THE FIRST EASTER.

From behind those ancient hilltops,
Leaps the sun in glory grand,
Lighting up the Jewish city
And the Holy Land.
To the east lies river Jordan,
And its muddy waters flow
To the Sea of Death beyond it,
Lying low.

But a land beside it stretches,
Where poor Moses wandered years,
And the children oft' repining,
Oft' have bathed the land in tears.
To the west lies better country
And a range of purple hills,
Where in springtime bloomed flowers,
There beside the rushing rills.

Then, perhaps in walking distance,
From the busy careless throng,
Stands the Mount of Olives,
That is famed in book and song.
On the west slope of the mountain
Is a garden, square and neat,
And amongst its vines and olives,
Turned our Savior's weary feet.

Kneeling there in awful suffering,
For the coming trial to bear,
Lifted up his voice to Heaven,
In a short, impassioned prayer.
And he went a little farther,
And fell on his face and prayed:
"Oh my Father, if it may be,
Let this bitter cup be stayed."

Then he cometh to his brethren,
And he findeth them asleep,
And he sayeth unto Peter,
"Could ye not one hour keep?"
And again he went to praying,
"Oh! my Father, if this cup be for
thy son,
And if mete that I should drink it,
Oh! my God, thy will, not mine be
done."

And a third time spent in praying,
With the blood upon his brow,
Then the Jews lay hands upon him,
They will crucify Him now.
He has borne his cross to Calvary,
Jeered and taunted by the throng,
And His tender flesh been beaten
By the cruel scourger's thong.

To the tree they firmly nailed Him,
And their hellish work applaud,
When the sun sinks low at midday,
As a warning sign from God.
And the graves of death were opened,
And the saints that slept, arose,
And they worshipped in the temple,
In their spiced and burial clothes.

Then they placed our Savior's body
In a tomb hewn out of stone,
And a little bird above him,
Then was seen to deeply mourn.
On a Sabbath, bright and early,
Came an angel to the grave,
And an awful earthquake,
For God's angel came to save.

And the angel told the watchers,
That their Savior arose,
That the grave should never hold him,
He had triumphed o'er his foes.
Then the bird sang songs of mirth,
And the Savior doubly blest it,
More than other fowls of earth.
And he caused its eggs to take on
colors,
As the rainbow and the flowers,
So we keep that day as Easter,
In this Christian land of ours.

—ELLA McMUNN.

Priscilla's Triumph.

IN the long road winding from the little village there stood a house as neat as wax and as bright as a new pin, but vigorously pure, unadulterated country, from the green blinds that folded so peacefully back upon its fresh white painted front, to the blue barn and sheds done in that intense mazarim that steals the tint from the summer sky in the violence of its contrast.

Priscilla Partridge lived here. She was an only daughter with proclivities toward art. Thus, when her father came home from a horse-trading expedition in the adjoining town and told her that a young artist had engaged board of him for the summer, she built an air castle on the spot. The artist would discover and admire her talent for painting, give her lessons, together they would put wonders and miracles onto canvas and in the end marry. It was no wonder then that she increased, if that were possible, the intense greenness and blueness of her next landscape and in a gilt frame of extra width, had it awaiting him in all its fresh elegance upon the wall of the room assigned to him.

The artist came, and if it can be designated as conquered where everything is laid out for victory, he conquered. His good looks, city finish and a certain savior faire completed his charms in Priscilla's estimation. As her fancy had pictured to her, he helped her in her landscapes, gave her a hint or two in perspective, and aided the summer in fleefly passing—till one morning. Upon this one morning Priscilla overheard the conversation between her artist and a friend who had come down from the city to see him. They were back of the vines on the front "stoop," she was watering the geraniums in the angle which the stoop made with the house.

"Rather a pretty girl here, Preston?" the visitor remarked.

"Yes."

"Seems very much taken with you."

"Dare say. I've helped her a bit with painting. She fancies the work, you know, but such green and blue absurdities as she does and frames and hangs up all over the house is enough to give one the jaundice! She has no more notion of art than an elephant, but of course I don't tell her. What would be the use? That reminds me, there's a choice study in brook scenery about a mile from here. We have just time for it before dinner; come on," and the two men strolled off, while Priscilla, her ears tingling as if they had been cuffed, fled to her room and shed such scalding tears that her seared, red eyes and cheeks were not cool enough to be seen until the next morning, when the artist asked for her to say good-bye to her, as he had decided to return to the city with his friend.

