

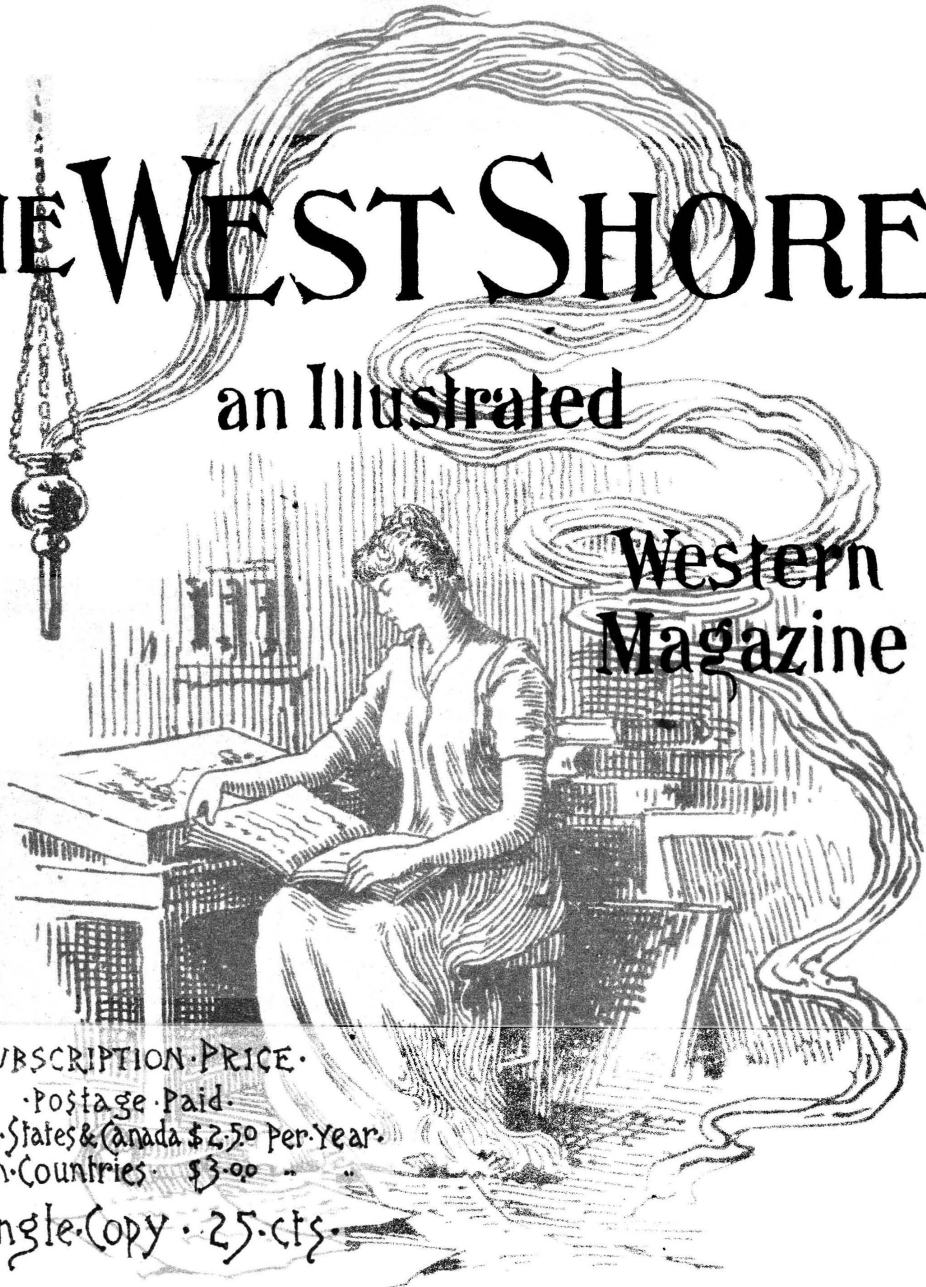
·August·1887·

·THIRTEENTH·YEAR·

# THE WEST SHORE

an Illustrated

Western  
Magazine



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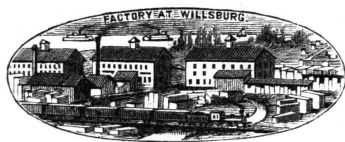
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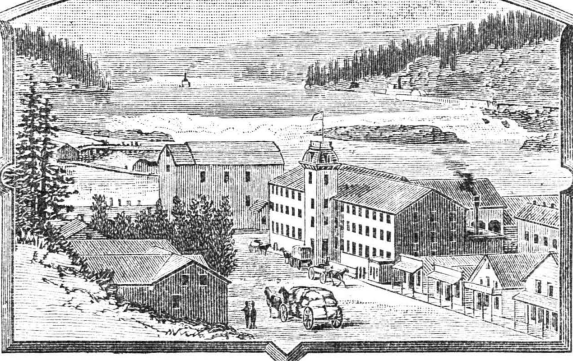
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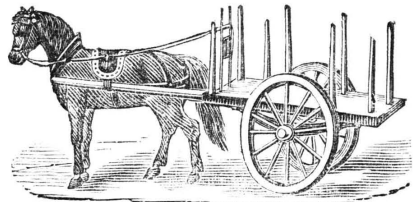
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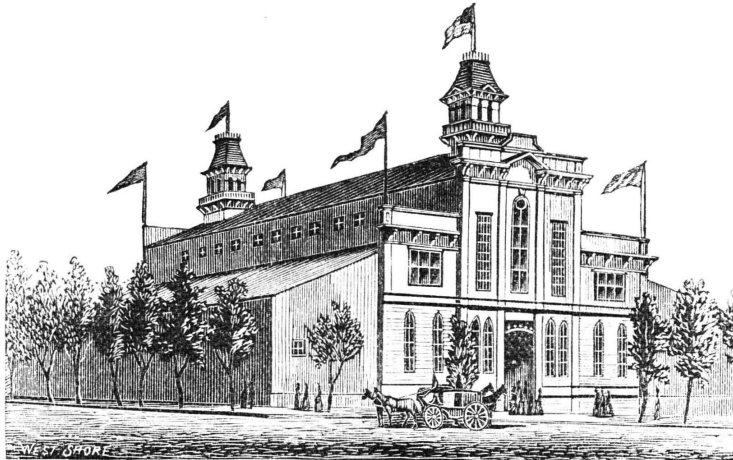
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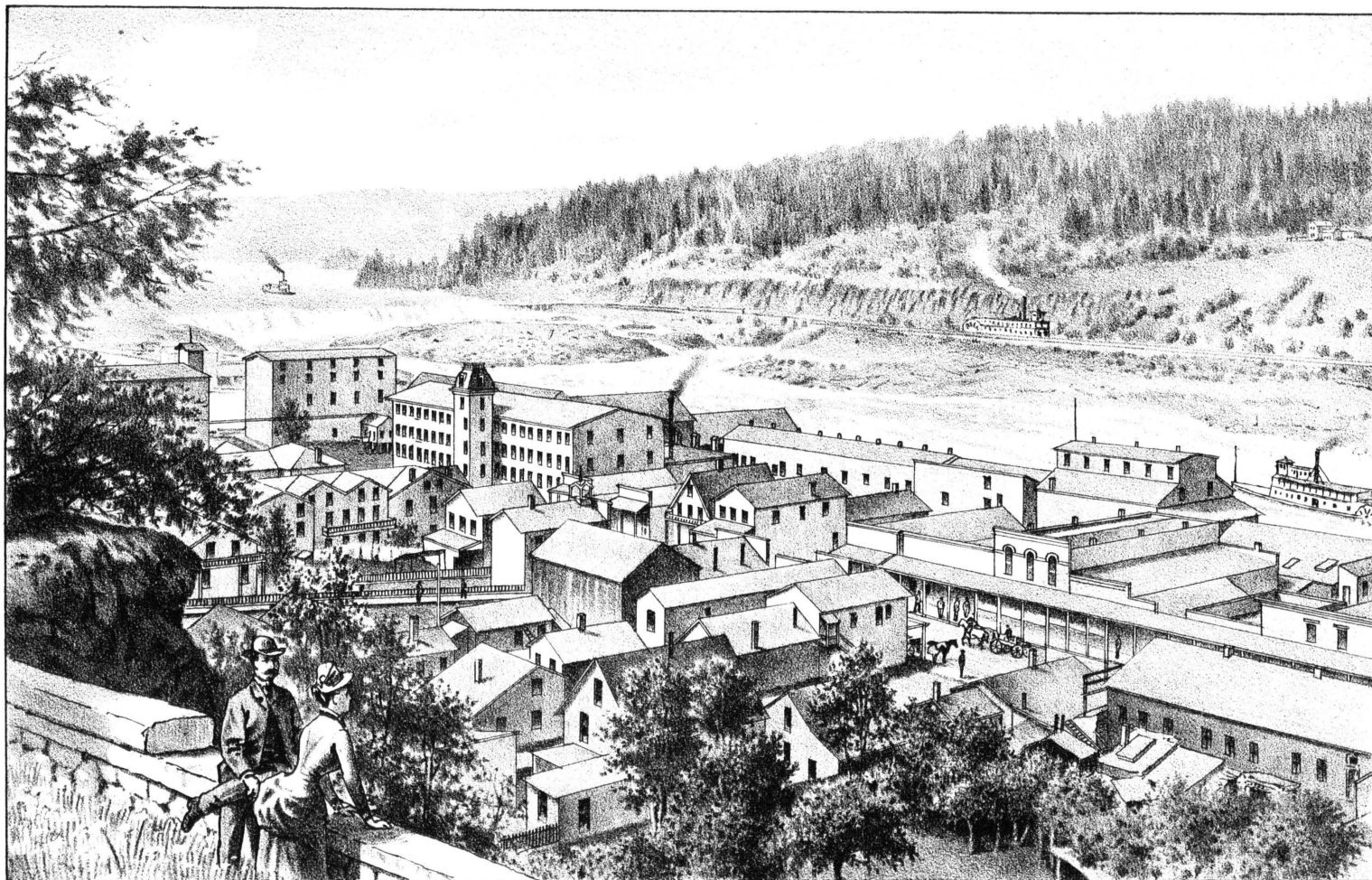
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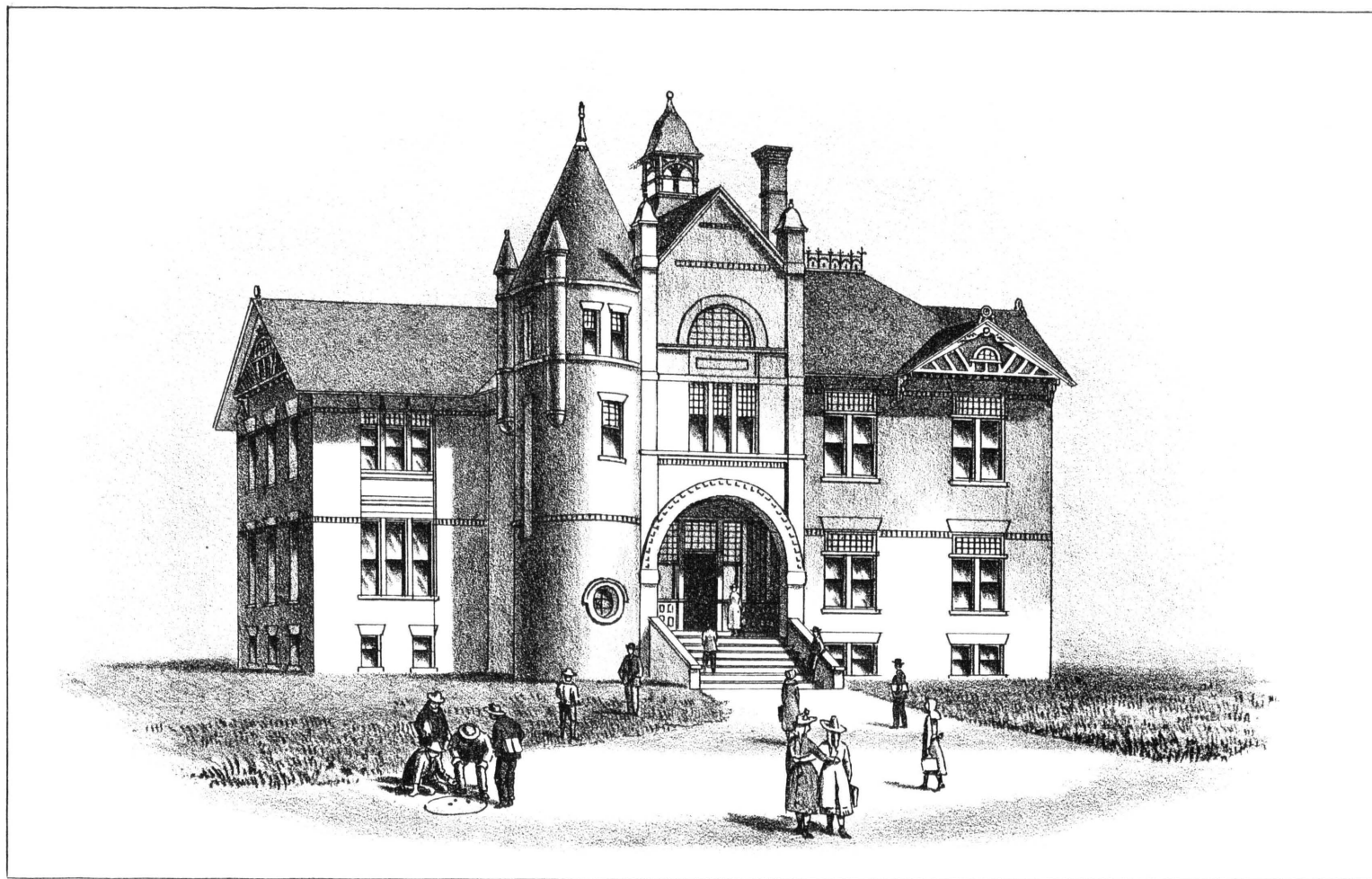
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# THE WEST SHORE.

THIRTEENTH YEAR.

AUGUST, 1887.

NUMBER 8.

## THE CITY AT THE FALLS.



THE MAN who complained because the train stopped fifteen minutes before the lovely Multnomah falls, to give passengers an opportunity to "see a dab of water falling on a rock," could find no fault with the volume of water pouring in a mass of surging white over the basaltic rocks of the Willamette falls, at Oregon City. Even if not entranced by the beauty of the scene, his mind could not fail to be impressed with the power displayed and the vast energy waiting to be converted to the economic uses of man. The falls (see large three-page engraving opposite page 592) win expressions of admiration alike from the poetical and practical. The former exclaims "How beautiful! how grand!" and the latter, "What immense power! What an opportunity for manufacturing on the largest scale!" and both are right, for beauty, grandeur, power, and economic manufacturing conditions are here combined as in no other spot on the great continent of America.

The Willamette river, having come

down from the mountains, and united with numerous other streams, whose fountain heads are, also, the melting snows and crystal springs of the mountains, flows peacefully through miles of grain-carpeted valley and timber-clad hills, bearing on its bosom the commerce of a vast region, rich with the fruits of the soil, suddenly reaches the brink of this basaltic precipice, forty-one feet in height, and plunges over. The edge of the fall is jagged, broken and indented, and the water, instead of pouring over in one smooth sheet, forms numerous separate cataracts and cascades, many of them rushing together from almost opposite directions, lashing the water into foaming white, and sending up great clouds of spray, which sparkles in the sunlight and shows the brilliant, prismatic colors of the rainbow.

The name Willamette is of Indian origin, and not French, as would appear from its orthography. It is pronounced Will-*am*-et, and was originally spelled and pronounced Wal-*am*-et, by the earliest pioneers, as appears from old records, diaries and publications, and this orthography is still adhered to by a few of them who can not be induced to adopt the modern form. In theory they are

right, for there is too great a tendency to looseness in our nomenclature, and not enough care is taken to preserve the purity of the titles bestowed upon objects and localities; but in this instance no practical good can be accomplished, since the number of adherents to the old name is gradually diminishing, and those who learn the new title, and never hear of any other, are increasing in numbers at the rate of a thousand a week. Willamette, then, it will continue to be, though but a mongrel word, an Indian name slightly "Frenchified;" but whatever controversy there may be regarding the title, the beauty and power of the falls are beyond dispute. Since the earliest settlement of the valley by Americans, the falls have been called upon to supply the motive power of factories, chiefly saw and grist mills, and though but a tithe of their strength has been utilized, they have contributed not a little to the prosperity of Oregon. It is the great possibilities—not dormant, but rampant—which they possess, which inspire this article.

Oregon City is but fifteen miles from Portland, and the stream is navigable to the very base of the falls, by river steamers, several of which ply between the two places. Above the falls, the river is navigable to the head of the valley. The line of the Oregon & California railroad, soon to be the through route of the Southern Pacific between Portland and San Francisco, passes through the city. The narrow gauge system of the Oregonian, and Portland & Willamette Valley roads, tapping the whole valley on both sides of the river, passes within four miles, and the question of a branch line to the falls is already under consideration. With extensive manufacturing enterprises here, both the Northern Pacific and the Union Pacific could easily run a line down to the factories, and would feel compelled

to do so in order to secure their proportion of the enormous business. It is apparent that the varied products of the entire Willamette valley and Columbia basin can be concentrated at this point as cheaply as at the city of Portland itself, can be converted into manufactured articles cheaper than at any other point on the Pacific coast, and can be shipped to the markets of the world to as good advantage as from any other place. In fact, so far as the shipment and receipt of freight is concerned, Oregon City and Portland would be practically one city, for Portland must, of necessity, remain the commercial point and seaport, while at Oregon City she can build up to the best advantage those large manufacturing enterprises which must constitute the chief element of her future growth. No other seaport city in the United States is blessed with such a magnitude of available water power at its very gates; nor are any of the great falls of America so favorably situated, both as regards nearness to the seat of production of raw material and to a seaport from which they may reach the markets of the world. A few moments thought will convince anyone that in the falls of the Willamette, Portland possesses a valuable gift of nature not vouchsafed to any other city on the Pacific coast, and that the falls themselves, in their accessibility and their contiguity to tide water, possess advantages of location superior to any others in the world. The falls which have made Minneapolis so great a manufacturing city are more than a thousand miles inland, and yet millions of barrels of flour are shipped to foreign markets. Here the falls are but fifteen miles from deep water, where vessels may be loaded for any port in the world.

When Henry Villard was at the head of the transportation systems of Oregon, he fully appreciated the economic value

of this great gift of nature, and among his plans for the development of this region was one for the establishment of great manufacturing enterprises at Oregon City. He caused a complete survey to be made, by Paul Meescher, a competent engineer, who spent three months studying the falls at Minneapolis before beginning the work. The survey was most thorough and complete, and the results have been embodied in a huge chart, which represents an expenditure of \$4,000.00. From these surveys it appears that the falls at Oregon City have a fall of forty-one feet, and possess forty per cent. more power at low water than those at Minneapolis, and one hundred per cent. more at high water. Incredible as this may seem, when the great manufacturing interests of Minneapolis are considered, it is none the less an actual fact, and indicates, in conjunction with its more favorable location, that all which has been done at Minneapolis can be repeated at Oregon City. All the mills of that city could be run here the entire season, without resorting to the aid of steam, as is done there in periods of low water. This great water power is nearly all owned by the Willamette Transportation and Locks Co., which was originally organized to secure transportation around the falls for river steamers. The canal and locks, on the west bank, as shown in one of the small engravings on the same page as the large view of the falls, were completed in December, 1872, at a cost of \$475,000.00. The state aided the enterprise to the extent of \$200,000.00 in bonds. The inner canal is seventy-five feet wide and twelve hundred and fifteen feet long, above which are four lift locks of ten feet each, forty by two hundred and fifteen feet in size. Above these is a guard lock of same size as the others, and then one outer canal one hundred and fifty feet wide and one thousand and thirty-five long, leading to navigable water above the falls. The locks have been in constant use since that time, and have been an important factor in the transportation system of the valley. The stock was acquired by the Villard interest, but upon the retirement of Mr. Villard and the rupture of the harmonious relations existing between the various companies under his management, his plans for the utilization of the falls and locks fell to the ground. This was the condition of affairs until about a year ago, when several of the energetic business men of Oregon City and Portland, notably Mr. E. L. Eastham, of the former place, began the work of consolidating the conflicting interests. After considerable negotiation, these gentlemen not only secured control of the company, but acquired all the interests of the O. R. & N. Co., the Transcontinental Co., and the state, thus freeing the property from all complications. The property of the Willamette Transportation & Locks Co. now consists of two hundred acres of land, suitable for the site of factories. About ten acres are on the east side, and include the large warehouse and the basin, built in former years for the purpose of transferring freight from connecting steamers, as well as to conduct water for power purposes to the mills below. The remainder is on the west side, and embraces all the land on both sides of the canal. In fact, the company owns all the desirable land for manufacturing purposes, and all the available water power, except that already utilized by the mills now there. In addition to this, the company owns a strip of land lying along the river, both above and below the falls, a distance of two and one-half miles, and extending back from one-half to three-fourths of a mile, making a total area of nine hundred acres of land. The officers are E. L.



Eastham, president; C. A. Dolph, vice-president; Joseph Simon, secretary; Charles H. Cauffield, treasurer; W. E. Pratt, superintendent.

The company has outlined a plan for the development of the water power and the building up of large manufacturing interests, which is not only comprehensive and extremely liberal, but highly practicable. It offers to manufacturers the land upon which to erect factories and the water power by which to run them. The land will be a free gift, with title in fee simple, and the water power will be given free for ten years, a reasonable charge to be made for power thereafter, at a permanent contract price to be agreed upon at the time the original agreement is made. The development of the power, so far as its practical application is concerned, must be made by the party using it. The company also proposes to develop power for the use of small factories, which will be supplied at a reasonable rental. It also has in contemplation the transmission of power to Portland by electricity. There are numerous small enterprises in Portland, using engines from five to twenty-five horse power, which could be supplied with electric power from the falls at a much cheaper rate than now paid for steam. The plans of the company also embrace a suspension bridge across the river below the falls, the east end reaching Oregon City at Seventh street. The bridge will cost about \$25,000.00, and have a span of four hundred feet. Complete plans have already been received, and it is expected to have the bridge completed by the first of January.

The development of these plans necessarily calls for the outlay of considerable money, and there has, as yet, been no intimation of the method by which the company proposes to reimburse itself. The question is a simple one. It

gives away its building sites for factories, and donates its water power for ten years to aid those factories to firmly establish themselves; but it does not give away its valuable residence and business property. The large tract of land on the west side will be laid off into lots and blocks, and will be sold for residence and business purposes. The establishment of large manufacturing enterprises and the drawing hither of the thousands of operatives necessary to conduct them, will create such a demand for this property as to render it extremely valuable, and thus, in the fullness of time, the company will reap its reward. And the fact that there is a final reward in store for them, makes the action of these gentlemen none the less liberal, public-spirited and sagacious. They are taking steps by which every citizen of Portland and Oregon City will be greatly benefited, and all honor is due them for their efforts. What we need is more practical, enterprising, public-spirited men of this kind. The plans of the company are not for to-day, nor to-morrow, but for all time; and contemplate, not the establishment of a few feeble industries, but of immense flouring mills and other factories, employing thousands of hands, adding millions of dollars to the trade of Portland and Oregon City, increasing enormously the value of property in those places, and creating a certain market for a great variety of products in the Willamette valley and the Columbia basin, thus indirectly increasing the wealth and population of the entire Northwest. They look forward to the creation of a city at Portland, backed by manufactures at Oregon City, as large and as prosperous as has grown up about any great water power in the United States.

There are numerous industries which might find a good location here, but it is desired to point out the advantages a special few would enjoy. The mind



naturally turns to the manufacture of flour. Here can be concentrated the wheat of a vast empire, already producing thirty million bushels annually, and capable of producing double that amount in a few years. Here are unlimited water power and land free, the former for ten years and the latter forever. Here is a shipping port so near at hand that flour may be conveyed to it for twenty-five cents per ton. It would be difficult to conceive of a more favorable set of conditions for the milling business on a large scale. An enterprise of this nature should embrace a transportation scheme of its own, and should be of so large a nature as to be self-dependent. Such a mill as this would make from three thousand to five thousand barrels of flour per day. The relative saving of expense by manufacturing on a large scale is too well understood to require argument. As to other points in favor of shipping our product in the form of flour, they are well known to millers and shippers. There is, in the first place, the saving of five cents per bushel on grain sacks; also a saving of one-third of the freight, since the refuse of the wheat amounts to that much, and when ground in England only equals the value of its own freight. There are, besides, the multitude of associated benefits which flow from the conversion of raw materials into manufactured products, such as increase in population and wealth, the creation of a home market for a great diversity of products, and not only the retention at home of the money otherwise sent abroad, but the bringing here of that necessary to purchase the products of our own labor. This is by far the best location for a large paper mill on the Pacific coast. Straw can be had in abundance; wood pulp is easily and cheaply obtained; the conditions of economical manufacture are unequalled, and the shipping facilities are all that are to

be desired. Representatives of the largest two mills in California have examined the situation, and express themselves as strongly impressed with the advantages offered. It is needless to enumerate the various industries which might find lodgment here. It is sufficient to say that free ground upon which to build, free power for ten years, facilities for receipt and shipment of freight unsurpassed, all combine to make Oregon City the most advantageous point for manufacturing on the coast. With but few exceptions, whatever can be manufactured profitably in the West can be produced at Oregon City to better advantage than at any other point.

Oregon City is, in its true sense, the oldest town in Oregon. To be sure, settlements were made at other points at an earlier date, such as that of the Pacific Fur Co., at Astoria, and the Methodist mission, near Salem, but here was made the first genuine effort to found a city; and it was natural that the pioneers, as their eyes rested upon these falls, whose beauty and power appealed strongly to their love for nature's works, and their inborn instinct to make practical use of everything, should decide that at this point would spring up a city. A town was laid out, which was for a number of years the leading one in Oregon. It was the first capital of the territory, and continued as such until the seat of government was moved to Salem, as the result of a political quarrel between the members of the supreme court. It is unnecessary to trace the history of the city through the forty-three years of its existence, except to say that it has been one of slow, but constant, progress. Interest now centers on its present condition and its prospects for the future. What a bright pathway is opening up before it has already been pointed out. The large increase in population, trade and the value of property, which is a

necessary accompaniment of manufactures employing a large number of hands, will be experienced here, as elsewhere. These are for the future, and the present condition of affairs indicates that this future is by no means a distant one. It becomes, then, interesting to know what the city is and has, aside from the great leading, and almost overshadowing, feature, the enormous water power just described.

The city, which has now a permanent resident population of fifteen hundred, lies on the east bank of the river, partly on a terrace along the stream, and partly on the high bluffs farther back. The railroad runs along the base of the bluffs, and the one long business street occupies the middle ground between it and the river. This street is well built up with business houses, occupying both sides of it for a distance of four blocks. Besides the woolen mill, court house, jail and brewery, there are ten brick buildings, nearly all of them two stories high. Two of the business houses carry stocks of \$50,000.00 each, and the capital engaged in business, exclusive of the bank, is fully \$250,000.00. These enterprises may be enumerated as follows: Five general stores, five grocery stores, three drug stores, three jewelry stores, one large stove store and tin shop, one furniture store, one agricultural implement warehouse, one book store, three confectionery stores, two meat markets, one livery stable, three wagon shops, two undertaking establishments, one feed stable, two hotels, and one restaurant. There are, also, a good bank, the U. S. land office for the Willamette valley, representatives of the various professions, and two good weekly papers, the *Enterprise* and *Courier*.

