off every man of them in five minutes. The distance between us was continually lessening. Our guns lay conveniently at hand, and the time shortened when we would have to use them. We called to mind an open cave on the north side, only a few miles below, and concluded to take refuge there, and if the pursuers came too near to teach them the danger of so doing. That time came before we reached the cave, so I kept at my paddle and left it to Ned as to when to use the rifle. As the savages drew nearer, he took up a gun, and all the Indians in the first canoe laid down their paddles to watch the game. He leisurely examined the rifles, then reloaded the double-barreled fowling-piece with buck shot and laid them by. Taking up a rifle again he muttered: 'Jack, if that beggar in the bow wouldn't crowd matters so I'd let him go.' With evident reluctance he took quick aim and fired, the leader in the canoe clapping his hand to his thigh at the same time. They all gathered together and stopped in the stream, forgetting that the chase was escaping. It was a wonderment to them that any man should be able to make a bullet hit while half a mile away. It was not now far to the cave. We reached it, pulled our boat up on the beach, and watched the coming of our foes. They had pulled to

the nearest shore and there found some leaves with healing properties with which they bound up the wound of their comrade. An hour was lost by this delay, but we had hardly got established in our new quarters when they hove in sight. Only when they passed by and went on down stream did we recognize the fact that our retreat was cut off and the enemy in possession of our only way of escape. The cave was under a cliff, open to the river and with no protection from willows. The savages could come in canoes, by night, and attack us in overwhelming numbers, when rifles and double-barreled guns would be, at close quarters, no better, if as good as, tomahawks and arrows. We saw, from the edge of the cave, the Indians make a landing on a small island about a mile below us. Our field glasses told us their exact movements. At length the night came down and soon became blackness itself, as there was no moon. We silently launched our canoe, and replacing our baggage, crossed the wide river. Our fears were well grounded; the enemy soon stormed the cave, as their wild war-whoops on finding it deserted announced. The birds were flown, but could not be far away, so they commenced patrolling the broad surface of the river.

"What is called the 'middle river' on the Columbia is a beautiful and romantic region, extending from the Cascades to the Dalles, about fifty miles. It was then early June, and the shores that would be brown in July and burned up in August, were green as emerald and bright with wild flowers. All our way was among mountain ranges, through which the Columbia had made a channel. While the scene was grand by day, it was awesome by night, when the deep shadows of the surrounding heights fell on the mirroring waters. The sky, with its night's blue and its host of stars, was also reflected there. We had an advantage in being able to keep in the shadows. We kept down the south shore of the river. Though we were some distance in advance of the party at the cave, we could not know whether or not others were below us. During the night we saw canoes patrol the river and exchange signals, but we kept close in the shadows and floated on. We whispered low, and even Zip was wise enough to make no sound. It was decided that we should draw our canoe ashore in some tangle of alders and willows, and conceal ourselves for some days. We judged from the number of canoes patrolling that our enemy had received reinforcements, and the delay could do no harm and might throw them off their guard. We found such a spot, and with infinite caution entered it. The river was near its June rise, and we were in a submerged grove that was fringed with willows. When morning came we were hidden as completely as Indian craft could have done it, as we had cut boughs and planted them thickly in the shallow water, making a thicket, natural and almost impenetrable. Those were tedious days. We watched both the river and the shore, and our hearts beat quickly sometimes as we saw savages in their war paint going down the river in their canoes, or passing along the shore. You may know we were well hidden, or we would never

have escaped. With our rifles we could have picked them off, but this would have revealed our presence, enraged them against us and endangered our lives had we fallen into their hands, and would have been a cause for trouble between the Klickitat nation and the fur company, so we determined to avoid bloodshed. Three days were passed in this manner. During the last day no Indians were seen or heard, so we crept out of our hiding place and started down stream. It did not strike us that any serious trouble had occurred. We thought we had only to avoid this party and reach the Cascades to find a trading post and white men to protect us. To be sure, we had been warned and advised not to go, but we sought adventure, and thought our rifles could efficiently protect us. We passed quietly down the river and neared the Cascades in safety. Some little distance above the rapids are some beautiful islands. As we neared these without suspicion, and were passing by, a sudden war-whoop announced the presence of the savages, and immediately two canoes pushed out from the shadow of the trees and gave pursuit. Ned had good vision, aided by a good glass, and in a moment said it was the same party that had pursued us before. We bent to our paddles to reach the trading post, but as our boat cleared the island and the view opened, behold! the shore was bare, and no banner of old England floated from its staff. The trading post was gone, and Indian lodges were in its place.

"Our guide, on the up trip, had told us that at high flood it was possible to sweep the rapids. June had brought the melted snow of the interior ranges down and filled the river to its brim. Where the Cascades foamed in low stage there now were tossing waves and rushing waters, and we boldly headed the canoe to make the passage. There are supreme moments when the intelligence of minds in danger seems as one. We hardly spoke, but by a motion each signified the same thought. Zip, too, seemed to take in the situation, and lay down in the bottom of the canoe as still as possible. That scene and that hour are photographed on my memory indelibly. Above the rapids the current is still to the very edge of their rush. The islands we had passed seemed like bits of Paradise floating on the silent tide. The gigantic mountains and nearer precipices stood in grand relief, like 'Ossa piled on Pelion.' The shores wore summer's plumage and the dark mountains their sombre and unchanging evergreen. These made a scene of verdant beauty that can not be described. Soon we drew near the fateful rapids and then began a hand to hand struggle for life. One moment to clasp hands, to pat the dog's head, and each man was like a figure of bronze. Zip stood in the stern a moment and hurled defiance at our pursuers in a howl of rage that could be heard above the roar of the Cascades.

"We kept the prow with the current and added motion to give steerage. We had dallied in the South Sea surfs, and toyed with small cataracts, and that gave us nerve and poise. A tremendous surge and swell shook our egg shell and threw it aloft; it trembled on the

brink of deadly whirlpools and foaming abysses and thus passed fiercely by the worst of the crisis. It was a moment only, though it seemed an age, and we reached smoother water. We had run the Cascades—a feat that has seldom been accomplished—in a seething moment of time. Below the rapids is a long and narrow island, and there we landed to rest a moment after our superhuman effort. We had no thought of being pursued, but looking back, saw another canoe tossing on the furious waters and then glide into the smoother current. We could have launched our craft and gone on our way, keeping the enemy at bay by shooting them as they drew near, but we hated bloodshed, had just come out of a terrible experience and needed rest. The matter was soon decided, for while we studied and thought the other canoe landed. Ned handled his rifle and looked at me, but I shook my head. They drew their bows as they came near, but we laid down the guns and gave a hand shake to each one, and all was serene. They, too, had had an experience in the rapids that disarmed their savagery and made them kind. The awful danger made them forget they were on the war-path, and we were soon the best of friends. The Indian words we knew were 'clarhiaum six,' a common salutation. That was exchanged, and then we managed by signs.

"The surest way to the heart of an Indian is to fill his stomach, so we opened our stores and made a feast for them. We made coffee and passed it around in a tin cup. Then we drew out our smoking tobacco and pipes and passed them around, each one taking a whiff. We had, fortunately, filled their idea of hospitality and peace to the fullest. They were at the Cascades for the fishing season and were camped on the north side, their lodges on the level above the falls and on the rock terraces that rose above it. We had heard that the Klickitats were ruled by a woman, but did not know that this Indian queen had heard of us; but our guide had, evidently, informed her of our presence in her territory, and she had sent out her people to intercept and bring us to her. Kamiakin was a wise chief and brave warrior. His two sons had been killed in battle and he had only this daughter; he had trained her to succeed him, and she had the fullest confidence of her people. When forced to war she led them; in the fishing season she directed them, and she went with them on the great annual hunts. It is claimed, of late, that the Atlanteans came from their since sunken continent, ascended the Mississippi, crossed the country by the waters of the Missouri and Columbia, and established colonies on those streams and Puget sound. Since this theory was promulgated I have believed that this woman was a relict of that early race, and, therefore, unlike the common Indian. Brought up an Amazon, she was remarkable in many respects, and we determined on making her acquaintance. Our meal being over and the pipes smoked, we indicated by signs and what we knew of the Chinook dialect, that we wished to be taken to their chief.

"In the afternoon our canoes crossed the narrow stream north of the island, and following a trail, we soon

reached the Upper Cascades. Here, word had preceded us, and we were met by an officer, who took charge of our persons and property. He played the part of sheriff in further proceedings. That night he took us to a great lodge made of poles, matting and bark, and hung overhead with tons of smoked salmon swung to the rafters. The beating of a drum told when the queen's court was opened, and our sheriff ushered us into her presence. The great lodge was ablaze with pine knots, and other pine knots blazed without. Chiefs and warriors were seated around her, according to their rank, and common members of the tribe stood beyond and in front of her. Queen Pomeray occupied a seat covered with valuable furs. Skins of bear, elk, buffalo, wolves, deer, and many of the finer furs, were scattered around. Such surroundings well became the barbaric sovereign. She was a remarkable woman to look at—young, and in youth's prime. Her head was dressed with beautiful feathers of strange birds. Her neck and arms were bare, with strings of shells and natural gems of remarkable beauty. Her noble bearing would have distinguished her in any company, but in the midst of this throng of savages she was indeed a queen, a Zenobia, and yet so womanly withal as to impress us most favorably. In complexion and features she differed from the rest—the features more Roman and the complexion a clear olive. Her immediate attendants were young women, who always accompanied her and were almost as attractive. We had little time for observation; Pomeray asked questions that called out the facts, and after a brief conference with the sheriff and our witnesses, court adjourned until morning. That night we occupied a new bark tent; our possessions were all there and faithful Zip was standing guard.

