

brother ther'." "Why did you leave Kansas?" we next asked.

"Well I were ther' three year. The first year everything was all right; the second I got a bad dose of grasshoppers. They jess clean'd me out totally. The next year things looked better; but I got to thinking, 'what if the hoppers come agin; so Hat, (projecting his thumb towards his wife) "an, I talked the matter over and writ' to brother Hiram, an, he advised us to come, and so fur I hain't no cause to regret, so long as thirty bushel is better'n ten, an, in the off year none at all."

The next one we spoke to was a gnarled thick-set man, with a firm determined look and red whiskers on his face. To the question why he came here' he replied: "I've had it purtty rough this last year, sure. I'm from Iowy, one of the best farmin states in the world if it wasn't for them blizzards. Well, sir, they fairly blew me out of Iowy. You never was in one of 'em, I take it? No; well then you can't imagine what they be. First thing its a sudden turnin' cold, then a blow, a howl with rain an' hail an' snow, an' things goin' so"—and the speaker began to cut the air with rapidity in a horizontal direction. Seeing that he attracted the attention of several sitting near him, he became earnest and continued: "These blizzards are the darndest things yuh ever see; they try to blow yuh away; they rip and tear things; they freeze yuh up; its drift here and bare ther' and when ther' done, what ain't blowed away is frozen stiffer'n a crow-bar. I was a little afeared to come here first, so I went to Californy, but, 'twixt shapral an, Mexican land grants an' jumpin' yer land, I could'nt git a right down good spot. So, while huntin' aroun' I come across a man from the Peloose country. He had gone back after his family, an' after talkin' with him I 'cided to come up here. I've read a good deal about up ther' an' if I don't hit it ther' I'll try the Spokain country. They say"—

"I'm from Nevady," interrupted a muscular fellow in a monkey jacket and blue shirt. "That state's played, petered out—we've got down to the last level, and I've come up here to sink a shaft fur wheat and sich. I've been minin' fourteen year an' was purty well fixed twic't, but stocks knocked the bottom out ov my pan. I've got some

ole pards up here, as is doin' well, got mar'eed, settled down an' got chicks; an' I ain't got nobody to leave my pile to when I strike it." And the man walked down the aisle in search of a chew of tobacco.

We had by this time passed the fish wheels where the wariness of the salmon is circumvented. We had passed the scene of Phil Sheridan's first fight—his "baptism of fire" and reached a point abreast the ruins of an old block house where in the Fifties a handful of white men had defended themselves against a horde of renegade Indians, and we reflected, what an ample revenge the American people now enjoy having placed the wards of the nation on reservations so large that each Indian is dying of abject loneliness. Think of four hundred Indians trying to find each other on the Umatilla reservation of nearly six hundred thousand acres! Is it any wonder that in prowling around looking for his brother, poor Lo, should stumble over a bottle of whiskey, which a low down white man placed in the brush at three dollars a pint. From the upper Cascades to The Dalles the grandeur of scenery continues, the strata of varied rocks standing clearly out, showing the terrific labor of subterranean convulsions and upheavals during volcanic eruptions almost equaling a congressional debate on the tariff, between Robeson and Blackburn, with an occasional rock hurled by Wm. D. Kelley. We whirl along over long trestles; we shoot through dark tunnels; we pass under precipices and arrive at The Dalles for supper.

Above The Dalles we witness the surging, angry, foaming rapids, a magnificent and awe-inspiring sight, toned by the smell of salmon which are here caught by the Indians in great numbers.

From the rear platform we obtain the finest view of Mount Hood that we have yet had.

How grandly it looms! How majestic, and cold, and white, and impressive! Stretching wide and towering to the skies, the silent witness of events of which no record stands; of events forged by ages and shaped by centuries—of events notched only in eternity; events the smallest detail of which noted the rise and growth, the prime and decay of races of beings of whose

lineaments or form, acts or purpose, we have not the dimmest shadow or even legend. Who shall mark the hour, the day, the century, or age that old Hood first arose and looked around over all; discerning on one side an ocean, on the other a continent lost to vision only by the earth's round form? Silent Recipient of the sun's first morning kiss of welcome, and last to note the day's farewell! Serene, sentient, Sepulchre of creative purposes, mighty Monitor of memory's brief span! Who can better tell the story of Inland sea, of the Cascades cleft in twain, of Rainier's rage and fire, of St. Helen's anger and ashes, of Adams' rumbling roar? Calm Contemporary of all that has been, of all that is, of all that is to be; giving neither hint, nor word, nor notion of its creation, its past, its future; nor telling aught of nations it has seen rise and fall, of things created and gone, of mighty works begun and finished, before man was in the womb—before Kwong Tung Foo captured Portland and laid waste Scappoose, butchered Hogg, and filled Yaquina B—. Here the conductor ruthlessly shook us, and in a voice louder than Stilton cheese, yelled in our ear, "Say, my friend, you musn't sleep out on the platform; besides you'll get full of sand!" Sure enough, no one could accuse me of not having sand. I was sandy with soil and soiled with sand. But to judge of the soil from the rear platform of a car would be as unfair as a Hillsboro horse race. So we sought our berth and went to sleep with a clear conscience within, a pair of red blankets and a snoring clam-eater from the Sound over us.

Just before dawn we awoke to witness the manner of ferrying a train across the Snake River where it joins the Columbia. Down an incline we gently crept without jar or shake, not a sleeper disturbed, not a dream broken, and in five minutes eight cars were aboard the "Frederick Billings." The fifteen minutes used in crossing to Ainsworth allowed us time to examine the "Billings." She is the largest and most powerful ferryboat in the Pacific Northwest. She has a tonnage of 1,236, with immense power—20-inch cylinders, with 8 feet stroke. The machinery was built by Smith Bros. & Watson, and is the largest ever put together in Oregon. She is controlled by Gates' latest improved steering gear, operated