

deed, I decidedly enjoyed it rather than otherwise. The walls burned with all the colors of the rainbow, and the monsters, dragons, griffins, and such things were more gorgeous in their attire than lizards, let alone lilies of the valley.

I had a pet monster in the collection—nothing less than a sea-serpent. The next morning I attempted to sketch the ophidian for the benefit of the readers of the WEST SHORE, but without success. If any artist would like to reproduce the animal, I can at present only suggest green scales and a gaping mouth as the leading features, for I am not good at remembering details. It was quite a pretty monster, however, and I gazed at it that long night through with feelings more akin to admiration than fear.

I forgot to say that at an early stage of the proceedings I had arisen and lighted the gas, the better to see what was going on. Letting light on the scene made no difference at all—indeed, it rather multiplied the phantoms. Every thing about the room underwent a strange sea-change. The figures of the carpet became snakes, which wound and lashed themselves together in a perfect wilderness of contortions; it was impossible to follow their motions, so rapid were they. The faces craven upon the pannels and the bedposts transformed themselves into first-class fiends, and I thought what a good thing it would have been could Dore have had a slight acquaintance with the Jim-Jims before he undertook to illustrate Milton's "Paradise Lost." Even at this lapse of time I think I could furnish him some valuable suggestions from my own experience.

How or when I fell asleep I do not know, but I awoke about ten o'clock the next morning flushed and fevered. My eyes were sore and swollen as though they had been beaten, simply with the staring they did during the show. First, on awaking, I expected to renew my acquaintances of the night; but no, there was not so much as a tadpole in the room. The figures of the carpet lay straight and orderly; the skeletons were all buried from sight; the blue, green and red flames had faded into the pale light of day, and the fiends all were fled. Nor can I say that I regretted the disappearance. For to have found them again at my elbow might have persuaded me that they were real, and instead of writing I might now be raving. That was all and the last of the Jim-Jims.

For a month after I was as nervous as a school-girl in the green and yellow melancholy of her first love. I started when persons spoke to me, and lived in constant terror of being run over by wagons coming or going within a block of me. But now I should quite have forgotten the Jim-Jims had it not been for a little incident the other evening,

similar to the one which provoked this story.

A party of us were sitting after dinner, when a large fly came buzzing about my ears. I clutched at it instinctively, and started to my feet in horror: "A fly in mid-winter? It can not be," thought I, "the Jim-Jims again."

But it was a fly, nevertheless, and I had the satisfaction of catching it. And so grateful was I at finding it palpable to the touch—a real fly, and not a fancy fly born of delirium—that I gave the creature its liberty; the first time, perhaps, that I ever did the Uncle Toby business to a similar extent. I still rise at flies, you see, but otherwise am pretty well and progressing under the doctor's hands. I have lost flesh, it is true, but I have not thought it worth while to advertise the loss, and I have not heard of any body finding any. "Of no use to any one but the owner"—the owner, in this case, is not anxious to retrieve his loss. The gout is gradually subsiding, and I am not quite so apoplectic as I was. I am less lively in society, and more irritable, my friends say, but my general health is much improved. I am glad, on the whole, that I left off drinking; but I often think how true is the saying: *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*. My "first step" toward sobriety nearly cost me my reason, indeed; and sometimes I ask myself: Was it not a dangerous step to take? Was not my good doctor a little too arbitrary in his requirements? What think you, my friend?

I made no answer, for medicine is not my forte. Whether the doctor was wrong or not let the doctors decide. But I mentally thanked my stars that my temperate habits and cold-water proclivities could never make me nearer acquainted with the Jim-Jims than I was by John Brinsley's story.

#### IN THE UPPER COUNTRY.

In our last issue we gave our readers a few views of elegant private residences located in the upper country. We now give a miniature view of Walla Walla, the metropolis of that vast country lying east of the Cascades. Walla Walla is picturesquely located about eight miles from the Blue Mountains, (which may be seen in the background of our engraving) and thirty miles from Wallula, the head of good steamboat navigation on the Columbia river, and connected with it by a narrow gauge railroad. The population of Walla Walla may be safely set down as 4,000, and we doubt if there is another city of its size in the Union which displays so much enterprise or has so much the airs of a city. As an index of the intelligence of the inhabitants, we find that the city is well supplied with newspapers. *The Walla Walla Union*, a staunch Republican paper, published weekly, claims and undoubtedly has the largest circulation of any paper in the upper country. It is ably edited, and rather dignified for a country weekly. *The Watchman* is also published weekly, is independent in all things, boldly and fearlessly edited, and is a terror to evil-doers. The editor, Mr. Besserer, is particularly

down on quacks and frauds, and makes it warn for that fraternity when they come to Walla Walla. *The Statesman* is published daily and weekly, but is at present suspended pending the arrival from the East of the heirs of the proprietor, who died recently.

The general health of the place is very good, the mean temperature in Spring being 56.20°; Summer, 75.31°; Fall, 55.48°; Winter, 35.57°. The invigorating summer breezes blown over the city from the snow-capped mountains, make Walla Walla a desirable place to pass the summer months. The schools here are of a very high order, and we find that nearly all religious denominations have neat and substantial houses of worship. The fire department is well organized, and a handsome steam fire engine does good service whenever occasion requires. The town is well supplied with good hotels, and a large number of private boarding houses. Walla Walla has many private residences, which would be an ornament even to Portland. Those illustrated in our last issue are a very fair sample. Even the small cottages look handsome, as each is surrounded by its little garden of flowers, which bloom here nearly the entire year. For shade trees Lombardy poplars are mostly used, and seen from a distance the city looks like an immense grove of poplars. Their growth here is very rapid, and they attain an immense height. Main street is the principal business street, and has many good substantial brick buildings, occupied by live business men, which would be a credit to a town three times its size. We illustrate the best business building in the town, which is a substantial two-story brick, forty-five feet front by ninety-five feet in depth, and is occupied by Johnson, Rees & Winans as a general merchandise store. They carry an immense stock, second to none in the territory, and are the heaviest produce shippers in the upper country; their shipments for last season amounted to over 100,000 bushels. They possess many advantages over other firms, owing to the peculiar training each partner has had in special branches of the business, as for instance Mr. Rees has entire charge of the advertising department because he is an old newspaper man, he having established *The Walla Walla Statesman* in 1861 and successfully published it for four years. All of the partners are pioneers of the upper country, and their large circle of acquaintances point to them with pride as a model firm for integrity and enterprise. The jewelry establishment of Z. K. Straight also deserves more than a passing notice. Mr. Straight came here in 1870, started on a small scale, and now owns the handsome brick store which he occupies; and although his beautiful residence which we illustrated in our last number was destroyed by fire, he is one of that class of men whom misfortune cannot crush, and we understand that he will rebuild at once. In his store he carries the heaviest stock of jewelry in the territory, and as a watchmaker he stands at the head of his profession. Whilst speaking of Mr. Straight we cannot omit mentioning his father, a kind old gentleman, who, observing the necessity of having a weather record for Walla Walla, has kept and published the same, without compensation, for the general benefit of the world at large. Old Mr. Straight is a great lover of flowers, and many an hour have we spent with the dear old man in admiring floral beauties and discussing their wants, etc. The next establishment claiming our attention is the furniture manufactory of Everts & Abel. This is a solid firm, who manufacture very extensively, and do an immense business in their line. They are enterprising and liberal to a fault, and really deserve all the patron-