"The next morning our case was opened with more aboriginal formality. When the sun was two hours high two officials, clad in rich costumes, came for us, and we were taken to a newly-erected building, where the tribe seemed already gathered. Pomeray occupied a raised dais covered with skins, and the chiefs in their order, all dressed in barbaric costumes, rich in color and strange in material, stood around. Eagle feathers and rare skins shown from many a head—they were made into caps, in which the heads and tails of the animals played an important part. On each side of her stood a gigantic warrior, clad in furs and armed with strange weapons, each with a great spear in his right hand. Four young women, the usual attendants of her person, sat on the step below her and served as foils to her remarkable beauty. The scene and surroundings were of wild, barbaric splendor, and savage to the extreme.

"I must be brief, so I will omit the details of conversation, and say that we were accused of trespassing upon her territory, and dangerously wounding one of her braves. Ned was a splendid worker or fighter, but no talker, so he threw the defense upon me. There was an interpreter who knew just enough to misunderstand half I said. I undertook to interest her by explaining how and where we traveled, to satisfy their curiosity as

why we wanted to climb their Klickitat mountains. My story interested her, evidently, and her tribe crowded near to hear it. I finally wound up with 'Ask Queen Pomeray whether we would dare deceive her, or harm her or her people and then put ourselves in her power.' Nothing strikes an Indian like actual performance. I had explained that we could have killed all of the men who followed us, yet we only wounded one, to keep them back while we escaped. I then asked to have a rifle brought, and set Ned to prove his marksmanship. On the top limb of a dead pine, a long way off, sat a carrion bird; seeing this, and after having calculated the distance he carefully regulated the sights and fired. The bird fell, and the audience sent up a murmur of surprise. This was all very fine, and no doubt had some effect; but she sternly reiterated the question 'Why did these strangers wound one of my people, who was peacefully sailing on the river?' It was useless to say 'they began it.' We were in the minority and had placed ourselves in their power. There is a demand for vengeance in savage natures that no helplessness can allay. I had studied medicine, and had some practice before I took to savage wandering, and I suddenly thought that my art might heal the wound and thus end the difficulty. Ned modestly informed the court that his friend was a medicine man, and would like to see and attend the wound. This produced a marked effect. Court adjourned and we went to see the patient. It was short work to probe the wound and take out the ball, as it was a flesh wound and not deep. Taking care to salve the wound and bind it with lint, we returned to the waiting court. There was a sensation when I held up the ball and proved by one of the few who were allowed to be present that it was the veritable bullet in the wound. I had made a powerful enemy of the Indian medicine man, who had, until now, attended the patient. He wanted to undo my work, scorned the story of the bullet and called me a liar. But I proved all I claimed, and was left in possession. Determined not to have his ill will I made a visit to his lodge, in company with an interpreter, and proposed an exchange of professional secrets. I gave him some of the salve and lint used, also some other simple remedies I could spare. I got him to tell me some of his own 'tricks of trade.' By doing this and promising soon to turn my patient over to his care, and to speak well of his ability, to his queen, I made friends with him for a time and prevented the wounded man's life being sacrificed to prove his case, for with him professional pride would slay patients if necessary to sustain his fame. As I could not stay with the wounded man, I feared the jealous Indian doctor would do something in my absence to kill my patient, if only to show that I really had not cured him.

"Meantime, a hostile party had organized, at whose head was an old warrior who retained all the prejudices known toward whites. Day after day the court met to hear the cause argued. The closing effort was a speech made by this old man, who was eloquent in his denunciation of the whites and praise of the good old times.

One of us, he said, was a medicine man; who could tell what spells we had laid on their country, on the game in the mountains or the fish in the stream. He denounced the story of the bullet. As he went on, working upon the fears and superstitions of his people, many a warrior grunted assent, and his venomous words carried conviction that no civilized argument could meet. The interpreter arose, when he had finished, and restated our case; showed that we had done no harm, the wounded man was getting well, and we wanted to go home. He showed and explained a map we had with us, and traced upon it the long and dangerous journey we had come. He told of our custom of traveling to see the world, and other matters we had told him. As he spoke, quite a sensation was created by the appearance of the wounded man, who walked with a cane and looked as well as ever. This relieved our case of its worst feature—there was no longer a wounded man to take vengeance for. He made our case good by saying we had sent to Vancouver for blankets and various other things as a peace offering. So court adjourned, finally, and the great case of Klickitat vs. Englishmen ended. It only awaited the arrival of the goods from headquarters to be forgotten.

"All the while this trial was progressing, I had no fear. I had read Pomeray's face and saw that she had some ulterior purpose, and that it was not hostile to us, but rather intended to detain us at the Cascades. From the first she had taken an interest in Ned, had watched him, and shown a liking few besides myself had noticed; but as I noted it I feared it far more than the result of the trial, for 'Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.' After the trial was over she sent for Ned and questioned him concerning his various journeyings. Before that I had jokingly asked how he would like the idea of being king of all the Klickitats. We were in the toils, and how to get out without danger was the question. It was no trifling matter. She had cut off intercourse with our people and had us in possession. I could see that escape was not easy, and that delay was dangerous. I look back on that period with pleasure, because it furnished a life episode that was strange and startling, yet possessed of features that were delightful and charming. Having little else to do we learned their language, and within a short time could understand and be understood. This improved our situation greatly. We soon made a pleasant family, consisting of Pomeray, her four maids, her wise counselor and her musician or poet laureate, a real genius in his way. The counselor was a wise old cynic, who had been a friend of Kamiakin, father of Pomeray, and was left her 'guide, philosopher and friend.' He was head of her household, and his advice was often sought. We learned to like and trust him because we perceived that he saw and averted all dangers threatening us. Pomeray enjoyed our presence and did much to make us happy. Her beauty and grace were natural and unaffected, and grew upon us as we knew her better. On moonlight evenings we gathered under the grand trees, sitting or reclining on mossy rocks as old as the hills that towered above. Her young

musician improvised verses, which he chanted in monotone to wild music drawn from instruments of his own devising, making weird melody that suited the moonlit scene and dashing waters. Pel Mox-a-mox, the ancient, and the four maidens were always there, and we were indeed a pleasant company.

"One of the medicine men came to her lodge one day and announced to Pomeray the near approach of the summer solstice, for they kept account of the seasons and had festivals to correspond. The longest day in the year was devoted to sun worship, for the sun was believed to call up the salmon from the sea and to call down the floods from the mountains—which is literally true. Old Mox-a-mox explained to us their customs, and invited us to join in their festivities, which invitation we accepted with thanks. We found every avenue of escape guarded; under some pretense our arms were detained, and it was evident that our steps were watched. I had risen in the night to breathe the fresh air at the river's brink, and could see dusky shadows flit from tree to tree. There were no canoes left near our camp or where we could go, and to attempt to leave by the river trail was useless. We did not appear anxious, as that would have excited Pomeray's fears; all we could do was to make the best of it and enjoy the beautiful summer as it came. We had unavailingly tried to send a message to the fort, and had finally sent for the indemnity goods, and requested that a peace commissioner should be sent up to place matters on the old time footing; but for some cause neither the goods nor commissioner came, and the weeks went by leaving us there as the queen's guests. The great salmon feast of the sun worship was a success. At the earliest dawn we arose, and climbing the rocky ledges stood upon the last shelf to watch the sun's rising. The royal family was all there, and as the first gleam of gold shot up in the east a chorus rose, wherein the Klickitat nation welcomed the sunlight. From every shelf and from the river's side rose this chant, an ancient, rhythmic recitative, taught in childhood and handed down, none knew for how many generations. The medicine men had their own outlook and chanted their own lay, offering up at the time a sacrifice of fire on stones that had been immemorial altars. The warriors, from a shelf below us, waved and threw their spears and let fly their arrows, and had a peculiar cry that welcomed the god of day. All had their special rites, finishing with a grand barbecue of baked salmon which the squaws were preparing at the lower level. The largest and richest fish procurable were used, seasoned with salt and fragrant herbs that were swathed around them in the hot pit where they were baked. Many other dainty things eked out the feast, which was served on clean, flat stones laid on the mossy rocks that stood everywhere under the great firs.

"Ned was hardly an unwilling victim all this time. The fellow had many a talk with Pomeray, in which he learned her language thoroughly. He yielded homage to her graces and qualities, and wondered how such a creature was ever produced in such a wilderness. He

had day dreams of a future, teaching her the arts of civilization and trying to bring her people to civilized ways, but serious moments told him how impracticable such visions were, and however he might wish to raise her in the scale of humanity it would be taking a large contract to marry the whole Klickitat nation. He always waked to the sense of danger and necessity of escape.

"Lying between the river and the base of Mt. Hood was a valley, known to the Indians as the 'vale of beauty.' Hood river valley to-day fills that assertion, but in its primeval days it was a paradise of nature. By immemorial usage this lovely spot was preserved for great occasions, and its game left in peace until the whole tribe held high festival there. In the early weeks of our enforced stay the question of holding the great summer hunt arose. They preserved for winter use a great quantity of fish, roots, berries and meat. This last was a necessity, and it had become the custom to let game run unmolested in Hood valley, where it grew tame, and on occasion could be readily killed. Old Mox-a-mox wisely suggested that it would be economy, while we were there with our guns, to have the great hunt. He always 'kept an eye to windward,' and thought it would be amusing us while it would serve them. We had heard of this valley, and had intended visiting it, but Pomeray's warriors had driven us past. She laughingly said she would drive us back again.