The leading manufacturing interest now established is the woolen mill of the Oregon City Manufacturing Co. This is an eleven-set mill, employing one

hundred and ninety hands, paying out \$80,000.00 in wages annually, and producing cassimeres, tweeds, flannels, blankets, shawls, robes, etc., to the value of \$500,000.00 annually. The next most important is that of the Oregon City Flouring Mill Co. This mill employs fifteen men, and turns out five hundred barrels of flour per day. Both of these enterprises are owned in Portland, and are managed from the business offices in that city by telephone, through local superintendents. This method of conducting business is entirely practicable, since the two cities are united by one telephone system. There is a saw mill, owned by George Broughton, with a capacity of twenty thousand feet of lumber per day, and a box factory connected with it. There are, also, a small custom grist mill, another flouring mill not in operation, a brewery, a furniture factory, and a machine for making cottonwood excelsior for mattresses and upholstering. A view of the manufacturing portion of the city, as seen from the bluffs above, is given on page 575.

The city is supplied with water taken from the river above the falls, and distributed through pipes by two powerful force pumps. The pressure is sufficient to throw a stream over the highest house in the business portion of the town. There is a good volunteer fire department, consisting of two hose companies and a hook and ladder company. The city government consists of a mayor, a council of seven members, a marshal and a night-watchman. There is an enterprising and energetic board of trade, which not only looks after the local affairs of the city, but participates in all general movements throughout the Northwest calculated to affect the city's interest.

From an educational or moral point of view, this is a most desirable place of residence. There is a splendid graded

school, with six teachers and an attendance of two hundred and fifty scholars. A new frame building is in process of erection, and will be completed before the close of the year. It will cost \$8,000.00, and will not only be ample in size to accommodate the growth of the town for a number of years, but will be highly ornamental, as will be seen by referring to the engraving on page 576. There is, also, a good school which has been maintained many years by the Benedictine sisters, an order of the Catholic church. This has an attendance of sixty scholars. There are five good church buildings, belonging to the Methodist Episcopal, Baptist, Episcopal, Congregational and Catholic denominations. The Odd Fellows and Masons have each a good hall building, and various organizations of those orders. The A. O. U. W. and the K. of L. also have organizations. By far the most costly and ornamental structure is the county court house, completed in 1886. It is a solid brick and cement structure, with stone facing, two stories and a basement in height, and surmounted by a cupola, from which is obtained a splendid view of the river above and below the falls, and a large stretch of the fields and timbered hills by which the city is surrounded. It stands between the main street and the river, in the center of a block (see engraving on page 615), and a broad flight of stone steps leads up to the first floor entrance. This edifice cost \$60,000.00, and represents more for the money expended than any other public structure in Oregon. There are many handsome, and even elegant, private residences, nearly all of them so situated as to command beautiful views of the river and surrounding hills. The greater number are located on the bluffs, where the cool summer breezes render life there most agreeable. Indeed, this is one of the best points near Portland

for a summer residence. Cool, healthful, free from all taint of malaria, easily accessible from the city by both boat and rail, with good fishing and hunting close at hand, it offers excellent advantages as a summer resort. A large hotel to accommodate boarders of this class is one of the urgent needs of the city. As it is, a number of Portland families spend their summers here, finding homes in private residences. One improvement of interest in this connection should not be overlooked. The celebrated drive from Portland to the White House is to be extended to Oregon City next year, the work having been authorized by the counties of Multnomah and Clackamas, and the surveys made.

Clackamas county lies on both sides of the Willamette, though chiefly east of the river, and extends to the summit of the Cascade mountains. It embraces an area of a million acres, one-half of which is in the hands of private individuals, and the remainder subject to entry under the homestead, preëmption and timber laws of the United States. The O. & C. railroad owns considerable land, which it sells at graded prices, and on liberal terms of payment. The surface of the country is, in the main, hilly. The streams, of which there are many, run through canyons, the land between them being rolling plateau, rising into mountains as the Cascades are reached. Along the streams are many acres of alluvial bottom lands, the soil black, deep and rich. The greater portion of the surface is of the hill class, the soil being a red loam, partaking of the nature of a clay, with a hard clay sub-soil. These rolling plateaus are covered with timber, there being but a few small tracts of open prairie land. The prevailing timber is fir, while cedar, spruce, hemlock and larch are found in quantity. Ash, maple, alder and cottonwood grow along the streams. Owing to the

contour of the surface, the hill lands may be plowed at any time during the rainy season, as the drainage is perfect. These lands, when thoroughly cultivated, are wonderfully productive, yielding from twenty to fifty bushels of wheat and sixty to one hundred of oats. Rye, barley and flax produce equally well, though not much cultivated. Winter wheat is a specially fine crop, the wheat of the hills excelling that of the valley in quality. Grass, and especially clover, makes a good crop. Vegetables produce well, potatoes being a specially prolific crop. The vegetables of this county took the prize at the state fair last year. Fruit, such as apples, pears, plums, cherries and prunes, are raised in abundance, and of a quality unsurpassed. Some of the oldest orchards in the state are found here. Good peaches and grapes are also raised. Berries and small fruits grow to perfection. A company is being organized, with a capital stock of \$5,000.00, to build a fruit and vegetable cannery in Oregon City, and this enterprise will undoubtedly be inaugurated before another season. The nearness of much of the county to Portland, renders dairying and mixed farming especially profitable, as a market can be found in that city for all that is produced. Land can be purchased within fifteen miles of the metropolis, at from \$6.00 to \$50.00 per acre, while good government land, but little farther away, may be had for the taking.

In making a farm, it is, of course, necessary to clear the ground of timber. In many places, this arduous task has already been partially accomplished by forest fires. The settler must, however, enter upon the task with a full appreciation of its difficulty. When it is accomplished, he will have secured a home of which he may well be proud, and which will reward him for all his toil at each recurring harvest. The older farms

near the river, with their broad acres of grain, and their orchards and vineyards, were once more densely covered with timber than these fertile hills, and yet they are living witnesses of what the hand of industry can accomplish in the forest. If the settler have money to invest, he can purchase a farm already entirely or partially cleared, and thus pay for the labor performed by others in the past. This is, of course, far preferable, since by so doing he skips at one bound over the experiences of the pioneer. Such lands are for sale at an average of \$20.00 per acre, a price which enables an Eastern farmer to sell his land, move his family to this locality, purchase equally as good a farm for half the money realized from the sale of his old one, and have the remainder to invest in improvements, for use as business capital, or for a provision against the proverbial rainy day. This alone, without the question of climate being considered, would seem a sufficient justification for the step.

In the older settled portions of the county, are a number of small towns and good schools, while in the newer portions, the settlers are prompt to provide means for the education of their children, and Uncle Sam follows closely the path of the pioneer, with the mail bag. Oswego, a few miles north of the falls, and on the west side of the river, is the seat of an important industry. At that point is a large deposit of iron ore, which has been worked to a considerable extent by the Oswego Iron Co. The works are now idle, owing to litigation over the property, but when running, they gave employment to about two hundred and fifty men about the mines and works. There is now a prospect of an early termination of these difficulties, and the resumption of this important industry on a larger scale than formerly. Other promising towns, nearly all having some industry, such as a flouring

mill, saw mill, furniture factory, are Milwaukee, New Era, Viola, Canby, Clear Creek, Needy, Zion and Sandy.

The foregoing pages contain but a brief outline of what can be seen and done at "The City at the Falls," and in the highly prosperous and rapidly de-

veloping country surrounding it. To the manufacturer, it possesses attractions unrivaled by any other on the coast, while to the business man, the orchardist, the farmer and the dairyman, it offers opportunities not to be lightly passed over. H. L. WELLS.

### HAWICK AND ST. ANDREWS.

Sweet Teviot! On thy silver tide  
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more;  
No longer steel-clad warriors ride  
Along thy wild and wildered shore;  
Where'er thou wind'st by dale or hill,  
All, all is peaceful, all is still.

WE were flitting about Northern England and Southern Scotland for three or four months, grand right and left, up and down the middle, saluting corners, till, having chassied from the German ocean to the Irish sea, and back again from the Irish sea to the German ocean, at Berwick, on Tweed, we made a glide—I might say "Boston dip"—into Scottish Roxborough, to the manufacturing town of Hawick, on the silver Teviot, among the Cheviot hills, quite content to lay aside our wandering and unanchored life, and, for a week or so, lie by for repairs. More than once had we thought of Emery Ann's "You can't play tag continual, without a goal to run to," and how frequently we, with Mrs. Whitney, found, as she tells us in her "Sights and Insights," "the necessity of little halts—little breaks in the fierce impulse of foreign travel." The wheels heat with constant motion.

Between three and four miles from Hawick, lies Branksome tower, the scene

of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." It is a most beguiling walk or drive, along the banks of the Teviot, even at the time of year we were there, the middle of January, with its silver waters glistening in the sunlight, and almost as purely white as the snow on its borders. The intervening distance, as well as that between the town and Melrose, is full of the localities described in that midnight ride of William of Deloraine, to the grave of Michael Scott, at the abbey.

Sir Michael Scott, the famous wizard, flourished during the thirteenth century, but by poetical anachronism, is placed in the poem at a later era. He was a man of much learning, chiefly acquired in foreign countries, and passed among his contemporaries for a skillful magician. His magic books were long believed to be in existence, but could not be opened without danger from the fiends, who were thereby invoked. Michael Scott was much embarrassed by a spirit, for whom he was under the necessity of

finding constant employment. He commanded him to build a cauld, or dam head, across the Tweed, at Kelso, which was done in one night. Michael next ordered that Eildon hill, which was then a uniform cone, should be divided into three. Another night was sufficient to part its summit into the three picturesque peaks, which we now behold. At length, the enchanter conquered this indefatigable demon, by employing him to make ropes out of sea sand.

The road runs far below Branksome castle, so that from it one can have but a very partial view of the building; consequently, bidding our coachman to stop, we alighted, and with the independence, perhaps assurance, said to be characteristic of Americans on their travels, ascended the avenue leading to the back of the house, walking through an invitingly open gate, for a nearer view of the premises. "Fortune favors the brave," or bold, and most opportunely were we seen by the butler, who, the family being absent, hospitably, or mercenarily, invited us to enter. We achieved the summit of our wishes, in being conducted up a spiral staircase, to the very top of the so-called Sir David's tower, into my Lady of Branksome's own room, with which description the "Lay" opens.

The feast was over in Branksome tower,  
And the Ladye had gone to her secret bower,  
Her bower that was guarded by word and by  
Deadly to hear and deadly to tell— [spell,  
Jesu Maria shield us well!  
No living wight, save the Ladye alone,  
Had dared to cross the threshold stone.

This "Ladye" was widow of Sir Walter Scott, of Branksome, an ancestor of the novelist, who was slain in the streets of Edinboro', in 1552, grandson to the Lord David, for whom the tower is named, which still remains as it was originally built. The castle, modernized, bears, upon the outside walls, the dates of 1571, probably the time of com-

pletion, and that of 1771, when restored by Lady Margaret Douglas. The old foundations remain the same, and the old hall looks as one would expect to see it built during those days of border feud and foray, when it was necessary

To watch against southern force and guile,  
From Warkworth or Naworth or merry Carlisle.

In imagination, as we gazed, we peopled it again as when

Ten squires, ten yeomen, mail-clad men,  
Waited the beck of the warders ten;  
Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,  
Stood saddled in stable day and night,  
A hundred more fed in stall;  
Such was the custom in Branksome Hall.

Wishing to gain from the butler some information concerning the Scott family, I said: "He lived before the time of Sir Walter?" "Behind, lady," he replied, gently correcting me; and presuming I had his meaning, I answered, "I see." The ancestor was a descendant. We tendered our shilling gladly, as but small recompense for the very interesting visit, which, though mildly waved aside as "too much," was ultimately accepted. We passed the "Peel (tower) of Goldiland," going and returning, as also a dilapidated fountain by the river's side, a few paces from the road. The inscription, in Latin, was almost obliterated, and when and by whom erected I could not decipher. A hospitable line was legible, concluding with the friendly address: "Drink—farewell, and may God be gracious to thee." Few travelers, other than commercial ones, visit Hawick, and yet it is in the midst of a lovely country, well worthy inspection. It is an important manufacturing town, noted for its cheviot cloth, or tweeds, so called.

Not far from Hawick, is Kelso, and at Eduan, a couple of miles distant, was born, in 1700, James Thompson, the author of "The Seasons." About a quarter of a mile from the village, a plain



obelisk has been erected to the memory of the poet. He lived, also, at Southdean (pronounced Sou'den) and could easily reach the banks of the Tweed and Teviot, and the ruins of Jedburgh, Dryburgh and Melrose in his rambles, or could have done so, had not indolence and self-indulgence been his besetting sins. Every one has heard of the lady who said she "had discovered three things concerning the author of 'The Seasons'—that he was a great lover, a great swimmer, and rigidly abstinent," at all of which, Savage, who had lived much with him, laughed heartily, saying that he believed Thompson never was in cold water in his life, and that the other particulars were just as true. The anecdote of Quin, regarding Thompson's splendid description of sunrise, has been equally wide-spread. He, with Savage, asserted that he believed Thompson never saw the sun rise in his life, and related that, going one day to see him at Richmond, he found him in bed at noon, and asking why he did not get up earlier, was answered, listlessly, "he had nae motive."

It has been recorded that the manse in which the poet was born, at Eduan, has disappeared, and a new, square and unpicturesque one built upon the site, "for," adds the writer, "perhaps no class of people have less of the poetical or picturesque in them than the Presbyterian clergy of Scotland. The hard, dry, stern Calvinism imparted by John Knox has effectually expelled all that. The country people of Scotland are generally intelligent, and have a taste for poetry and literature, but to a certainty they do not derive this from their clergy. In no country have I found the parish clergy so ignorant of general literature, or so unacquainted with anything that is going on in the world, except the polemics in their own church." This is an Englishman's opinion of the present

day, but Scott says of his own countrymen: "The Scotch, it is well known, are more remarkable for the exercise of their intellectual powers, than for the keenness of their feelings. They are, therefore, more moved by logic than by rhetoric, and more attracted by acute and argumentative reasoning on doctrinal points than influenced by enthusiastic appeals to the heart and to the passions, by which popular preachers in other countries win the favor of their hearers." Charles Lamb says "it takes a mallet and wedge to drive a joke into a Scotchman's brain," and gives as an instance that he was in the habit of speaking of a favorite picture as "my beauty." "And what," said he to a Caledonian present, "do you think of my beauty?" "I canna' say mickle for your beauty, Mr. Lamb, but your talent nae man can gainsay." Any reflection upon Scottish peculiarities may be pardoned in so enthusiastic an admirer of their national and individual worth as myself.

From Hawick we went again to Fife-shire by way of the Frith of Forth, from Edinboro' and its seaport, Leith, and our experience of Cupar led us to comprehend the sententious warning of old Caleb Balderstone to the master of Ravenswood, in all its significance: "Ah, weel! A wilfu' man maun hae his way! Who will to Cupar, maun to Cupar," nor in spite of the same ready obligingness and spirit of accommodation from the people here as elsewhere, can I "invent even a wee figment" upon the attractions of the town. On the Fife line of railway, ten miles to the southwest of Cupar, is the old Falkland palace, historically and architecturally memorable. A painful interest attaches to its walls from its having been the place of imprisonment of David, duke of Rothsay, eldest son of Robert III., king of Scotland. He suffered here the agonies of death by starvation, and the tragedy



is heightened by the tradition that the life of the prisoner was sustained for some time by a woman's milk, conveyed from her breast through a reed. Scott, however, in his novel of the "Fair Maid of Perth," represents Catharine Glover and the gle maiden, Louise, who were confined in the castle at the same time, as conveying to the unfortunate Rothsay, by means of a cleft in the end of a long willow wand, bits of cake soaked in broth, through a small fissure in the wall of the castle, which communicated with the dungeon. The nourishment came too late to save his life, as his death was accelerated, probably, by violence. Kirkaldy (Kirkoddy) and Cuppar have each their one main street about a mile long, but the only attraction to me of the former dull, prosaic town, lay in its being the place where was produced the book "which undoubtedly has done more for the good of the community than any other written in Scotland;" "his last and greatest," says Chambers. Here, for the ten quiet, studious years, previous to 1778, while Adam Smith worked at his "Wealth of Nations," the philosopher lived in his mother's house; so does one in travel come constantly upon some old, quiet, grass-grown place, memorable for some great life which there opened to the light in the past, or departing, left behind an unquenched radiance gilding the present.

There is an air of dignity and refinement in the quiet, academic town of St. Andrews, this royal burgh and ancient Episcopal post, very different from the bustling, thriving manufacturing places we have been in, and greatly more pleasing. It must in summer be agreeably cool and healthful, and its retirement renders it an admirable locality for its many justly celebrated schools and universities. The arrangement of its main streets appears to be nearly identical

with those of early times, before St. Andrews gained the sad renown of its ruined shrines. Then, as now, when the earliest group of buildings was the Cul-dean monastery at the east promontory, the three chief streets radiated from the cathedral precincts like the spokes of a wheel. The range of vision to the north is bounded by the Sidlaw and Grampian hills. The opposite coast is Forfarshire, separated from Fife by the Frith of Tay. St. Andrews bay is studded to the east with distant sails on the way to Dundee and other ports, the more fortunate in having avoided the east winds, very prevalent here, and blowing directly from the ocean, accompanied by a "haar," or thick mist, which wraps every object in an impenetrable cloud. Snow lies neither deep nor long here, the saline particles continually deposited on its surface having the infallible effect of rotting it like honey comb. Our experience was, frosty weather, clear and crisp but not very cold, an unusual one, we were told. St. Andrews bay is very dangerous, and shipwrecks, for many years, are said to have averaged over three per annum, notwithstanding a first class life-boat crew of experienced men, rocket apparatus and all the appliances for saving human life. From the records of the town I draw the following contrast between the condition of the place in 1830 and as it now appears. Then there was no side pavement in any of the streets; filth and squalor abounded unchecked; cows and pigs grazed in front of the cottages; the venerable ruins were fast going to decay; the lines of the public streets were broken by awkward abutments of ungainly houses; there were few visitors even to the splendid links, which lay with all its vast capabilities almost untrodden, and generally, St. Andrews, considering the prestige of its antiquity as an ecclesiastical capital, and its rank

as a seat of learning, was at the lowest pitch of miserable neglect and decay.

Modern St. Andrews dates from 1842, when Major Playfair, whose name is significant, "begged and bullied and wheedled" away the filth and ruinous neglect, which bade fair, it is said, to entomb St. Andrews as completely as the lava did Herculaneum and Pompeii of old. He was knighted by Queen Victoria, in 1856, for the immense good he had achieved in St. Andrews, as well as for military service in India. The provost and his doings are proverbial, and the results are that St. Andrews is now the Scarborough, the fashionable seaside of Scotland, possessing all the good requisites for a summer retreat. It has its famous links, where "the noble and healthful game of golf" is extensively practised. Its commodious club house, containing billiard and reading rooms, bathing places for ladies, with their golfing green, croquet ground in the castle yard, archery within the college grounds, and picturesque ruins and nice scenery for sketching. Provost Playfair died in 1861, and his name will continue to be associated with the city that has so greatly benefited by his labors. St. Andrews resembles a continental city, and its buildings of hewn gray stone, obtainable near the town, are very handsome and ornamental. It is rare to find in a city of its size so much to please the eye and gratify the taste. Its fine ruins greatly enhance its picturesque effect, to which the bright, scarlet robes and the four-cornered tasseled caps of the university students lend an additional piquant charm. Its fall from the meridian of its ecclesiastical splendor to the ruthless fury of fanaticism, and its restoration to prosperity in the beauty of its semi-antique residences is interesting, but especially so is it in the olden aspect of its literary and historic public buildings.

Of the tower of St. Regulus, tradition relates, that when King Hengist received St. Regulus, who was wrecked here at the end of the fourth century, bearing the relics of St. Andrew with him, he built to him this massive square tower, one hundred and nine feet high, with its spiral stone staircase of one hundred and fifty-four rough steps, in many parts perfectly dark and of most difficult ascent. I can testify to its being the severest "excelsior" of the many I accomplished in Europe. Those who discredit so hoar an antiquity as fifteen hundred years, grant that the tower can not be of more recent date than the ninth or tenth century. Be that as it may, the tower is perfect yet, and the walls of a solidity and thickness sufficient to bid defiance to half a score hundred years or so more. In the face of a cliff between the castle and cathedral, is the cave where St. Regulus first lived, now worn shallow by wind and wave. Last century, they say, the eccentric Lady Buchan adorned it with shells and fitted it up as a retreat, where she entertained her friends. The cathedral was founded in 1150 and was one hundred and fifty years in course of construction. In 1378 a great part was destroyed by fire, and the accident is ascribed to a jackdaw carrying a lighted twig to its nest in the eaves. In 1559 it was sacked and destroyed by the Presbyterian party, under John Knox, who kindled a fire that day that spread far and wide, beyond the jackdaw's flight. Only one of the turrets of the west front is standing, but it is of delicate and elegant workmanship. The ancient oblong windows, with semi-circular arches, and the two turrets of the east gable, are very beautiful. It must have been very large and magnificent, and we are moved in looking upon what remains to exclaim: "Oh, sectarianism! what crimes and follies are committed in thy name!"

Many of the ancient tombstones, moss-grown, and inscribed with quaint and startling emblems, yet stand against the wall of the south transept.

The castle is a grand, old, ruined fortress and palace, founded in 1200, boldly situated on a rocky promontory, overhanging the sea, and washed to its very foundations at high tide. The window is still pointed out from which Archbishop Beaton (Cardinal) witnessed the martyrdom of Wishart, by fire, in front of the castle, and from which very window he was himself suspended, after having been assassinated in his bedroom, in 1516. Every castle has its dungeon, but this has one more horrible than the many. It is the celebrated "bottle" dungeon, its name being descriptive of its form—a hole, twenty-four feet in depth, cut in the solid rock. Prisoners were let down by a pulley, swung from a beam in the upper room, to utter darkness and slow, lingering, hopeless captivity and death.

St. Salvator's college, the eldest of the three, founded by Bishop Kennedy, in 1456, is now known as the United college, since its incorporation with St. Leonard's, in 1747. A handsome, modern structure has been substituted for the old one. St. Salvator's chapel, now known as the College church, is, with the tower attached, the only part of the original building. At the east end of the chapel is the founder's tomb, a gorgeous piece of most elaborate stone architecture, with its columns, canopies and pendants. In 1683 the tomb was opened, and in it were found six splendid maces, which must have been hidden there at the time of the reformation. Edinboro', Glasgow and Aberdeen universities have one each, two were kept by St. Mary's college, and the remaining one, much the most splendid, was shown to us by the janitor of the chapel, with a wardrobe that belonged to Mary Queen

of Scots. On the left hand of the door, as we enter, is the small, quaint, oaken pulpit, from which John Knox, on the fifth day of June, 1559, preached the denunciatory sermon which instigated the populace to the destruction of the cathedral and all other monastic buildings of the city.

Trinity, or Town, church, erected in 1112, is, of course, one of the chief places to be visited, for it was here that John Knox preached his famous iconoclastic sermon spoken of above. We saw here a remarkably efficacious instrument for enforcing silence—something in the form of a helmet, composed of iron bars and having a piece to enter the mouth, the whole gear fastened on the head behind the neck by a padlock. "It doth appear that one Isabel Lindsay," in the spirit also of furious fanaticism, using the privilege of her sex, was wont to interrupt and denounce Archbishop Sharpe in the midst of his pulpit ministrations, and this machine is believed to have been invented or constructed by his orders to keep her quiet. Two "culty stools," or stools of repentance, are also preserved here. On the east wall of the great aisle stands the monument of Archbishop Sharpe, whose assassination figures conspicuously in the historic records of Scotland. Scott introduces this in his "Heart of Midlothian," as leading up to the Proteus riots in Edinboro'. The costly structure is of black and white marble. On the upper part the Archbishop is represented as supporting the church, with angels, shield, mitre and crosier. In the center the primate is kneeling, while an angel places upon his head the crown of martyrdom. Beneath an urn is a bas relief depicting the murder, the figures very spiritedly sculptured. In the background the assassins are in pursuit of the carriage. In front they are putting the primate to death, while his

daughter, held back by two of the conspirators, in an imploring attitude, begs for her father's life.

The cluster of buildings composing St. Mary's college is very handsome, abundantly draped in ivy, with a magnificent ilex tree of great size shading a large part of the college yard. In 1579 the college constitution was changed, suitably to the spirit of the times, and under the direction of George Buchanan, was appropriated exclusively to theology. The college is approached from South street by an elegant arched gateway, and on the facade of the principal's house, over the porch, are the royal arms of Scotland, having the crown above and St. Andrew, on his cross, below, the whole surrounded by a garland of thistles. The ivied ruin of the Dominican friars is extremely charming. The apse of the chapel, with the tracery of its three windows quite perfect, forms a graceful decoration to Madras college, immediately in its rear. This monastery was founded in 1274, by a set of Dominican, or preaching, friars, called Black friars, from their black frocks. Dr. Bell, originator of the monitorial system, built thereon the famous Madras college, and enjoined that the Madras, or monitorial, method should be followed in the institution. He left £120,000 for schools on this system in London, Edinboro' and Glasgow, and five-twelfths of his whole fortune for Madras college. Children from all parts of the kingdom are sent to this popular seminary, and there is a Madras infant school in an odd building, resembling those of Bologna, with its arcades, the site of the gray friars' monastery, so called from their gray frocks, bound at the waist by a rope. We attended Trinity church in the forenoon and St. Salvador's in the afternoon, and so soon as service at the latter was concluded, the obliging janitor, knowing we desired to

see the ruins of St. Leonard's, offered to accompany us, as he had the key which guarded the entrance on that day. This was an unusual concession in view of the severity with which the Sabbath is observed in Scotland. The old roofless chapel is a fine specimen of gothic architecture. The monastery, founded in 1512, was endowed with the revenues of a hospital that had long been kept for the reception of those pilgrims who had come in former times to worship the relics of St. Andrew. Separated from this chapel by a wall are the house and grounds of Mary Queen of Scots, which she occupied on her occasional visits to St. Andrews. The part of the house facing the street is modernized, but the back, overlooking the grounds, is antique and picturesque, with its many gables. As we entered these grounds, through a low, massive archway, our guide reverently removed his hat and remained uncovered while we stood there. This respect to royalty, or to the misfortunes of the unhappy queen, touched us, as one is always moved by true sentiment, whatever diversity of opinion may exist. "Ah! many a pleasant, as well as sad, scene, has this place witnessed," said he, "for on this very spot was the unfortunate queen wout to practice at archery with Randolph, the English ambassador, who, meanwhile, was plotting and revealing every word and act to his mistress, Elizabeth." The handsome stone house on the other side of the ruined chapel, and overlooking Queen Mary's temporary home, was the official residence of George Buchanan, the celebrated principal of St. Andrew's, and promoter of the reformation, who so often and so soundly "birched" the young prince, afterward James VI., of Scotland—I notice the Scotch seldom, or never, add "and I, of England," as do we. The martyrs' monument is inelegant and clumsy, but commemorative

of four of "the noble army of martyrs sane superstition of witchcraft. Another who died for their faith—Patrick Hamilton, Henry Forrest, George Wishart the monument, sacrificed to the mercies and Walter Mill—who were burnt at less ignorance of their persecutors, and St. Andrews between the years 1528 and as truly martyrs as the persecuted Covenanters, with this important difference, regular hill runs along the shore and that the Covenanters had the satisfaction of dying for a good and avowed cause, while these wretched beings were and projects into the sea so as to form a sufficient reason, and by virtue of laws a little bay. These bear the significant names of "Witches' hill and lake," and cruelly murdered without the shadow of here were enacted those horrible, incredible atrocities consequent upon the in- which left them no hope of mercy.

C. L. HENDERSON.

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### FAME.

When one has climbed the ladder, steep, that  
 leadeth up to fame,  
 And, that he may ne'er return again, has pushed  
 aside the same,  
 Does he e'er remember what it cost to reach  
 so high a place?  
 Or does success, so perfect, all those bitter days  
 efface?

