

pool. We climb this rocky ledge, scrambling through brush and fern drenched from the flying spray of the fall. The little space is soon traversed and we stand in front of the Multnomah Fall. A bluff eight hundred feet high, more than perpendicular—it overhangs; a long row of frightened looking pines; a deep, dark cavity, like a volcanic crater; a black pool; and then stretching all the way from that sunny-edged bluff to that black pool, a band of spray as white as snow and soft as wool. The creek comes reluctantly to that frightful jump-off, and as we look away—up that eight hundred feet, it seems as if the bright waters rear back, till urged from behind, it can no longer hesitate, but hurls itself sheer through the air, a shower of pearls and foam, and drips with gentle patter into the pool beneath.

There are no rainbows, for the sun never shines there. The grass and shubbery, pale and sickly, seem to peer anxiously around for more light. But it is the native home of the moss. In long pendants or dense cushions, it sways and quivers as the spray whirls by it, or the cold wind from underneath the Fall flies over it.

Gentle in its tumult, beautiful in its grandeur, soothing in its wildness, and bright amid its perpetual gloom, we hang this picture in the brightest light of memory's gallery.

Multnomah Fall fairly inaugurates the wondrous panorama. We cannot begin to tell of the water-falls and rock-falls; how the seething lava stiffened, and the moss and flowers strove to hide its shaggy bareness; how now, ages after, we find human habitations set amid those volcanic memorials; how now, amid that rumble from the underworld with which the Columbia chants his conquest of the hills, we hear the shriek of steamers and the roar of blasting powder; how, just opposite the middle Cascades, our execrable trail suddenly expands into the Dalles and Sandy wagon road; how we meditate on the instability of human roads and the uncertainty of appropriations therefor; because we remember that sixty thousand dollars has been given for the purpose of making the said road, and yet it is not half-made. Whether the appropriations proved "bar'ly enough for the officers" or not we cannot say, but we are prepared to

say that this failure in a work which would be of incalculable benefit to the people, is the most beautiful instance afforded in our own State of that grand principle of the "Circumlocution Office," "How not to do it."

The road from this point on is a good one. The portion around Shell Mountain must have involved vast labor and patience. We can take but a hurried glance at the Locks and the village of shanties that have grown around them. A grand undertaking is in progress here; one, let us hope, which will be speedily and efficiently carried out. But in this country, where everybody is free but the people, we must wait for the completion of any government job.

A broad strip of level land, covered with a dense growth of young firs, extends for some distance above the Locks.

We must glance skyward once more as we hasten through the woods. About five miles from the Locks, while descending a densely wooded hill, we glance southward through a break in the trees, and—then stand motionless at the sudden sight. Right before us, looking as though about to fall and bury the whole country, is that stupendous, but nameless crag, which from far and near, from steamboat and rail-car can be seen to overtop all its rocky brotherhood. More than three thousand feet up, up, the eye follows the black outline, until it rests upon the dizzying point.

We hang this picture next to that of the Multnomah Fall. It is a beautiful thing that this picture gallery of the mind is so elastic. As we go on, we find room in it for a few large paintings of the blue heights across the river which appear in duplicate in sky and water. We stow away several studies of Shell Mountain, with its broken fingers pointing heavenward and that dizzy road winding over its downfallen pinnacles. And when Hood River is reached and the journey ends, what pictures by the hundred, sky and land, and water, hang there. But the colors into which he who is to place them on canvass must dip his brush, are as yet hidden behind the rainbow.

So we have safely traversed the charmed land. As we bid good-by to the river in the early morning, we see that the snow-peaks have just caught the flush of dawn. And as we recall

the old Egyptian story of Memnon, how the harp of the statute sounded of itself when the morning sun first touched it, we wonder if there are not harps sweeter than Memnon's, which sound these rosy-tinged obelisks and temples and pyramids of Nature.

The ancient harp was strung to the "music of the spheres." That same eternal music rises now from the river flowing seaward and from the winds that pour inland to meet it.

Where is there a river like our river? From the very heart of the continent it comes, waking the silence of vast prairies, and then echoing back the newly sounded notes of human industry. It receives cargoes by the hundred from the most fertile of lands, and then laps the barest crags or sweeps the most desolate of deserts. Its stately width of miles wanders over the flattest of plains, and there is imprisoned by walls of adamant in black pools across which we can almost throw a stone. Rising fifty feet in flood-time at the gateway of the mountains, it thunders down the narrow pass as if to tear away the foundations of the earth; then with calm and majestic flow it passes onward to the sea.

In its fifteen hundred miles of constant change, it sees all shapes of land and rock which Nature's most fantastic mood could frame. The glaring sun and grassy hills of the interior succeed the stupendous snowy mountains of its far North, away beyond the British line. To the rolling hills, succeed the vast and sandy Umatilla plains. Below the plains, the riven range of the Cascades, lava scorched and water-worn. Below the mountains, that two hundred miles of "continuous woods" through which our greatest poet immortalized the name of Oregon, and beyond the woods—the sea.

LARGE POTATOES.—Mention is made in the Walla Walla Union of nine potatoes of the White Pearl variety, raised by Mr. Alfred Thomas, on Mill Creek, near Walla Walla, which weighed 18½ lbs. We have before us at this writing two potatoes, (Peerless,) from a lot of six, which weighed 16 lbs. These potatoes were raised by Mr. Talbot, at Dayton, W. T., and it is claimed that they were not selected before weighing.

It's meet and drink that is depriving many a family of food.