"All things are done in traditional order in Indian lands. The medicine men are consulted, and then—the queen does as she pleases. There were three medicine men in the tribe, and the youngest had been raised in Kamiakin's lodge and grown up in the family. Of course he loved Pomeray. The others were married men and could give unbiased opinions. Each had his altar stone and called 'spirits from the vasty deep.' The oldest endorsed the hunt. The second could not make up his mind, and the youngest read in the smoke, in the steam and in the clouds, the coals and the blaze, as well as the foaming waters and rising mists, 'Klickitat must fear the strangers.' You see the beggar was jealous of Ned. The queen quietly heard their reading of the omens and then turned to wise old Mox-a-mox, who said: 'We will leave these two medicine men to guard the camp, and will get ready in two days for the valley.' So the matter was decided, and we went with the consenting medicine man as master of ceremonies. On the appointed morning we set out in aboriginal style, and every face, save those of the royal family, was painted to represent life and pleasure, and every canoe had some banner or ensign. The royal canoe was a large one with a great griffin rising at the bow to scare evil ones. Pomeray reclined in the stern, a delightful contrast to the hideous image at the prow. We were in her canoe with the rest of her family. Her minstrel improvised and drew concord of sounds from his instruments. The broad river has seen many watery processions, but never a gayer one than that which gleamed on its surface so long ago. A few hours of the paddle and the song and we reached our landing. We found

all kinds of game plentiful; killed black and brown bear and deer in abundance, and toward the base of grand old Hood we slew the lordly elk. Pomeray had her Cayuse pony and kept us in sight. Our guns kept the Klickitat nation busy that week caring for the game we killed. There were also about fifty warriors and hunters out with bows and arrows, who did wonderful work. Many a time when I had a good shot, but saw an Indian hunter creeping up, I gave him the chance. He usually brought down the game, but if he missed I tried my hand. I was as much surprised at their marksmanship as they were at mine. We both managed to win laurels and make friends at the same time, as we always gave way to an Indian if proper to do so. It was a case in which we could not afford to be unpopular.

"To recount all the things Pomeray did to make the summer pass pleasantly would fill a large book, and but for the fact that we were haunted by an undefined fear, it would have been delightful. We often recall to each other memories of that summer, when we meet, and we meet often, for we are neighbors and have never lost the regard for each other that sent us traveling together long years ago.

"At last came the British envoy and the indemnity goods. Mr. Spencer was the hope on which we reposed, so you can imagine our dismay when we made our fears known to hear him say: 'What a splendid thing for you! What a grand woman she is, and what a position it would give you in our company to marry her!' Such was his answer, and so he thought. With a member of the Hudson's Bay Company the first and last idea was to build up the company. Many gentlemen of breeding and scholarship married Indian women for the standing it gave them with the natives and the influence to control trade for the company. Mr. Spencer reasoned that Ned had means to invest in the company and could do no better than to so invest and then marry a woman who ruled an Indian nation, and become a magnate in the fur trade. We were in for it now, worse than ever. Our expected deliverer was scheming to build up his company at our expense, and was playing into Pomeray's hands so plainly that he became a prime favorite. We passed our days now pleasantly enough; but Indian ways had become tiresome, and we longed for release. It was plain that no terms for peace would be made until our fate was settled. We could, fortunately, talk in English and not be understood, and we discussed constantly our chances of escape.

"Cal-as-tine was one of Pomeray's maids. She was lovable, beautiful and innocent, but, like her mistress, had fallen in love with Ned. She never told her love, and I had seen it only by closely observing when we were all together. Ned was ignorant of it and treated her with all kindness and familiarity, as he did the rest. She simply could not endure the thought of seeing him married to her mistress, to be always there a reproach to her heart, for she did not for a moment harbor the thought that he could wish to escape. Seeing how things were I cultivated her acquaintance, and having

gained her confidence, told her the straight truth. I remember how her eyes dilated when I told her we wanted to escape. It was a revelation to her, and she set herself to work to invent the means. This state of things had been going on for a week before the peace commissioner arrived, and his coming—when his views were explained—only quickened her activity. She was nearly related to Queen Pomeray, and almost her peer in beauty. They were like sisters, which made her unfortunate attachment all the more serious. In planning our escape it was necessary to so manage as not to implicate her. We found guards at every point, watchers by every trail, and never was a canoe left in the river near our quarters. Above all, Pomeray was ever wide awake and alert. But one day Cal-as-tine came to me with a suggestion that startled and surprised me for a moment, and then made matters as plain as day: 'My brother is a great medicine man; has he no charm that will make Pomeray sleep?' Her scheme was to secure quiet and throw the queen off her guard long enough to permit some plan of escape to be carried out and give safety at Vancouver. The girl was bright enough to suggest a most effective plan of escape. She had a brother who was a famous fisherman. His scaffold was built near our lodge and we spent many an hour watching his skillful work. Sometimes he gave up the spear and net to us, so that we had learned the business fairly well. He came and went in a canoe, carrying his fish away in it. She agreed to have the canoe in readiness in case Pomeray could be made to sleep, so that she could not set her ordinary guards. It was necessary to act on some dark night. The commissioner we did not take into counsel, as we did not deem him our friend. It was a bold game, but it had to be played, and I confess I did not relish it. She had done much for our pleasure, and we owed many happy days to her kindness; even her unfortunate love affair was a compliment to my friend. One day I handed Cal-as-tine a small paper of white powder, and instructed her in its use. There was not enough to injure, but sufficient to make one sleep soundly and long. If given with the evening meal its effects would continue long into the succeeding day. Cal-as-tine was faithful to her mistress, and required me to inform her about the powder and its use. In the evening she told me Pomeray was already asleep, and that the canoe would be below the great cascade at midnight. The intense darkness was increased by the shadow of the forest. We crept out of our lodge at midnight, stole quietly to the bank and there found the canoe, with Cal-as-tine's brother in it. He knew all the rapids and whirlpools and handled his boat skillfully and noiselessly until we were on the smooth surface of the broad Columbia, when he left us and went ashore. We breathed freely now, for we had left the Klickitat nation and their beautiful queen behind, and we only had to keep our paddles going to reach the fort in early morning. Cal-as-tine had proved the wit and power of a jealous woman. We had bidden Cal-as-tine farewell early in the evening and had spent the last hours of the

afternoon with Pomeray and her court. How I wonder if those grand old trees still shadow the Cascades and the music of the waters swells against those high buttressed walls!

"We reached Vancouver in good season, told as much of our story as we cared to and then waited events. As we stood on the shore at Vancouver, I remarked: 'Hang me, if I ever again go where there is an Indian queen, unless my companion is as homely a man as I am!' But our epic was not ended. Pomeray waked at high noon and found her birds had flown. She was not a woman to be badly balked. She thought 'medicine' had been given her that afternoon. The next day she fitted up a famous war canoe after the style of the time of the old Klickitat sovereigns and left in state for Vancouver, carrying her ally, the peace commissioner, with her. She pretended that she came to see her treaty with Spencer properly ratified—and so it was. She returned all our effects, which we had been obliged to leave at the time of our flight, made us both valuable presents of Indian goods and curios, and so bade us adieu in generous fashion. The better nature of the queen of the Klickitats had asserted itself and she was at peace with herself. We saw Cal-as-tine and her companions, old Pel Mox-a-mox, the wise man, and the minstrel, and were glad to be able to bid a kind farewell to all the royal family. It was an episode that has lasted a lifetime and has left no unkind remembrance.

"Spencer, the canny Scot, was true to his principles as laid down to Ned. This was proved by his marriage with Pomeray, two years later. His ruddy head and beard contrasted loudly with her raven locks, but she never knew it. He wisely left her to rule the Klickitats. She became semi-civilized, and motherhood came to educate and domesticate. She was a model woman of her kind. In course of time she left the ruling of the Klickitats to others and devoted herself to the care of her husband and children."

The story had occupied the evening hour and held the young people enthralled by its visions of savage life and aboriginal ways. We who were older appreciated its peculiar interest. Some of the names were disguised, to avoid being extremely personal, but the story accorded perfectly with native ways in early times. Since then the Indian nations have dwindled, and the royal blood of Kamiakin is entirely lost. If it was indeed true that an Atlantean dynasty once ruled east of the mountains, made the valley of Hood river its summer resort, spread airy lodges in leafy June along the north shore at the Cascades, there is no record or trace left to prove it. Strange to say, there are no records of Indian life on the Middle or Upper Columbia that carry their history back a quarter of a century.

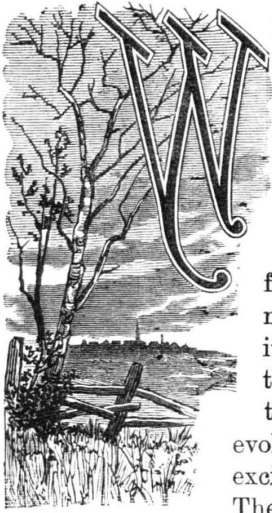
S. A. CLARKE.

THE oldest Scandinavian laws punished the murder of a humble maiden more than that of a chief. The weaker sex was protected in innumerable ways, and even as late as the twelfth century a simple kiss forced upon a maiden was punished with a fine or exile.