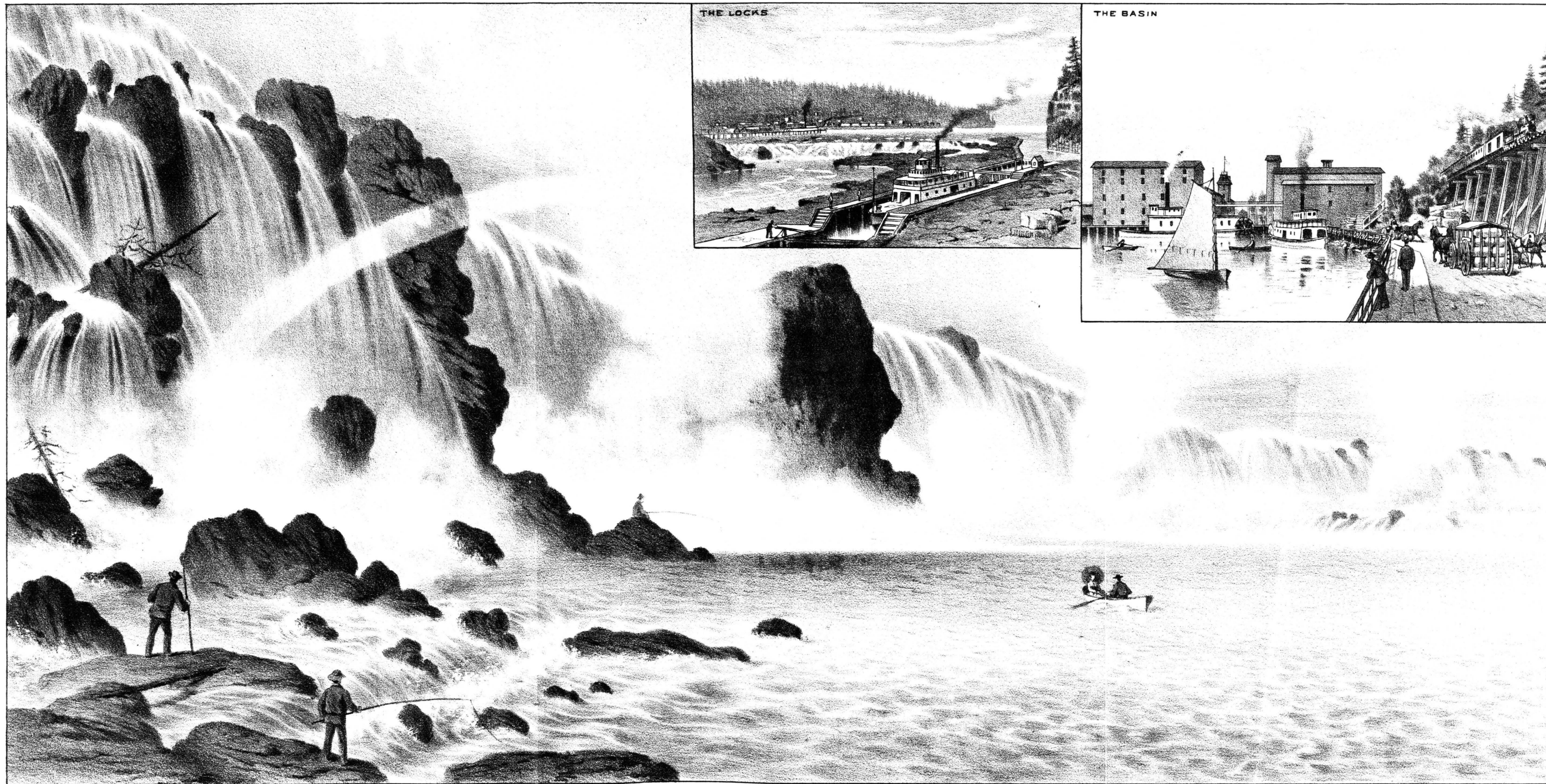
If he would but look backward once, to the  
 toilers on the way,  
 With their sore, discouraged hearts, aching,  
 breaking, every day,  
 He would surely stretch a kindly hand to those  
 yet left behind,  
 To help them up that weary way, that they  
 might knowledge find.

ELLA HIGGINSON.



OREGO





OREGON — FALLS OF THE WILLAMETTE RIVER AT OREGON CITY,



## THE ISLAND OF REST.

THERE, that is finished, and if I write another paragraph for the next month, may I—”

“Eh? What’s that you’re growling about, George? Were you addressing your remarks to me, or to some sympathetic being immaterialized to all eyes, save your own?”

Mr. George Stanley gave a perceptible start, and a quick glance in the direction of the speaker, but vouchsafed no reply, until, one by one, the closely-written pages of his manuscript were hung upon the hook. Then, with a sigh of relief, and a nonchalance that was characteristic, he answered—

“Neither, my dear Mac. Not having noticed your entrance, I was unaware of your presence; and as for immaterialized beings—no, thank you, none of them for me. Give me something material and animate; something tangible to all the senses; give me, for instance—”

“Yes; don’t hesitate; speak right out; tell me who she is, and if it be in the power of mortal to give her to you, I’ll do it.”

“Give me, for instance, a rest.”

“What do I hear? Slang, from the lips of the dignified, the august, Stanley? What next?”

“See here, Mac; there is no slang about it; I want rest; I must have rest. It is three years since I had a month to call my own, and I have reached the limit of human endurance. I have scratched away with this faithful old pen of mine, until not a thought, not an idea, not a shadow of original conception is left in my impoverished brain. My bones ache, my temples throb, my nerves quiver, and my entire being languishes for rest, for relief, for oblivion, for anything that will take me out of the treadmill routine of editorial drudgery. I’m quite serious, Mac, and you needn’t look at me as though you think me bereft of my wits. Reason still hangs to her throne, but threatens to let go her hold if I remain here twenty-four hours longer. So I hang up my pen, I take down my hat, I make my adieu, and if my shadow falls athwart your threshold again within a month, may I be—”

Just then a gust of wind, with ill-advised officiousness, interposed and closed the door with a “bang,” behind the retreating form of Mr. George Stanley, and whether or not he added the finishing word, or words, to his last sentence, can never be known with any degree of certainty.

“George! I say, George! Wait a moment; only a moment,” shouted Mr. Thomas McGrew, hurrying out into the corridor, and leaning far out over the baluster. But the hollow echo of retreating footsteps was the sole response.

“What spirit of unrest has taken possession of the fellow?” mused Mr. McGrew, half owner and sole manager of a flourishing weekly publication, known as *The Champion*.

“He can not possibly be serious. He would not leave me here to wrestle with the paper for a whole month alone. Whew! The bare thought starts the cold sweat at every pore. Why, I’d get swamped on the first issue. No, no; George is a good fellow, and steady as

a clock. He'll be on hand tomorrow."

But the inevitable tomorrow came only to prove to Mr. McGrew the fallacy of his prediction. George was not "on hand," and though his ear caught every footstep on the stair, throughout the long, long day, yet the one tread, for which he listened, came not. Ere the sun had crossed the meridian, the "hook" was empty and the printers were demanding "copy."

"Copy!" ejaculated Mr. McGrew, viciously, while unwonted clouds gathered and lowered upon his broad expanse of brow. "Think ye that copy grows upon trees, to be gathered at will? Insatiate fiends, be gone; and trouble me not!"

Affrighted, cowering, the poor typos slunk away and hid themselves beneath their cases, while, over the office of the *Champion*, settled a pall of gloomy silence, broken only by a mysterious "snip, snip, snipping" sound, coming from the depths of the editorial sanctum. Manager McGrew had found a pair of scissors, rusty from long disuse, and was doing all that a brave man could do to supply his printers with "copy."

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"Oh, rest! Sweet rest! Hast thou come to me at last? Fain would I reach out, and, clasping thee, hold thee forever! But thou knowest well how to elude the grasp of such as I. 'Tis but a flutter of thy soft wings about me, a breath from thy fragrant lips upon my brow, and thou wilt flit, leaving me again to

The toil of

Dropping buckets into empty wells,  
And growing old in drawing nothing up.

"Sweet spirit of repose, bend closer while I ask thee—Is there no land, this side of the grave, where tired mortals may woo thee at will, nor ever woo thee in vain? Where the ceaseless struggle for bread, for name, fame, and wealth, is unknown? Where manna grows on

ever-blooming trees, and the warmth of unceasing sunshine usurps the place of costly raiment? Where—"

"There, there! What an avalanche of questions! You surely can not expect me to answer them all, do you?"

Mr. George Stanley sprang to a sitting posture, and gazed, with unmitigated astonishment, into the face of the speaker. Lying there at full length, half buried in the long, green grass, and the shadow of overhanging foliage, with the murmuring Willamette at his feet, and the softest of September sunshine peeping at him through the branches overhead, he had deemed himself secure in his isolation from the haunts of men; had reveled in the delicious sense of freedom from all restraint, and in his apostrophic appeal to the spirit of repose, had been as unconscious of the presence of a human auditor, as though buried deep in the coral caves of the sea nymphs. Yet there, not four paces distant, seated composedly on a mossy log, was a figure, robed in a very matter-of-fact looking brown dress, a coronal of bronze-brown hair surmounting a small, well-poised head, and a face of darkened tints, whose sole power of attraction appeared to lie in the odd bits of light and shadow reflected from some hidden flame within, through a pair of clear, earnest brown eyes. All these details, Stanley took in with that first, long, straight stare of astonishment. Yes, she was human—distinctly, unmistakably human. There she sat, looking straight into his wondering eyes, with the shadow of a smile lurking around the corners of her small mouth.

"You are not perceptibly glad of my presence," she remarked composedly, in a clear, bell-like voice.

With a look, strangely mingled, of chagrin, displeasure, and the instinct of common politeness, Stanley slowly arose and bowed, without uttering a word.

Then a laugh, clear and resonant, like the voice, rang out on the drowsy atmosphere.

"Take care! That is nicely done, only you don't look pleased enough. How do you know I am not the beneficent spirit you were so earnestly invoking a moment ago?"

Stanley was silent for a moment, coolly scanning her from head to feet. Then dropping lazily back upon the grass, he smiled skeptically.

"The spirit of repose does not harrow men's souls by sitting and laughing at them, nor does she make them get up and bow to her."

"Indeed?"

"No; she comes like a breath of summer air, laden with the intoxicating fragrance of flowers, and the drowsy hum of bees. Lightly as a thistle-down, she touches brow, and lips, and hair, and tired humanity sinks into the somnolence, the oblivion, of perfect rest."

The brown eyes contemplated him, for a moment or two, reflectively, and in silence.

"Evidently you are a very tired mortal. I imagine you are overworked, and if I may hazard a guess, I should say that your labor has been mental, rather than physical. Your brain power and nervous force are overdrawn, and almost exhausted. Were I your physician, I should prescribe a week's rest, a fishing excursion, or something of the sort, in order to give impoverished nature a chance to replenish her resources."

"A week's rest!" repeated Stanley, almost contemptuously. "As well offer a bite of pickle to a starving wretch! And a fishing excursion! It is plainly evident that you can not conceive utter weariness of the world and all it contains. Why, if a fish were to come to me and beg, with tears in its eyes, to be impaled upon my hook, I could not sum-

mon up sufficient energy to grant its request. No, no; what rest can there be for the mind, but that born of oblivion?"

"Hush!" said his listener, solemnly, "Oblivion means death. Would you court oblivion, at the cost of existence?"

"I scarcely know," he answered, meditatively. "So much depends upon what death really is. I only know that the supreme wish of my heart is that I might close my eyes, this sunny afternoon, only to open them in some realm where care, anxiety, effort and ambition are unknown; where the sweet spirit of repose holds supreme sway, assisted only by such hand-maidens as touch the sensuous nature into fullest and most voluptuous enjoyment. Imagine the unalloyed bliss of an existence in which you could gaze at the yellow orb of day, without having to remember how many millions of miles lay between it and your planet; without harboring a suspicion of the existence of a solar system. Think of being able to inhale the fragrance of sweetest blossoms, without ever dreaming of trying to name and classify them! Think of a fellow clasping to his breast some fair being of his love, and closing his eyes in blissful unconsciousness of such dark shadows as house rent, grocer's bills, and paragonic bottles. Think of—" He paused suddenly, and listened, as he heard, not far away, the shouting of childish voices, and the scamper of small feet among the bushes.

She arose, smiling, and said: "My children are searching for me, and I must bid you adieu."

"Your children!" he echoed, incredulously.

"Yes, my class; I am a teacher, out botanizing with my pupils."

"A teacher! Then you can not be a stranger to weariness. You must know what it is to be tired."

A softened, saddened-light came into the beautiful eyes. "Weariness and I

are indeed no strangers to each other," she answered, slowly. "Often am I tired, often unfortunate, and discouraged; sometimes even discontent throws the shadow of her gloomy wing about me. Yet, friend, never, in my darkest hours, have I known a moment of such unrest as yours. Never have I felt that I would willingly exchange my busy, toiling life, its little joys and sorrows, its hopes, fears, and aspirations, for an existence of idleness and sensuous enjoyment, such as you describe. You are but the chance acquaintance of a moment, yet, somehow, I would fain hear you say, before I leave you, that you will strive to put such recreant fancies from you, ere they pervert the highest and purest impulses of your manhood. What is there in the existence of an idle voluptuary, that is not contemptible? Yet, could your present dream be realized, what would you be but the idlest of voluptuaries? You are weary and worn at present; you must rest—rest long and well. But when you feel the strength of your manhood returning and reasserting itself; when your brain throbs to the birth of new thoughts and fresh impulses; and your veins surge once again with the vigor born of hope and purpose, something very like gratitude to fate will blossom in your heart, that you are still in this world where life is nothing without a battle. In that land of *dolce far niente*, your imagination so fondly pictures, how long, think you, could the kiss of passion, and the lullaby of idleness, hold your soul a captive to your senses? How long ere, like the monarch in manacles, your spirit would chafe beneath the enforced inaction? How long—but there—I must leave you or my whole boisterous band will be upon you, and then farewell to your dreams of *dolce far niente*."

With a smile that seemed to illuminate every feature of the dark, little

face, she turned quickly and disappeared among the trees. Stanley, leaning languidly upon one elbow, looked after her until lost to view, then dropping back upon the grass, stretched himself, once more, full length, drew a long sigh, and muttered—

"A sweet, earnest little woman. But, oh dear! I'm too tired to even wonder who she is. How well she talks; yet how painfully her logic grates upon my weary sensibilities. Pshaw! I'll put her out of my thoughts at once, and forever. She is just the sort of a creature to march forever ahead of a fellow, shouting back 'Excelsior!' until he drop dead in his tracks. And after all, what is the spirit that animates and restrains her? What is the theory that falls in such beautiful shape from her guileless lips? Fallacy; nothing but fallacy; nothing—"

The words died away upon his lips, his eyes closed wearily, and he lay silent. A moment or two passed thus; then he started, and became conscious of some strange, intangible presence near him—a sweet, subtle, caressing presence, that soothed, even while it startled, him. Soft fingers lifted the hair from his throbbing temples, with a touch that sent thrills to the center of his being; a perfumed breath played upon his cheek; a sweet voice sounded in his ear: "You called me, and I am here. Arise, and come with me."

"Who are you?" he cried, starting up and gazing eagerly about.

No form was to be seen, but the thrilling fingers still toyed gently with his hair, and the same voice murmured in reply—

"I am she whom you have this day so earnestly invoked. I am the spirit of repose, come from my distant realm, in answer to your prayer. Poor, weary being, come, and I will give you rest."

A soft hand closed over his in a firm clasp, and yielding to an influence he

had no wish to resist, Stanley arose to his feet. There, beneath the bank, rocking on the sun-lit waves of the Willamette, he saw a fairy-like boat, toward which he felt himself being drawn by that irresistible hand. He was dimly conscious, like one in a dream, of stepping on board, of sinking to rest amid cushions of softest, greenest moss, shaded by a curiously-wrought canopy of strange, tropical-looking branches and leaves. Instantly the boat seemed to dart into the stream, and swept swiftly along, as though impelled by unseen hands, while all familiar scenes fast faded in the blue haze of distance. Then came again the touch of those magic fingers on his brow, and turning, with a sigh of deep content, Stanley pressed his lips to the invisible hand, and straightway sank into the oblivion of a deep and dreamless sleep. How long his slumber lasted, he could only guess from the fact that when he awoke again to consciousness, the foliage-clad shores had disappeared, and the frail boat tossed on the foam-capped waves of the Pacific. He started up, and gazed, almost appalled, at the limitless expanse of restless waters that stretched on either side. But a timely pressure from the unseen hand reassured him, while the musical tones whispered: "Look southward." Turning his eyes in the direction toward which the prow of the little bark pointed, a cry of involuntary delight escaped his lips, for there, just ahead, and directly in their course, lay a beautiful tropical island, nestling in the bosom of the ocean, like an emerald set in a sheet of silver. Rising, in gentle undulations, from the wave-lapped strand, and covered from shore to summit, with the beautiful, luxuriant verdure of the tropics, it was a gem that even the proud Pacific might glory in wearing upon her turbulent breast. Stanley gazed, enraptured, upon the lovely scene, the equal

of which his wildest fancy had never conceived.

"You think it beautiful?" murmured the voice at his side. "That is my realm, over which I reign supreme. It is the fair land of rest, so named by me, in token of the one law by which it is governed—the law of enforced idleness. Fair sir, ere you set foot on those shining sands, tell me, are you prepared to relinquish forever, all the purposes and ambitions of your life? Will you, henceforth and forever, let your brain sleep, and your hand attempt no task but that of caressing the fair objects of your love? Reflect before you reply; for when once your feet have pressed my shores, regrets and backward glances will be in vain. You prayed for rest, eternal rest, at my hands. I have heard and granted your prayer—are you content?"

For one instant, Stanley hesitated, as a small, dark face and tender eyes flitted before his mental vision, while, afar, a pleading voice seemed saying: "What is life without a battle?" Then, with an impatient ejaculation, he turned from the pleading vision.

"Let me have rest, and I care for naught else," he said; and even as he spoke, the keel of the boat grated softly on the glittering sands of the magical island. He felt the soft fingers closing firmly about his own, and heard the low, melodious tones saying—

"Now you are mine for ever more; open your eyes and look upon me."

With a start, he turned, and beheld, close by his side, slowly evolving from space, the lovely, voluptuous form of a woman. And such a woman! If Stanley had ever beheld her counterpart, it had been in dreams alone. Clad only in the radiance of her own transcendent loveliness, she stood before him as proudly unconscious as though clothed in imperial robes. Her long hair shone like burnished gold in the sunlight, as

it swept almost to her dimpled feet, and clung to her beautiful form as though jealously striving to conceal the loveliness it succeeded in enhancing. She looked at him with eyes blue and deep as limpid wells, and Stanley stood enraptured—entranced. She smiled, and a flame leaped up within him, for which he sought not to find a name.

"Come, love, come," she murmured, and sprang to the sun-lit shore. She clung to his hand and led him, a willing captive, over the sands and up the cool, green slopes of her island domain. Winding, flower-bordered pathways led through the bewildering mazes of tropical verdure; bright-plumaged birds sang and swayed on the waving palms; rills of cool, clear water tinkled across the path at every turn, while a subtle fragrance permeated the atmosphere, and sweet æolian music swelled and throbbed with every passing breeze, thrilling the senses and lulling the tired spirit to repose. Hundreds of hammocks swung temptingly amid the cool shadows of the trees, and Stanley observed that many of them were tenanted by graceful, sun-tinted nymphs, as lovely as the being at his side. Trees, laden with strange, delicious fruits, hung low, and cushioned boats rocked invitingly on miniature lakes.

"Well, how do you like it all? How are you impressions? Of what are you thinking?" finally demanded his fair companion, as she paused near the arched entrance to a glittering cavern in the hillside.

"Thinking?" cried he, as his glowing eyes sought hers. "Oh, I can not think; I am lost in wonder, intoxicated with beauty, and tingling in every vein with a delicious sense of obligation to the lovely one who has transported me from a realm of toil and strife and weariness, to this fair haven of rest, this heaven on earth."

The lovely face grew radiant at his words; she drew closer, and murmuring "Love knows no obligation," twined her soft arms about him, and drew him, resistless, into the cool shadows of her cavern palace.

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Was it weeks, months, or years, that elapsed while the recreant knight of the quill lay dreaming the hours away, in the enchanted island of rest? He could not tell; he kept no note of time; he only knew that the days drifted by like a string of shining pearls, and when, at last, there came a pearl that somehow seemed less perfect than its predecessors, he scarcely realized it, but wondered, in a dreamy way, what it was that jarred upon his senses, and pricked uncomfortably somewhere in his inner consciousness. What was it that made him turn from his downy couch, from the clinging arms of his sweet captor, and ask for a book?

"A book!" she echoed, opening her dreamy eyes in sudden alarm. "A book! Dost think we have books in the land of *dolce far niente*? Books are evil things, and not in accord with the spirit that rules here. They arouse the intellect, stir the brain to action, and stimulate poor, foolish humanity into doing many absurd and useless things. In all my fair dominion there is no book, nor anything else that is, in the slightest degree, an emblem of toil or disquietude."

"But," he said, hesitatingly, "I wonder what you do to pass the time away?"

"You wonder what we do?" she echoed again. "Why, love, have you forgotten that this is the land of 'sweet idleness'? We do nothing; we do not pass the time away; we let it pass itself."

"Oh, pardon me; I had forgotten," he said slowly, and very quietly.

But, somehow, he failed to see the arms held caressingly toward him. He left her and wandered away alone, and



wondered why the sunshine had lost some of its golden lustre, and how long he could bear to sit, passively, while the birds sang for him, the flowers bloomed, and all nature was intent upon showing him the beauty of work and the wrong of idleness. At last, he took one of the brilliant tropical birds in his hands, tenderly, and said, with sudden inspiration: "I will transfer your radiant beauty to canvas, and thus make some return for your sweet song." "But when he asked for palette and brush, he was told, with a half-scornful smile, "We do not paint pictures in this land of sweet idleness." So the beautiful bird was reluctantly released, and the canker of discontent grew apace in the heart of our hero.

At length there came a day when, in a fit of idle musing, the old familiar spirit of the editorial sanctum came upon and took entire possession of him, and he conceived an overwhelming desire to "write up" this strange and beautiful land, to which he had been so mysteriously transported; but pens, and paper—where to get them? Experience had taught him the futility of appealing to his fair sovereign, but a rich fund of natural ingenuity soon came to his relief. The distilled juice of a crimson berry was made to serve for ink, and the smooth, pearl-colored bark of a strange tree was easily converted into parchment, while a quill from the wing of a songster made an effective pen. To what use his suddenly-inspired article was to be put, when written, was a question that never entered his calculations. He only knew that the impulse was upon him, and he must write. So he wrote, and wrote, and losing himself in the brilliance of his effort, saw, in fancy, the readers of the *Champion* reveling in his vivid delineations of the wonders of the unknown land, and so engrossed was he with his congenial task, that he heard no warning sound, until suddenly his of-

fended sovereign stood before him with uplifted hands, and face distorted with anger and disapproval.

"Ingrate!" she cried. "How dare you?" and snatching his work from his grasp, threw it over a ledge of rock, far out into the foaming sea.

"How dare I?" he hissed, springing to his feet in hot rebellion. "Woman, beware! lest your galling chains drive me to—to—"

"To what?" she asked tauntingly, as he faltered.

"To kill you!" he growled, with a threatening movement toward her.

"Kill me? Ha, ha; that is good," she shrieked, derisively; and to his utter amazement, she floated away from him, out over the cliffs, hung, for a moment, above the briny waves, then swiftly faded into air, and disappeared.

A cold sweat came out upon his brow, and he sank, trembling, to the ground. "A foul thing of evil, and I in her power," he groaned.

Presently a sound fell on his ear, and he started and listened. It was as if a strangely familiar voice, borne to him upon some pitying breeze, were saying: "What is life without a battle?"

"Aye, what, indeed?" he cried, as he sprang to his feet and dashed wildly to the verge of the cliff. There, not far away, rocking on the waves, was a small vessel, and over her bulwarks leaned a slight, well-remembered figure, with arms held out pleadingly toward him, and the light of an earnest soul shining out eloquently from a pair of clear, brown eyes.

"Come closer," he cried. "Oh, my guiding star, come closer, and take me from this hated bondage."

But even as he spoke, it seemed to him that the welcome vision was receding, rather than approaching. Those pleading arms, still held toward him, were slowly vanishing in distance and

space; and with a wild, frenzied shriek of desperation, he sprang from the cliff, out, far out, into the seething, foaming bosom of the Pacific.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Stanley came down, with a sudden and violent plunge, into the water, it seemed to him that something like an electric shock ran through every nerve and fibre of his being. It was as though a troublesome veil had been suddenly torn from his eyes, and he saw things in a distinctly new light. He was struggling in the water, but, strange to say, the mad waves of the Pacific had been, by some mysterious process, transformed into the placid waters of the Willamette; the glittering cliffs and crags of the island had vanished, and in their stead, he beheld the sloping, green banks of the river; and oh, what a welcome sight it was! With what a thrill of thanksgiving he struck out to reach it.

"Here, catch hold of this branch, and I will pull you ashore," cried a clear, bell-like voice, and he was conscious of a pair of startled brown eyes peering into his, as he was pulled, dripping and bewildered, to *terra firma*.

"What does it all mean?" he asked, as he dropped on the green grass, and stared stupidly across the river.

"That is a question for you to answer," she said, solemnly. "I left a book on the log here, and came back to get it, and just as I approached, you sprang up excitedly, uttered a loud cry, and leaped into the river. If you meant to destroy your life, heaven forgive you."

He looked at her in silence, and appeared to be lost in thought. Suddenly

he astonished her by bursting out into a ringing laugh.

"Do you mean to tell me that it was today you sat on that log and talked to me?" he asked, at length.

"To-day! Why certainly; it was not more than half an hour ago," she replied, eyeing him uneasily, as though beginning to suspect that something was wrong with his mental equilibrium. He laughed again; then said—

"Pardon me, and please don't look at me so. Indeed, I am not an escaped lunatic. I am just an honest, hard working editor, but am the unfortunate possessor of a set of 'nerves,' and an erratic imagination, that sometimes combine to disturb my slumbers. When I plunged into the river just now, I was—sound asleep."

"Asleep!" she echoed, wonderingly, with a smile upon her lips.

"Yes, I have had a strange dream, in which you have had a prominent part. I would like to relate it to you. Will you meet me here tomorrow, at this hour?"

"Yes," she answered, simply; then they shook hands and parted, and Stanley went home to dream all night—not of the beauteous queen of the land of "sweet idleness," but of the small, dark face and earnest eyes that were to be, henceforth, the beacon light of his life.

Two days later, the *Champion* came proudly to the front with a big "double header" on "The Island of Rest," in which the author reproduced, as nearly as possible from memory, the original copy written on the magic island.

CARRIE BLAKE MORGAN.

## MYTHS OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER INDIANS.

### PART FIVE.

THE the sound of the deep, rolling into a feather. He then floated on the thunder, reverberating through the wind, up over and past the thunder god, skies, where there seemed to be no and caused a whirlwind to bring him material substance to produce a concussion, and the flashing of the fiery lightnings, have always been regarded, by unlettered nations, as an indication of the wrath of the gods. The Jupiter of the Romans, Zeus of the Grecians, and Thor of the Scandinavians have their counterpart in the Enumtla, or thunder god, of the Indians. Enumtla, the thunder, was a powerful god, in the wat-tee-tash, or animal, age. His roar sent terror to the heart of every living thing. His searching gaze penetrated from his home in the clouds, to everywhere on the earth. No one could come within range of his vision and escape notice.