"Pon my word, Miss Partridge," he said, advancing upon her with outstretched hands, "thought I wasn't to see you again before I go. I'm off with George; seems the family want me with them at the seashore. Much obliged for your kindness since I've been here. Keep straight with your art work and you'll get there sometime. Goodby; goodby, Mr. Partridge. Let me know when you're in the city." And he was gone. Priscilla's air castle, as glittering and prismatic as a soap bubble a few hours before, was nothing now.

But Priscilla possessed a backbone to her character that stood her in good stead. She put both of her feet upon her disappointment, determined to pursue her art in a legitimate if less high-flown manner, and then, when success came to her, if it did, this despicable artist should know and feel it. That would be her triumph.

Two months ater she was established in an art school, whose classes she attended day and night, early and late, till prizes for correct modeling, for drawing, for coloring, began to adorn her room and she wrote them at home to destroy the blue and green landscapes, as she was collecting something better to take their place.

Three years had gone by. There was an announcement that the largest art school in the United States was to award a large prize for the best study made from the model, "An Old Fisher Woman." The competitors must all work from the same model and in the studio of the school which offered the prize. Twenty artists and many students had already entered the lists, and the first name given among the competitors was that of Preston Howard, Priscilla's summer artist.

Priscilla crumpled in her hand the paper that made this announcement, and then she straightened out the wrinkles and carried it to her painting master.

"May I go and try it?" she said.

"Certainly," he answered, "if you don't mind the extra expense and the time it takes from your course here."

"I don't mind anything if I can win it," she said.

"Very well, then go and do us all the credit you can," and he smiled encouragingly, for he saw a determined expression in her face that promised well.

Half an hour later Priscilla was steaming toward her new work. Three hours later she had reached the huge, hustling city, and before night she had been entered among the competitors. Her place opposite the model was chosen, and her easel and chair fixed. Near the chair there was one initialed like a steamer chair, and the other art implements going with it. The palettes and paint boxes were also decorated with "P. H." She was, therefore, so well prepared the next morning for her summer artist's appearance that not the slightest change in expression, nor the tiniest movement of her eye betrayed her knowledge of his presence. He started, looked at her in a puzzled way, and finally took his chair with a creak and jar that caused many of the competitors to look up and frown at him. Priscilla went placidly on with her drawing, apparently lost to everything but her task. So they worked, side by side, neck to neck, as it were, no model more silent than they.

A month went by; then came the final day—the day of fate, of failure, or success! On a line were hung the twenty-five competing canvases. The committee started hard and wisely at them, stepped forward, reduced the number to 15, 10, 5, 2, and these two were Priscilla's and Preston's.

There was considerable readjusting of eyeglasses now and a shifting of the light; then the verdict was announced:

"Miss Patridge's 'Fisher Woman' for accuracy of drawing, correctness of perspective and exactness of coloring is awarded the prize." Already a purchaser had signified a desire to buy it. Preston Howard sent a servant for his "Fisher Woman" and took her humbly home.

The artists and students held an after-meeting in which they congratulated Priscilla sincerely. All the competitors were present but Preston Howard; he was conspicuously absent. This was the one little thorn in Priscilla's triumph. She would have liked to have had him there, not to thrust her success in his face, but because she had still a lurking fondness for the first air castle she had ever built.

The following morning she went to the studio for the last time before her return to her own art school. She gathered up her paints, set the easel against the wall, and was half-way downstairs on her way to the station when face to face she met her artist.

He raised his hat, and stopped her determinedly, his keen eyes upon her handbag.

"Are you leaving us, Miss Patridge?" he said.

"Yes, it is quite time," she answered, turning pink and white, "if I wish to catch my train."

"Never mind the train. There will be another, and I would like to show you, if you will yet me, why you defeated me in the competition for the prize."