ZARINA, THE SPIRIT OF THE MOUNTAIN.

The Romance of an Unfinished "Hood."

I.—THE STAGE FROM THE SOUTH.



WITH smoking horses and mud-splashed wheels and box, late in the fall of 186—, the stage from the south came thundering down First street, Portland, and with a sweeping turn drew up at the curbstone in front of a once famous hostelry at the foot of Stark street. The future metropolis was then, in many of its characteristics, only a big and thriving village, and the arrival of the overland mail and passengers evoked the usual crowd and stir of excitement at Cosmopolitan corner. The hard-driven horses snorted and stamped and rattled their harness, as an attache of the hotel opened the door of the heavy "thorough-brace" coach, and the passengers, six in number, slowly emerged from the dark, leather-scented interior, and stood for a moment grouped upon the sidewalk, giving directions for the disposition of their baggage, and shaking the wrinkles of the long, rough ride from their clothes and tempers before they entered the hospitable doors of the old caravansary.

Two of these passengers, a tall, slender, handsome young man, with dark hair and eyes, and the sallow face and languid air of an invalid, and a little girl four or five years of age, comfortably enveloped in a warm traveling cloak, whom he took tenderly in his arms when he alighted, were noticeable as being somewhat different from the usual class of persons who traveled by stage over the barbaric highways of the Northwest. The clear-cut features, brunette complexion and somewhat embarrassed manner, iced by a shade of hauteur, of the young man, suggested at once to the casual observer that he was either a foreigner of Spanish or Italian extraction, or an American Southerner. His slouched hat of fine, soft felt, and the military cloak he wore, aided the impression.

With the child nestling, half asleep, upon his bosom, he made his way, with some difficulty, to the clerk's desk.

"I shall require two rooms connecting with each other, one for myself and one for the child," he said, with a pure American accent. "Have a fire made in them, please, and send your housekeeper to me at once, as I shall need her assistance, when our baggage is brought up, in attending to my little charge here."

"Very well," replied the young clerk, with a slight glance of deprecation at the traveler's burden, as though he suspected it of being contraband of war. "Let me see," turning to the key board, "I can give you twenty-

one and twenty-two, which will suit you perfectly, as they communicate, and one stove answers for both."

Then the stranger registered his name: "Paul Denham and child, S. F." in a delicate hand.

"Here, John!" called the clerk to the porter, "show this gentleman up-stairs to the sitting room, and have a fire made in twenty-one and twenty-two, and the rooms aired."

The little sitting room into which Paul Denham was ushered by the porter was wholly unoccupied at the time, but a brisk fire in the grate stove, and the dark, rich color of the carpet, and substantial furniture, gave it a cosy, home-like appearance.

"Well, Leda, we are at home, now, and will have a nice dinner, and not ride in the old wagon any more," he said, coaxingly, to the child, as he put her on the sofa, and proceeded, with deft hand, to remove her cloak and hood. When this was done, he bent forward and kissed her warm, pouting lips with the tenderness of a mother, and she answered him only with a beautiful smile, pathetic in its utter love and trust. Then she sat very quiet, her dark glance roving about the room with grave, childish wonder, replying only in soft monosyllables to his playful questions and kind assurances.

In the course of half an hour the housekeeper, a motherly, middle-aged woman, appeared.

"What a dear little girl it is!" she exclaimed, as she came bustling forward, as if the care of waifs was her chosen occupation, and began to caress and smooth the child's rumpled tresses. The latter shrank a little, but was instantly reassured by the kindly face and tone of the woman, and reached out a dimpled little hand in token of amity and confidence.

"That is right, darling!" exclaimed the housekeeper, accepting the proffered tribute and kissing the child affectionately as she took her in her arms. "The rooms are quite ready now, and we will have a bath and dress for dinner."

"Her name is Leda," said the young man, coming forward with a pleasant smile, as if glad to be freed from a perplexing situation. "We are, unfortunately, alone, and it is a great relief to me to be assured, by your manner and appearance, that she will be kindly and properly cared for, after the harrassing travel of the last few days. Here is the key to the larger trunk, in which you will find her apparel. Please be guarded in your conversation with her, so as not to recall anything that is past."

"I think I understand you, sir," said the woman, with a sympathetic glance at the rosy little face, whose features so strongly resembled those of the man before her, "and your wishes shall be followed. Will you have your dinner brought to your room?"

"Yes, thank you," he replied, "that will be best on her account. Afterwards, if you are at leisure, I should like to consult with you about finding a proper home for her, as I shall remain in your city during the winter."

"I shall be glad to assist you," she said, with the faintest tint of a blush on her yet comely cheeks, "and

have no doubt that I can, as I have been long a resident of Portland, and in better circumstances formerly than now."

Then waving a parting salutation to Leda, Paul Denham closed the door after them, and went to the window overlooking the street, where he stood for some time, drumming with his fingers on a window pane, and gazing fixedly into the deepening gloom of a cold and misty evening of late October. The shadow of some great trouble was on his face, and his dark brows were knit in painful thought.

"Well, I am at the end of the world, now," he soliloquized, "and ought to be safe here. It is a glorious, uncharted field for a landscape artist, and if I can only take care of Leda in the meanwhile, who knows but that I may win fame and fortune in this magnificent wilderness! There is breadth and height and freedom here, the grandeur of God's mountain temples and boundless forests, and the wild beauty of winding rivers and matchless vales! If Nemesis follow me not, there is that within me, I believe, which will respond to the inspiration and bear some fruit worthy of the theme. Will the spectre behind me cast weird and awful shadows on my work as it has already on my soul, and the blossom of my early dreams be blotted out, after all, by the fantasies of a dark and gloomy spirit? Somehow, I feel like 'Manfred,' on the brink of an Alpine precipice—but it must not be; I am too young yet to surrender hope and accept despair. Whatever happens, Leda, at least, shall not feel the shadow of my desolation."

A childish exclamation of delight broke in upon his reverie, and turning quickly, he saw Leda, bright, airy and refreshed, running toward him with extended arms, while the housekeeper stood at the door, smiling.

"Ah! Leda, you come to me like a fairy of the story books to some poor, doomed prisoner in a tower!" he exclaimed, impulsively, as he took the child in his arms and kissed her affectionately. Then he was shown to their rooms, where an appetizing repast was already awaiting them.

"If you will kindly come to me in about an hour," he said to the housekeeper, as she lingered a moment at the door, "we will talk over the matter to which I referred."

She bowed her acquiescence and withdrew.

II.—THE COTTAGE HOME.

When the good-natured housekeeper again announced herself at the door of number twenty-one, the dishes had been removed, and Leda, nestling in a comfortable arm chair, had prattled herself into a rosy doze. The housekeeper, sympathizing in her heart with the pale and care-worn young man, so young and good looking, and yet a widower, put the child to bed in the adjoining room, and then returned, kindly determined to assist him to the full extent of her advice and influence in the important matter respecting which he had solicited her counsel.

He was seated at a table, on which were a lamp and writing materials, his elbows resting upon it and his head dropped upon his upturned palms. His pale face, and black, wavy hair, disordered by his restless hands and shining richly in the lamplight, made a pretty picture, the woman thought, as she took a seat opposite to him.

"Pardon me," he said, lifting his head when he heard the rustle of her dress, and moving back a little, "I was lost in thought. Really, I am trespassing upon your forbearance too much, but I am an utter stranger here, and sadly in need of direction and endorsement in settling Leda somewhere with a good family, temporarily, at least. I am not rich, but have sufficient means to support her, and myself, too, for that matter; so, you see, other things being equal, it resolves itself into a simple business proposition."

"Do not speak of trespassing on my forbearance, pray," she replied, earnestly, as she looked him, for the first time, squarely in the face, and realized that his was not a common nature nor a common lot. "It will be a pleasure to me to serve you. I have considered the matter deeply, already, and have in contemplation now a family that I can warmly recommend as the custodians of your daughter."

He winced, perceptibly, at the word daughter, but she did not notice it, and went on.

"This family is in somewhat reduced circumstances, and consists of an invalid widow and her two children, a son and a daughter, both grown. The father was killed in the Indian wars, and the mother, besides being a devout Methodist and a woman of culture and refinement, is one of the best creatures in the world. The son and daughter can be described by simply saying they are worthy of her; the son, a manly, intelligent, upright young fellow, and the daughter, a perfect paragon, if there is such a thing in this world; they have a neat, comfortable home, in a healthful locality, and I think they will gladly offer your Leda a home."

She paused, having made a more elaborate speech than was customary with one of her quiet and gentle ways. Paul Denham sat with his eyes on the carpet, musing for awhile, and then looked up.

"Can you accompany me to their residence at two o'clock to-morrow?"

"Oh, yes, it is only a few blocks away, and I am a frequent visitor there."

"Thank you; then I will have a carriage in waiting at that hour. Your kindness is placing me under infinite obligations, I assure you."

"Not at all," she said, rising and bidding him good-night.

"She is a good, true soul," said Denham, to himself, as he rose to prepare for a sounder slumber than he had enjoyed for a fortnight, "and it was a happy thought to enlist her services." Then going to the door of the other room he had a parting glimpse of Leda's curl-kissed brow and sought his couch.