When the thunder god saw any one, he immediately spread dark clouds over him, and thundered with such violence that he made the earth tremble, and with one flash of his lightning, he laid his victim dead. All the people were in dread of this great being, and scarcely dared go away from their homes, for fear of being "shot" by the lightning.

Speelyai came along one time and found the people in great consternation, and said to them, "What is the matter? Why are you all so fearful?" They then informed him how they lived in continual dread, and were afraid to go anywhere, or do anything. He then announced his intention of breaking the power of this dreaded god of the storms. Having consulted his sisters, as oracles, he proceeded to the accomplishment of his design, by first transforming himself

into a feather. He then floated on the wind, up over and past the thunder god, and caused a whirlwind to bring him back again. Coming near his antagonist, he settled down upon a dry sunflower stock, from which position he could see the movements of the storm god. During this time, Enumtla had been watching these movements, and kept thinking to himself, "That looks like a feather, and yet it looks like a man." The thunderer then raised himself up, that he might get a better look at Speelyai. Being in doubt, he said, "Perhaps it is only a feather I knocked out of some one the other day, and the wind has blown it here. I will try it with a little rain, and see what it will do."

He accordingly raised himself up and thundered, and sent a shower of rain down upon the little, downy feather, but it did not move. After the rain ceased, all at once, the feather rose up on the wind, and began to peal out thunder and flash lightning and pour down rain. It very much astonished Enumtla, that so insignificant a thing as a feather should attempt to imitate him, and he said to himself, "I thought I was the only thunderer in the world." He then thundered again at the little down, and poured down rain, flashing lightning in derision at this puny antagonist. At this, the disguised god, Speelyai, became very angry, and began to throw out the most terrific peals of thunder, and flashed lightning into the very eyes of the thunder god himself, so much that he began to dodge and blink. In self defense,

the thunderer shot back fierce lightning at Speelyai, sending the fire at his eyes; yet he neither dodged nor winked, but answered thunder with thunders more loud, and lightnings more fierce, which cut a great chasm in the earth. Then the thunder god shot lurid lightnings back, and sent flaming thunderbolts at Speelyai, which tore up the earth around him. He, in turn, answered thunder with thunder more terrific, and lightning with hot thunderbolts, knocking the thunderer from his throne.

The enraged combatants then raised high in the air. There they fought amid the rollings and crashings of thunder, and the demoniac play of forked lightnings and flying thunderbolts, while the clouds darkened the sky and rain deluged the earth with fearful violence.

They came together, at last, in a death grip, in the midst of thick clouds, and tempestuous warring of elements, and thus locked, they fell to the ground, with such momentum that they shook the whole world. Speelyai fell on top of the thunder god, and held him down and began to pummel him with his five war clubs. The thunderer begged for mercy, but Speelyai turned a deaf ear to his pleadings and continued to use his clubs until they were all broken, and then he said, "You will no more make it your business to terrify and kill the people. You may live, and thunder on hot summer days, and may flash lightning, and rain a little, but you will not destroy so many people any more." So, from that day until this, the thunder god has been robbed of his power, and only thunders on hot summer days, and seldom kills any one with his lightnings.

The sun has been conquered, and made to take a subordinate position to that he formerly occupied. In ancient times, this great god of the day used to roam over the earth, in a kind of capricious, self-willed manner, without regu-

larity. He would come so close as to scorch the people, and then he would wander away and leave them freezing in the dark. His home was in a dark cave—probably in the west.

According to the myths of the tribes in the valley of the Upper Snake river, the sun staid away a long time once, and the people were anxiously waiting his return. The hare god, with his family, was sitting by his camp fire and watching for the sun to return, and became so weary that at last he fell asleep, and while sleeping, the sun came so near as to scorch his back. When the hare god awoke, he was very angry, and told his children he was going to fight the sun. He accordingly took his bow and arrows and started to the East, and after a long journey, he at last reached the edge of the world, where the sun came up, and there he waited and watched. After a long time, the sun god was seen coming, when the hare shot an arrow at his face, but the heat was so great that the arrow was consumed. He continued to shoot, and each arrow shared the fate of the first. At last only one was left, and it must do the work, or the mission of the hare god was a failure. In this extremity, he held up the arrow and dropped a tear upon it from his eye. This was the last, the magical, arrow. He put it to his bow, and then drew the string, when it flew straight to the sun's face, and split the orb into ten thousand fragments, scattering them all over the world, setting fire to everything. Then the hare god had to fly before the fire he had made. The earth became hot, and burned off his feet, then his legs, and then his body, but still he continued to go. Finally, nothing was left but the head, which, like the tails of the Kilkenny cats, kept going. Over mountains and valleys, far away, rolling and tumbling through the world went the head of the wonderful rabbit god, until

it finally swelled and burst, when the tears gushed forth and flooded the earth, putting out the fire. The sun god was conquered, and the gods, in grand council, made a law that he should forever travel around the heavens, making day and night and the seasons. A similar myth is related by the Indians of Eastern Washington territory. Each tribe, or clan, has its own version; but among all, there is a similarity.

The moon, according to the Snake Indian astronomers, was manufactured by the whippoorwill. The bird was a god of the night, and needed the light as a matter of business. By some sort of magic, or witch power, the whippoorwill transformed a frog into a full moon, and hung it up, frog side out, for the inspection of the people of the succeeding ages. The Indian says the "frog in the moon," instead of the "man in the moon."

This may remind the reader of the Grecian myth, which says that Leto, wandering with her children from place to place, halted in Lycia by a pool of water. She was parching with thirst, but a lot of rude boors would not permit her to drink, but jumped into the water and stirred it up into mud, whereupon the goddess, in anger, pronounced a curse upon them, saying, "May you live forever in that muddy pool" when, forthwith, the churls were turned into warty frogs. The Indians' philosophy is as good as that of the barbarous Grecians, for, if a woman could turn a lot of men into frogs, the whippoorwill ought to be able to take one of the frogs and of it make a respectable moon.

We have been accustomed to think of the Indian, only as a blood-thirsty savage, delighting alone in cruelty and violence. We have been taught to associate him, in our minds, with the tomahawk and scalping knife. His relation as husband of a wife, as father of little

children, and the head of a family, has seldom entered our thoughts. The Indians at home, around their camp fire, are a cheerful, and in many respects a social, people, and are very fond of story telling. Gathered in a large lodge, a family, or several families, listen for hours to the wonderful stories of the old men and women, or of the prophets and dreamers. These stories consist, largely, of the sayings and doings of the gods, and the events that occurred "a long time ago." They have numerous fairy stories, some of which are as wonderful as the famous Arabian Nights, wherein genii, fairies and wizards are represented as having performed the most marvelous feats. At the touch or will of a god, or enchanter, natural objects or beings were transformed into anything, large or small, animate or inanimate. Vast distances were skimmed over in a moment of time. A child was transformed into a little sprite, so small that it could hide under a lily, or beneath a mussel shell. Mountains, rocks and trees were made to play active parts in their stories. No audience ever listened, with more rapt attention, to a campaign speech, or a camp-meeting sermon, than did these children of the forest and plain, to their old legends and myths.

Up the Natchez river, on the west side, there is a high, bold mountain, which, with the surrounding country, has, in times past, been a famous hunting ground for the Indians. Here on this mountain, in the ancient times, lived old Upsha, the god of the ticks, according to the Yakima zoölogy. He had a large band of deer, mountain sheep, elk, and other kinds of game animals, and all were as tame as dairy cows. When old Upsha wanted venison or elk meat, he could have it without the labor of a tedious and uncertain hunt. Here, thousands of years ago, he was living in

great ease and comfort, and having things all his own way. Speelyai, the Indian god, had a hard time, and a slim bill of fare, depending on what mice, squirrels and gophers he could pick up for a living. Seeing Upsha, the tick god, having so easy a time, he determined to kill him and take possession of his herd of game, and appropriate it to his own use. With this object in view, he went up to the hunting ground, and on reaching the home of old Upsha, he found him engaged in heating rocks and steaming and sweating himself, in his sweat house. The place where the sweat house was, is still pointed out. Speelyai begged permission to enjoy the luxury of a bath, when the tick god complied with his wishes. While Speelyai was inside, steaming and sweating himself, Upsha staid outside and heated rocks and passed them in to the bathing god.

Speelyai found the sudatory made of the body of an enormous deer, the ribs coming down around the sides, instead of the bent poles generally used by the Indians. This was as commodious as the Trojan horse, and the heat from the hot rocks caused the fat to drip down from the ribs upon him, while the odor of the frying grease was so delicious to the hungry Speelyai, that he held up his mouth and caught the dripping fat. It was so good that he was now fully determined to make way with old Tick, and take possession of his herd. While he was meditating on this project, the tick god understood his thoughts, and was ready for the encounter. Speelyai enjoyed the hospitality of Upsha that night, and, during the darkness, attempted to murder his host by choking him. The tick was so thin and flat, that Speelyai's efforts were futile, for when he thought the tick god was dead, and let go his hold, he got up and went to the door, and shouted at his herd of ani-

mals, telling them to fly for life, when they stampeded and ran away. At the same moment, the deer, whose bones formed the frame-work of the house, came to life and started off with a bound, old Upsha, the tick god, clinging to his hair. While being carried off in safety and triumph, at great speed, the tick raised up and shouted back, taunting the discomfited Speelyai, saying, "You can never squeeze a tick to death. If you wanted to kill me, you should have put me on a rock and cracked me with a stone." This made Speelyai exceedingly angry, and he pronounced this curse on Upsha: "You shall never kill and eat any more deer, or other game. You shall be a little, crawling thing, of no strength, more than to suck a little blood from animals." Immediately he became a little tick, of the size of those that exist now, which are his descendants. So the tick has been a blood sucker ever since, clinging to the hair of animals, and is as hard to kill, by squeezing or pressure, as was his progenitor.

According to the mythology of the Indians of the Northwest, the rattlesnake god anciently had three heads and three tails. He was an incessant talker, and boasted of his superior power. His rattles cast a spell over the people, and "made them crazy," and then he swallowed them. Wák-a-poos, or rattlesnake, lived in a fine stone mansion, and came out often to watch and waylay passers by. He was finally "put down" by Speelyai. The Ute Indians have a story, which represents, that once in the "long time ago," a certain witch was pursued by the eagle, and was near being captured, when she fled to her grandfather, the rattlesnake, for protection. The serpent god was basking in the sun, and could offer no assistance or protection. Opening his mouth, the witch ran into it, and into his stomach. This caused him to become nauseated and



very sick, and he retched violently, not succeed. His retchings and writhings were so violent, that he finally crawled out of his skin, leaving the witch encased in his cast-off covering. Not knowing what had become of her, he looked back and cried out, "Where are you, old witch?" She repeated back his words, mockingly, "Where are you, old witch?" Since that time, witches have lived in the cast-off skins of snakes, and have mocked the passers by, repeating over their exact words. White people call these mocking sounds echoes. The Indians attribute echoes to the tauntings of witches in the snake skins. We find that the Indians have some way of accounting for all the works or phenomena of nature, and for every peculiarity in them, so that his mythology becomes his philosophy and cosmogony.

We read, in the mythology of the Greeks, of the many headed Hydra, the three-headed Cerberus, who was the watch dog of Hades or Orcus. The Klikitats and Chinooks have a myth, in which horned dogs figure. Ages ago, Speelyai was traveling in Oregon, and came across a man who had a wonderful horned dog. The dog was so fierce, that it was with difficulty that its owner prevented him from biting even the Indian god himself. Speelyai did not feel pleased with the encounter, and studied up a plan to get rid of the dreadful canine. To accomplish his purpose, he resorted to a peculiar artifice. The evening after meeting this stranger and his dog, Speelyai took a little piece of mud, or clay, and made of it, by some sort of magic, a dog much more wonderful and mighty than the one-horned prodigy. Speelyai's dog had two horns, and was therefore one horn ahead of the other. Taking his dog to the other man, he proposed that the two dogs test their strength by fighting. The man was

afraid, seeing that the new dog had two horns, and was very savage. "Well then," said Speelyai, "let us see whose dog can tear down that cliff." So the man sent his dog at the cliff, but he returned, after tearing down only a few rocks. Speelyai then sent his dog out, when he tore the cliff down level, at one blow of his horns. Speelyai then offered to trade even, but the man refused. "Well then, let us fight them," said Speelyai. The man was now more afraid than ever. Speelyai then said, "Your dog can't dig up the ground like mine." The man sent his dog out, but he tore up a small hole in the ground, and then quit, when Speelyai sent his dog to see what he could do, when he tore up the earth furiously, making great rents in it. Then Speelyai made another offer to trade, which was accepted. Having traded, he took the one-horned dog and departed out of the country. The man thought he had made a remarkable bargain, in getting a two-horned dog for one with one horn.

He felt very proud of his new acquisition, and amused himself by sending it to tear down great mountains. The dog had made four remarkable exhibitions of his power in this way, and the new owner sent him out the fifth time against a great stone wall, when lo! it did not tumble down, as the others had before, and the dog suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. When he ran up to butt the cliff down, he stuck fast and was gone—*charko halo*. The man went up to investigate the matter, and found no dog—only a small piece of mud, stuck fast to the rocks. The magical two-horned dog was *non est*, and the man had nothing but a little lump of soft clay to show for his wonderful prodigy. His loss was the people's gain, for they were now permitted to live in peace. What Speelyai did with the one-horned dog, the story does not recite.

Although it has been a good many years since the first settlement of this country, and the whites have been surrounded with Indians most of the time, they know but little about them. The relentless march of civilization will soon bear away before it the Indian, with his legends and traditions. I, with many others, regret to see the tendency to substitute new names, for the euphonious Indian titles, to various localities. We have taken the Indian's lands, and driven him from his home; and it is as little as we can do, to perpetuate the names he has given to the mountains, valleys, rocks and rivers he loved so well, and fought so hard to defend.

There is much of the grand and beautiful in the scenery of the far Northwest, and connected with many of the scenes, are myths and legends, which, in future years, would be read with absorbing interest. If we could place in the hands of the tourists, who will flock to this country, guide books, or descriptions of our scenery, with the ancient legends connected therewith, we would greatly enhance the pleasure of gazing on the scenes. Could we see the country as the Indians see it, through the light of wondrous legends, that have come down to them from the past, it would seem to us, not only as home, but as the land of magic, of spirits, and of genii. The mountains, rivers, lakes, rocks, and widening and winding valleys, would open up to our vision as the home of fairies, the land of marvels, the battle-field of gods, and the scenes of wonderful enactments in a dim and misty past. There would linger round each beauteous spot, a magic spell, that would heighten interest and deepen our love for this favored land of the Pacific Northwest.

With the scream of the iron horse, and clack of the mill or factory, the Indian, with his romances, fades away like the mists, and is gone. The onward tread of the invincible Anglo-Saxon sweeps relentlessly away the present, and with the present, the past and the hope for the future, of the poor aborigine.

There is something pathetic in the fate of the Indian. For unknown ages, his race has struggled alone, on a continent isolated from the civilization of the East. He has wrestled with the problem of destiny, with no guiding star, and at last yields his country, to be a home for strangers, and goes out of existence as a race, without leaving even so much as a history behind him. The plowshare of the pale-face has turned the sod over the graves of his fathers. A few names attached to scattering localities, a few rude characters carved on the walls of nature's battlements, a few mysterious mounds, and we have all that is left to tell of the centuries of a nation's ambitions, struggles, sufferings, migrations and final ruin. All that is known of the hopes, fears, loves, battles, intellectual, physical and moral life of uncounted millions of human beings, that have lived in this country, might almost be recorded with a single drop of ink, and then the history closes and oblivion engulfs all the rest. The Indian's home is gone, his kindred are buried, the web of fancy pictures, that formed his religion and philosophy, is broken; he has no faith in those who have crushed and ruined him, and there is nothing left for him to do but to die; and he is told, in the grim humor of the cowboy creed, that an Indian is never good until he is dead.

G. B. KUYKENDALL, M. D.

## A TALE OF IDAHO.

THERE lived at Atlanta, Idaho, a few years ago, a plain, unassuming man, named Billy Lovelace. He was not very tall, but of rather an attractive appearance; dark hair, dark complexion, and beautiful gray eyes. His countenance showed honesty and mildness, and yet it was not difficult to observe that he was a man of determination and firmness of character.

Ella Dixon struck his fancy, and their acquaintance was not of long duration, when their evening strolls along the banks of the Boise were quite frequent. Ella was rather small of stature, neat in dress, light blonde, easy and intelligent in conversation, and the light hair hung in waves down her waist. She was not what some might call beautiful, but made handsome by gentle manners and easy grace. It would be futile to attempt to give the conversations of the two lovers, as they oft repeated vows of constancy, and painted mind pictures of the future in store for them. Little did they think, or realize, that the pure, sparkling waters of the mountain stream, while darting from rock to rock, were passing slowly, but surely, down to mingle with those less pure, to become more and more contaminated, until, at last, would be submerged by the impurities of the mighty deep; that the beautiful sunsets would fade away to give room for night. There were no thoughts of the deceiving appearances of nature, as they gazed at the shadows of the towering cliffs of granite, growing longer and longer, as if reaching out for them in their silent gloom. None of these things

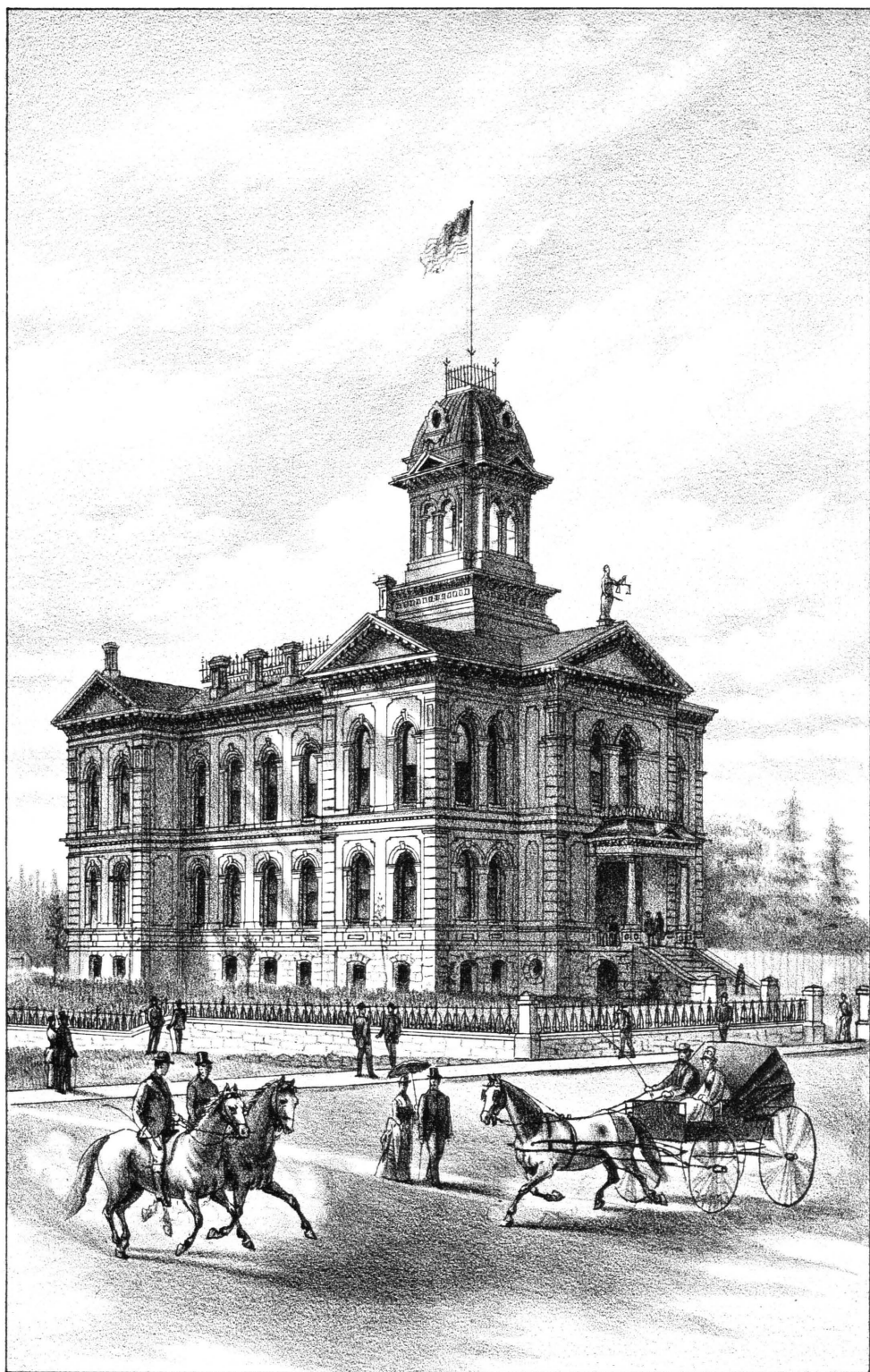
disturbed their oft repeated whispers of love. That the beautiful flowers and laurel, sending their incense invisibly through the pure air, over the mountains and plateaus, were only to remain for a short time, and then to return to earth, there to remain till the breath of life brought them into existence the next spring, was not fully realized. Their minds were only occupied with visions of beauty, happiness, and bright anticipations of the future.

It was after one of their pleasant evening walks, that Billy kissed his affianced "good-night and pleasant dreams," at the gate of the parsonage, and started on his return to the cozy little cottage where he expected to realize the pleasures of a home. While passing a saloon—one of those mountain grog shops—he was aroused from the sweet thoughts chasing each other through his meditative mind, by loud and boisterous talking of a few drinking men inside. Following a natural instinct of the human mind, he approached near to the door and listened. Such expressions as these fell upon his ear: "Close the other eye!" "Hit 'im again!" "Golly, but don't he squirm?" "Guess he'll learn a trick or two!" etc. Amidst the loud talking, Billy could hear a voice pleading to the men to desist. He could stand it no longer. His honest heart was always beating for justice, and his arm ready to defend the right. Rushing in, he realized the situation at a glance. Three or four men were beating an old wood-chopper unmercifully; and he was not slow in bringing his heavy mahoga-

ny cane into requisition, and, with the manly assistance of this peacemaker, soon cleared the room of the ruffians. The victim was found to be Josephus Sycamore, better known as "Old Syc." Many a night he slept in the old log cabin used as a jail by the constable of the precinct. He was a rather tall man, wore a hat about three sizes too small, a canvas suit, and had a peculiar smile on his face when invited to "take something." He was taken to Billy's house, the blood washed from his face, and presented with a new suit of substantial, but not costly, clothes. After a rambling soliloquy, in which revengeful expressions figured prominently, he dozed off into a deep sleep.

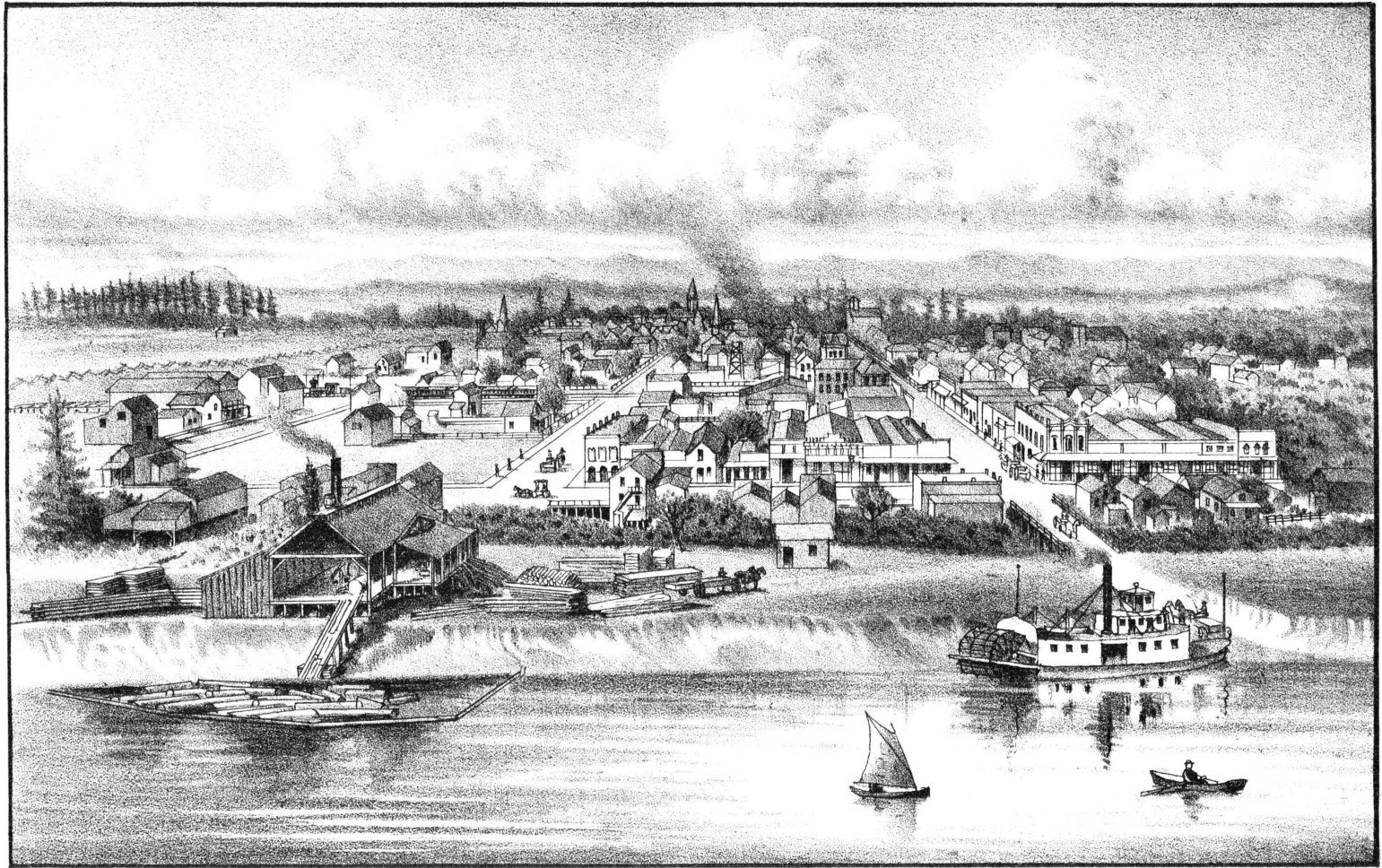
Early next morning, Saturday, a warrant of arrest was served on Billy, but as none of the men attacked by him had been seriously hurt, he was allowed freedom on his own recognizance until the hour of trial, which was set for 10:00 o'clock the same day. It was a beautiful morning; the flowers sent their perfume through the gentle breeze, and the birds were twittering in the treetops. But a change had come over Billy's mind. He was uneasy. While knowing that the act of the night before was a just one on his part, he couldn't help but feel the stigma of being put under arrest on a criminal charge. When the hour for trial arrived, the court room was filled, and the prisoner imagined that as he saw the men whispering together, they were commenting unfavorably on his position. Becoming more excited as time went on, he lost that self-control and composure that an innocent man was expected to maintain. Two jurymen were rejected by the court, for having formed and expressed an unqualified opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner, which caused Billy to show additional signs of uneasiness. He imagined that the finger of scorn was

pointing at him from all directions, for engaging in a drunken row that did not concern him. Through expert cross examination by the prosecuting attorney, he was several times inveigled into contradicting some of his own statements. When "Old Syc" was called, he was still under the influence of the debauch of the night before, and made a very bad impression. After the testimony was all taken, the judge looked very grave. He was rather small of stature, knew no law, but had a wonderful amount of cunning when contemplating his individual interests; and as he sat gazing at the prisoner, one eye seemed to be censuring him, while the other seemed imploring the heavens for mercy. It would not have been unreasonable to accuse him of catering to the rough element, who had got worsted in the affray, and at the same time making an effort to gain a reputation among the law-abiding citizens, as being a terror to criminals. This is the rule, not the exception, among petty politicians, and the judge had never been accused of being an exception. After a few moments, the painful silence was broken, as His Honor arose and began to address the jury, which was composed of men who had a wonderful amount of confidence in the legal ability of the judge. I will not give his language, but simply state that he informed the jury that he knew more law than any of them, and that under the statutes of Idaho Territory, the prisoner was guilty of an unwarranted and unprovoked assault with a deadly weapon, with intent to do great bodily harm, and that the majesty of the law must be maintained. Without leaving their seats, the jury rendered a verdict of guilty, as instructed by the court. The judge again arose, and in a graver tone, requested Billy to arise, which he did, to listen to a long and tedious lecture on the disgrace of being convicted of a



OREGON-CLACKAMAS COUNTY COURT HOUSE, OREGON CITY.





