

but, judging from the proximity of Mount Sinai, and the traditions still floating through the country, it could not have been very far from the locality under present consideration. The Wells of Moses (*Ayoun Mousa*) and the Baths of Pharaoh (*Hammam Faroun*), seem to be intimately associated with those of the great Jewish deliverer and Egyptian monarch. To this day, the Arabs call the gulf of Suez the *Bahrel-Kolzoum*, or "Sea of Destruction;" and go so far as to tell travelers that in the roar of the surf they will hear the cries uttered by the shades of the Egyptian hosts. At times when the tides and winds are opposed to each other, the sea in the vicinity of *Ras Mohammed* is more or less tempestuous, and, consequently, passing sailing vessels stand off the cape as far as possible. In fact, the extremity of the cape assumes more the character of a half-sunken spit than a headland, a circumstance which materially enhances the danger of a near approach by large vessels. But we have said quite

enough of a place so barren of the most common interest to observing tourists.

OREGON CATTLE.—Ryan & Lang, of Kansas, recently paid \$77,000 to the stockmen of Rock creek in Wasco county, for 7,000 head of cattle, to be delivered on the first of April.

A MOSAIC FROM THE NORTHWEST.

W. D. LYMAN.

When, nearly a century ago, the old navigator was floating along our western coast, eagerly scanning the wooded and mountainous shores in the hope of seeing the waters of that mythical

cluster toward the south, the spire-like peaks in the center of the picture, the gigantic rounded masses to the left, each possessed an individuality of its own. And when, after much tossing about on the waters of the Pacific, Captain Gray, with the stout ship *Columbia*, entered the gateway of the



HUNGER KNOWS NO LAW.

great Western river, he might have noticed away eastward a long line of snowy cones ridging the wide horizon.

All alike in their clear-cut and chilly whiteness against the sunrise, tinged with the same rosy flush at sunset, they yet presented a remarkable variety of outline and appearance. The jagged

grandest of American rivers, and sped before the trade-wind up the stately stream, one or more of those snowy landmarks was constantly in view before him.

To all who now re-discover each for himself the great river, its stalwart sentinels look down from their cloudy height just as solemnly as they looked on Captain Gray a hundred years ago.

The river seems but half conquered, and though the forests are now resonant with the sounds of civilization, yet its own dashings can be heard as if in scorn, and the long waves toss the presumptuous ship as if to hint their hidden power. It becomes very easy to leap backwards over a few decades and be associates of Lewis and Clark and Gray. Astoria, with its noisy tugs and plunging fishing-smacks, is transferred into the old Fort George, and with Irving's help we can readily review the the eager barterings between the *Fur Company's* clerks and the one-eyed Chinook chief, and can behold their mutual joy, thinking each that he had cheated the other.

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