This remark did not quite please her. To her sensitive ear it seemed to say that even yet he doubted her ability; looked upon her as a harmless art interloper; yet she followed him. He led her to a private studio, where on the easel was the portrait of a fresh country girl, her eyes blue and shining with determination and her yellow hair in a Psyche knot hard twisted; her features regular, but fixed.

"Oh dear!" she exclaimed. "Is that I?"

"Yes; and it is the way you have looked ever since you began your 'Fisher Woman.' Your face haunted me; I could not get it out of my mind till I painted it with might and main." Then he stopped and flushed.

"Mr. Howard," and now she put out her hand to him. "I'm sorry I looked that way. You must be glad I'm going."

But was he? It couldn't have been so, for a few months later Priscilla's pictures were signed Mrs. Preston Howard.—Chicago News.

STUDY THE STAMP.

The great money monopoly doesn't admire the stamp system. The revenue law called stamp act was soon abolished with the income tax. Both are disliked by those who live off the needs of the nation. The postoffice of Uncle Sam is a big concern. It is larger than all the business of some nations. It requires a large army of men to conduct its affairs. Formerly government hired these men for cash direct, but depended on them to collect a large part of their salaries direct off the people. Later, about 1852, it fell on the splendid labor saving device known to us as the stamp. What is the stamp in reality? It is an order on any postmaster to collect so much off any person who employs him to transmit a letter or paper, or any other mailable article. You pay your two cents, for example, receive the stamp and attach it to your letter, delivering it to the postmaster, who does his part. This postoffice business is one of many things Uncle Sam is supposed to be doing daily for you and you are daily paying him more or less for doing said services. Uncle Sam is paying out to a great old army of pensioners nearly a half-million dollars per day orders on you to do your part towards subsisting them. Why then should he not give his orders direct to them on you as he does to his army of postmasters? He doesn't do it, but instead he goes to the jewelers, Jews, money brokers and hires of them at great expense all this money—making you really pay several millions more every year than necessary. He also hires a large army of soldiers and sailors and others and gives them orders on you for all, but in the same roundabout way. So he pays the Indians and all his officers. In fact his expense for interest must be twenty-five or thirty millions and it could all be saved in the same way. Now why do you allow him to do so? Can you think? Have you any sense? Or are you so green as to let those Jews and jewelers mock you out of your wits?

Buenos Ayers has nearly completed the largest opera house in the world. Box holders can have their carriages driven to their tiers, and lifts carry gallery occupants to their floors. The pit seats can be removed quickly and a circus performance had.

The only young gorilla captive is in a dime musee at Boston. It is 2 years old and has all the actions of a young child of two; is mild and pleasant, takes great delight in dolls and other little children.

The prairies of South America consist of two million square miles, divided into three regions, the Selvas, the Pampas and the Llanos, pronounced like our Illinois.

A woman voter in Colorado burst a blood vessel while preparing her ballot at the polls. Colorado politics is bloody since the reign of Waite.

SNAKE RIVER MASSACRE

Its Narration by an Immigrant.

Wanton Slaughter of the Innocents.

An Interesting Scrap of History Reprinted from an Old Copy of the Oregon Argus.

Columbia River, Nov. 10, 1860.
Ed. Argus: The survivors of the Snake River massacre arrived at Walla Walla last week—12 in number, namely, Mr. Myers, wife and five children; Mrs. Chase and child; Miss Trimble, Mr. Munson, and Mr. Chaffy. Joseph and Jacob Reith came in some time ago to the Umatilla reservation, and Schneider, who was the first to get in. The last is the man who came in on Willow Creek. His story was very contradictory, and did not agree with the facts as afterward developed. Of 44 emigrants, only 15 are known to be saved. Four children (three girls and one boy) are supposed to be taken prisoners by the Indians. One of the girls was 14 or 15 years old, one 12, and the others younger. All the others were either killed or have died of starvation. M. M. Myers, of Salem, went out to meet his brothers, and found them on Grand Ronde river. The emigrants, Mr. Myers and family, came down from Walla Walla on the steamer last trip, on their way to Salem, with their brother. From them I obtained the following answers to questions which I asked them. From this report you can draw your own conclusions of the whole affair nearly as well as if you had heard it yourself:

The train consisted of eight wagons, and was from Wisconsin, excepting the Chase family, who were from Geneva, Kane county, Ill., and the Reith boys from Minnesota. They left the Missouri river June 5th, and were not molested by the Indians till the time of the massacre. The discharged soldiers joined us at Ft. Hall; five of them were regularly discharged, and one was a deserter named Chaffy. The five discharged all had money or checks, and some got their checks cashed at Camp Floyd. They each had from $400 to $700. But Schneider did not get his cashed, and I think he had coin; but I hear it said he had plenty when he got in. Those in the train were as follows: Jos. Myers, wife and five children, the latter from one to ten years old; his brother, John Myers, single man; Elijah Utter, wife and ten children, three of which were his wife's by a former marriage, their name Trimble, and aged as follows: Emeline Trimble, 14 years, Christopher 12, and Elizabeth 9; Daniel Chase, wife and three children, boys 8 and 6 years, and girl 2; Alexis Van Norman, wife and five children, Mark 17, Eliza 14, girl 11, boy 8, and girl 6; the following named young men were with Van Norman's family: Judson Cracey, Lewis Lawson, and —— Munson; also Samuel Gleason; discharged soldiers who joined at Ft. Hall—Murdoch, Sneider, Shamberg, Keichnell, and Utley, and Chaffy, the deserter, who gave himself up at Walla Walla; total, 44. The train was attacked some 90 miles beyond Owyhee river, Sept. 8th, about 350 miles beyond Walla Walla. The Indians first attempted to stampede the stock, but did not succeed. The train immediately 'corralled' for defense—had a favorable position, but no water. The Indians, finding they could accomplish nothing, threw down their arms and made friendly signs—came up, and made signs for something to eat. We fed many of them, and they appeared to be satisfied, and made signs for us to go on to the water, that they were friendly. After we got out of our strong position they commenced on us, but we expected some kind of treachery, and were on the look-out for them. Before we got corralled and our cattle chained, two of our men were shot down, Utley and Lawson. The attack commenced about 10 a. m. and lasted till the night of the 9th. Two more of our men were killed, Kichnell and Judson Cracey. It was very warm weather, and we were all nearly famished for water, so we hitched up; we left four wagons, and considerable things in them, thinking that would satisfy them. We were compelled to go to water somehow. We had been hemmed up there two days and one night without a drop of water, and the cattle were getting very uneasy. The loose stock had been driven off by the Indians, but we had our teams tied on the inside of the corral. What we left to the Indians did not seem to satisfy them at all. While they had us hemmed up, we killed not less than 25 or 30 of them; it was certain death to an Indian if he showed his head, for we were all pretty good marksmen—but they were too many for us. The Indians would come right up to the wagons, cut holes in the covers, and shoot their arrows in at the women and children—but few of those who were so bold as to thus come up got away without getting a shot. Chas. Utter (a lad) shot five Indians as fast as he could load and shoot; he was in the hindmost wagon. Mr. Utter got wounded, and could do nothing. We hitched up and started about sundown, but the cattle were so hungry we could hardly get them along, they would keep biting and reaching at every spear of grass. We mounted four men on horses, Murdock, Shamberg, Sneider and Chaffy—the two Reith boys on foot. The object of having these six men ahead was to keep the road open, and keep the Indians from closing in ahead, while we could get our wagons and families along. The Indians pitched in on all sides, and these men, instead of staying and helping us, put off as fast as they could go, without firing a shot, and left us to our fate. The Indians had a few guns and plenty of arrows. If those men had stayed with us, I believe we could have got through to water, and then we could have defended ourselves till we could get assistance. We kept getting along as fast as we could, fighting our way; it was getting dark; our help weakened; cattle hungry; it was slow traveling. My brother (John Myers) was driving the team, and I was walking along, with my gun and revolver, when I saw an Indian raise up behind a big sage bush and level his piece at one of us; I raised mine, but his gun went off first, and my brother fell dead without a struggle. The next instant I fired, and the Indian gave a whoop, jumped up, and fell dead. Mr. Utter attempted to treat with them, and made signs that they might have all if they would only spare their lives, but to no purpose. Mrs. Utter, two daughters, and a little son refused to leave their wounded parent; they stopped with him, and the presumption is they were killed outright. We concluded to leave everything and go on foot, as so many of our men were now gone and disabled that we could not get the teams along and protect ourselves at the same time. Mary Utter was in my wagon, and just as I was helping her out, a shot passed through my coat, just grazing the skin—the ball went into her breast, when she fell, but got up again, and cried out, 'O, my God! I'm shot!' and called on some of the men to help her; two young men took hold of her and helped her along a little way, when she commenced sinking, and was getting helpless; so they had to leave her; she was about 23 years old. I helped my family out of the wagon, and we all went on as fast as we could, traveling all night. We could see fires behind us, and suppose it must have been the wagons burning. We laid by in the day time and traveled at night, all afoot, and nothing to eat except one loaf of bread that Mr. Chase took out of the wagon. We were well armed, and an Indian dare not show his head. They would not attack us in the night, and they were afraid to come about us in the day-time. My wife carried the babe, about a year old, till she almost gave out, and I the next one; the others had to walk. The Indians followed us four days, but did not come in gun-shot, but kept up a yelling and whooping. It seems as though they meant to haunt us all the time, but they did not trouble us after that except to get on the hills and roll rocks down toward us. Finally they gave up the chase, and let us alone. We had nothing to eat, so we killed one of two dogs which followed us, and roasted and ate him. A few days after, we ate the other dog. We caught fish in the streams when we could, sometimes with pretty good luck, some days not any. We would eat rosebuds and berries when we could get them; we ate snakes, lizards, and frogs, and muscles out of the streams; sometimes shot ducks and geese; and if the Indians had not afterward robbed us of our guns, we could have made a living by killing game, which was tolerably plenty where we camped on Owyhee river. A wild stray cow came along—we made out to shoot her, and that lasted some time. We traveled in this way some eight or nine days, and were entirely given out when we got to Owyhee river, so we stopped and made us a house of willows and grass; we piled a lot of grass inside; we crawled into the hut at night; we had no blankets, and but little clothing. It was about the 17th of Sept. when we stopped traveling; we had then gone about 90 miles. There we stopped till Capt. Dent's party came, which was about the 25th of Oct., which makes it about 47 days from the time of the attack till Capt. Dent came up.