OREGON - GENERAL VIEW OF INDEPENDENCE.



criminal act by twelve of his peers—citizens of the United States. The fine was placed at \$100.00 and costs; but as the prisoner had previously borne a good reputation, the fine would be remitted, provided he paid the justice's and constable's fees, which he did, and was released.

Billy returned to his little cottage heart-broken, and on the way, he was shunned and stared at by the better class of citizens, while the hoodlum element greeted him with jeers. He sat down in front of the door, and contemplated the proceedings of the past twenty-four hours. He knew he could not be wrong, and drew consolation from the fact that he had saved a fellow being from being very badly, if not fatally, beaten. But thoughts of Ella were continually passing through his mind, and he could draw no consolation from the beautiful sunset, or the fragrance of the flowers. He was often, during the night, startled from his heavy sleep, by queer dreams and dark visions, and on Sunday morning he promptly answered the call of the church bell, as its clear tones were reëchoed from hilltop to valley. The Rev. Dixon—Ella's father—occupied the pulpit; but Ella, for the first time since he had formed her acquaintance, was not there. The minister delivered a long and exhaustive sermon, dwelling for some time on the duties young men owed to themselves, and their responsibilities to God. Many instances were given in illustration of the unwary entering upon lives of degradation and crime, by associating with the lower classes and the depraved. It was clearly shown that men should be judged by the company they keep; that, for a time, a bad man may deceive his associates and the religious people of the community, but the eye of God sees all; in time, these deceptive men would surely drift back to their old associates, and all

could see guilt stamped on their brows. It was divinely well that such things should be. An eloquent appeal was made to parents not to allow their daughters to associate with a man, until his character was thoroughly shown by long acquaintance. His disposition should also be thoroughly studied, because a combative man would surely make a domineering husband, and in a short time the nuptial knot would be severed in sorrow and disgrace.

Billy felt relieved when the congregation arose to sing the doxology, after which he returned home, thinking sometimes of trying to procure an interview with Ella, but could not summon up sufficient courage to make the attempt. Visions of scorn and contempt were continually the hindrance. Thus nearly a week passed. Loss of sleep and sorrow, combined, gave him a pale complexion, and at times there was a mad stare in his eyes. "Old Syc" still remained with him, and did all in his power to console his troubled mind. He would talk of the silver lining to every black cloud, and make comparisons, always referring to himself as the "unlucky individual, who had lived for years on the fragrance of flowers and mountain scenery." Billy could already recognize fine traits of character in the rustic form, and felt better in mind when they were together.

One pleasant evening, when they were walking together, and "Old Syc" was trying to appear cheerful, men were seen walking the streets with more activity than was usual, and on making inquiry, they learned that the Bannock Indians were again on the war-path, murdering men, women and children, in their brutal and inhuman manner. A public meeting was soon called, and a roll was placed on a table, to be signed by all who were willing to start on a hazardous expedition. Men gave their experiences

of Indian fighting in exaggerated and exciting stories, and "Old Syc" was "wild fur scalps." He and Billy were the first to call on the president of the meeting to put their names down. Charley Wright was elected captain, and as Billy had an old cornet, he was chosen bugler. The instrument was false, having been cracked, but it was good enough.

Early next morning, over fifty mountaineers—brave men, and all mounted—were on their way toward the headwaters of the South Boise, to which point the Bannocks were reported heading. On leaving town, Billy kept blowing the reveille on the instrument, to "get a lip," as he expressed himself, and those who remained in town listened to the notes, as they were carried on the gentle breeze, till they died away in the distance.

As the little, but determined, company were pressing forward, about noon, two of the scouts, who had been sent ahead, returned and reported pony and moccasin tracks. The men pressed forward, eagerly watching the bluffs for signal smokes, and expecting to be fired upon at any moment. But none could be seen. About 3:00 o'clock they found two ponies with the hoofs of the feet cut off. They had given out, and the brutal act had been committed by the fiends to prevent their being of any use to those who should find them. The old mountaineers pressed forward more vigorously than ever, anxious to hear the war-whoop; but the day passed, and not an Indian or signal was seen. Captain Wright, realizing the liability of an attack at any moment, gave orders for the horses to be kept in readiness to be used the moment the bugle sounded; guards were placed on all sides of the little band, and those who were not on duty lay down to rest, using the wild hay of the creek bottom to shield their bodies

from the dampness of the ground. Billy was stationed at the head of the canyon, about fifty yards from camp, and ordered to blow the call to arms in case of an attack. The rippling of the little stream below filled his heart with sad recollections of the past, and the deep peals of thunder, from an approaching storm, spoke words of terror to his mind. As the brilliant lightning displayed the clouds, unfurling like banners in the sky, he thought of "Old Syc's" quotation, "There is a silver lining to every dark cloud."

It was on one of those pleasant evenings in August, that Ella was sitting in her room, gazing at the beautiful sunset. The shadows of the high granite cliffs were growing longer and longer, as if to cover her life with gloom and darkness. The sweet incense of the beautiful flowers came with every breeze, as if to bring back sorrowful memories of the past; and the rippling of the waters seemed to repeat the reveille of poor Billy's cornet. She loved her father, as a true, faithful daughter should, yet she dreaded the interview when the subject of her engagement to Billy would come up. Why it was that he had not ventured to approach the subject, she could not understand. She dreaded it, because she loved Billy as herself, and could not believe that he was guilty of the crime for which the majority of the people of Atlanta were severely censuring him. While thus meditating on the past, with dark clouds of the future rolling before her mind's vision, her aged father, with signs of a troubled mind marking his face, and exhibiting some nervousness, entered. He was moved with pity as a tear passed over Ella's flushed cheek. She invited him to sit beside her, and for a few moments not another word was spoken. Ella knew it remained with her to approach the sub-

ject, and broke the silence by asking—

“Did you come in to talk to me of Billy?”

“Yes, my darling, I wanted to warn you, and beg of you not to keep company any more with Billy Lovelace, should he return. I would like to tell you all about his conduct last week, the very bad company in which he was found, and—”

“Oh, father, don’t mention it. I know all, and can’t believe that he is as bad as you think.”

“But his degraded turn of mind has come to light, and if you are a christian—”

“I don’t want to hear any more about the affair. I didn’t see the affray, of course, and must hear Billy’s side of the story before discarding him. Then if I think him unworthy, I will give you the answer you are now trying to force me to give. I will not listen to any more abuse of him until I see him myself. There!”

“Then I will leave you for the present. It is now bed time, and you should retire, but do not close your eyes without first praying to God for guidance and enlightenment to do right. He will give you strength to preserve the good reputation of your parents, and save yourself from shame, if you will pray fervently to Him for help. An honest prayer is always answered. Good-night, and may God be with you.”

Ella heard the door close after her father, but did not stir for an hour. She was praying earnestly to be relieved from trouble, but the more she prayed, the clearer the vision of Billy was set in her mind. Midnight had passed before she fell into a sleep. Then she dreamed of thunder storms, dark canyons on each side of a desolate divide, saddled horses standing around, men standing in the rain, and an Indian camp opposite them, all revealed by repeated flashes of light-

ning, as it leaped from the heavens to the earth. As daylight approached, and the scene was before her vision, men on horseback were hurrying to and fro, Indians appeared in hundreds on the divide, and rifle shots were heard in quick succession. Then the bugle sounded the retreat, and men disappeared among the crags and in the timber. Billy was dragged from his horse and carried to the timber by four of the brutal Ban-nocks.

Ella awoke with a start, and it was only a dream. She prayed again; but the more she appealed to God in her feverish mind, the more vivid the scene appeared, and the clearer the sound of the cornet rang in her ears. It was daylight, and she soon arose. The scene was so perfectly impressed on her, that she believed her mind had wandered to the camp of volunteers, and she wrote a description and sealed it in an envelope, which she handed to her father at the breakfast table, exacting a promise not to open it until her permission was obtained.

Late in the evening, the men commenced returning by ones and twos, “Old Syc” being among the first. As was usual on exciting occasions, he accepted many invitations to “take something,” and by evening he was feeling the liquor, but not enough to deprive him of his senses. When the meeting was called to order by the captain, “Old Syc” was appointed to relate the details, which honor he was glad to accept. It was a repetition of Ella’s dream of the morning before, which it is not necessary to rehearse. Suffice it to say that he declared vengeance for the loss of Billy, who, he said, must by this time be a chunk of burned flesh and bones, in a pile of smoldering ashes, somewhere on Salmon river, as he saw the Ban-nocks capture him. He was the only one who did not answer to roll call, and

with a unanimous voice, after "Old Syc" had finished his narrative, the old mountaineers were in favor of starting on the second expedition early the next morning. The roll was again spread upon the table, and was considerably increased. To add his mite in the campaign, the Rev. Dixon walked slowly up, took the pen in his hand and was ready to sign, when "Old Syc" said—

"Don't sot her down, parson; you stay home and pray for poor Billy, and us old toughs 'll gather in the scalps."

The Rev. Dixon returned home with a better opinion of "Old Syc" than he had ever entertained before, although it was a pity he drank. Preparations for the expedition were completed early the next morning.

About 9:00 o'clock the volunteers were ready to start, and in the absence of a bugler, "Old Syc" waved his hat and gave the command to march, and the men were greeted with three hearty cheers from the people of Atlanta, which was responded to by a war-whoop, as the horses started off on a gallop. "Old Syc" yelled out at the top of his voice:

"Every one of us fellers what don't get a scalp to pay for Billy in the first fight, will never say 'here' to another roll call."

Rev. Dixon eyed him curiously, and thoughtfully returned to the parsonage. He was meditating on human character, and wondered how so worthless a drunkard as "Old Syc" could express such brave and religious sentiments. Having never associated with that class of men, and consequently not knowing how easy it is for humanity to wander from the path of righteousness, he could not be expected to understand it. During the day, he walked with Ella along the river bank to console her, but not a word was spoken of Billy. That would only bring back recollections that he wished to lie

dormant. In the evening Ella entered her room, and some time after dark, as she had not appeared in the dining room, her mother entered the chamber, but Ella was apparently sleeping, and she thought it best not to disturb her. Next morning she did not appear at the usual time, and Mrs. Dixon again went to the room to wake her, but soon discovered that she had been deceived by an effigy. Search was made on the premises, but no trace could be found of her. The neighbors were then notified of her absence, and a general search was instituted. Men, women, and even children, were hurrying over hillside and along the river bank, but not a clue as to her mysterious absence could be found. Rev. Dixon now longed for "Old Syc." He had already formed enough confidence in the old wood chopper's acuteness and energy, to believe that with his assistance, it might be possible to recover at least her form, cold though it might be, in death. Thus days passed, and all hopes of again seeing Ella alive, had vanished. Earnest prayers had not been answered, and the continued search proved fruitless.

Just after sunset on the evening of the first day's march, a halt was called on the divide between the Salmon and Boise rivers, where the previous engagement had taken place, and search was instituted for the remains, or any traces, of Billy. The grave faces of the old mountaineers told too plainly that no success had attended them. Captain Wright gave orders that the horses be staked out and camp made for the night. On the following morning camp was struck at the first dawn of day, and the expedition was on its way down the Salmon, moving with great caution. The heavy storms of the past few days had obliterated all traces of the direction taken by the savages, and the men again

camped, in a thick forest a mile from the river. It was concluded to send out some of the most expert mountaineers beyond the limit of the storms, which appeared to have been confined to the summits of the mountains, to search for the Indian trail. "Old Syc" wanted the honor of being the most successful scout, and did not inform any of the men of the lay of the Cape Horn country. He knew that many old Indian trails united in the west end of that valley, and chose that point as his field of search. He rolled up a sufficient supply of food, in his overcoat, for a two or three days' search, and tied it upon the back of his saddle, and was soon out of sight. Traveling all day without observing a trail or signal, he camped near some warm springs by the river bank, where he rested very comfortably for a short time, and then continued his march. By daybreak he was on Valley creek, and only twenty miles from the objective point. While riding along, all the while thinking of poor Billy, and meditating on how happy he would be should his benefactor be recovered alive, sounds, as if some one were singing Billy's bugle call in the distance, greeted his ears. He listened a moment, but nothing could be heard, save the wind sighing as it passed through the treetops. Again he started, and again the singing could be heard as before, and certainly it was not Billy's voice. Dismounting and tying the horse, he sat down and listened. The third time the call was heard, and appeared to be ahead, among a few scattered bowlders, which had rolled down from the mountain side. Soon a human form rose up, and with the aid of his field glass, he ascertained that it was not that of an Indian, and that the person was also looking through a glass. In a few moments more they had clasped hands. "Old Syc" said—

"Well, pard, you're a pretty nice

lookin' young feller, but durn the luck, yer ain't Billy. That's my chum what the d—d scoundrels took on the head of South Boise last week. Our company of volunteers is camped on the Salmon, and you'd better j'in 'em when we git back, fur its a skittish country out here jest now. Come along with me to Cape Horn, and tomorrow we'll be on our way back. Will yer come? By jingo, yer a bright lookin lad."

"Yes, sir, I will join your party, as I have been looking for you. I am also in search of Billy," and as the broad-brimmed hat was raised, long tresses of beautiful hair fell upon the shoulders of Ella Dixon.

"Well, durn my buttons, if yer ain't a brick! Now let's go, and as yer ain't got no horse, jest ride mine, and I'll walk."

"Mr. Sycamore, Billy was alive when the Bannocks passed down this valley, and we must find him. Here is letter I found pinned to a bush by the side of the trail. I did not take the liberty of opening it, as it is addressed to you."

"Sorry to say it, Miss, but I can't read; open it and read it to me."

"Here is the address: 'Give this to Josephus Sycamore, better known as Old Syc, of the Atlanta volunteers.'"

"Open it quick, Miss; that's him, sure, and he writ that to me."

She read—

*To Old Syc, and the Rest of the Boys:*

Can't write much, as I am with the Bannocks. I will just say that they are keeping me for their bugler, and think it a fine thing. Have taught them several of the calls. You will hear my old cornet in the first engagement. Don't shoot at the man on a white horse, with a brown blanket around his body, because that will be Billy Lovelace. If the devils kill me, give my love to Ella Dixon, and tell her my last thoughts were of her. Will be in the Sheep mountain country several days. I will escape to you when an opportunity offers.

Your true friend,

August 29, 1878.

BILLY LOVELACE.



"Hurrah for Billy!" cried "Old Syc," "im to the gang, an' I'll bet he'll make a throwing up his hat. "Miss, d—n me if we don't have that lover o' yours before another week. If you only knowed how he talks about yer, a sayin' what a fine gal you are, but daren't see you since he saved a poor drunkard's life, why, yer would marry him in a minit, if the hull world would git down on yer for it. His heart's bigger'n that there mountain." "Old Syc's" remarks had the effect to brighten up Ella's spirits, and she expressed a desire to go with him immediately to camp, but he replied—

"No, you stay here and let me go an' git the boys. It'll save time, you know. Thar's plenty o' grub in that overcoat. I'll leave it, an' you jest hide here till I git back."

"That is good; but promise not to let any of the men know who I am. Tell them I am a young man from Boise City."

"I'll do it, Miss, an' I'll bet my life that we git Billy all right."

Mounting his horse, he waved goodbye, and was soon out of sight, on his way to the volunteer camp. All day long Ella mused on the now strong hopes for Billy's recovery, and her heart would beat for joy to know that he loved her so dearly. "Old Syc" had taken the letter with him, but she remembered every word it contained. Ella had traveled day and night since leaving Atlanta, only resting for short intervals, and this night she wrapped Billy's overcoat around her and slept well. About 9:00 a. m. the next day, while she sat musing on the beauties of nature, and her soul yearning to meet Billy, she saw moving objects in the distance. Raising her field glass, she saw the volunteers were rapidly approaching. On arriving, "Old Syc" yelled out, in his usual boisterous manner—

"Here's the little chicken. We'll add

'im to the gang, an' I'll bet he'll make a good one. Come on, young feller, here's a horse all saddled and ready. Jump on quick, 'cause we don't want any stoppin' on your account. In a moment Ella was in the saddle and the men pressed forward. They were all excited and determined to run the red fiends down as soon as possible. Some were betting on who would return with the most scalps; some were telling stories of fights with the Indians long since forgotten; others were relating instances of the most barbarous and inhuman cruelty practiced on those who fell into their hands at an unfortunate moment.

After a quick march of ten or twelve miles to the northwest, the old Cape Horn cabin was reached. This cabin had been erected for the use of packers and travelers, during the Loon creek excitement, in 1870. Here the men halted for lunch, and to allow their tired horses to rest for an hour. One of the men spied an envelope in a crack of the cabin, and opening it, saw it was from Billy. He mounted a bowlder outside of the cabin, and read the following to the anxious ears around him:

Go ten miles northwest. We will remain a few days just under the cliff on the east bank of middle fork of the Salmon. Don't shoot at the man on the white horse. That will be me, and you will hear the calls on the same old cornet. Tell "Old Syc" to give my love to Ella Dixon, at Atlanta, if the devils take into their heads to murder me.

BILLY LOVELACE.

Aug. 30, about midnight.

As it was dangerous to advance further during the day, the animals and men remained at the cabin during the afternoon, and evening found them all well rested. After dark, so that they could more easily escape the observation of scouts who might be lurking around the high mountains, the little band mounted and moved cautiously forward. "Old Syc" kept near Ella, who, although she appeared perfectly calm, was

as anxious as any of the men, to bring on a spirited engagement as soon as possible. She felt it in her heart that God would carry them forward to victory, and was continually guessing, in her mind, what Billy would think of her costume, which consisted of a broad-brimmed hat, blouse, overalls, heavy boots and spurs. Occasionally she would turn to "Old Syc" and ask—

"Mr. Sycamore, do you really think he will know me?"

Between 12:00 and 1:00 o'clock in the morning, one of the scouts halted the men and stated that the advance guard had concluded to reconnoiter, as they must be very near the Indians. Ella went ahead with "Old Syc," and they had not traveled far before she suddenly raised her rifle, and was about to fire, when her comrade grabbed the gun and prevented her pulling the trigger. She was, by this time, a little nervous, being somewhat excited. In a moment they heard a low whistle, in imitation of the reveille on Billy's cornet, and "Old Syc" advanced, ordering Ella not to leave the spot till he returned. As he stepped forward he answered the call, and in a few moments the two warm friends, who had become acquainted under peculiar circumstances but a short time before, were grasping hands. After a few hasty congratulations, Billy commenced to give "Old Syc" some "pointers."

"Down there under that bluff, about a quarter of a mile below us," said Billy, "the main Bannock force, over three hundred warriors, are camped. Above them a narrow bench extends, but a short distance below there is a narrow gorge, through which the river is beat into a regular foam while passing. I have taught the Indians a call for retreat up the river, and another in case they were to retreat down, in case of an attack. I taught them the call for charge several days ago, but of course shall not

use it. You tell all the boys not to shoot at me. I will be wrapped up in a gray blanket, riding a pure white horse."

"But, Billy, aren't ye a goin' to stay with us? Why, we wouldn't think of losin' you."

"No, I am going back to camp now, before they miss me. Your plan will be to arrange a large number of men along the bar above, and a good number on the cliffs. When daylight comes, let those on the cliffs commence the fight, then the men above must charge with a yell. Just then I will blow the cornet for the scoundrels to retreat down the river, and fall off of my horse, just as if I had been shot dead. When you get them started, they will go right down to destruction. Good luck, Syc,' and Billy disappeared in the dense darkness.

"Old Syc" went back to Ella and related the interview. Between anxiety for dawn to appear, and her intense love for Billy occupying her mind, she hardly realized the lay of the ground as it was explained to her. They called the men together, and Billy's plans were submitted. They were so readily accepted, that Captain Wright soon had them stationed, and everything in readiness to open the engagement as soon as it became light enough to see the rifle sights plainly. As daylight advanced, the savages began to move about, and were evidently preparing to send out their usual scouts, when a good volley of balls was sent into their camp. In a few minutes, and while the fight between the bluffs and the bar was waging warm, an old-time war-whoop was heard, and men were charging the Bannocks from above, "Old Syc" at the head, yelling at the top of his voice. Then the sound of the cornet was heard, the Indians retreated down the river, and the slaughter commenced. The sound of the cornet caused Ella's heart to beat rapidly and her blood to boil.

All thoughts of the dangers of battle disappeared from her mind, and she rushed forward, repeating "Old Syc's" war-whoop. On reaching the gorge, the Indians were panic stricken. They realized that their only possible show of escape was down the river, and rushed forward. The men sent the leaden missiles after them as rapidly as their guns could be loaded. In his excitement, "Old Syc" dismounted and scalped a wounded Indian during the most dangerous part of the engagement. Ella saw Billy fall and was soon by his side, where she remained during the charge. Some of the Indians were killed at the commencement of the engagement, but the main slaughter was when the gorge caused a halt in the retreat. Some escaped down the river, and a few were drowned in the foaming waters. Then the shots were less frequent, till in a few minutes none could be heard. The men were called together by Billy's bugle call, to ascertain whether any had been killed. Two, only, did not answer to their names, and on searching through the crags, both were found to be dead. Several were wounded, but not too seriously to travel. While Dr. Pitts was dressing their wounds, the men were peeling scalps from the heads of the dead Indians, and "Old Syc" succeeded in "ornamenting" his belt, as he called it, with five. From one of the chiefs, who had been killed in the beginning of the fight, he succeeded in securing a handsome string of beads and an elegant belt, which he presented to Ella. A great many guns and a large amount of ammunition, moccasins, etc., were secured, and after a rest of two or three hours, the two victims of savage bullets were buried, with considerable ceremony. The supposed young man from Boise was chosen to deliver the funeral sermon, which was really affecting. It was filled with forgiveness of human

faults, and pathos, and wound up by saying that God knows all our actions, and prayed for the lately-flown souls to be received in heaven.

When the men were again in the valley, marching toward Salmon river, Billy rode up along side of "Old Syc," and said—

"Say, when we get to Atlanta I will keep out of sight. You go straight up to the parson's and hand that letter to Ella, and report to me what she says—will you?"

"Can't do it; 'cause that young feller thar found the letter, and I promised him he could keep it to remember you by."

"He's a bright lookin' lad; I guess he can keep it."

"He must keep it. I told him he could, and I know he wouldn't part with it fur a mine. An' I made a promise, too, that your heart was bigger'n a mountain, an' you'd invite him to live with us when we got home agin. You ain't goin' to break my word fur me, are ye."

The invitation was promptly given, and as promptly accepted. During the remaining part of the journey, "Old Syc" managed to keep the two at considerable distance from each other, and after a pleasant journey of another night and day, Atlanta was reached.

The Rev. and Mrs. Dixon anxiously sought interviews with volunteers, as they stood on the street corners relating incidents of the fight. On being told of Ella's mysterious disappearance, and questioned as to whether they could give any clue as to her whereabouts, all shook their heads. At last the reverend gentleman espied "Old Syc," who had become quite talkative, having "drinked with the boys a few times," and accosted him. The same old story was told, and the same question asked.

"Why," replied Syc, "that gal o'

yourn ain't dead. She's got too much sense to kill herself. She's got a firm mind, that gal has, and I'll bet I can trace her up before bed time. Here's Billy, now. Of course you heard all about us savin him, and it was through this feller here. By the way, parson, he preached the funeral sermon on the two fellers what lost their scalps, and don't git mad when I tell yer he's lots better a preacher than what you are. Say, parson, let's go up to your house and talk this thing over. D—d if I don't find her."

A sympathetic flash passed through Rev. Dixon's mind when he heard "Old Syc" utter such a blank oath, but the invitation was extended, and Rev. and Mrs. Dixon, Billy Lovelace, Josephus Sycamore and "the young feller from Boise" were soon walking around the beautiful flower garden in front of the parsonage.

"Say, parson, Billy likes that gal o' your'n mighty well, and she likes him. Now, s'pose I find her, would you let her marry him?"

"Yes, I would give my consent with all my heart. I have found out that Billy only did a humane and christian act, saving a fellow being, when he committed what the jury and judge pronounced a criminal act. I have a letter she gave me on the morning of your first battle. It is not to be opened without her permission, but as it may throw some light upon the mystery, I will break the promise and read it."

It was opened, and "Old Syc" requested that it be read aloud, which was done. Its contents were given as a dream, and Rev. Dixon recognized that it was a concise portrayal of the battle he had heard "Old Syc" describe over a week before. He remembered the fainting of his daughter just before the close of "Old Syc's" description of the engagement. The aged minister sat and

meditated. He could see that, when she dreamt that dream, her soul and Billy's must have been very close to each other. Tears rolled down his aged cheeks, and all the others remained silent, except "Old Syc," who again demanded—

"You won't go back on your word, will ye, parson?"

"Certainly not, but it's no use," then observing Billy, he continued: "Cheer up, Mr. Lovelace, don't—"

"Say, parson," interrupted "Old Syc," "s'pose we should find her now, wouldn't it be a fine thing for you to marry them right away, without invitin' anybody, except we 'uns, and that young lady who jest come, and is 'round walkin' with that young feller we picked up?" Then looking around, he continued: "Durn my buttons, if they ain't gone. Looks a little like as if he war gettin' in love, somethin' like Billy, here."

Billy and Mrs. Dixon were too much absorbed in thought to speak, and sat gazing at the ground. After a few moments of silence, during which time Rev. Dixon fell into a deep thinking mood, Ella and her young friend, May White, slyly advanced to where the aged minister was sitting, and standing side by side, his meditations were interrupted by Ella, as she remarked—

"May will act as bridesmaid."

The old man was overwhelmed with joy, yet he could not believe his eyes.

"Say, Billy, let me act as best man," spoke up "Old Syc," quickly.

Rev. Dixon commanded them to stand up, when the marriage ceremony was performed and his blessing bestowed before any of them could control themselves so as to fully realize what was taking place.

"Say, Billy, are you goin' to take that young feller home with you to live there, what you promised yesterday?" asked "Old Syc."

"He was a fine looking young man,

wasn't he?" remarked Mrs. Lovelace. "Don't forget to give Ella that note from Billy, what you found in the mound," said "Old Syc;" and she promised.

E. W. JONES.

### THE ANGEL AND DEMON.

Two sculptors were sitting in study one day,  
Viewing two blocks of marble, gray  
With dust and age;  
Searching for visions of beauty and light,  
Such as would give their names a hight  
On fame's fair page.

The gazing was long, the searching was deep,  
Waking full many a memory's sleep  
Of ancient lore;  
Each eager to carve, in the marble old,  
The highest thought in truthful mold,  
E'er seen before.

I see, said one, in his gaze intent,  
An angel form in this marble pent—  
I'll free it now.  
Its form is of beauty divinely fair,  
Its pinion is graceful, its features rare,  
And radiant brow.

Then long did he toil in deepest care,  
With mallet and chisel, his skill was rare,  
His stroke was sure;  
By little and little the angel grew,  
As fair a form as earth e'er knew,  
And wondrous pure.

And in this stone, said his friend, I see  
A demon's eye now leering at me,  
On evil bent;  
I fear not his low, demoniac spite.  
For my great work, I'll free this sprite,  
In durance pent.