The housekeeper was as good as her word, and the next afternoon all three drove out to the residence of the widow designated by the housekeeper. The storm was over, and the brilliant October sunshine sparkled on the blue bosom of the river below, and lit up the autumnal splendor of the wooded hills beyond. Leda clapped her hands with delight at the enchanting scene, and a new light of enthusiasm shown in the dark eyes of Paul Denham.

The cottage in which the widow Wilton lived occupied a block by itself, in the western part of the city, and was a modest, but attractive, home, with an orchard and garden at the back, and flowers and shrubbery in front, through which a well-kept path led to the vine-wreathed porch.

Zarina, the daughter, came to the door, dressed for going out, it appeared, and though Denham was too much overcast by serious cares to be very impressive, he was artist enough at heart to recognize the splendid effect of the living picture of youth and loveliness framed by the humble doorway. Just eighteen, a brilliant blonde, with hair and eyes of the hue ascribed to the daughters of Olympus, by the old Greek poets, Zarina Wilton was in the full flower of her maiden charms, the warm and glowing realization of the ideal of love's swift dream. Her attire, though simple, was, in color and texture, artistically becoming, and though her affectionate greeting of the housekeeper was checked, somewhat, when she saw that her visitor was not alone, her confusion was slight, and she received the strangers with easy grace.

Denham was then introduced to Mrs. Wilton, who, being a cripple, retained her easy chair by the fireside, with a pleasant apology for her infirmity as she gave the young man her hand, and expressed her pleasure at his acquaintance. Leda she took upon her lap and captivated at once; children have such a marvelous intuition of character. The widow, though past middle age, still bore in her pale, pure, classic features, the traces of remarkable beauty, though hers had been of a darker type than that of her daughter, and her still magnificent eyes were strangely sympathetic and tender in their expression.

Everything seemed to be in harmony with her, the smooth waves of brown hair, faintly threaded with silver, on her temples, her dress of soft gray material, the serenity of her thoughts, and the low, musical tones of her voice. This was, indeed, one of those rare, fortunate women who know how to grow old and wear their sorrows gracefully.

After a little time the business object of the visit was introduced. Zarina, who had excused herself on the plea of having some music lessons to give, still stood near the door, rolling a sheet of music in her hand, and must have heard the turn of the conversation, for she threw a swift and searching look at the interesting face of Denham, and something like the shadow of a presentiment flitted across the azure depths of her eyes as she opened the door and passed out under the crimsoned

vine, sunning its wreaths on the porch, and drinking a deeper stain in the glow of the golden afternoon.

Denham was so well pleased with everything he saw that he changed his original intention, and asked for accommodations for himself as well as Leda, and pleaded his case with an eloquence and earnestness that somewhat surprised the housekeeper.

"You see how it is, my dear madam," he said, "I am an utter stranger to you, and, of course, have no references, being so far from home, but I entreat you to take us on trial, at least. I am an artist by profession, and the repose of home life has infinite attractions for me. As for Leda, you can understand that it is simply out of the question to abandon her to the bleak, coarse life of the hotels."

"You are certainly right there," said Mrs. Wilton, after musing a little while and gazing thoughtfully at Leda, "and as for the rest, I am something of a physiognomist, and care more for faces than for written credentials. The little girl—your daughter—" hesitating on the word and looking at Denham, who simply bent his head slightly—"will be great company for me, as Mark and Zarina are away during the day. You may come, then, and take us on trial," she concluded, with a smile. "My children are great students, and sufficiently appreciative of art to regard the presence of an artist in the house as an acquisition."

Denham was infinitely relieved by this decision, and thanked her cordially. The business details were then settled, and leaving Leda at her new home, Denham, accompanied by the housekeeper, took his departure, with the understanding that he was to return later with his trunks and other *impedimenta*.

III.—PAUL AND ZARINA.

When Denham met the little family at dinner he was more than ever delighted with his good fortune at securing a home at the cottage, and the sombre depths of his fine eyes were lighted up with pleasant excitement. Zarina, in her easy home dress, with a single deep-toned autumn flower in her hair, was lovelier than ever, and Paul soon saw that Nature, in crowning her with physical attractions, had not exhausted her bounty, for the mental gifts of the blooming maiden were equally marked.

Mark Wilton was a manly, broad-shouldered young fellow, with a comely face that came very near being a strong one; but Denham thought he detected a vague hint of moral weakness in it somewhere. He was, nevertheless, attracted by the force of his glowing spirits and hopeful nature, and the elder young man, as often happens with resolute and decisive characters, took a strong fancy to him. He had recently become the junior partner in a little saw mill on the river, and was full of golden anticipations for the future. Denham could see that his sister adored him.

But the artist was much more interested in Zarina's opinion of himself. At first she was all vivacity and

bewitching candor, but as the days wore by a shade of apprehension and concern, lighter than the finest film of cloud in a summer sky, deepened the glowing violet of her eyes, and her manner became more reserved, and her ways capricious. Many times Denham surprised her in the act of studying Leda's features with the rapt intentness of a prophetess, and her manner toward the child was extraordinary in its swift and incomprehensible changes from cold aversion to eager affection.

What did it mean? Denham forgot that he was moving in a shadow of mystery himself, and that he had so far, by force of an unspoken will, kept his whole past history, as well as that of Leda, a sealed book to those with whom he lived. Then the shadow of a great fear began to darken his own spirit. In attempting to fasten Leda's cloak one evening, as she was about to accompany Zarina somewhere, he was more than usually awkward, and Zarina came to his assistance from across the room where she had stood regarding him with an inscrutable expression on her beautiful face. Their hands accidentally touched on the bosom of the child, and with a mutual involuntary start their eyes met, and the mystical secret that had silently invaded their hearts was revealed. Zarina's face paled as though a flash of lightning had crossed it, and Denham felt his brain reel in the presence of a new and awful terror. What might have been, must not be! He knew it and she felt it, though on a different ground from that on which his irrevocable decision was based.

After that their future course was tacitly understood, and feeling that the misfortune was mutual and insurmountable, their intercourse became more tender, and shy. They were, in fact, treading that narrow, misty boundary between genial friendship and fiery love that can not be followed long without the support of angel wings. They did not have the heroism to spurn the chalice they dare not quaff, and from day to day put off the importunate call of fate. And the strangest thing of all was that neither was so sure of the other as to be exempt from the bitter pangs of jealousy. Zarina, particularly, was a prey to the scowling passion, as she had, perforce, put her new-born dream aside, because she believed that another, living or dead, had a better right than she.

Denham was in a double web of difficulty, and could neither be true to himself nor others, except by silence and self-denial. He felt that he must fly, sooner or later. Zarina, passing the room he had fitted up as a studio, one day, heard him softly humming a refrain from Swinburne—

Clasp hands and part with laughter,
Touch lips and part with tears—
Once more, no more hereafter
Whatever comes with years.

And she would have given the world to know whether he was thinking of her, or that nameless and unknown one whose haunting shadow had eclipsed her rising star. Her face blanched. "What does this portend?" she asked herself, "My only hope of happiness lies in immediate and final separation, and yet the thought of it

is sadder than the thought of death. If he would only tell me all! But, perhaps he is bound by indissoluble ties to a dead past which is dearer to him than the living present, and with some unspeakable secret between us my fate is sadder than poor Ophelia's."

After that, the rich coloring of her healthful beauty began, slowly, to fade away; but to Denham, she was more dangerously attractive in her gradually changing state than ever. And yet, further than his darkening brow and her paling cheek, they suffered and made no sign.

To make matters worse, she was in love with art, as well as with the artist, so that the personal sentiment was stronger and more enduring by consequent idealization. At his suggestion she had begun to take lessons in drawing under him, and that complicated matters fearfully.

"I shall never make an artist, I know," she said to him, seriously, "but I can thus prove my devotion, though I never shine in the sacred guild."

"That, indeed, is much," he answered, mournfully, "for hopeless devotion is the richest offering one can bring to the temple of the soul, and it lights the purest, holiest flame on the altar of its inmost shrine."

She understood him, and in turning her face away to hide her guilty consciousness, told it all. He was thinking of her when a half hour later he put on his overcoat and started for a walk. It was a clear autumnal sunset, and as he passed out on the sloping path, along which the latest flowers, richly hued, but faintly scented, were brimming their gold and purple cups with wine-like light, lo! Hood, in pyramidal strength and star-like splendor, towered before him, on the rugged battlements of the Cascades. He had never seen the kingly mountain in a grander light, and a sudden inspiration came to him. "It is near Christmas," he murmured, "and my tribute to my beloved shall be a mystical and ideal painting of Hood—calm, glorious, eternal—a type of love unfading and faith sublime."

And he kept his word by making a sketch from memory that very night.

IV.—"HE MUST GO."

"Fill the glasses, Mark, let's have another round, and then we can get to business like Roman senators."

"I am unused to this, old fellow," said Mark Wilton, whose cheeks already had an unwonted flush, as he seized the decanter of wine that stood on the table between them, "but here goes; let the red wine wane with the rosy hours. Come, Cliff, a beaker to the god of good luck!"

"Here's with you!" cried Clifford Hughes, with a reckless laugh, "and may the best man win!"

Mark knitted his brows slightly, but drank his glass and accepted a cigar which his companion handed him.

Clifford Hughes was the financial backer and bosom friend of Mark Wilton, and they were making an ambrosial night of it in the former's bachelor apartments.