After we had been in camp on the Owyhee about three weeks, the Van Norman family, consisting of himself, wife, five children, and Samuel Gleason, Chas. Utter, Henry Utter, concluded to leave, and travel on as well as they could. They got together what provisions they could, and started. They refused to allow Miss Trimble to go with them. That is the last we heard of the Van Norman family till Capt. Dent's party came. They found the Van Norman family on Burnt river, all murdered, apparently but a few days previous. Capt. Dent found all of the bodies, excepting those of four children, three girls and one boy; the eldest girl was about 15. It is supposed they were taken prisoners, and probably are yet alive. The bodies were brutally beaten and scared with knives, and the arms of the women were tied. While in camp, after the Van Normans left, we kept alive by hunting everything we could. The Indians would bring salmon to trade for any little things we could spare, such as needles, pins, the rags on our backs, till we were reduced to a state of nakedness. Mr. Chase ate too hearty a meal one day on salmon, which threw him into the hiccoughs; he died one night, we knew not when, and we buried him next day. After we had sold everything, the Indians refused to bring any more salmon unless we would give them our guns, which we did not wish to do, but they were determined to have them; so I buried my revolver and ammunition. The Indians took the guns, and gave us what salmon they pleased, and promised more, which they never brought. One of the Trimble boys volunteered to go home with the Indians, and do what he could to induce them to bring provisions to us. They used him very kindly—fed him, and gave a place to sleep. He, in company with some of the Indians, would come over to the camp every few days, and bring salmon. One day, someone happened to mention 'soldier' in the conversation. The Indians at once seemed to understand the word; they straightened up, and murmured 'Soja,' 'soja,' 'soja,' the word passing from one to the other, and a curious, devilish look seemed to pervade their countenances. They went off, the boy following them, but he never returned. We waited, but no word from him; not an Indian after that made his appearance. They had been camped some three miles below, across the river; I went down one day opposite the place, and saw a few wigwams, but no sign of any Indians. On the way back, I saw where something had been dragged across the path; I followed up the trace, hoping it might be where some animal had dragged a deer along, and that I might find a piece to take home. But I found nothing except a lock of human hair, which I took home, and which was recognized as the boy's. (Capt. Dent followed up this sign, and found a head, an arm, and some things showing the boy had been killed.) On my way home that day, I found the carcass of a horse that the wolves had deserted; I picked up a shank and took it to camp, and you may guess there was but little meat on it when the klotas left it. We used that whole carcass; we burnt the bones and ate them, and the skins we roasted. When we could find a piece of a carcass, we made use of it; we were getting so weak that we could scarcely walk about. We ate weeds, grass, and anything at all we could find. Starvation was staring us in the face. Finally one of the children died; we cut it up and ate—and so on till we had eaten three of them. The mother help eat her own children. Mrs. Chase lost all her children but one. Some Indians came along one day and dug up Mr. Chase's body for the few rags it had on. We made up our minds to try and eat him—so we cut him in small pieces, a day's ration in a piece—but before we began roasting, Capt. Dent and party came along, just in time to save us from that awful meal! The body had been buried over ten days. We saved every one of our children, and Mrs. Chase might have saved hers, if she had not been so selfish; she lived too well herself and starved her child. She would scold my wife because we gave our children so much; she argued that we were all bound to die right there, and that it was better that the children should die first, than for us to die and leave our children to the mercy of the wolves—but my wife said she believed that Providence would yet deliver us, and that we should all try to keep alive as long as possible. (Mrs. Myers says she would dream of making large loaves of bread—dream a great deal about pies and pies of something to eat.)