And soon, in his studio, did appear,  
With horn and hoof and trident and leer,  
The fiendish sprite.  
The thought was vivid, and faultless the skill,  
So life-like, the pulse of him would chill  
Who saw the sight.

And then, in a gallery wide and fair,  
These sculptured forms, in contrast rare,  
The artists placed;  
Each, in the quarry, was simply stone—  
Now a demon leered and an angel shone,  
Each truly traced.

[stones—  
Ah, men, ye are sculptors—in hearts, not in  
Or angel or demon your skill enthrones,  
The which, ye tell;  
Carve thou an angel—true joy it will give—  
Remember, thy sculpture forever must live,  
In heaven or hell.

JOHN N. DENISON.

## A GEM OF THE WILLAMETTE.

MILE upon mile of level valley and great terrestrial footstool their lot may be cast. rolling hills, stretching in all directions as far as the eye can see, the whole bearing the universal tint of the golden yellow of harvest time, interspersed with long lines and patches of the green of oaks, alders, firs and orchards, is the sight which opens out to the view of every one who, at this season of the year, visits the county of Polk, one of the fairest gems of the Willamette valley. Such a sight would warm the blood in the veins of the most sluggish man, who retains in his composition one grain of admiration for the beautiful, or one atom of appreciation of the bountiful gifts of nature. But there is more than beauty in the scene. The thousands upon thousands of acres of yellow grain, the hum of scores of harvesters, and the busy whirl of threshers, all testify to a successful harvest and a rich reward for the labor of the husbandman. Around him are the products of his toil, and over him, from a cloudless sky, nature seems to smile in benediction upon his efforts. Such a scene of peaceful beauty and undeniable prosperity may well evoke exclamations of surprise and admiration from one unfamiliar with the sight. And from one accustomed to the uncertain harvests of other regions, the assurance that this busy scene, these miles of grain, these cloudless days, are repeated year by year, at each recurring harvest, can not but win expressions of astonishment, and convince him that the husbandman who enjoys these gifts of nature, in this most favored region, is blessed above all his fellows, no matter in what corner of the

There are, of course, many sections deemed by those familiar with their characteristics, and ignorant of the advantages offered by other regions, as the best in existence. I have traveled over the entire Pacific coast, and through all the states of the great Mississippi valley. I have seen fields of grain without number, barns almost bursting with the fruits of harvest, beautiful homes, and happy and contented people; but in all this, I have never yet seen the region combining all the advantages possessed by this favored portion of the green and fertile Willamette. Such an assertion as this requires a strong array of facts to sustain it, and these I will proceed to give.

Take down the map of Oregon, and turn your attention to the long valley lying between the Coast range and Cascade mountains. Follow up the winding course of the Willamette until the city of Salem, capital of the state, is reached. The broad stretch of valley land lying west of that city, extending along the river many miles, and stretching away westward to the Coast range, constitutes the county of Polk, named in honor of President James K. Polk, during whose administration the original territory of Oregon was organized. It includes more valley and arable land, in proportion to the entire area, than any other county in Oregon. In fact, there is scarcely a foot of land not valuable for the growth of cereals or the rearing of stock. Within its limits are upwards of three hundred thousand acres of deed-



ed land, of which one hundred and twenty thousand acres are under actual cultivation. The surface of the western half of the county consists of little valleys, lying along the water courses, between which lie rolling prairies. Along the Willamette, for several miles inland, is a continuous stretch of almost level valley land, with a steady trend toward the river. Across the northeastern corner stretches a high range of hills, popularly known as the Eola hills, their summits crowned with fields of grain. The western half of the county is hilly, rising gradually to the low summit of the Coast range, numerous valleys penetrating far into their midst. The general nature of the topography is shown in the engraving on page 634. From the summit of Mt. Pisgah, near Dallas, it looks across the valley and hills, to the snow-crowned peaks of the Cascade range.

The idea must not be obtained that only the valley and prairie lands are arable, since it is a fact that, in some respects, the hill lands make the best farms. Even the higher slopes of the mountains, whose sides are not so rugged and precipitous as those of the Cascades, possess a fertile soil, capable of profitable cultivation when cleared of timber. The fact is, that but a comparatively small portion of the county is unfit for eventual cultivation, while by far the greater portion is either already in a producing state, or can easily be so rendered. Each section has its advantages. The valley and prairie lands, of course, give the farmer a greater proportion of cultivable soil, better opportunities for orchards, and, on the rich bottoms along the streams, a soil well adapted to the culture of hops. The soil of the valleys and prairies is rich, dark loam, of almost even and unbroken fertility. The hill lands possess a reddish soil, formed by the decomposition of lava, and of the

vegetable matter which has covered them for ages. Though the early settlers supposed that the valley lands were the best, and though for years the value of the hill lands was not appreciated, the fact is now generally recognized, that the soil of the hills is remarkably fertile, and produces the finest and hardest wheat of the Willamette valley, the most sought after by millers for their best brands of flour. The hill farmer, also, has the advantage of grazing for his stock on unoccupied, or partially cleared, land, since, wherever the brush is cut away, a spontaneous growth of grass and white clover springs up at once. Taken all together, then, the valleys, prairies and hills of Polk county form one vast area of arable soil, whose yellow fields stretch, in harvest time, from horizon to horizon.

In regard to the production of cereals, there is, practically, no difference between the different classes of land, all of them yielding enormously. What differences are observable are of a local nature, or consist in methods of cultivation, more than in quality of soil. At the office of Wright & Ellis, in Dallas, I was shown some magnificent samples of wheat of this year's crop. One stool in particular was a marvel in its way. It contained seventy heads, and upon counting the grains in a head of average size, there were found to be seventy-six. This gave a total of more than five thousand grains of wheat from one seed. The good old "hundred fold," of the bible, was here made five thousand fold. This was, of course, an exceptionally large stool, others taken from the field showing about thirty heads. The harvest of the present year has not sufficiently progressed to give accurate figures of the yield per acre; but that it is equal, if not superior, to that of last season, is evident. The total crop of 1887 is estimated at one million two hundred and

fifty thousand bushels of wheat, and half a million bushels of oats. The crop of 1886 must be resorted to for figures of average yield. A field on Col. Nesmith's farm, at Dixie, yielded fifty bushels to the acre, and I saw there, a few days ago, a field of about fifty acres yet uncut, which presented the appearance of containing an equal amount per acre. Numerous large fields, both on the high and low lands, yielded forty bushels of winter wheat to the acre, and the general average for the county can be safely placed at thirty bushels. On the farm of D. M. Guthrie, a field of eight acres of New Zealand oats yielded seven hundred and fifty-eight bushels, after having been damaged more than fifty bushels by animals. Barley and rye yield in the same prolific manner. Corn does not make a good crop, and is but little cultivated. The hay crop was fifteen thousand tons, chiefly timothy, Hungarian grass and red clover. There is but little wild hay put up in the county, since swamps and overflowed lands do not exist, save the few bottoms occasionally overflowed along the river. About six thousand acres are cultivated in hay. Hay brings from ten to twenty dollars per ton. The potato crop reaches one hundred thousand bushels, and is a paying crop, since potatoes are in demand for export to California. Occasionally, as in 1886, the export price is as high as one dollar per bushel, although in other seasons it may fall to one-fourth that price. Taken for a series of years, however, the potato crop is a highly profitable one.

There is another profitable crop, to which more attention is being paid yearly. No less than four hundred acres of hops are now growing within the limits of Polk county. The deep, rich, alluvial bottom lands along the Willamette and its tributaries are splendidly adapted to hop culture. Their occasional overflow

by spring freshets seems but to enrich the soil and increase the yield. There are hundreds of acres of land adapted to hops, which are not now in cultivation. A low estimate of the average yield of hops is fifteen hundred pounds to the acre, though some fields have produced twice that amount. Taken for a series of years, the average price of hops is twenty cents per pound, though in the past few years it has risen as high as one dollar, and fallen as low as seven cents. The cost of raising hops is about eight cents per pound. A yield of fifteen hundred pounds per acre, at twenty cents per pound, gives a total of \$300.00 per acre. This is a good profit at the average price, and in the seasons of high prices, some growers have become comparatively rich on one crop of hops. The prolific yield, the freedom from insect pests of all kinds, and the exemption from drouth, render hop culture on the river bottoms of this region a peculiarly safe and agreeable business. The coming crop in Polk county is estimated at not less than six hundred thousand pounds.

Stock raising and dairying, carried on in connection with farming, can be conducted profitably, especially among the foothills of the Coast range. The grass grows perennially, remaining green the entire season along the streams. The copious rains of winter keep it fresh and sweet, and only in the late summer months does it lose its freshness, only to be revived by the first rains of autumn. The care and feeding of stock during the winter months is but slight. Shelter from the rain, where cattle may have a dry bed, and a little feed during the few days when snow covers the ground, as it occasionally does for a day to a week at a time, will keep them in good condition. During the entire season they graze upon the green grass, and yield the rich milk that stock in

other sections give only for a few months in the spring. These facts render this region, when the ease of transportation, and the certain market for butter at from twenty-five to forty cents per pound are considered, the most favored under the sun for dairying. What is needed is the establishment of creameries and cheese factories, as is the universal practice in the dairy regions of Illinois, Iowa and other states. These are operated by private individuals, who purchase milk or cream, at a contract price per pound, or are either partially or wholly cooperative. In the former case, the farmers furnish the milk and the factory does the manufacturing and marketing, the price of milk being regulated monthly by the price of the butter and cheese sold. In the latter case, the farmers employ a superintendent, and divide the net profits among themselves in proportion to the amount of milk or cream furnished by each. There is an institution of this kind at the falls of the Little Luckiamute, seven miles southwest of Dallas. The Syracuse creamery has been in operation a little more than a year, and has demonstrated the success of the business, even on the small scale upon which it is operating, as compared with the large creameries of the Mississippi valley. It took some time to overcome the apathy of the farmers and induce them to take hold of an idea so new to their experience. In consequence of this, not much was accomplished last year. This year, however, the establishment is making good progress, and will soon found an extensive and paying business. The establishment has a capacity of two hundred pounds at one churning, but its product only reaches about three hundred pounds per week at present. Cream is collected daily at each farm house. It can not be long before the farmers will appreciate the benefits conferred upon them by such insti-

tutions, and take the necessary steps to increase their number. It enables every farmer to reap the profits of the dairy business, without expending the labor and time necessary to manufacture and market the product himself.

The subject of fruit and its preparation for market is one full of interest. The early settlers, a third of a century ago, set out small orchards, and nearly every farm has upon it an orchard of from one to ten acres, chiefly apples. For size, flavor and keeping qualities, the apples of this region have no superior. Plums, prunes, pears and cherries grow to a size and perfection deemed marvelous by orchardists of the East. The dried plums and prunes of Oregon are the finest, in size, flavor and attractiveness of appearance, that reach the Eastern market. There is a demand for them which the present supply is inadequate to fill. Formerly there was no market, and year after year fruit has rotted upon the ground, while old orchards have been permitted to go to decay. A new era is opening. Dried fruits, neatly and carefully packed, find a ready market, and the shipment of fresh fruit over the numerous railroad lines which have reached us, has been commenced. The trouble is that orchards are not large enough, that there is not a sufficient quantity of one kind of fruit, and that the varieties best suited for market have not been generally ascertained and planted. The orchard may, with care and intelligent action, be rendered a profitable adjunct of the farm, instead of becoming a neglected incumbrance. The practical orchardist will find, in Polk county, an opportunity to engage in fruit culture where a rapid and healthy growth of the tree, prolific yield, extra size and superior flavor of fruit, combine with exemption from winter killing of trees and serious insect pests, to render his business a pleasant and profitable one. The

shipping business must be one of growth, but the first essential is the fruit itself, without which, of course, no shipping facilities will ever be supplied.

In traveling through the country, either by train or buggy, one is forcibly impressed with the number of streams of water. Upon examination, it will be found that nearly every farm has upon it a good spring or stream of living water. The county is ramified by the large and small tributaries of the Willamette. Big Luckiamute, Little Luckiamute, La Creole, Salt, Mill, Yamhill and a score of other streams, fed by hundreds of little branches and thousands of springs, flow continuously through the year. Water is everywhere, and every drop of it is clean and pure, coming from the crystal fountains of the Coast range, or welling up through the sand and gravel of the prairies, from the pure bosom of the earth. What an effect this abundance of pure water has upon the dairy interests, no farmer can fail to appreciate.

Mention has been made of the cloudless skies of harvest time, and in this consists one of the greatest of the many blessings showered upon the husbandman of this region. To render this intelligible to one not familiar with the peculiarities of the climate of the Willamette valley, a brief summary of climatic conditions and causes is necessary. The leading characteristic of the climate is the equability of the temperature, which is much higher in winter and lower in summer than in corresponding latitudes east of the Rocky mountains, or on the Atlantic coast. The primal cause of the high average temperature in winter is the Japan current, the stream of warm water flowing along the coast, diffusing an agreeable mildness, and entirely overcoming the rigors of winter incident to this latitude elsewhere. The warm, moisture-laden winds

sweep in from the ocean until they encounter the summits of the Cascade mountains and the colder currents of air in that high altitude, when the moisture is condensed and falls in copious showers, at an average temperature above forty degrees. From November to April these rains are frequent, rain falling on an average of twenty days in each month. Once or twice during the season, when an easterly wind sets in, there is a light fall of snow, and the thermometer indicates from ten to twenty-five degrees above zero for a period lasting from two days to two weeks. This is the only taste of winter weather experienced. It is during this brief period, which does not occur every season, that stock requires extra attention and feeding. The "snap" is terminated by one of the strong ocean winds, called a "chinook," which, with a temperature of about fifty degrees, causes the snow to disappear in a few hours, soon to be succeeded by the ever welcome rain. About the first of March the rains generally diminish in frequency, offering the farmer opportunities, during March and April, to plow and seed his land, such as has not been planted in winter wheat. In May the rains generally cease, except an occasional shower, and during the months of July and August scarcely a drop falls, giving the farmer an opportunity to harvest his crop at his leisure, without fear that it will receive the least damage by rain. Grain is cut, and, in some cases, permitted to stand in shocks in the field for several weeks, waiting for the thresher. The temperature of the long, rainless summer days is moderated by the cool breezes from the mountains, on both sides of the valley, especially the Cascades, whose highest peaks wear a perpetual robe of snow. Cool breezes from the sea also exert their influence. It is seldom the thermometer indicates ninety degrees at midday, and even then

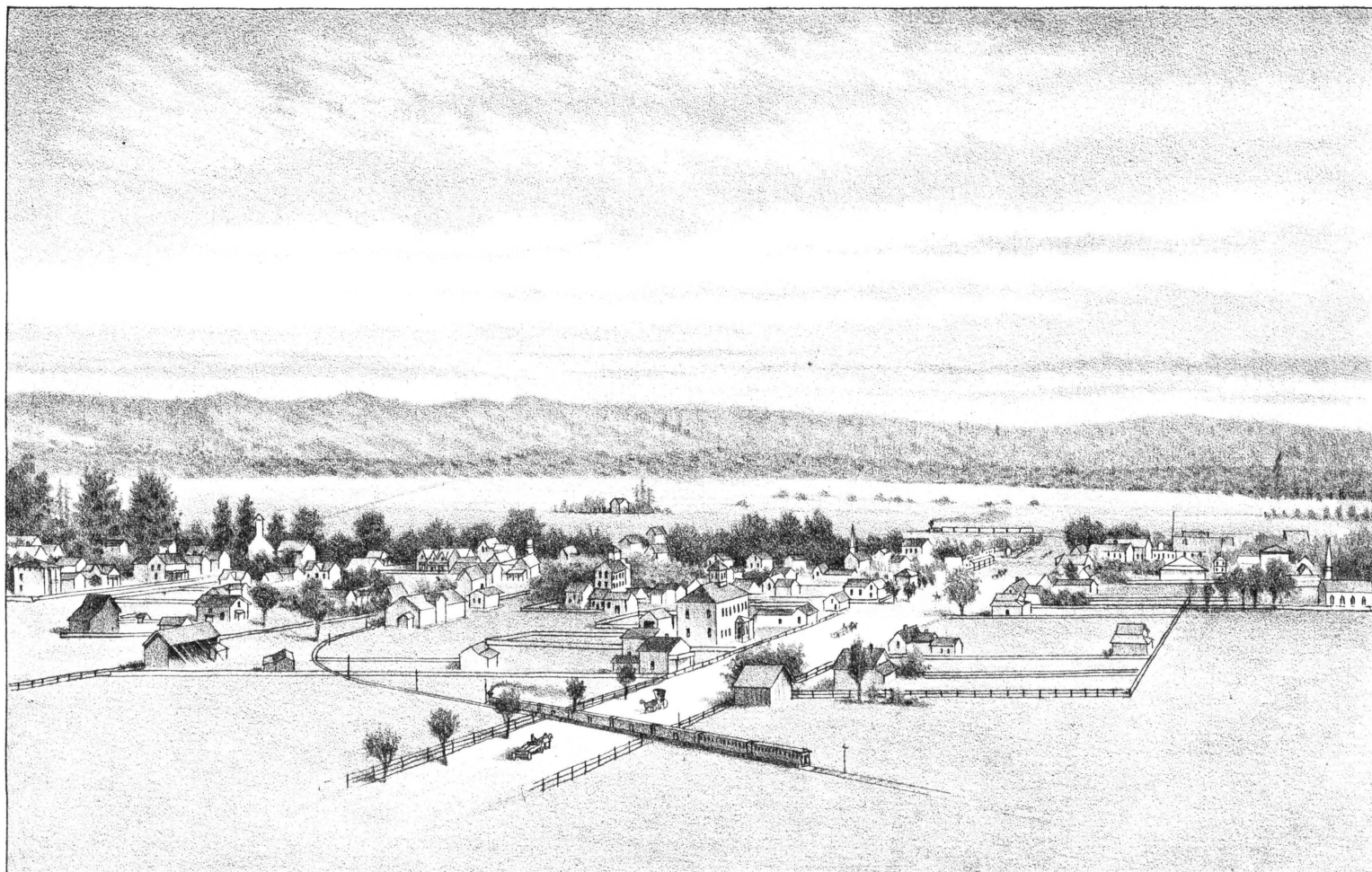
the heat of the day is followed by a cool night, which woos one to the soundest and most refreshing slumber. The warm, sultry nights, such as are experienced on the Atlantic slope, are unknown here, and this is one of the reasons why corn does not grow to perfection in the Willamette valley. Such is the climate of this region. Exemption from excessive cold or heat administers to the personal comfort of the farmer, while the rains of winter refresh the earth and give it strength to produce the immense crops, which the perfect weather of summer permits the farmer to harvest in good condition. It would be impossible to conceive of a climate where the conditions which contribute to the comfort of the husbandman are combined with those necessary for the production and certain harvest of large crops, exist in a higher degree than in this favored region.

Land may be purchased in Polk county at any price, varying between \$5.00 and \$30.00 per acre, owing to location, quality and condition of improvement. This was one of the earliest settled regions in the state, and the valley lands have been in cultivation upwards of forty years. Farms have been held in too large tracts for successful cultivation, and even to this day, much land has not been brought under the plow, which, were the land divided into smaller holdings, would be rendered productive. Many of the large farms are now being divided up and offered for sale. The land varies in price, according to the proportion in cultivation and the value of improvements. A good farm of three hundred acres, half in cultivation, with good house and ten acres of orchard, can be had for \$15.00 per acre. Land in the hills, soil fertile, but a large portion of it yet covered with brush, may be had for \$5.00. Valley lands, with good improvements, and nearly all under cultivation, are held at \$25.00 and

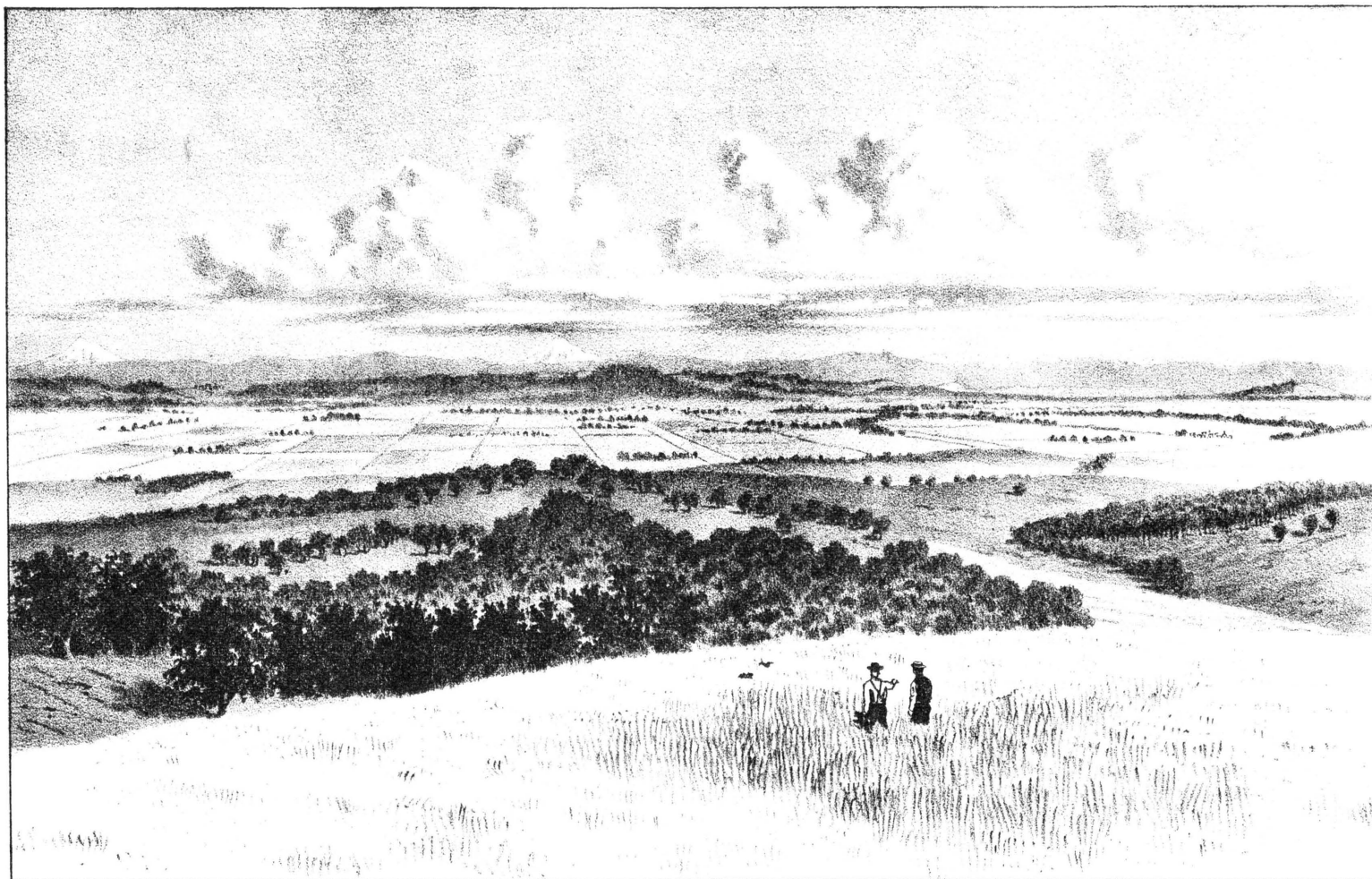
\$30.00. In fact, the intending purchaser can find land suited to his means and wishes, however high or low they may be. How much better and wiser is it for the man who has a little means at his command, to purchase a farm at these remarkably cheap rates, where markets already exist, where roads have been constructed, where railroads and steamboats are at hand, where churches and school houses and all the adjuncts of settled and prosperous communities are within easy reach, than to go into the wilderness, simply because the original cost of land is slightly less. He who goes to a distance from market to take up government land, must wait a number of years before he can arrive at the condition he would start with here. If one have no means with which to settle himself, he is compelled to seek government land in a new and undeveloped region, in order to obtain a start; but unless such be the case, it is the part of true wisdom for the immigrant to avail himself of such excellent opportunities as are here offered, to secure a good and productive farm and a comfortable home, without bringing upon himself and family the privations and hardships of pioneer life.

The county is well provided with shipping facilities. Along its eastern margin runs the navigable Willamette, while through the heart of the agricultural portion, from north to south, pass two lines of railway, both terminating in Portland. On the river, the O. R. & N. Co. has four steamers engaged in carrying wheat and produce to Portland. The Oregon Pacific has two steamers engaged in carrying wheat to Corvallis, where it is loaded on the cars of that road, and conveyed to Yaquina, and thence shipped by steamer to San Francisco. The west side division of the Oregon & California railroad passes through the county, touching the river





OREGON - VIEW OF A PORTION OF DALLAS, POLK COUNTY.



OREGON—POLK COUNTY AS SEEN FROM MT. PIZGAH.

at Independence, and terminating at Corvallis, in Benton county. Between this line and the foothills of the Coast range, runs the narrow gauge line of the Oregonian railway, passing through Dallas, and terminating at Airlie, on the southern verge of the county. This road will probably be extended to a connection with the Oregon Pacific, thus offering the country along the route the same competitive advantages enjoyed by points on the river. It is within the bounds of truth to say that scarcely a farm in the county is more than five miles distant, by good wagon road, from a railroad or the river.

The largest town in the county is Dallas, the county seat, situated on the line of the narrow gauge, near the foothills, and not far from the geographical center of the county. It lies in the midst of a multitude of farms, stretching out across the prairies to the north, east and south, and over and among the hills to the west. From this point, about sixty thousand bushels of wheat are shipped by rail to Portland annually. This does not, by any means, represent the total crop of the country immediately surrounding the town, since more than twice that quantity is purchased by the large flouring mill at Dixie, only four and one-half miles distant. Through the edge of the city runs the La Creole (commonly called the Rickreall), a tributary of the Willamette, whose water power is utilized by a large sash and door factory, combined with an extensive foundry and machine shop. Three miles west of Dallas, at Ellendale, is a valuable water power, formerly used by a woolen mill, which has not been utilized since the mill was destroyed by fire. By the expenditure of a little money, water power can be had for several factories. Other forms of manufacturing consist of two machines for brace-wire fencing, a tin shop and wagon shops. A tannery turns

out annually large quantities of leather of superior quality, which finds market chiefly in San Francisco. Near the town is a free-stone quarry, where dimension stone is taken out for trimmings for buildings and bases for monuments, etc. This is a valuable resource, and will be worked more extensively as the demand for such material increases. Dallas is a quiet place, though full of business and thrift. Its streets are broad and its residences neat and tasteful, some of them being quite large and ornamental. In the center of a large square, fronting on the chief business street, stands the court house, a large frame structure, with Corinthian columns before the entrance. The jail, a brick structure, with a second story of wood, stands on one side of the enclosure. The business houses occupy one street, nearly all facing the public square. It consists of four good brick buildings and many substantial frame ones. One block back from this street is being erected a large frame city hall, thirty-six by eighty feet in size, two stories high, and surmounted by a bell tower. These features of the city appear distinctly in the engraving on page 633.

Dallas has two large general stores, carrying stocks of from \$15,000.00 to \$20,000.00; three groceries; two hardware stores; two drug stores; one furniture store; one jewelry store, and numerous other stores and shops. There is an opening for a good hotel. The fact that there has never been a business failure in Dallas, speaks volumes for the region upon which it depends for trade. The city has a volunteer fire department, whose apparatus consists of a good hand engine and a hose cart. Cisterns in some portions of the town, and the mill race in others, afford an abundant supply of water for fire purposes.

From an educational point of view,

Dallas is a desirable place of residence. It has a good graded school, employing three teachers, and having two hundred scholars. The edifice is a large frame structure, standing not far from the depot. In addition to this, the La Creole academy has about one hundred pupils. This is an institution founded many years ago, by the gift of the land upon which the city stands. The site was laid out in lots and sold, the proceeds being used to establish the school. It now occupies a site of ten acres on the edge of the city. It is non-sectarian, and is managed by a board of trustees. An endowment of \$5,000.00, for the salaries of teachers, has been given the institution.