"Cliff," as he was commonly known, was, in more senses than one, the son of his father, a hard-headed, coarse-grained old pioneer, who had amassed a fortune by land speculations and grinding the necessities of the early immigrants. It was the popular legend that he had begun life in Portland on a barrel of whisky, and the single accomplishment of being able to rasp "The Arkansas Traveler" on a backwoods fiddle. While his own life was devoted to grasping and grinding, he had, singularly enough, brought up his son with patrician ideas, as he understood them, and gave him a free purse and a loose rein, to drive, rough-shod, over the necks of the moneyless *canaille*. He took revenge in that way, perhaps, for his own hard life, and had a malicious pride in Cliff's gaudy attire and insulting swagger. He had soiled and degraded himself in heaping a glittering pile for his son and heir to dance on and kick to the winds, if he liked—anywhere and anyhow, so that he broke noses and bruised skins enough—and got it back again with interest an hundred fold.

You can imagine, then, what the ideal son of such a father would be. Born with low tastes and perverted ideas, early license and abundant means had relaxed what little moral fibre he had, and he rejoiced in the unsavory reputation of being an exhausted voluptuary by the time he had reached his majority. He was rather a good looking animal, with abundant good spirits and social inclinations; but under his superficial *bon homie* lay a substratum of cold, cruel and crafty character that his companions never suspected. The secret of his relation to Mark Wilton can be stated in three words—he loved Zarina—and that, too, with all the force and fire and stubborn willfulness of his animal nature. He was a good judge of the common phases of human nature, and readily divined that his only hope of reaching the high-bred maiden was through her idolization of Mark and eager sympathy with his fortunes. To that end, therefore, he had embarked him in business, and kept him heavily in his debt, while, at the same time, by flattering his political ambition, he succeeded in getting him into his "set," and, to some extent, vitiating his habits. This, he thought, was necessary, in order to have him under complete control. Clifford was really pursuing his object in a masterly way; for while he had been introduced to Zarina, and invited to visit the family, he took care not to abuse this privilege or run the risk of "going stale" before his scheme had fully ripened.

In the weeks of time condensed in the former chapters, Denham had noticed that a gradual change was taking place in the appearance and manner of Mark Wilton. He got into the habit of going down town to his business office, after supper, more frequently, and remaining, sometimes, till midnight. On these occasions he was always pale, nervous and somewhat sullen at breakfast next morning, and Zarina and her mother were obviously concerned about him, believing that business cares, as he had declared, were the cause of it. But Denham, a young man himself and man of the

world, began to suspect the truth, and when he had met Clifford Hughes once or twice at Mrs. Wilton's, was not slow in estimating that young man's character, and the tendency of his influence over Mark. In a figurative sense, Denham and Clifford had, intuitively, crossed swords at once, and read in each other's eyes that it was to be a battle to the death, with no truce between them. But let us return to the young men.

"How is that young fellow, Dennis, getting along, Mark?" asked Clifford, as he sat with his feet on the table, languidly puffing a cigar and gazing at the wall opposite, where the highly-colored print of an airily-robed maiden held the central place of honor in a group of loud sporting pictures.

"His name is Denham, Cliff, and you ought to be able to remember it by this time, you speak of him so often. He is doing well enough, I reckon; you can't determine the progress of a genius as you can a common sort of man. Zarina seems to think he will win the fame of a Titian or a Raphael, yet."

"Look here, Mark, those Tishuns and Raffles are a bad set, don't you know, and this fine-haired Dago of yours is bound to cut up bad in the end. Never knew it to fail. Come, old boy, fill the glasses again and let's discuss him."

"Ha! ha! You have a droll conception of art and its votaries, Cliff," laughed Mark, as he tipped the decanter again. "How will you have him served, O, Lucullus, fricasseed or roasted?"

"We will not have him at all," said the other, with a cold, uncompromising menace in his tone.

"And why, pray? He is a genial and cultivated gentleman, and, in the language of the declaration, has certain inalienable rights, among which are—"

"Stop there, Mark!" interrupted Cliff, taking his cigar from his mouth and his feet from the table. "Paul Denham"—he made no mistake in the name this time—"is in my path, and has got to get out of it. He is in your path, too, because your interests are my interests. Do you understand?"

Clifford Hughes had never before used this tone to his friend, and Mark winced under it.

"Pooh! man," he answered, "you are too decidedly earnest over a matter, that, so far as I can see, has no relation to our private affairs. Denham will, doubtless, wander away in the summer, on a sketching tour, and never return to our house again, except as an occasional visitor. Artists are a nomadic tribe, you know."

"That's all very well; but you seem to forget that his brat is settled at your home as a member of the family."

"That will only give him a chance to rove, to pursue his art in foreign fields; he said so, himself."

"But he will not rove, Mark, he is there for a purpose, and there he is going to stay—until I send him off, by—!"

Mark grew a little white about the lips. "You send him off! Come now, Cliff, the wine has got to your head, and you are talking foolishness."

"No. I am simply in earnest and talking horse sense, mule sense, if you like, and I want you to listen to me. You have talents and all that sort of thing, and I have come out, like a friend, and established you in business. You want to grow up with the country and be a second Clay or Webster, and I have the money and influence to push you forward. Now, suppose there is something I want, honestly and squarely, and with my whole soul, and this suspicious, paint-mixing stranger stands in the way?"

Then a sudden light burst in upon Mark Wilton's mind. He had been pursuing his individual hopes and purposes so selfishly that he had virtually forgotten the existence of his beautiful sister. His first sensation, in contemplating Clifford Hughes as a recognized suitor for her hand, was that of fear, mingled with disgust. But, if Cliff really loved her, and would give up his wild ways, would it not be a good thing for her brother if she should accept him? At any rate, it was a question worthy of candid consideration, and he answered calmly—

"I think you are exaggerating the danger, difficulty, or whatever you please to call it, but in any event I sufficiently realize your past kindness to me, to stand your friend in everything that is honorable and right."

"You understand me, then?"

"Yes,"—with a little hesitation—"I understand you, but you must not be precipitate."

Then Clifford leaned forward, looked Mark straight in the face, and said slowly, determinedly—

"That fellow is weaving the spell of his — art round your sister, Mark, and I shall weave a spell around him! But you must help me. From this on, you must be against him, and influence others to be against him. He must go from here if he has to take the black route to the devil! Why should you care? You don't know who or what he is—yet there he is in the bosom of your family, with every opportunity to act the villain."

"There is too much truth in that," acknowledged Mark, "but it was sympathy for him, on account of the child, that influenced my mother to receive him so readily. His conduct has been utterly unexceptionable, however, and we have no reason to suspect that there is anything wrong with him."

"There is something wrong with him, though, and it will never be right until he goes," said Clifford, savagely; and then after a stirrup cup, Mark got up, a trifle unsteadily, and bade his friend good-night.

V.—THE HISS OF THE LARIAT.

Christmas was near at hand. Only a few leaves clung, like the faded and tattered banners of the long gone summer, to the branches of the scattering maples in the streets and lanes, and the dark green masses of the firs on the hills in the background stood still and solemn under the gray sky. Already the spirit of the

coming holidays was abroad—in the crisp, clear days; in the painted oriel of sunset; in the glittering braid of stars on the purple brow of night; in the happy dreams of childhood and youth, and the golden memories of age—everywhere it was seen and felt, a beautiful and beneficent presence. Heads of families were already seen smuggling suspicious bundles and packages into their homes, and many an anxious young soul was saying a thousand times to itself: "I wonder what it will be!" Oh, blessed time of gifts, memorial of God's infinite gift to man, may the joy that welcomes it and the good that it brings never fade from the hearts and hearthstones of our race! May our anticipations of it still be bright as the glow of the goodly yule-log, and all its tender, twining memories green as the graceful holly!

At the Wilton cottage there were quiet preparations for the due celebration of the event. Leda was to have a Christmas tree, to which a number of her young friends among the neighboring families had been invited. The magical name of "Kissmus" was on her laughing, rosebud lips the whole day long, and she was secretly very wise in her generation, as to its possibilities in the way of blue-eyed dolls and gilded bon-bons. But the chief delight of her generous heart was in the fact that she was given to understand that Santa Claus was determined, in her name and behalf, to decorate the wonderful tree with gifts for other members of the family and her invited friends. This, however, was a precious confidence between her and "Papa Paul," as she called him, and it nearly broke her heart to keep the information in solitary durance until the appropriate time.

Denham was well along with the ideal "Hood" he was painting as a Christmas souvenir and shadowy revelation for Zarina. It was to be a weird, poetical metaphor, with Hood as a medium rather than an accurate painting of the royal peak, and he was putting his heart in it.

In the meanwhile the deepening shadows of a dead past which would not sleep in its grave were around him, and he was constantly pursued by a mighty fear. His love for Zarina, chained down as it was in the adamantine cell of a resolute will, was still his master, and he felt that he was only keeping fate at bay for a little while, when ruin, utter and irretrievable, for her and for him, would ensue. He appeared in public as little as possible, and grew so morbidly nervous that he trembled at every step that approached his door. "Ah, well," he would often sigh, "when the painting is finished and Christmas is past, I will go."

But Zarina's trouble was greater than his. In addition to her growing anxiety with respect to her brother, she was compelled to nurse what, in her pure mind, she considered a guilty passion at her heart. As time wore on and the tender sentiment she could not suppress grew stronger and stronger, she was, also, more mystified as to the true character and history of Paul Denham. The shadowy history that her imagination painted was darker, if possible, than the reality, and the gulf between them seemed fatally deep and wide. To all other eyes

but his the inward flame was consuming the beauty which erewhile

Like a lily on a rosebush leaning

Had dazzled him by the freshness of its virginal luster.