Mr. Myers of Salem states that he did not get to Walla Walla in time to go out with Capt. Dent, and was spared the horrid sight. The survivors were nothing but skin and bone, and the children so weak they would tumble down when they tried to run. Their fingers were like birds' claws; eyes hollow-looking; cheeks sunken; they seemed to be half out of their senses; they would sit there and quarrel about who had the biggest piece of meat, and fuss about any little foolish thing. Sometimes they would be in fine spirits—talk about good old times, assistance coming, of their plans and prospects when they got into the settlements, etc.; then they would realize their true situation, and commence crying. When Capt. Dent came into the valley where the camp was, the first one he saw was Miss Trimble, who had wandered off a few hundred yards, gathering something to eat. (She is the young lady who picked up an infant at the time of the massacre, and carried it along till it died; she also defended the wagon some time with an ax in hand.) Capt. Dent spoke to her, and asked her if she was hungry. 'No, sir, not much.' 'Are you afraid of the Indians?' 'No, sir'—and seemed to take everything very coolly. She seemed to be half out of her mind. As soon as these poor, starved people saw the soldiers coming, they ran out and fell on the ground, crying that they were starving, and begging for something to eat. Those that were stout enough to ride were put on mules, and the others were carried on litters between two mules. They got into Walla Walla on the 31st Oct. Mrs. Chase and child are stopping with Capt. Dent's family, and Miss Trimble is stopping with Lieut. Anderson's family.

LEN.

EASTER IN JERUSALEM

Rites Observed in the City of Antiquities

Where Was the World's Greatest Tragedy

The Ideal Place for the Celebration of the Queen of Festivals—The Day in Rome.

Easter Sunday in Jerusalem! Almost irresistibly these words carry the thinker back more than eighteen years to that little city of Palestine where the world's greatest tragedy was enacted, and where a miracle occurred which has no counterpart in the history of the universe.

There is an indefinable something about the place which takes hold of the emotions of the visitor and fills him with awe as he looks reverently at the objects which witnessed His last walk to a cruel death, and again at the spot marked as the place of the glorious Resurrection.

There are houses there more than two thousand years old, and some of their walls of stone were passed by that awful procession struggling along to the Mount of Calvary. No art of the word painter can picture the halo of deep antiquity hanging over the city. The solemnity of its age, the grandeur of its associations, cut a niche in the memory which time does not efface.

It is the ideal city of all others for the celebration of the Easter festival. Christ stood upon the hill of Calvary 1862 years ago, and looked down upon the town where he had labored and been betrayed. That was the first Easter morning, and since then, every year kind and loving hands representing countless generations of all times, all creeds and all races, have left some token in honor of the day at the numerous places made sacred by His presence.