The *Hemizer* is an excellent weekly paper, published by Graham Glass, Jr., and is full of news and matters of interest pertaining to Polk county. There are three churches, belonging, respectively, to the Methodists, Baptists and Southern Methodists. The Christians have an organization, but no church edifice. Taken altogether, Dallas is a pleasant place of residence and a prosperous business community. The people are intelligent, refined, and extremely hospitable, and he who takes up his residence among them will have occasion to feel that his lines have been cast in pleasant places.

The second town in size is Independence, on the west bank of the Willamette, a live and growing place of about nine hundred inhabitants. The town is compactly built, as appears in the engraving on page 616, the business portion lying along two streets, one parallel with the river, and the other crossing this one at right angles, being the street leading to the ferry landing. There are about thirty business houses, one of them carrying a stock of \$25,000.00, and three others from \$10,000.00 to \$15,000.00 each. There are two banks, and

two hotels. There is an opening for a good furniture store with a capital of about \$5,000.00. The country for many miles around is more or less tributary to Independence, and this is a favorite shipping point, owing to the fact that there is active competition between three lines of transportation, the Oregon & California railroad, and the boats of the O. R. & N. Co. and the Oregon Pacific. There are four warehouses, handling fully two hundred thousand bushels of wheat, all under the control of J. C. Cooper, at whose bank the business is transacted. Three of these are along the railroad, and the fourth, a huge one with a capacity of one hundred and fifty thousand bushels, stands on the bank of the river.

The manufacturing enterprises consist of a good sash and door factory, a large saw mill, cutting twenty-five thousand feet per day, and a custom grist mill. There is a small saw mill not running. This is one of the best flouring points in the Willamette valley. Excellent water power can be had by the expenditure of a little money, and the shipping facilities, by rail and river, are unsurpassed, while the best quality of wheat is unlimited. The citizens would take stock in an enterprise of that kind, if on a sufficiently large scale to be a benefit to the place.

Independence is a progressive town. It already possesses ten brick buildings, all erected within the past five years, and two others are in contemplation. It has a large depot for agricultural machinery, from which nearly the whole county is supplied. A large brick yard in the vicinity manufactures brick for all the towns of that region. It has an excellent graded school, with four teachers and two hundred scholars; and the old town, that portion lying north of the bridge and not included in the corporate limits, has another school, employ-

ing two teachers. The *West Side* is a good local paper, published weekly by W. W. Brooks. There are four churches, belonging to the Southern Methodists, Presbyterians, Evangelists, and Christians, all of them neat structures. The streets are broad and level, and the many residences are attractive and home-like. In every respect, Independence is a representative town, possessing all the internal elements of growth and prosperity.

About three miles inland from Independence, is Monmouth, on the line of the narrow gauge. This is a thriving little town, and a considerable shipping point for grain. Here is located the Monmouth college and state normal school, an institution under the auspices of the Christian denomination. It has a good brick edifice, an excellent faculty and an attendance of two hundred, chiefly in the normal course. There is, also, a good district school, occupying a new building. The *Christian Herald*, a church and local paper, is published at Monmouth weekly.

Buena Vista is a small town and shipping point on the river south of Independence. It contains a large pottery and terra cotta factory. A good public school, employing two teachers, is one

of its features. Another shipping point on the river is Eola, a few miles below Salem, where a small furniture factory is located. Dixie, near the station of Derry, on the O. & C. road, has a large flouring mill, with a capacity of one hundred barrels of flour per day. Other shipping and business points are Perrydale, Ballston, Smithfield, Airlie, McCoy, Lincoln, Zena, Lewiston, and Suver. In the county are fifty school districts, affording educational advantages to every family within its limits.

No one can carefully read this brief description of Polk county, without being strongly impressed with the fact set forth in the opening sentence—that it is, indeed, a “gem of the Willamette.” To the intending settler, it offers advantages not to be lightly considered. Fertile soil, cheap lands, a pleasant and propitious climate, excellent transportation facilities, prosperous business communities, numerous and excellent schools, intelligent, enterprising, contented and peaceful citizens, a high total valuation of property (\$4,234,054.00), a low rate of taxation (.0145), and beautiful landscapes of valley and mountain, conspire to render it one of the choice spots of this mundane sphere.

HENRY LAURENZ.





## Northwestern News and Information.

**N. P. SNOW SHEDS.**—Work is progressing rapidly on the snow sheds of the Northern Pacific east of the Cascades. The contractors are Glenn, Bonzey & Co., who will use nearly five million feet of lumber in the work.

**IDAHO PLACERS.**—The Moose creek placer mines, sixteen miles from Salmon City, Idaho, have been bonded for \$250,000.00, to an Eastern company. When the transfer is made, the mines will be opened on a large scale.

**A CŒUR D'ALENE NUGGET.**—A nugget of gold was recently found near Murray, Idaho, weighing a little more than thirty-three ounces, and valued at \$530.00. This is four ounces heavier than the largest previously found in the Cœur d'Alene placers.

**ALBANY IMPROVEMENTS.**—Work on the Oregon Pacific round-house, at Albany, Oregon, has been commenced. It will be built of brick, will contain eight engine stalls, and will cost \$12,000.00. Work on the machine shops will be the next undertaken by the company. A project is on foot to establish woolen mills at Albany, with every prospect of success.

**POND LILLIES.**—The large white pond lilies, that are so much admired, have about all disappeared, and in their place comes the lotus flower, somewhat similar, only larger and of a rich cream color. It is said that the only region in the West where these flowers are found, is in the Mississippi valley, between Dubuque and St. Paul, and then in but few places.—*De Soto Chronicle*.

**PARALLEL RAILROADS.**—The Montana Central, which is a link in the Manitoba system, is constructing a line from Helena to Butte. A branch of the Northern Pacific is also being constructed between those two cities. Both lines have progressed to Boulder, at which point the tracks are but fifty feet apart. Between Boulder and Butte, the surveyed lines cross each other several times. The fight between the Northern Pacific and the new company, as revealed in projected roads, will lead to several

similar instances of paralleling lines, a notable one being the Northern and Manitoba, between Helena and Fort Benton.

**BAKER CITY RAILROAD.**—The preliminary survey of a route for the proposed railroad from Baker City to Granite creek has been commenced. The beginning of this work indicates that the incorporators of the company are in earnest in the matter. The road would be of great benefit to Baker City, and to Portland as well, if the large reduction works, so much talked of, are ever erected.

**VANCOUVER TO YAKIMA.**—A preliminary reconnaissance has been made of a route from Vancouver to Goldendale and Yakima, for the Vancouver, Klickitat & Yakima R. R. Co. The party went through Klickitat pass, and encountered no serious obstacle to the construction of a railroad. The line passes through a splendid agricultural, timber, coal and stock region, and if built, will be a valuable one.

**SEATTLE, L. S. & E. RAILROAD.**—The ship *Persian* has arrived at Seattle, from England, with a cargo of two thousand and seventy steel rails for the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern. Track laying will be pushed rapidly ahead. The company declares its intention of penetrating Eastern Washington next summer, and is negotiating with the people of Walla Walla for a bonus for a line to that city.

**QUEEN CHARLOTTE COAL.**—The coal property of W. A. Robertson & Co., situated in Yaquon valley, on the Queen Charlotte islands, has been bonded for ninety days for \$110,000.00. An expert will examine the property, and the sale will depend upon his report. These islands are on the coast of British Columbia, just south of the Alaskan line, and the superior quality of the coal found there has often been asserted by explorers.

**GOLD QUARTZ IN THE CASCADES.**—Three residents of Brownsville, Oregon, recently discovered a ledge of gold quartz on the western slope of the Cascade mountains, between the Cali-

pooia and McKenzie rivers. They report the vein to be five feet in width. From one pan of the decomposed quartz on the surface, they obtained a teaspoonful of fine, round gold. They consider it a valuable discovery, and will prospect it thoroughly.

TEANAWAY DITCH.—The gigantic ditch enterprise of the Yakima country, which embraces a main irrigating canal of fifty miles in length, with branches to cover eighty thousand acres of land, has received an infusion of new vigor. The route has been surveyed, and twenty miles of the canal have been constructed. The entire cost will be about \$100,000.00, and as the original capital of the company was only \$50,000.00, a new company has been formed to complete the work, in which several Tacoma capitalists are interested.

SEATTLE'S PROSPERITY.—The assessed value of property in the city of Seattle, for 1887, is \$11,872,328.00, an increase of \$5,000,000.00 in two years. The population, according to the estimate of the Puget sound directory recently issued, based upon a ratio of two and one-half persons to the name, is twelve thousand one hundred and sixty-seven. The same estimate gives Tacoma seven thousand nine hundred and twenty-two; Port Townsend, two thousand one hundred and fifty-five; and Olympia, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-two.

COLFAX BOARD OF TRADE.—The citizens of Colfax, W. T., have organized a board of trade, composed of fifty members, of which L. D. Woodward is president; J. A. Perkins, vice-president; W. J. Hamilton, second vice-president; Wm. Lippett, treasurer; and F. H. Brown, secretary. These boards of trade are of great benefit to the business interests of our growing cities, and it is a matter of surprise that so progressive and thrifty a town as Colfax has not organized one earlier. We look for good work to be accomplished by this new board.

FLOURING MILL AT OKANAGAN.—A new process roller mill is being erected at Okanagan, B. C., in the midst of the finest agricultural region in the province. It will have a daily capacity of two hundred barrels of flour, and will find a market throughout British Columbia. This is on the line of the Shuswap & Okanagan railway, a branch of the Canadian Pacific, and is also favored with steamboat navigation to the great railway a great portion of the year. This will furnish a market for the wheat of that re-

gion, which has hitherto been cut off from outside markets. It will also encourage settlement in that fertile region.

HELENA REAL ESTATE.—A short time ago, five United States senators, Farwell, Cameron, Plumb, Vest and Allison, visited Helena, and were so favorably impressed with Montana's chief city, that, with Ex-Governor Hauser, they have purchased thirty-two acres of city property, at a cost of \$2,000.00 per acre. Another tract of eight hundred acres, in the suburbs of the city, has been purchased for \$250,000.00, by the St. Paul & Helena Land & Improvement Co., a new incorporation. This will be platted and made the most attractive part of the city for residence purposes. This is by far the largest real estate deal—unconnected with mines—in the history of Montana.

TACOMA IMPROVEMENT.—Nearly three thousand front feet of warehouses are being erected along the water front at Tacoma, to accommodate the grain expected to reach the city over the line of the Northern Pacific. The grain rate from Eastern Washington to Puget sound is \$5.00 per ton, the same as by the O. R. & N. Co. to Portland. The crops are large, and no doubt much wheat will be handled at Tacoma. Contract has been let for a five-story brick block, one hundred and fifteen by one hundred and twenty feet in size, to be erected on the corner of Ninth street and Pacific avenue. It will be the finest in the territory, and will be occupied by wholesale stores and a bank.

RAILROAD TO PT. TOWNSEND.—The citizens of Port Townsend, W. T., have often expressed the conviction that the port of entry for Puget sound would, before many years, become the terminus of a railroad, the most extreme north-western point in the United States reached by the iron horse. A strong rumor is now afloat, that a company is to be organized by capitalists of Sacramento, San Francisco and Washington Territory, with a capital stock of \$3,000,000.00, to build a road west of the sound, to the mouth of the Columbia, and probably to Portland. This would give the Southern Pacific, which is supposed to be behind the movement, an unbroken line from San Francisco to the Straits of Juan de Fuca.

SEATTLE & WEST COAST R. R.—A preliminary survey of this line has been completed from Snohomish to the British Columbia line, a distance of one hundred miles from Seattle, and

trial lines have already been run from there to several points on the Canadian Pacific, such as New Westminster, Port Hammond, Sumas and Hope. The route is reported an extremely favorable one, rendering a line easy of construction, with few curves and low grades. It passes through a comparatively well settled region, which will give the road good local business from the start. The section from Seattle to Snohomish will be completed by the middle of September, and contracts will probably be let for other sections.

THE SALMON PACK.—The salmon season on the Columbia closed by law on the thirty-first of July. The pack is nearly a hundred thousand cases less than last year, and but little more than half that of 1883, notwithstanding the increased number of fishermen and boats. The total pack is three hundred and fifty-four thousand cases, the largest by any one cannery being twenty-five thousand eight hundred and seventy. The season has but well begun on other streams, so that the quantity of outside fall pack can not yet be stated. Reports from Alaska are to the effect that the season there is late and the prospects for a large pack not good. Reports from Fraser river are to the effect that the British Columbia pack will be light.

THE UNIVERSAL TINKER.—Many boys, and even men, though having no trade, love to work with tools, and would be glad to receive assistance in learning the use of them. All such should subscribe for the Universal Tinker and Amateur's Assistant. This is a new monthly journal, devoted to amateur pursuits, and tells, from an amateur's standpoint, about turning and lathe work, painting, staining, working drawings, organ and piano building, clocks, photography, wood carving, boat building, carpentry, home-made furniture, book binding, French polishing, wood finishing, fret work, amateur printing, the magic lantern, etc. The journal is profusely illustrated. Subscription, \$1.00 per year. Single copies, 12 cents. Address Hodgson & Bertrand, 294 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

ILLE-CILLE-WAET MINES.—Of these mines, situated near the line of the Canadian Pacific, in the Selkirk mountains, the *Victoria Colonist* says: "The Selkirk Mining & Smelting Company, of Ille-Cille-Waet, shipped their first car load of ore on the 25th instant, to the smelting works at Denver. The shipment consisted of fifteen and one-half tons of tested ore, having

an assay value of two thousand one hundred and twenty ounces of silver. The company have the privilege of drawing on the smelting works for ninety per cent. of this value on its being forwarded. An assayer holding the confidence of the Denver company states the value of the ore, he having made tests that enable him to do so. On the lead, nothing can be drawn until it has been smelted. The work on the four ledges owned by this company is progressing favorably, and it is hoped that in the course of a short time, they will be in a position to turn out ore at the rate of two or three car loads per week.

SPOKANE FALLS.—The city of Spokane Falls is growing at a rapid pace. New buildings are going up rapidly in every quarter. Says the *Chronicle*: "Between the railroad and river, on Howard street, twelve buildings are in the course of erection. Contractor Brook has six brick structures in hand at present. He has orders for one million brick, has delivered the last kiln of four hundred thousand, and is commencing to take brick from one of three hundred and seventy-five thousand. On the edges of town, over the river, and everywhere, houses are going up and scores of residents are drawing plans and getting ready to build themselves homes. The demand for houses is greater than the supply, and consequently rent is a little high. It is only of late that houses have been built for the special purpose of renting, and renters have been only too glad to get anything. The medium class of houses, which are usually demanded by people of moderate means, are just beginning to be erected, and are always engaged before they are finished. At the present rate, a population of ten thousand inhabitants is not many months ahead."

GARFIELD, W. T.—The southward extension of the Spokane & Palouse road, crossing the O. R. & N. line at Garfield, has enlivened matters at that place, and the prospects for a good business town springing up are good. Says the *Garfield Enterprise*, itself one of the late evidences of the town's growth: "Six years ago the O. R. & N. Co. made the first survey from Colfax up the North Palouse river, to the mouth of Silver creek, thence up Silver creek and across the divide to Pine creek, a distance of fifteen miles, and there it ended at that time. Two years later we had assurance from the railroad company that the road would be built within one year from that time. With these expectations, and with a beautiful location for a

town, Mr. S. J. Tant had the present town site of Garfield surveyed and platted. In June, 1883, Giles Bros. built a store and put in a stock of general merchandise. But the railroad company failed to build the road at that time, and for the next three years the town consisted of one general merchandise store, the postoffice, one drug store and one blacksmith shop. But the building of the O. R. & N. railroad, and its nice depot and warehouses, put new life into our citizens, and a lively business sprang up in the town and surrounding country. At the present time, the building of the Spokane & Palouse railroad across the O. R. & N., in the east end of town, two telephone and two telegraph lines crossing each other, six county roads concentrating here, and the building of a nice elevator, which is nearing completion, has created a building boom."

COLVILLE FARMS.—For a distance of sixty miles southwest from Colville, along the eastern shore of the Columbia river, lies a strip of land, from five to ten miles in width, that has no equal in the diversity of advantages afforded to every branch of industry pertaining to the farm. The land slopes from the river in benches, or steppes, thus laying in level strips, a mile or more in width, one higher than the other, until the mountain range is finally a barrier to the undulated condition of things. The country is well watered by cool mountain streams, which flow across the plains at short intervals, toward the river. The general character of the soil is sandy, and the surface is covered with a vigorous growth of pine, fir and tamarack timber on the steep hillsides and along the water courses, and bunch grass in verdant abundance covers the open prairie lands on the plateaus. A great deal of the land has been settled by an industrious class of people from the Western states, who till the soil for the pleasure there is in it, and direct their attention to stock raising as a means of support and livelihood. This plan is suggestive of success, and we believe will work to the benefit of the early settler. We had the pleasure of passing over a large portion of the farming land in this section, and noticed that in every instance where a settlement of two years standing has been made, there is a pleasantly situated home, nicely improved and surrounded by the abundant products of the farm. Strawberries, every description of garden vegetables, and all varieties of orchard trees, grow without effort, and the soil or climate has no fault detrimental to their adaptability to this northern latitude.—*Colville Miner*.

WALLA WALLA FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.—The high quality of the fruit and vegetables of the Walla Walla valley is making a demand for them greater than the supply, though not greater than could be supplied, did the farmers appreciate the advantages of raising something besides wheat. One shipper informed the *Journal* that the demand for fruits and vegetables, is growing much more rapidly than the supply, especially so with berries, as they could ship one hundred thousand boxes per diem, if the fruit could be obtained. During the past year they have shipped berries, fruits and vegetables to Helena, Butte, Thompson Falls, Deer Lodge and Sulphur Springs, in Montana; to Wardner, Coeur d'Alene, Hailey, Rathdrum and Sand Point, in Idaho; to Bismark, Dakota; and they have shipped grapes and other fruits to St. Paul, Minn.; they have had numerous inquiries for grapes, etc., from different parts of Dakota. Parties from Helena and Butte, Montana, come here and purchase onions and apples by the car load, and the onion crop is a most prolific and profitable one. Another said that, during the month of June, he shipped twenty-eight thousand nine hundred and sixty pounds of strawberries alone, and an average of one ton of vegetables per diem; has standing orders for four tons of vegetables per week for the National Park, in Wyoming, and has numerous calls for fruits, berries and vegetables from Denver, Colorado; Fargo and Bismark, in Dakota; and from nearly every part of Montana, which he can not fill, owing to the limited supply. He stated that the demand for fruits, berries and vegetables is simply enormous, and that if the supply were sufficient, dealers could ship car-load lots to St. Paul, Chicago and Denver.

PINE CREEK MINES.—The Simmons mines, above Cornucopia, have been bonded for \$100,000.00. They are the best developed on Pine creek, and sufficient ore has been exposed to demonstrate their value. The Baker City *Democrat* thus summarizes the mines: "Cornucopia and Allentown, which are really one town, contain about six hundred inhabitants, have three general merchandise stores, five saloons, three hotels, two restaurants, blacksmith shops, etc. The distance from Union is fifty-three, and from Baker City sixty-three, miles, with fair roads. The towns are pleasantly situated, at an altitude of six thousand five hundred feet, with wood and water abundant, a flouring mill only six miles distant, and Pine valley, dotted with farms, lies at the foot of the mountain. One five-stamp mill, the Hope, is running on

ore belonging to the Portland company, and is showing a good yield. A twenty-stamp mill will be erected about the first of November, by the Oregon Gold Mining Co. This company has an incline down its ledge two hundred and seventy-five feet, and has thirteen hundred tons of ore in sight. Gold predominates, but it carries some silver. The Alta No. 1 has an incline of two hundred feet and shows high grade ore. Alta No. 2 is down one hundred feet, all in good ore. Red Jacket is down fifty feet, and the richest ore yet found in the camp. The Forest Queen has incline fifty feet, tunnel forty feet, and six foot vein. One ton of ore worked at Omaha last fall yielded \$612.00. The Allen & Cox was the first discovered in the camp, Mr. Allen pounding out, with a mortar, \$190.00 from twenty-five pounds of ore. It has a one hundred and thirty-five-foot tunnel, tapping a four-foot ledge. The Bonanza group has four claims opened from fifty to seventy-five feet, all showing high grade ore, and some of remarkable richness. The Simmons group are the best developed. The Whitman has one hundred and ten men at work. Work is plenty; wages \$2.50 outside and \$3.50 underground. Mechanics get from \$4.00 to \$5.00 per day."

KOOTENAY MINES.—Returning prospectors from Kootenay lake, B. C., report the mining outlook in that region as very good. There are about fifty quartz locations, all showing galena croppings, while a dozen have been opened up to a depth of from twenty to seventy feet, exhibiting ore continuously from the surface down. One vein carries about twelve feet of solid galena of a low grade ore, eight to ten ounces silver, others showing from eight inches to two feet of ore, running from thirty to one hundred and thirty ounces, while the "Krao" has two veins, one twelve and the other eight feet wide, the ore being both galena and carbonate, the latter class, in some instances, running as high as sixteen hundred ounces, while the galena occurs scattered throughout the vein and is of low grade. A new district, about thirty miles south of this camp, has been discovered this spring, by Colville parties, one vein being about three feet across and carrying a copper sulphide ore assaying about eighty-five ounces silver, while another has about eight feet of ore running from sixteen to forty-five ounces silver, and pretty heavy in copper. Two shipments of carbonate ore were made from this claim, one lot going to Butte, and assaying two hundred and eighty-seven ounces silver and forty-three per cent. lead; the other to Portland, carrying two hun-

dred and forty-four ounces silver and fifty-two per cent lead. Water has put a stop to opening this claim until machinery can be put up for pumping purposes. The mines are about eighty miles north of Idaho Territory and ninety miles south of the Canadian Pacific railroad, a branch of which is now being surveyed to Kootenay lake, and will be the means of opening up a vast and totally unprospected section. Still south of this place, and on the American side of the line, is the new camp of Metaline, where more galena ore is in sight on top of the ground than any person who has visited there has ever seen before, the ore, however, carrying only about eight ounces silver. All these camps are reached from Sand Point, on the Northern Pacific railroad, by water courses and a few miles of mountain trail.

GOLD SAVING MACHINES.—Much interest is felt all over the Pacific coast in the question of mining the flour gold found on the ocean beach and along the bars of the Snake, Fraser and other rivers, where the gold is so fine, and the sand so heavy, that it has been hitherto impossible to mine to advantage. The *Range & Valley*, of Mountain Home, I. T., thus describes the new machine in use there, which appears to be the "long-felt want" of the sand miners: "These machines are as simple of construction as they are durable. At the head of the machine is an ample hopper, and from this the gravel passes into a large cylinder, about four feet long and twenty inches in diameter, and into a coarse, strong screen. The screen is made fast to the cylinder, which makes from forty to fifty revolutions per minute, the flanges on the outside carrying the bowlders and coarse gravel out through a spout at the opposite end, and to one side of the plate, while all the smaller particles are forced through into the cylinder, or machine proper. The inside of this cylinder is copper-lined, and constructed like an auger, three-inch copper flanges working from the head of the machine, making a distance of one hundred and forty feet to be traveled by the sand, from its entrance into the machine until it is discharged onto the table. The inside of this screw cylinder, like a battery, is charged with quicksilver, so that every particle of gold is caught as it comes in contact with the plate, while tumbling and rolling through by the revolutions of the machine. Through the center of the machine, also, runs a perforated iron pipe, through which about an inch and a half of water can be forced with good pressure, the strong jets aiding the "digestion" of the machine by



the flood, and dissolving the refractory particles like a hydraulic. The table below the machine has a quicksilver tank at the head, and at the foot a riffle and slot, with a small bucket at one end, to catch any particle of silver or metal that might be carried over the plate by the gravel. The machines are a success. Not a particle of gold ever passed over the plate into the tailings. A couple of hours were spent in panning the tailings of last week's run, in the vain endeavor to find one color, while the bar is very rich. The machine is guaranteed to save ninety-five per cent. in all cases, and under reasonable circumstances one hundred per cent., or all, of the gold that will amalgamate. The dry process can be worked where water is not at hand. The machines weigh about five hundred pounds, and may be moved about like a chair. Their capacity has been demonstrated to be seventy-five tons of gravel per ten hours, with two laborers. A child can turn one. An old dump, or gravel bar, worth twenty-five cents per ton, can be worked with great profit. These are facts, which will be proven by figures."

SALMON RIVER MINES, W. T.—We have seen and conversed with Colorado men, Idaho men, and Nevada experts, and the general expression is that the mines are the best on the coast. The proviso is added, "if they only hold out." Of course, no one can tell what they will develop as they are gone down on. Up to the present, little development work has been done. The deepest that any of the mines have been penetrated is sixty-two feet, fifty feet, thirty feet, twenty feet, and down to five and three feet. A great many of them show up well, although they have had but little work done on them. The First Thought is down fifty feet, and shows well at three different levels, and is now held at a high price. The anxiety shown by experienced mine workers, to get hold of the property, induces the belief that they think the mines are good enough to invest money in; but they want to purchase at as low figures as possible. Up to the present, little or no gold to speak of has been discovered in the Salmon mines. Silver and lead predominate. Some little copper is mixed in the ore. The ore runs from six up to thirty-five hundred ounces to the ton, and some assays much higher. We have heard men who were from Leadville and Nevada say that, when developed, these mines will equal, if not excel, those at Leadville; that they beat the famous Comstock mines in Nevada. How true that is, we know not, but give them for what they are worth. Salmon City is situated on Salmon

creek, some three or four miles above Ruby, and consists of some five or six houses. It is located in the midst of some very valuable mineral lodes, some of which have passed into the hands of capitalists, who intend to introduce machinery to work them. One claim, the Arlington, sold for \$30,000.00. It is intended to go to work on the development of this claim soon. There are four families in Ruby. There are at present two stores, two saloons, two restaurants, a butcher shop, and a blacksmith shop. Ruby can now boast of thirteen buildings, all of which have been completed except two, which had not the roofs on when we left. The town is growing fast enough for the country. Meals are fifty cents, and whisky twenty-five cents a drink. Flour is \$2.50 to \$3.00 a sack, bacon eighteen cents, ham twenty cents. The saw mill is situated between the two towns of Salmon City and Ruby, and the power is furnished by Salmon creek. The hills and mountain sides in the mining regions are covered with a heavy coat of grass. Even on the steep hillsides the grass is green, but out of the reach of animals; even mountain goats could not reach it, or so it appeared to the reporter. Deer are plenty in the mountains, and hunters bring them in nearly every day, two or three at a time, packed on horses. A Tacoma company has ordered a concentrator, which is to be landed at Sprague, and hauled from there to Salmon City. This looks like business, and the outlook for a lively camp is favorable. The mineral is there to justify the introduction of mills and machinery for working the high grade ore. The Salmon mines are bound to prove a second Leadville. There are between four hundred and five hundred in the mines, and prospecting in the mountains adjacent to the mining towns.—*Ellensburg Localizer*.