The widow, silently sorrowing over the visible change for the worse in her son, seemed to be unconscious of the flow of the deeper tragedy. A weary look began to manifest itself in the sweet serenity of her face, which even Leda's loving caresses could not banish quite away. A doom seemed to be upon that humble and once happy home, and in its spectral light strange phantoms came and went at will.

Mark Wilton's affairs were going badly, on account of a temporary lapsus in the lumber trade, and he was, perforce, getting deeper and deeper into debt to Clifford Hughes. That impetuous egotist was hounding him to the verge of madness by his importunities for the dismissal of Denham from the cottage, and in his perplexity he became more and more addicted to the crazing stimulus of the cup. In sheer desperation, at last, he concluded to broach the matter to Zarina, so one day, when she followed him out on the porch, as usual, to bid him good-bye, he laid his hand affectionately on her shoulder.

"Zarina, my dear sister," he began, "I have something to say to you, and hardly know how to say it."

"What is it, Mark?" she asked, gently, as he hesitated, thinking that he was about to confide his business difficulties more fully to her.

"Do not be angry, now, at what I say, but do you not think that Paul Denham's prolonged intimacy here is a dangerous thing?"

She lifted her head in silence and gave him one look so eloquent in sorrowful entreaty and reproach that he was utterly abashed, and without another word kissed her cheek and left her standing there, still following him with that mournful and inexplicable gaze.

When he visited Clifford that night the latter, after they tilted the decanter once or twice, asked him bluntly:

"Well, Mark, how is his knibbs flourishing now?"

"About as usual, I suppose," answered Mark, somewhat evasively, "I do not see much of him, you know, except at meals."

"Haven't you turned the women against him yet?"

"I have talked with Zarina about it."

"What did she say?" asked Clifford, again, leaning forward in his eagerness not to lose a look or tone of the answer.

"She said nothing," blurted out Mark, with blunt candor, "she simply Gorgonized me with a look that I shall never forget."

Clifford turned white with wrath, and his lips writhed dumbly for a few seconds before he could utter a syllable. When he did speak his voice was low, sibilant, serpentine.

"It is just as I expected, Mark Wilton, you have kept dumb and useless, while that black-eyed devil has been coiling himself round her heart. Now, hear me! From this moment I take this case in my own hands,

and you are to say nothing, but stand by me in whatever happens. There is no retreat now, by — ! and I'm going to play a winning hand."

Mark Wilton was both surprised and frightened, and simply nodded his head slightly, without attempting an answer in words. He knew there was no use to parley; the game was out of his hands, and he shortly took his leave of the infuriated lover of his sister, with a vague suspicion that something terrible was going to happen very soon.

That afternoon, as Zarina was returning home from attendance on her pupils in music, she heard voices, too low and cautious for the words used to reach her ears distinctly, in a dark little grove of firs that then stood in native wildness in the very center of the present city. Involuntarily she paused an instant, and peering in among the shadowy trunks, caught an obscure glimpse of two men, one sitting sidewise on a horse and leaning forward in the attitude of attention, and the other standing on the ground, near the head of the horse, with his hand on the pommel of the saddle, talking earnestly to the rider.

More by the instinct of natural aversion than anything else, she recognized the man standing by the horse as Clifford Hughes. He wore a slouched hat and had a dark cloak thrown over his shoulders, giving him, in the dim light, a startling resemblance to a formidable brigand. His outlandish escapades were a matter of such notoriety that she only turned with a shade of disgust on her expressive face and hastened homeward.

It was really Clifford Hughes she had seen in the wood, and he was talking to Slade, a vicious half-breed vaquero, in the employ of a leading butcher. Here is what he said:

"Don't you want a quiet little job, Bill, a job there is money in?"

"That's me," answered the half-breed, with a grin of insolent familiarity; "grass is mighty short this winter."

"You are good with a rope, Bill?"

"Quick and true as a rifle shot," he replied, boastfully, rattling the lariat of plaited rawhide that hung in a snake-like coil at his saddle bow.

"Could you catch a man, for instance, as he was walking along by a place like this, and snatch him out of sight before he could give an alarm?"

"I can jist make a feller think lightnin' had struck 'im, an' he'd give no trouble to nobody," he said, with a savage gleam in his black, bear-like eyes.

Then they talked on in lower tones for awhile, and soon separated, Slade riding out on the side of the grove toward the hills and Clifford going east to the heart of the city.

Just as the winter dusk was falling and objects were becoming indistinguishable at more than thirty paces, Paul Denham came slowly along the very path trodden by Zarina a few hours before. He had been down on the docks sketching a storm-battered ship, her foremast gone and the head wrenched from the sculptured Amphitrite that served as a figurehead. He carried his sketch

book in his left hand, and had his right thrust in the bosom of his overcoat, as he paced forward in deep meditation. It was cloudy, but there was no wind, and the clustering firs where Zarina had caught an imperfect glimpse of Clifford Hughes and an unknown man in conference, drooped their deep plumes in silence. As Paul Denham came opposite these firs at a point where they were nearest the path, suddenly some missile, with an angry hiss, flashed out from their shadow and struck him, apparently on the bosom, with a sharp rap. He fell backward as if shot. Instantly there was a rustling of the branches in the edge of the wood and a swift trampling like that of a horse in motion. Then the prostrate form of Denham, without any apparent agency, was dragged swiftly over the ground and disappeared in the close cover of the trees. Not a cry nor a groan escaped him and all was silent as before. The watchful stars were curtained with trailing clouds, and the gloomy firs stirred not with a whisper of their guilty secret.

VI.—THE UNFINISHED "HOOD."

Dinner was delayed fully an hour for Denham, but he did not come, and the meal was dispatched almost in silence. Under ordinary circumstances it would have caused but little concern; but in this case it was different. Since taking up his residence with them the habits of the young artist were, for a single man, notably regular. Outside of the family he had made few acquaintances and no intimate friends in the city, and it had been his invariable custom, when he went out at all during the day, to be at home by dusk.

After dinner the usual occupations and pastimes were taken up, and he was still momentarily expected. But he did not come. The hours waned slowly and late bed time came, and still his welcome step was not heard at the door. Then, as he had a night key, they sought their respective couches, and silence and slumber reigned over all in the house—save one. A ghostly suspicion that the others did not share was haunting Mark Wilton's mind, and he tossed feverishly on his pillow until morn. The obscure, but terrible, threat uttered against the absent man by Clifford Hughes was hissed constantly in his ears by a wakeful demon, whenever his eyelids began to droop in sleep, maddening him with the low monotone of its ceaseless iteration.

At the usual hour next morning breakfast was prepared, but Denham did not appear. Mark, with ill-concealed agitation, then went up to his room. He found it locked and knocked, tremblingly, at the door. No one answered from within.

"By heaven!" said Mark, to himself, in a fearful whisper, "he did not come home. My God! what does this mean?"

Then he went down stairs and with blanched lips told them that something must have happened to Denham—that his door was locked and he was not inside. The alarm became general then, but finally all sat down to breakfast, except Mark. With a strange look of hor-

ror on his face he put on his overcoat, and saying he must go and see about Denham, went out.

Three or four inches of snow, the first of the season, had fallen during the night, and only the outline of the path across lots to the lower streets was visible. Opposite the grove of firs, now beautiful in their crystal robes, his foot kicked up something in the path and he stooped and picked it up. It was Denham's sketch book, and turning over the leaves he found the very last work of the artist's hand—the hasty sketch of a wounded ship with a headless Amphitrite for a figure head.

He looked around, but the white mantle of snow had covered every trace of the brief struggle that had occurred there, then a sickening thought came to him and, as if forced by the very fascination of horror, he strode directly into the grove and searched it thoroughly in every part. But he did not find what he dreaded to find, and felt infinitely relieved when he came out and continued his course down town.

He spent the whole forenoon in making fruitless inquiries at all the hotels and places of public resort. Then he went down on the docks and looked for a dismantled ship with a broken figure head. He found it and accosted a surly stevedore who stood near by, describing Denham, and asking if he had been seen in that neighborhood that day or the day before.

"Such a chap as you have described was here nigh onto four o'clock yesterday, lookin' at the ship and puttin' somethin' down on his bloody book, an' that's all I know, and a — sight more'n I care about him," replied the old barnacle, as he swaggered off down the dock.

And that was the latest definite information concerning him Mark could discover then or afterward. He called in at Clifford's rooms on his way back, and found him smoking his pipe, and reading his paper with apparent unconcern. Mark walked into the middle of the room and confronted him.

"Cliff," he said, with a vibrating voice, "Paul Denham has disappeared, and we do not know what has become of him!"

"By thunder! is that so?" cried Clifford. "Then it's my opinion that your Mr. Paul Denham was a criminal of some kind, and that he has taken alarm somehow and skipped the country."

"It will be better for us all if that should prove to be the case," said Mark, sternly, and turned and walked out of the room and homeward without another word.

Leda was, of course, kept in ignorance of the true state of the case; but the effect of Mark's announcement of his failure to find any clue to Denham's absence almost prostrated Zarina with a swift despair, with which was mingled a nameless horror of things unknown. All her trembling fears and dark forebodings had ended at last in this black and sudden cloud of mystery, and to her morbid mind, for awhile, not a gleam of hope remained.