On Easterday the reputed tomb of Christ in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is covered with the lillies which are used all over the world. The Mount of Calvary is visited by the Christian population of the town and the members of the various orders inhabiting it, and flowers are strewn upon the spot where the cross is supposed to have stood. The archways under which Christ walked on the morning of the Crucifixion, and which are now standing and may stand for another two thousand years, are visited and pointed out to the small children and their histories told. Teaching the events of Easter time to the young of Jerusalem is an easy matter. Actualities are there, and they can be seen for the trouble of looking.

The city itself is not greatly changed from the times when Christ visited it. At the Gate of Joppa there are always masses of camels, merchants, peddlers and beggars. Indolence and activity rub shoulders without the usual jarring.

It is the same strange, weird Jerusalem.

A WONDERFUL CITY.

Jerusalem, the prize of the nations, the terminus of famous pilgrimages, the object of the Roman and crusading wars; for it Assyrians, Egyptians and the world had fought; the place where the Queen of Sheba visited and Richard Coeur de Lion had conquered; the home of Solomon, of Ezekial, of Jeremiah, of Isaiah, of Saladin. There is the Mount of Zion, the spot of David's heartbreak; and Mount Moriah, where sacrifices smoked; the Mount of Olives, where Jesus preached, and Golgotha and the Holy Sepulchre, where He was buried.

A place redolent of antiquities, a city teeming with memories of the men and women of the Bible. A wonderful place, with the power to stir the emotions of a man of stone.

Above all is the "Place of the Skull" as it was called in the earthly days of Christ, known now as Mount Calvary. From the famous Gate of Joppa it can be seen, and if we knew its ancient name it would speedily be recognized.

It is a hill shaped like the human skull, and just beneath what might be called its forehead are two cavernous spots which at a distance resemble eyes. Not only this, but the inside of the hill is shaped like the human skull. Entering the grotto under Calvary, it is found to be thirty-five feet high, the top and sides being malachite green, brown, black, gray, white and red. It is called Jeremiah's grotto, for it was there that he wrote his Book of Lamentations.

The summit of the hill is just wide enough to contain three crosses. It was the spot where malefactors had been slain for ages and Christ was slain as a malefactor.

Dr. T. De Witt Talmage has visited this spot oftener perhaps than any other American divine, and when he was asked what his emotions were on seeing the place, he said:

"Toward this hill the prophets pointed forward. Toward this hill the Apostles and martyrs pointed backward. Toward this hill, all Heaven pointed downward. Toward this hill, with fourning execrations all perdition pointed upward. Round it circles all history, all time, all eternity, and with this scene, painters have covered the mightiest canvases, sculptors have cut the richest marble, orchestras, have rolled their grandest oratorios, churches have lifted their greatest doxologies and heaven has built its highest thrones."

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

The Garden of Gethsemane, wherein is the tomb of Christ, is a small inclosure 100 feet long and 150 feet wide. It is cared for by a colony of Franciscan monks, who spend much time beautifying it. The Bible says, "In the midst of the garden was a sepulchre," and the students of the biblical events generally acknowledge that in this place Christ was buried.

Now the place is beautifully adorned with hedges kept in exquisite order by the monks. There are innumerable beds of pinks and roses, and visitors are given a nosegay by the monk in attendance.

One of the most interesting features of the place is a bunch of seven venerable olive trees, some of them nineteen feet in circumference, and so old that their trunks are kept shored up by stones. It is said that they are descendants of the original trees of the time of Christ, and are unlike all other trees of the same variety in that country.

WHERE CHRIST WAS BETRAYED.

Two monuments in the garden are full of interest. One, a small pillar, marks the spot where Jesus was betrayed by Judas Iscariot, and a small rock shows the place where the three disciples, Peter, James and John, slept during their Master's agony.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre occupies the space surrounding the tomb of Christ. This ancient edifice was begun by the Crusaders in 1180, A. D., and it was largely added to at subsequent times. It forms a vast pile of masonry now, and looking at it, it becomes difficult to believe that it was there 1862 years ago today that Christ arose and stepped into the open air.