LOWER WALLOWA VALLEY.—The first object of interest to strike the traveler, in approaching Wallowa county, is our canyon. The scenery is as grand and beautiful as can be found anywhere. The mountains on the south side are covered with a heavy growth of pine, fir and tamarack, changing at the base and along the river bottom, to birch, alder willow, service berry, thorn and cherry, while every now and then one comes upon beautiful little mossy glades, that seem to have been expressly designed for picnic grounds. On emerging from the canyon, one is not favorably impressed with the lower valley. The large number of sheep which have been kept there for many years have given the hills a brown and barren look,

and besides one sees but little of the valley in passing through. It is so divided by heavy belts of timber along the river and Bear creek, that the traveler never sees the south half of the valley, and frequently passes on without knowing that there is such a place. The valley proper is about five miles long by three miles in width, and contains some of the best hay land in the world. The hay crop is very seldom exhausted, large quantities being "summered over" almost every year. The Wallowa river passes through the middle of the valley, from east to west, heavily belted on either side with pine, cottonwood and alder timber; so much so as to hide from view some of the best hay farms, notably those of Wm. Webber and Joseph Johnston. Bear creek, coming down at right angles from the mountains on the south, also heavily timbered, cuts the south side (which is much the larger portion) of the valley in two portions, thus dividing the entire valley into two parts, and furnishing an abundance of timber for all purposes for many years to come, and a water power without end. The water of these streams is about as clear and pure as it is possible for water to be, and they abound in fish. The celebrated red-fish come up once a year, furnishing sport for about two weeks. Salmon come up three times a year, in April, August and November, while the spotted trout and shliners remain with us always.

Now, having considered the valley itself (which used to be considered all there was here) we have not made a commencement on the subject. Bordering the valley on the north, is a strip of hilly, bunch-grass country, extending eastward along the Wallowa basin for forty miles or more, and from four to ten miles in width. On the hills, which are neither high nor steep, may be found the richest and best grain land in all the West, interspersed with other land which is good for nothing but pasturage, as is the case in all hilly countries. Back of these hills, and extending to Snake river, some forty or fifty miles, is a scope of country, for the most part very finely timbered, and without underbrush, so that one may travel almost anywhere in a wagon. Every mile or two we encounter a thicket of long and most beautiful poles, sometimes extending for miles. These we have to go around, since they grow so thickly one can scarcely go through on foot. This would be a paradise for fencers and tie choppers. Scattered all through this vast scope

of country, are numerous open glades, like the beaver meadows of the East, covered with the best of grass from three to four feet high, with the very richest of deep, black soil, plenty of springs, and some streams of considerable size. This whole region will soon be settled. There are already some settlers located there, the only inconvenience being deep snows in winter. This region has before it a great future. Several large saw mills may work here for many years, and still there will be plenty of good timber left. Railroad ties may be shipped out for the building of thousands of miles of railroad, and there will be poles remaining. Vast herds of stock may graze here, and there will be plenty of grass left. Elk, deer and bear may be killed for many years, and some will yet remain. The snow falls here from three to four feet in depth, but with plenty of hay and grain laid in for winter use, stock will do much better and come out in better condition, than in warmer countries, where there is rain, wind and mud. For the first fifteen miles out, this country is quite level, much more so than most of the state of Iowa. After that, as you go north toward Snake river, it becomes more rough and broken, while the climate grows warmer—much warmer, in fact, than any part of the Wallowa valley. Incidentally, I mention that this is a great country for huckleberries, and for fear that any man should consider a huckleberry a small matter to make mention of, I will just say, that toward spring, a supply will go far toward making one feel healthy, wealthy and wise.

But to return to the valley. The lower part of the south half is hid from view and little known. It is called Diamond prairie. This prairie is, or rather was, the most dried up, parched and unproductive portion of Wallowa county, with the exception of some of its little "ranches" around the outskirts next to the mountains and river, which have always been very rich. Within the past three years, Mr. Chamberlain has located a desert claim in the center and driest part of the prairie, and has taken out a large irrigating ditch. As a consequence, he is making this desert region to "blossom as the rose." He is now cutting the best quality of hay, and a good crop of it, too, from land that used to be, from the first of May until the fall rains began, as dry as gunpowder, producing nothing but bunch grass, and very little of that.—*Wallowa Chieftain.*

## Editorial Comment.

THE attention of the business men of Portland is earnestly called to the leading article in this number of *THE WEST SHORE*. The fact that the Willamette falls have been with us always has had the natural result of making us thoughtless of the great use we might make of them. There are two old saws which exemplify the situation: "Familiarity breeds contempt," on the one hand, and "Distance lends enchantment to the view," on the other. We look with admiration upon the city of Minneapolis and the magnificent water power which is the foundation of its greatness, and yet, right here in our own midst, we have a water power greater in quantity, and better situated for manufacturing purposes, than that which wins our admiration through the enchantment of distance. There is no other commercial city on the sea coast of Oregon, Washington or California, either present or prospective, which possesses a natural water power amounting to even the shadow of the falls of the Willamette, nor is there any water power in the United States so favorably located for ocean shipments. These two great facts point to Portland as the most available center of great manufacturing industries on the Pacific coast, and it is high time to awake to a realization of the situation. Let us make a practical effort to aid the gentlemen who are trying to develop this great power, and found those manufacturing industries which we daily assert must be the chief element in the future growth of Portland. To all practical purposes, a factory at Oregon City is a Portland industry, since this must, of necessity, be the business and shipping point. This calls for acts, rather than words, and our board of trade should take hold of the matter with a determination to accomplish something.

THE Central Pacific is now running tri-weekly fruit trains from Sacramento to Chicago and New York. The time to Chicago is one hundred and ten hours. A train consists of from fifteen to twenty cars, containing twenty-two thousand pounds of fruit each. It is expected that daily trains will soon be required. Here is food for thought for the people of Oregon and Washington. We boast of our fruit, and wonder why there is not a shipping demand for it.

We have certain kinds of fruit which equal, if they do not excel, those of California, but we have not enough of them. The shipment of fruit, in order to be successful, must be made a special business, and to do this requires that it be conducted on a sufficiently large scale to keep down the expenses to a living rate. Our orchards are too small. We should have orchards where several car loads of the same kind of fruit may be had at one time. In that way, cars are quickly loaded, trains made up, and dispatched. As it is now, our Portland shippers have to buy fruit in small lots, a wagon load from this man and a wagon load from another man, and so on until they get together enough for a car load. Where in the world they could procure enough for a train of fifteen cars passes our comprehension. Let our farmers plant large orchards, devoted exclusively to a few varieties of fruit in demand for shipment, and they may depend upon it that a market will be found in the East, and our railroads will give us as good facilities as they now give the orchardists of California. It depends upon us, not upon the railroads, for when we have the fruit, they will furnish the trains to carry it away.

THE Columbia Waterway Convention has met and adjourned. The members listened to reports on the condition of improvements at the cascades, which were of a sadly discouraging nature, heard a few speeches, exercised the American's inalienable right to pass resolutions, created a perpetual association to look after river interests, and adjourned for one year. It was wise to make the association a perpetual one, in view of the progress being made in opening the river. *THE WEST SHORE* hoped, as expressed in its last issue, that this convention would inaugurate some practicable plan for the opening of the river, independently of the general government; yet while admitting the fact that if dependence is to be continued upon the action of congress, the present generation will not live to see the work completed, the convention continued in the old rut of seeking congressional appropriations. We will wait, now, another year, when it will again be time to pass resolutions.

## Thoughts and Facts for Women.

One of the secrets of securing that home-like appearance, so desirable to every dwelling, is the giving to each article of furniture, whether for use or ornament, an entertaining and restful expression. Nowhere is this more noticeable than in the hanging of pictures. Pictures should be hung so that the average person, when standing, may enjoy them without assuming an uneasy posture. A portrait should be so hung that we may look directly into its eyes, and landscapes and other pictures should be hung at such a height that the eye may be on a level with the center of the picture. The manner in which the light falls upon the picture should also be taken into account. Some pictures look better in a shaded recess of the room, while others need the fullest light. And the surroundings should all be such as to give, as nearly as may be, the expression the artist desired when executing it. Pictures are to be looked at and enjoyed. Their influence is refining, and to the degree that they break the monotony of the view, whether material or mental, it is restful. Some one has said that we may judge of the culture of a family, by the pictures which hang upon the home walls, while some one else has said that the manner of hanging the pictures decides the culture, so perhaps it would not be far wrong to decide that the two taken together are a pretty sure indication of the intelligence which selects and arranges them. We do not desire pictures for something bright, merely, but we want them to be suggestive. Art is not for the eye only, but for the mind and heart, through the eye; and in our selections from it, should be made to subserve its noble purpose.

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It is said, that "The greatest study of mankind is man," also, in words of wisdom, "know thyself." But man can best be studied through his actions and the result of his actions, human institutions; and self may best be known by knowing others, and by that development of self which comes through mingling with others in society. It is because of these principles, along with increased incentives to endeavor, that the reflex action of a public spirit is so beneficial to the individual. It is a fact to be deplored that there is not as much of a public

spirit among women as there ought to be. Within prescribed limits—her family and friends—and in certain directions—physical health and the church—woman has equaled, if not excelled, man; but a good kindred to that which she seeks to do in these directions, is needed to be done by her hands and through her thought, elsewhere, as well; and, be it said to their credit, there are many women awake to the fact. Is it a sufficient excuse, that family cares demand a woman's attention? We call a man, who allows his business to absorb his active interest, a fossil. Nor is it a sufficient excuse that there are some things of a public nature which woman can not do, for there are many things which she can do. It is the subtle influence of woman's presence, her moral nature, her gentleness, that are so much needed. These she exerts on questions of public concern, just to the degree that she feels an interest in them. It is true, her influence is indirect oftener than direct, yet to do her utmost is to do her best, and she should not refrain from doing what lies within her power, simply because there are some things which lie without it. Were woman to live for her own family, merely, and there were no christian obligation resting upon her, either for the welfare of those outside her kindred, or for her own individuality, she should, even then, simply for her own family, look to the proper moral standing, the intellectual status, and the general sense of equity possessed by those with whom her family must mingle in society and state, for such is the equipoise of American society, that "That which effects any body any place, effects every body every place."

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Water, how closely thou suitest  
Thy form to the walls thou surround!  
So man, 'neath the power of influence,  
Ever rises or falls to the ground.

Then choose thyself friendship ennobling,  
And seek for hearts truer than thine,  
In virtue improving continue,  
Their strength with thine own to combine.

The influence upon the home, of the association of its members with friends, or even acquaintances, without, can not be estimated. It is seldom that we meet a character so neutral that we do not feel a quickening of some faculty

of our nature by being in his presence, while it is no uncommon occurrence to meet with persons so positive in nature as to arouse us to either good or ill, and when received into the family, such an one comes either to brighten or blight the most sacred ties of relationship. "Perfect obedience may be secured from children, as long as they can be kept from bad associates," said a mother to me not very long ago, "but let them once enter bad company, and they never seem the same again." I also know of a husband driven almost to distraction by domestic troubles, warning another against the association of his wife with a certain lady of the neighborhood, because she had brought dire disaster into one home, and he was sure she would into another. I know, furthermore, of homes where support has been taken away, where, in the place of smiling countenances, there are those of fearful foreboding and anguish. Their sun has gone down into night, all because the husband and father chose evil associations. Yes, we all know of these things, and deplore the fact that they are true; but how can they be bettered? We may not be able to ameliorate these conditions, unless we be so unfortunate as to experience them in our own families, for each case requires a cure peculiar to itself. But what does concern us, is the prevention of such occurrences in our own households. Is our home to us the most interesting spot that we are able to find? Are we making any special effort to attach our children to it and to its discipline? How much of that which strictly belongs to home do we pour into the ears of some one quite outside our home interests, to receive, it may be, an irritant in return? How many womanly efforts do we make to be pleasing and attractive just for our home folks? If we are not doing all these things, and even more, we are falling below the true standard of a good homekeeper. It is much easier to lead into the right than to prevent from the wrong. Let woman's actions be positive toward the good, and if she be active and on the alert, her home will be her highest source of pleasure, her greatest blessing, while her family, in so far as she is consistent, will delight in her delight, and accord in her dislikes.

It is said that the queen of the Sandwich islands, in her recent visit to America, was very much interested in the methods and institutions of our country, especially any that she thought could be used among her people. She delighted in our educational institutions for girls. She visited Wellesley, and was greeted

in her own language, by one of the professors, who recited a national poem. In her reply to the greeting, Queen Kapiolani said that when she left her island home, she never dreamed of seeing so large an institution devoted entirely to the education of girls, and that she should always carry the remembrance with her. Perhaps, in the no distant future, we shall hear of a kindred institution to our Wellesley, springing into existence in the midst of the Pacific ocean. The schools for girls among the Hawaiian people are of an inferior nature. The queen is very intelligent, and, it is said, is well informed on social and political matters, both in Europe and America, but she does not speak our language. She is accompanied by the heir-apparent to the throne, Princess Lilinokalani, sister to Princess Likelike, whose sad fate of January last all will remember. The princess speaks the English language fluently, is highly intellectual, and is accomplished in music.

A few years ago it was thought improper for a woman to be a foreign missionary, unless she were a missionary's wife; but now, so great is the change wrought through practical work in this direction, that there are twenty-four hundred unmarried women in the mission field, besides probably an equal number of married women, and public opinion has changed about face so much on this question, that the mission field is now thought to be one of the places suited especially to women.

Dr. Lucy M. Hall, of Vassar, has been compiling lists of the young women absent on account of illness, and comparing it with a similar list of young men at Amherst college. The number of absences among male students largely exceeded those among female students.

Miss Alice Longfellow is one of the officers of the Society for the Collegiate Instruction of Women, and is often at the Harvard annex building, where, they say, she is regarded by the students with a love almost amounting to reverence.

According to Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, there are now two hundred and twenty-seven occupations open to women, as against seven at the beginning of the century.

A very pretty way to make a lamp shade, is the following, which we clip from an exchange: Take strips of ribbon, about an inch and a half wide, and six inches long, each cut to a sharp

point at the end. A sufficient number of these strips are joined together to surround the shade at its largest circumference, and then the top is drawn in with a draw string, leaving a ruffle above the gathered part. The lower edge will be a succession of points, and a ruffle of Oriental lace is set underneath, each point being finished with a silk ball, or a little gilt bell, if preferred. A bow of ribbon on one side adds to the effect. The ribbons used in making this lamp shade may be silk, satin, or faille, or piece goods can be employed. The colors may be in contrast, but a pleasanter light is cast through a shade of one plain color, such as pale yellow, Charles X. pink, green, or light blue. Brown may also be used, but black or white is not desirable, excepting when the shade is used solely as an ornament.

Also tinted handkerchiefs of India silk, with a hole cut out in the center to slip over the lamp chimney, are easily arranged for lamp shades. A cream, pink, rose-color, blue, or green silk handkerchief, edged with narrow or medium width plat Val lace, is very effective, and the

lace must be sewed in a full frill around the center opening as well. A square of India silk, about three-eighths of a yard each way, may be used instead of a regular handkerchief. Cambric and lace are used in the same way, and trimmed with ribbon bows and a fringe made of loops of "baby" ribbon all around the edge.

A good way to hide a superfluous door is to fasten a curtain of madras drapery to rods above and below and secure to the door jam. This, when harmonizing with the other colors of the room, gives a cozy effect. I saw a door opening into a hall, concealed from the hall side very beautifully in the following manner: A mirror for hall use was hung upon the door, which had been previously draped, the curtains parting just enough to receive it. Above the mirror were fastened a pair of deer antlers, upon which a lace draping was gracefully fastened above the glass. A table covered with a thick spread below the glass, finished the concealment of the door, which I am sure every one considered attractive.

ADDIE DICKMAN MILLER.

## THE DOMESTIC MARTYR.

I HAVE a great aversion for the domestic martyr. She has been the bane of my life, and had I the power to exterminate her from the face of the earth, I would do it without a particle of compunction. If I had a husband and family, I would never turn the sweets of existence into gall and wormwood, just for the credit and glory (Oh, my!) of being a martyr. Yet this is so exactly what many women do, that I sometimes become utterly disgusted with my sex, and wish myself a man.

There is a large class of people who are not rich, nor poor. They have education, refinement, and means enough to make for themselves a comfortable and happy home. And this, it is to be presumed, is what the man wanted, and expected, when he took unto himself a wife. But the wife determines to be a model housekeeper, and the trouble begins; for a woman may be a most excellent *housekeeper*, and have no knack at all for *homekeeping*. And,

let me tell you, this is not a "distinction without a difference." I am acquainted with women whose habitations are always in exact order, whose well-cooked meals never fail to be ready at the proper time, whose bread is always perfection, whose pie-crust is invariably tender and flaky, whose cakes never dream of heavy streaks or burnt crusts, whose coffee-pots furnish forth nectar, and their tea-urns ambrosia; women who exult each Monday morning that the washing is early upon the line, and that Tuesday evening finds every garment ironed, aired and mended; women whose windows glisten with cleanliness, whose carpets seem never to fade or grow dusty, whose parlor curtains hang in the exact folds decreed by the hands that draped them; women, in fact, who excel in every culinary art, and are immaculate housekeepers; but the house they live in is not my ideal of a home, by a long, long way. Good, conscientious women, these same housewives are, and deserving



of great credit for their superhuman achievements. But, oh dear, how I have longed sometimes, when I have been a "prisoner within their gates," to see things left to take care of themselves, that the tired and care-worn mistress might enjoy "life, liberty and happiness" with the rest of mankind. And I have observed that the husband of the model housekeeper is not very fond of home; he seems to feel more at ease away from the house than in it. Not that he does not enjoy the prompt meals, the excellent cooking, the well cared-for garments. He does. He is proud of his wife, and very likely brags about her abilities to his friends and cronies. But, nevertheless, he is a homeless man, in the true sense of the word. He is never comfortable in his—I should have said in *her*—well-ordered rooms. He feels almost a culprit, if by chance he should happen to disarrange any of the tidy arrangements about him, and is never wholly and completely at ease among his household gods. It seems to him that his wife's mind is altogether taken up by cares and worries that, to him, seem trivial and petty, and although he sympathizes with her, in so far as his masculine mind comprehends the situation, he can not, for the life of him, see why she is not entirely comfortable and happy. He can not see that a poor, overworked mortal, who is trying to be wife mother, mistress, nurse, housekeeper, seamstress and servant, all in one, can not, by any known possibility, be the comrade and companion, the happy house-mother, that she should be. It is utterly impossible that one mortal woman should properly fill so many different posts of duty, and it is in consequence of her effort to do so, that we have the domestic martyr.

Did you ever know a model housekeeper, who did not consider herself a martyr? And no wonder. She is always weary, full of aches and pains and worries, she laments and resents that no one appreciates the situation, that her trials are not comprehended, and that no one knows how much she undergoes every day of the three hundred and sixty-five in the yearly round. She declares, often, that she is "working herself to death," yet abates no jot of her daily toil. The work must be done, "though the heavens fall." Her children do not sympathize with her to any great extent, because they are so accustomed to hearing her complaints, that they pay them little heed. Like their father, they are likely to seek their associates and confidential friends outside the home circle, because that home lacks the charm that would bind them to it.

Mrs. Stowe says—and she never uttered truer words—that "It is a hateful dogma, that love is to be taken for granted, without daily proof between those who love." And again, "How many live a stingy and niggardly life, in regard to their richest inward treasures. They live with those they love dearly, whom a few more words and deeds expressive of this love, would make so much happier, richer, and better; and they can not, will not, turn the key and let it out. People who really do love, esteem, reverence, almost worship, each other, live a barren, chilly life side by side, busy, anxious, preoccupied, letting their love go by as a matter of course, a last year's growth, with no present buds and blossoms. Are there not husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, in whom the material for a beautiful life lies locked away in unfruitful silence—who give time to everything but the cultivation and expression of mutual love?"

How much more we might make of our family life, of our friendships, of our social intercourse, of the mental powers with which God has endowed us, if only we would not sacrifice ourselves to this Moloch of house work. I affirm that there is much useless labor done by women, who, being in moderate circumstances, think they can not afford to hire help, or, being able to afford it, can not obtain that which is satisfactory. I agree with the modern essayist, who asks for "plain living and high thinking." Would it not be better to live upon this plane, to plan our lives so that we may have time to be companion to husband and children, to establish that comradeship in the family circle that makes home the most delightful spot on earth? Would it not be better that the house should be filled with jollity, love, cheerfulness, and unselfishness, than that there should be pies for dinner? That plans for mutual improvement and enjoyment should occupy more space in the scheme of life, and plans for super-fine housekeeping less? I believe that a mother should be the joyous companion of her growing sons, and the sympathizing confident of her young daughters. She should be, actually and truly, a companion and a comrade. Her wider experience and more mature mind would render her invaluable to the young souls entrusted to her care, as counsellor and guide. With such a mother, the children will imbibe higher ideals of the dignity and beauty of life, than through association with a woman whose mind and whose energies are so absorbed in house-keeping duties, that all other matters are kept in subordination, and regarded as side issues.

Not that order and cleanliness and nicety and dainty cookery are not to be valued. Far be it from me to inculcate such a doctrine as that. But if a woman must choose between being a weary, nervous, household drudge, and what is termed a "slack" housekeeper, for pity's sake, let her be slack. Why should she impose useless burdens upon herself, to the neglect of higher duties and nobler aims? Why should she make herself and every one about her miserable, in order to carry out her ideal of good housekeeping? To come down to personal supplication, can not you, dear sister, scarify your pride and let "help" really help you? If the bank account is small, or altogether wanting, and you feel that you can not afford to keep a servant, or two, or three, as the case may be, economize in some other direction, and save your health, your spirits, your time, your youth and good looks, for the benefit of your husband and children and friends. Have fewer clothes in the family, live on plainer food, abolish the company-consecrated parlor, and you will find, if you give your mind to it, that you will be healthier, happier, and better looking. Your sons will admire you, and strangers will think you are your own daughter's elder sister. It will prove a trial, no doubt, for a time, to feel that you are comfortable, and have no aches or pains to complain of. But persevere, and you will become resigned, and as you ascend to that higher plane of home life, which I have attempted to describe, you will take your family with you, and life will be well worth living, even though there be no pudding for dinner, and the best dishes are not upon the table when some member of your family brings home an unexpected guest to dine.

The domestic martyr is an American institution. Nowhere else, in any civilized country

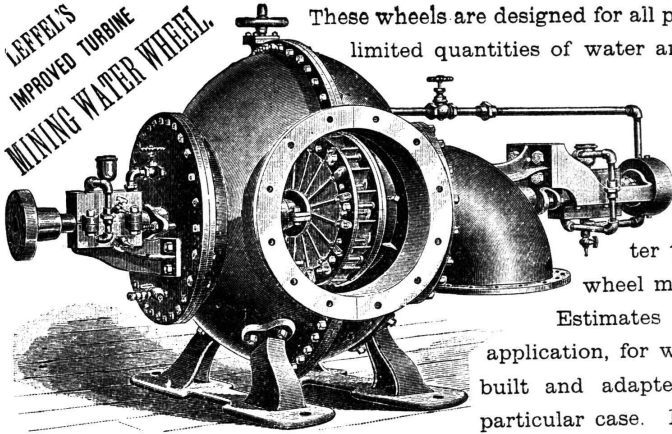
that I know of, does the mistress of the house undertake so much as here. The English housekeeper, although but the wife of the butcher, the baker, or the candle-stick maker, has at least one servant. And then her bread, her pies, her roasts come ready for the table, from the baker's oven. If she has young children, it is a matter of course that she have a servant to look after them and amuse them. But Yankee energy and thrift prefers other ways, and in consequence, there is, in every community, a number of excellent, intelligent, well-meaning women who have sunk from bright, pretty, interesting girls, into nervous, irritable, complaining drudges. If they have guests in their houses, they (the guests) feel themselves a burden, and are usually glad to escape. Social converse, intellectual conversation, music and amusements have small consideration where pickles and preserves, cakes and superfine cookery, fill the mind and busy the hands of the hostess.

But, as temperance workers say about the old drunkards, "They can not be saved; they are confirmed in their evil courses; but let us save the young—let us prevent the formation of the dreadful habit, which, once fixed, can not be cured." So I say to the martyrs. Go on and kill yourselves. There will be those who will breathe freer when you are gone. But, young wives and mothers, take a word of advice. Make life beautiful and happy, in so far as in you lies. Make home a cheerful place, and when you find yourselves overburdened, drop some of the burdens, even though your friends hold up their hands in horror at your inefficiency. Never, never, whatever else you may be tempted to do, never transform yourself into a domestic martyr.

CELIA PEARCE.

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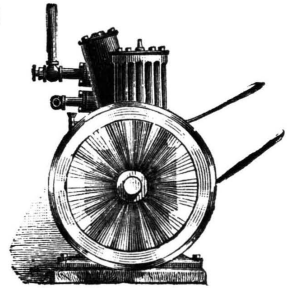
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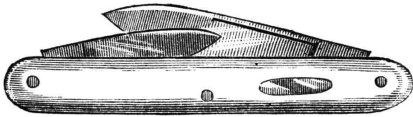
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To accomplish this object, we make the following un-  
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# ALLEN C. MASON'S ADVERTISEMENT.

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The Attention of Parties desiring to make Profitable Investments in Real Estate is respectfully called  
to the following facts:

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That the City of Tacoma, located on Commencement Bay, at the head of navigation on Puget Sound, is the actual Western Terminus of the Great Transcontinental Northern Pacific Railroad, now completed and in operation from St. Paul and Duluth to Tacoma.

That at the City of Tacoma is now being centered the Western Terminal business of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

That the Northern Pacific Railroad Company owns nearly two miles of the water frontage of this city, and over a half interest in millions of dollars worth of real estate in and near the City of Tacoma.

That the Northern Pacific Railroad Company declines to sell the bulk of this property, which action is an evidence that this property will materially increase in value in the not far distant future.

That the large amount of valuable city property and water frontage which it absolutely withholds from sale or lease for its own use, is a further evidence that in this city it expects to have developed over its own extensive lines of road sufficient business to need all of the real estate thus reserved for its own purposes.

That in no other city or town on Puget Sound has the Northern Pacific Railroad Company any landed interest.

That it has already constructed and furnished here at a cost of a quarter of a million dollars, a hotel which would be the pride of a city of one hundred thousand population—a further evidence that this is in anticipation of the size to which Tacoma will grow.

That it has already contracted for fifteen hundred thousand brick to be used in the construction of a building for the use of its chief officers on the Western Division of its extensive road.

That Tacoma is now the headquarters for the following officers of that road: Second Vice President, General Manager, General Land Agent, Superintendent of Telegraph, and Superintendent of the Pacific and Cascade Divisions.

*That if there ever has been a doubt in the last three years concerning the real and actual Terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, that doubt is set at rest.*

That Tacoma is the only American port on Puget Sound at which consignments of goods from the Orient have been received for shipment direct to the great marts of the East, and this from the fact that shipments from China and Japan via Tacoma can be made to New York in six days less time than by San Francisco.

That there is no obstruction to navigation from Tacoma by way of Puget Sound to the Pacific Ocean as there is from Portland by way of the treacherous Columbia river to the same great highway.

That vessels can load wheat more cheaply at Tacoma than at Portland, and that this saving will go into the pockets of the producers and thus stay in the country.

That the city of Tacoma is filled with enterprising citizens who extend a hearty welcome to others of a like kind, who come here with a determination to assist in the development of the country.

That the prospects for the continued growth of Tacoma are brighter than those of any other city on Puget Sound.

That Tacoma offers better opportunities for profitable investments of any city on Puget Sound. For particulars concerning these investments, or for a "Compendium of Information" concerning Tacoma, address

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Real Estate and Loan Broker, Tacoma, W. T.

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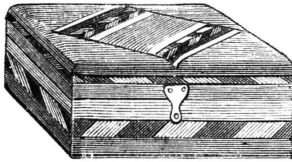
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FOR CATARRH, COLD IN THE HEAD, HAY FEVER, Rose Cold, Catarrhal Deafness and Sore Eyes. Restores the senses of taste and smell, removes bad taste and unpleasant breath, resulting from Catarrh. Easy and pleasant to use. Follow directions and a cure is warranted by all druggists. Send for circular to ABIE-TINE MEDICAL CO., Oroville, Cal. Six months' treatment, for \$1; sent by mail for \$1.10. For sale by all Druggists.

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