The day passed and the shadows of night slowly descended again, and still no tidings of Denham came. A public alarm was given next day, and the city officials

and numerous private citizens joined in the search. More snow had fallen during the night, which lay upon the ground for some time afterward, so that no effectual investigation of the ground where the sketch book was found, or the neighboring grove, could be made. Finally all active prosecution of the inquiry was given up by the public, as it was the general opinion that he had simply run away from his child, although it was ascertained that a considerable sum of his money, left with her for safe keeping and use as necessity required, was in the hands of Mrs. Wilton.

The third day after Denham's disappearance, Zarina and her mother procured a key that fitted the door, and entered his room. Everything there was just as he left it, but not a scrap of paper to account for his absence. A painting, covered with a muslin curtain, stood on his easel near a window looking toward the east. With a feeling something like that with which she might remove the face-cloth from the dead, Zarina approached the easel and reverently drew back the curtain. At first she could only see a white, and nearly translucent, cloud, which, as she gazed, gradually assumed the noble outlines of Hood. Floating in the central depths of this phantom mountain was yet another finer shadow, woven, as it were, of the mist of moonbeams, so subtle and ethereal that it seemed sometimes to vanish from the view.

"It is the pure and aspiring spirit of the mountain," she murmured, as she gazed and gazed on the pale, weird scene—a mystical and beautiful allegory, inspired, by a holy and, perhaps, hopeless, love! "It was to be the shrine of his poetic soul, and it shall remain untouched where it is. If it be possible for him to return he will surely come again to kneel in worship here."

Then she drew the curtain into its place, and left the unfinished Hood just as he had left it; and for many, many months the room remained in sombre solitude, and the curtain hung unmoved in its place.

Leda was allowed to have her Christmas tree, and a plausible excuse was made for the absence of Denham. After that, Zarina seemed to have a strange fascination for the child. Poor Leda was the only living link between her and the missing one, and she felt that she had a divine right to shower the affection whose fulfillment was denied on the object of her tender love.

Days, weeks, months went by, and still the gloom of the great mystery brooded over the household. Clifford, for a shrewd reason, of his own, held himself aloof and played what he called a "waiting hand." Mark Wilton became more sullen and taciturn than before, but he was inwardly determined to clear up the enigma of Denham's disappearance, as soon as he got his head above water and freed himself from indebtedness to Clifford. The widow gradually became resigned to the new misfortune, as she had become resigned to others; but Zarina drooped about her labors like the pale somnambulist of an unhappy dream.

Christmas was come again. Mark's business affairs were improving, and the Wiltons were in a happier

frame of mind than they had known for many a day. With an unaccountable freak of human nature, Zarina, though still bowed down in silent suffering, began dimly to hope for Denham's return, just at the time when there was no reasonable cause for hope. She forgot, too, that his return would be for her more disastrous than his disappearance.

It was Christmas night, and Leda and her friends were holding high carnival over another marvelous tree, and Clifford Hughes was spending the evening with them. Zarina, watching her opportunity, stole up stairs with a lamp to Denham's forsaken studio. Everything was apparently just as they had left it a year before, but covered now with a thin shroud of dust. She went tremblingly to the easel and again drew aside the curtain. She dropped on her knees with astonishment and terror when she saw that the painting had been perfected in outline and color, and that the floating spirit was an ideal portrait of herself with upturned brow and misty robe!

"Arise, Zarina," said a low and musical voice behind her, "that is where I should kneel, my beloved."

Turning her head quickly she saw Paul Denham! and sank to the floor in a swoon. When her consciousness returned he was supporting her in his arms and telling her how he was struck senseless by something hurled at him from the firs that night, and that he awoke a prisoner in the hold of a ship outward bound. He escaped at the first opportunity, and finally reached San Francisco, but did not write because he had good reason to be in hiding just then, and thought it was, perhaps, better that they should not meet again. His life was at that time necessarily shrouded in mystery. His sister had been deserted by the villain who had wrought her ruin, and he had pledged himself to that sister, on her death bed, to take care of her child, Leda. When he had consigned her to the grave, he sought her destroyer. They fought and he had left him for dead; but he had recovered and disappeared, so as to throw the onus of murder upon him. That was the cloud that was upon him, and the reason he fled to the West. While in California, however, he had accidentally met the man he supposed he had killed.

"Then," he concluded, "I returned and finished the painting I intended for your Christmas present a year ago. Is it too late, Zarina?"

"No," she replied, softly, "I have waited and hoped."

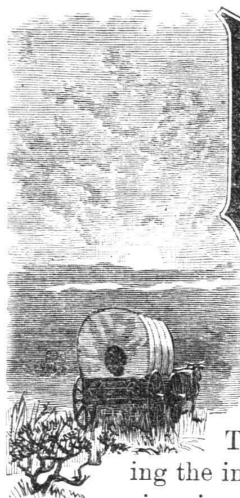
The indulgent reader can imagine the tableau that was presented when Paul and Zarina, arm in arm, went down the stairs and entered the room where Mrs. Wilton, Mark and Clifford Hughes were sitting, while the children were reveling in the decorated parlor. No words can do justice to the scene. Clifford stood his punishment doggedly, and finally took his hat and departed, never to trouble them again. His part in kidnapping Denham was suspected, but never proved.

And so, with the Christmas bells chiming, and love crowned at last, let us draw the curtain and say goodbye.

SAM. L. SIMPSON.

SECTIONAL TRAITS OF AMERICANS.

PART III—THE WEST.



IN many respects the West is an extension of the East and South—more especially of the East—with a large admixture of foreign population: In the preface to his History of New England, Mr. Palfrey said: “I presume there is one-third of the white people of the United States, wherever now residing, of whom no individual can peruse these volumes without reading the history of his own progenitors.”

This was said twenty years ago. During the interval which has since elapsed, foreign immigration has rapidly increased, so that the proportion of the white people of the United States whose ancestors lived in New England prior to the revolution of the seventeenth century, is much smaller than it was then. And as New England, from the same cause, has been losing its distinct character, so the population of the West has become more heterogeneous and difficult to classify under a prevailing type. The first immigrants from New England to the West, however, carried with them their distinctive policy, as when the Ohio company, which founded Marietta, in 1788, voted that the directors be requested to pay as early attention as possible to the education of the youth, and the promotion of worship among the first settlers. One reason for the ascendancy of Northern and Eastern influences in the West is to be found in the political history of the country. By the ordinance of 1787 the territory northwest of the Ohio river was reserved to freedom, and by the Missouri compromise, in 1820, it was guaranteed that all the newly acquired territory west of that state and north of its southern boundary line should be forever free. Before that compromise was repealed, in 1854, the West had become so strongly occupied by Eastern and Northern people that the peculiar institution of the South was never able to gain a foothold there. Another reason is found in the more rapid material development of the Northeast, by the introduction of manufactories, which caused a great increase of population, and a consequent overflow into the unoccupied region of the West. Besides, as a rule, the Southern people are less inclined to migration. There has always been a class among them, however, in whom the migratory instinct is strong—the class that, starting from the mountains of Virginia and North Carolina, have been the pioneers of Tennessee, Kentucky and Missouri, and numerous among the pioneers of the territories and Pacific states.

The Northern and Southern people alike have been governed by the same reasons in moving to the West that were given by John Winthrop for “the intended

plantation of New England”—the difficulty of acquiring land at home, and the opportunity to obtain it almost “without money and without price” on the public domain, and the chances for business and public station in a new country. The opening of this domain to settlement by the extension of railroads, has developed the West with an unparalleled rapidity, which has been attended by the incongruities, hazards and defects that are inevitable to such a period of social transition. Here has been witnessed, more than anywhere else in this country, all that is possible and probable in the life and stir of a free state. And it has been astonishing, even to the actors upon the scene, how rapidly classes and nationalities have been fused and social and political order established. It was said by an intelligent observer, more than twenty years ago, that, notwithstanding the diverse elements of which our population is composed, and the brief period of its history, it was more homogeneous than the people of England had ever been, from the time of the heptarchy down. Probably no political agent has been more powerful in fusing the different elements into one mass, and making all American, than the common school. But in the West we find the fusion formed within the first generation of settlers, by those instrumentalities of freedom which affect adults as the common school does the children. The power of opportunity, the benign distinction of our country, is here exerted as nowhere else in the world. This gives a sense of equality, a confidence and hopefulness that are characteristic of Western people. An artist, fresh from Europe and the East, said that the expression of self-reliance in the American physiognomy was astonishing. This is nowhere so marked as in the West.

It has been somewhat the fashion to say that Western people were more generous than Eastern people, but in the solid, Christian sense of that word, my observation finds no support for the assertion. The word “preemption” is an important one in the bright lexicon of the West. The settlers preempt, not land only, but opportunities for business, and contend for the possession of both with equal strenuousness. It is a common saying among them that “I did not come here for my health.” What a Sicilian refugee fifty years ago said, as his first impression of Boston, is more applicable to the West: “Being universally intent upon gain, the people are naturally indisposed to encourage new competitors.” Although the opportunities are greater and nearer equal in these communities, the prizes in business, as well as in public honor, have to be contended for, and

The same arts that did gain
A power, must it maintain.

At the same time there is a certain liberality among Western people that is sometimes lavishly, and perhaps ostentatiously, exercised, but that it has its root in a spirit of self denial for others' welfare, or the welfare of the public, or a willingness to divide with others the best opportunities which had been first seized, few who exercise it would claim. It is inevitable that people