THE GREAT CELEBRATION.

The most imposing Easter celebration anywhere is the one which takes place in Rome today. Travelers journey thousands of miles to see it, and what they see is practically the same celebration which has been handed down for centuries by the laws of the Catholic Church.

It is one of the few religious ceremonials actively participated in by the Pope, and the fact that he takes part draws tens of thousands of visitors to the Eternal City.

The Queen of Festivals, as Easter is called in Rome, is ushered in by the firing of cannon from the Castle of St. Angelo, and as early as 7 a. m., carriages containing the wealthy classes are pouring down toward St. Peter's.

The altar is most richly decorated, and the whole vast structure is festooned with flowers emblematic of the day. The lights around the tomb and figure of St. Peter blaze brightly.

From a hall in the adjoining palace of the Vatican the Pope is borne into the church under the most imposing circumstances. Preparations for this entry are made many weeks in advance.

Seated in his sedia gestatoria, his vestments ablaze with gold, he is carried into the edifice. On his head he wears a tiara—a tall round gilded cap, representing a triple crown, and which is understood to signify spiritual power temporal power and a union of both. Beside him are borne the flabelli, or large fans, composed of ostrich feathers, in which are set the eye-like parts of peacock feathers to signify the eyes of vigilance of the church. Over him is borne a silk canopy richly fringed.

After officiating at mass at the high altar, the Pope is with the same ceremony borne back through the crowded church, and then ascends to the balcony over the central doorway. Rising from his chair of state, and surrounded by his principal officers, he pronounces a benediction with indulgences and absolution.

Then printed slips of prayers blessed by the Pope are scattered among the vast assemblage who struggle to obtain possession of them. They are prized highly, and by the common people, if they are lucky enough to get them, hand them down from generation to generation.

INTERESTING STATISTICS.

An abstract of the 11th census just received shows the following Oregon statistics for 1890. There were 256,450 native born and 57,317 foreign born residents; colored people, 1,186; 9,540 Chinese; 25 Japanese; civilized Indians, 1,258. Of the foreign residents, 6,460 came from Canada and Newfoundland, 49 from Mexico; 69 from Central and South America; 31 from West Indies; 5,079 from England; 2,242 from Scotland; 374 from Wales; 4,891 from Ireland; 12,475 from Germany; 664 from Austria; 244 from Holland; 295 from Belgium and 2,083 from Switzerland, 3,774 from Sweden, 2,583 from Russia and from others in small numbers. The number with foreign parentage was 106,275. There were 118,827 single males and 56,262 married males; 4,853 widowed, 752 divorced; 73,129 single females, 52,312 married females, 5,874 widowed, 537 divorced. The number of illiterate was 10,103, being 4.1 per cent, being surpassed by only 3 states, Wyoming, Nebraska and Iowa. Number of dwellings, 61,925; persons to dwelling, 5.07. Number of families, 63,791, being 4.92 to family.

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TIME TABLE.

Independence and Monmouth Motor

Leaves Independence.	Leaves Monmouth
7:10	7:30
8:10	8:25
9:30	10:00
11:15	12:3
1:50	2:15
3:45	4:05
5:00	5:15

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California express trains run daily at all stations between Portland and
South
6:35 P. M. | Lv. Portland Ar.
10:22 P. M. | Lv. Albany Ar.
10:45 A. M. | Ar. San Francisco Lv.
Roseburg Mail (Daily.)
Leave. Arrive.
Portland .... 8:30 A. M. | Roseburg ....
Roseburg .... 7:00 A. M. | Portland ....
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7:30 a m | Lv. Portland Ar
11:18 a m | Ar. Independence Ar
12:35 p m | Ar. Corvallis Lv
At Albany and Corvallis, connect with Oregon Pacific railroad.
Express train daily (except Sunday)
4:40 p m | Lv. Portland Ar
7:25 p m | Ar. Mcminnville Lv
Oregonian Railway Division
Portland and Yamhill Ry.
Airlie mail Tri-weekly.
9:30 a m | Lv. Portland Ar
5:20 p m | Lv. Monmouth Lv
6:05 p m | Ar. Airlie Lv
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