

Grove, twenty-four miles due west of Portland. Its pleasant, scattered homes offer a pretty picture of village life. The stately oaks, suggesting to the traveler's mind the appropriateness of the name of the place, encloses in its shadiest recesses the Congregational church and the two buildings of Pacific University. The newly brightened exterior of the latter, does much to relieve eyes that had become weary of their dinginess.

The surroundings of the Grove are perhaps more attractive than those of any other town in the county. Four miles to the west the foot-hills of the Coast Range rise abruptly from the prairie. The gentle slopes on which the town is built are lost on the north and east in the level expanse of the plain. To the south lie the famous Tualatin bottoms. This is where fifty-eight bushels of wheat to the acre have rewarded the comparatively light work of the farmer. The population of the Grove is almost the same as that of Hillsboro, and the amount of business is about the same in each. Neither, however, has enough tributary country to entitle it to the name of a lively business place. The college makes the Grove, and the county business makes Hillsboro.

Provincial egotism surpasses any in existence. We will descant no more on the beauties of our earthly home, but, leaving it with the usual variety of saints, rascals and putty-heads to roll onward in its appointed orbit, we will mention Dilley and Gaston as the remaining towns of the county. These two places have been places of great expectations, and they seem never to have gained anything more. Gaston sits wrapped in ague visions, at the head of Wapato lake, waiting for the influence of time to fully unlock the Big Ditch which is to transform the malarial swamp into a garden.

These two last names do not, however, exhaust the list of Washington county's towns. From the barbarous regions of the north come at intervals, dim rumors of a town whose inhabitants exult in one continuous "tear," where mansard roofs are the common style of architecture, though said roofs surmount the inhabitants of the city and not their habitations. This dependent not having witnessed the city nor any resident thereof, has doubted the

existence of the same; but on the authority of persons of undoubted veracity he feels justified in stating that Glencoe is one of the towns of this county.

Time fails us to speak of Centreville, three miles northeast of the Grove, from which the glory departed when its mill was burned a year ago; nor can we linger at Greenville, "the Niobe of cities," weeping amid the buck-brush:

"The rudiments of empire here
Are plastic yet and warm;
The chase of a mighty world
Is rounding into form."

The voices which first taught the English language to the echoes of these woods, forty years ago, are many of them now silenced, and the feet which first followed the plow across those prairies, now lie motionless beneath; but, thanks to the integrity, the intelligence, the self-sacrifice of those noble old pioneers, this county contains the germs of social systems which coming years will expand into mighty instrumentalities for good. Although our progress hitherto may seem but slight, it furnishes an ample support on which we may rest our telescope while we look into the future. There we may see the villages of to-day become cities, and the cross-roads become busy towns.

THE SPORTSMAN.

BY HEZEKIAH STRONG.

His name was Augustus MacDoolery,
His age it was twenty and nine,
He had no heart for tom-foolery,
But hunting was right in his line;
In the country he spent his vacation,
And roamed through forests and fields,
His costume was true regulation,
His dog tagged close at his heels.

The gray squirrel ran up the black-jack,
The woodpecker covered his plit,
As the hunter returned on the back track,
His gun held ready for "his!"



The hawk took a long trip skyward,
The blue-jay "misdid in time,"
The young man muttered a by-word,
And felt like committing a crime.

But birds are not free from mortality;
He soon heard a sound in the bush;
The dog pointed out the locality,
And Augustus told him to "hush!"



But the optics of both were affected,
And while they were searching around,
A pheasant flew up undetected,
And left them scanning the ground.

The bird gave a scream of hostility,
Augustus jumped into the air,
The gun, on its own liability,
Brought down the bird on the square.



But a farmer declared that the pheasant
Was his, and demanded a ten;
He charged much more than was pleasant,
And Augustus will not hunt again.

A school ma'am has introduced a new feature into her school. When one of the girls misses a word, the boy who spells it gets permission to kiss her. As a result, the girls are becoming very poor spellers, while the boys are improving.

The end crowns the work. Laura (with novel)—"Oh, if this tale were only true, and I were the heroine!" Kate—"What! with her persecutions, her misery?" Laura—"Ah, but then, dear, remember she does get a husband after all!"

Whisky is now made from leather, and this may perhaps explain why so many persons who drink are so often strapped.

It is a part of the unwritten parental code that our own children are "darlings," our neighbors' "dirty brats." A rule without an exception.