

THE SNIPE.

The Snipe is a beautiful wading bird, which lives in marshes, wet meadows, and low grounds. It travels during the night as well as in the day, and it prefers stormy or damp weather. It is found in all latitudes in every part of the globe, in some parts of the year. In our own country it leaves the warm region of the South where it spends the cold months of winter, and comes North to build its nest and rear its young ones. Its little nest is often only a hollow in the moss in which are laid four pretty spotted eggs. Though keeping most of the day close to the ground among the long grass and rushes, yet, towards evening, it likes to fly very high, so high as to be almost out of sight.

THE SOUTHEASTERN
END OF OREGON.

Warner Valley.

This valley has a length of fifty or perhaps sixty miles. It is irregular in shape, varying from one to ten miles in width. Its general direction is north and south. The water flowing to the north gives rise to the apparent contradiction of terms—down north and up south. The general surroundings of the valley are picturesque and romantic, while the basin itself has but little natural beauty to recommend it, though there are a few nooks and glens where a lover of solitude might live in admiration of the peculiar, and, in some instances, beautiful, carvings of nature. A few adventurous stock-men have selected ranches and established themselves in their business, which is an abundant source of profit and not wholly devoid of pleasure and enjoyment. Surrounded by their extensive herds, with all the paraphernalia of a stock ranch about them; their hardy and good-natured vaqueros always "booted and spurred and ready to ride;" their thousands of horses and cattle; meadow-lands to the heart's content, and pasture unlimited, these men lead lives of adventure and careless indifference to matters on the outside, reveling in the near prospect of vast fortunes. A more whole-souled, generous and accommodating class of men cannot be found anywhere than the stock-men of the Pacific Coast. With them, the latch-string always hangs outside the door, and their store,

whether great or small, is always shared in welcome with the weary traveler.

The principal portion of this valley is a sterile, barren, grease-wood desert, with only an occasional oasis, marsh or salt lake varying the monotony. To the north, this is particularly the case, excepting the oasis. It would be difficult to imagine a more desolate and God-forsaken region outside of Assyria, Arabia, or the Great Sahara. For miles and miles, the wandering stranger is led on in vain search of the God-given beverage, sometimes jeered, laughed at and tortured by the deceitful mirage, which in queer fancy, keeps a beautiful lake just ahead and out of reach, ever receding as you approach, yet ever before your gaze. Occasionally the view is changed and this mocker of human weakness creates in beauty and grandeur a magnificent city, with walls, turrets, towers, long streets, stately buildings—in fact, everything that goes to

long breath of disappointment and turns away with an almost human appearance of disgust. There are many of these lakes, some of them several miles in extent and so salt as to be wholly unfit for use. This valley has, apparently, at no very remote period in the past, been one great inland salt sea, its waves washing far up the mountains which now bound the valley. This fact is unmistakable, as shown by the water line at various elevations where the water stood at different stages of its recession. Shells and water formations are found deposited high up among rocks and cliffs.

The valley, for miles and miles of its surface, is scooped and hollowed out by the action of the water, and dry lake-beds, almost circular and from one to five miles in diameter, completely surrounded by natural levees of embankments of sand from ten to forty feet high, thrown up by the united action of

wind and water, while about the margin a heavy deposit of sediment still bears proof that not many years have passed since the angry waves of this inland sea disputed the dominion and possession of man. Outside of these depressions or deeper basins, the country is almost a dead level, or thrown into wavy undulations by wind and water.

Dry channels connect these basins with each other and form a network of what has

been at one time a picturesque display of lakes and rivers. Even some of the older settlers of the country tell us they have seen these basins filled with water and have watched the recession with interest. There are no visible outlets to these lakes, though many streams flow into them, but we are told that Gen. Crook, while floating in search of ducks in his little boat, discovered a whirlpool which he prospected until satisfied that it was formed by a subterranean channel which drains this chain of lakes.

The Salem Mercury has been removed to this city and will hereafter be published as a Sunday morning paper, by Moss & Co. The gentlemen comprising the firm are experienced newspaper men, and we hope that they will meet with the success they deserve. E. O. Norton, favorably known in Oregon literary circles, has charge of the local department.



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make up a great city, and while you stand enraptured with the view which you know to be a myth, yet a treat and relief in this vast wilderness of salt, sage, alkali, and grease-wood, even that fades away before your very eyes, and you are aroused as from a slumber, to the unpleasant realization that a desert surrounds you, a hot sun scorches your head, while the reflected rays from the sparkling alkaline surface almost causes your eyes to start from their sockets with pain. Your burning thirst again reminds you that many weary miles intervene between you and those spots of green on the mountain side, the nearest point to water. You look again from your perch on a sand-hill and are forced to the belief that just before you, and not far away, is a veritable lake. You urge your jaded cayuse to redoubled exertion and soon reach a briny pond, its sluggish ripples striking lazily upon the sandy beach with a heavy, leaden thud. Your horse tastes it, draws a