

small boat running between the two former places, had left early in the morning. It remained for me to hunt up and charter a suitable craft for our journey, and while in my rounds looking for such, I came across Captain Knighton and Mr. Hunt, who said they would like to accompany us. I told them we would be pleased to have them. They at once set about to assist me in finding a conveyance. We at last succeeded in procuring a large canoe of an old siwash, commonly known as "Old Step-and-fetch-it." I had the canoe cleaned out and hired a couple of Indians to assist in paddling the ponderous craft along. Everything being at last in readiness, I carried the lunch basket and assisted Annie down to the canoe. We got in and heading the prow of the "Clackamas Chief" down stream, went gliding swiftly on our way to the first theater in Oregon. Everything went as smooth as a marriage bell, as the saying is, and in the course of a couple of hours we hove in sight of Portland. As we neared the place, I fancied I could see Pettygrove and Lovejoy sitting out in front of the store on the bank playing heads and tails with that same copper cent that decided the name of Portland. On arriving at the landing, we were agreeably surprised to find others like ourselves, on their way to the theater, and among them Annie's parents. Our craft being a commodious one, we took them aboard and lost no time in getting away. After twenty-five miles of paddling from Oregon City, we swung out into the broad Columbia. Our destination was now about five miles further. Here we had to contend with a strong current, which made our progress slow and somewhat arduous; but we told jokes, sang Chinook songs and talked about the future of Oregon, and while discussing the latter, I remember Annie remarking, 'Don't the future look blooming and gay? Just see it in distance yonder.' 'I can't see quite so far,' said I, 'I can only see it budding.' Captain Knighton spoke up and said that he had left his glasses at home, and couldn't even see the buds, but could discern a great deal of wildness. 'Captain,' said Mr. Hunt, 'the time will come when the wilderness you now see will bud and blossom as the rose.' 'Is it possible that we have a crazy man with us,' surprisingly spoke the Cap-

tain. 'No; only a prophet,' replied Mr. Hunt. Just before we reached our destination we passed, with cheers, the Calipooia, also nearing Vancouver. The sun was yet above the horizon when we reached the latter place. Annie and I being fond of sight-seeing, as soon as tea was over we began our amulations. We had heard of the famous 'Mosquito Grotto,' and were determined to find it; and when we did we went within and sat down to rest. While we were thus seated, the strains of a bagpipe broke upon our ears, reminding us of the approaching time of the performance. We left our retreat and strolled toward the river, and when we arrived we found people going on board. We fell in with the crowd and soon found ourselves on board the 'Modeste.' She had been made very comfortable for guests. Annie and I got a seat amidships and leaned back against the mast. The orchestra, which consisted of a violin, flute and bagpipe, now struck up. Well, I don't remember whether it was the tune of 'A home on the rolling deep,' 'A life on the ocean wave,' or 'The girl I left behind me,' however, it makes little difference. The play opened with 'Love in a Village,' and was followed by the 'Mock (quack?) Doctor,' and the 'Mayor of Garrutt.' I tell you that it was one of the grandest treats that had ever been offered west of the Rocky mountains, and how in the world those jolly tars did so well, I never could conceive. After the performance was over Capt. Baillie announced that the rest of the evening would be devoted to dancing. You just ought to have been there to have seen the folks turn themselves loose. Everybody danced. But the Oregon beauties didn't 'glide' nor 'dip' much in those days. Towards morning Capt. Baillie again announced—this time that there would be a picnic during the coming day, and those that wanted to look fresh on the occasion could go home, and those that wished to continue dancing could do so. I said to Annie, using a western phrase, 'We've struck it rich; I guess we had better leave off dancing so as to be able to attend the picnic.' She being of the same mind, we adjourned with a goodly number of folks, still leaving quite a crowd tripping the light fantastic toe. But it strikes me, Rafael, that it is about time we were going.

"It is now half-past seven," I said, looking at my watch, "I guess we might as well start."

The play for the evening was "Lady of Lyons," and New Market theater was filled with a fashionable audience. It was really amusing to me to see how Mr. Newell enjoyed the play, and to hear him remark, "I declare! I declare! how things have changed."

After the performance was over we dropped into an oyster saloon, and I had to laugh out when my friend said to the waiter in giving his order, "In old times we used to open them ourselves and eat 'em out of the shell, but if you've got 'em already opened, you may give 'em to me scolloped."

As we emerged from the oyster saloon, I saw a street car coming, and remarked, "Now if you still insist that you won't go home with me, I will put you in this street car coming and it will take you right down to your hotel."

"I'm much obliged to you, but I guess I'll go back to the hotel."

I hailed the driver, and bidding my friend good-night, saw him safely into the car, and the last words I heard him saying were, "I declare! I declare! how times have changed."

Whatever our other crimes may, or may not have been, it cannot be truthfully said that we ever wrote a poem on the "death of Bryant."

A book is a man's best friend, and the only one he can shut up without giving offense.

"Preserve your eyes!" says a quack doctor in a startling head-line. No, thank you; we prefer ours in the original state.

The man who got into a barber's chair, pinned the newspaper round his neck and began to read the towel, may be called absent-minded.

Marriage is like putting your hand into a bag containing ninety-nine snakes and one eel. You may get the eel, but the chances are against you.

Blessed is the man who loveth his wife's relations; and not only blessed, but also scarce.

"What are you trying to read?" asked a visitor of an old gentleman who was nodding over the evening journal. "O!" replied his wife, "that is his snooze-paper." Rather pointed.

A young lady, hesitating for a word in describing a rejected suitor, "He's not a tyrant, not exactly domineering, but—" "Dogmatic," suggested her friend. "No, he has not dignity enough for that. I think pupmatic would convey my meaning admirably."