brother ther," "Why did you leave Kansas?" we next asked.

"Well I were ther' three year. The first year everything was all right; the second I got a bad dose of grasshoppers. They jes' clean'd me out totally. The next year things looked better; but I got to thinking, 't'must if the hoppers come again'; so Hat, (projecting his thumb towards his wife) "an', I talked the matter over and wit' to brother Hiram, an', he advised us to come, and so fur I hadn't no cause to regret, so long as thirty bushel is better'n ten, an', in the off year none at all.'

The next one we spoke to was a grizzled thick-set man, with a firm determined look and red whiskers on his face. To the question why he came here he replied: "I've had it pretty rough this last year, sure. I'm from Iowa, one of the best farmin states in the world if it wasn't for them blizzards. Well, sir, they fairly blew me out of Iowa. You never was in one 'em, I take it? No; well then you can't imagine what they be. First thing its a sudden turnin' cold, then a blow, a howl with rain an' hail an' snow, an' things goin' so'--and the speaker began to cut the air with rapidity in a horizontal direction. Seeing that he attracted the attention of several sitting near him, he became earnest and continued: "These blizzards are the darnedest things yuh ever see; they try to blow yuh away; they rip and tear things; they freeze yuh up; its drift here and bare ther and when ther' done, what ain't blowed away is frozen stiffen' n a crow-bar. I was a little afraid to come here first, so I went to California, but, 'twixt shapral an', Mexican land grants an' jumpin' yerland, I couldn't git a right down good cold. So, while huntin' aroun' I come across a man from the Peloose country. He had gone back after his family, an' after talkin' with him I 'cided to come up here. I've read a good deal about up ther' an' if I don't hit it ther' I'll try the Spokan country. They say?"--

"I'm from Nevada," interrupted a muscular fellow in a monkey jacket and blue shirt. "That state's played, petered out—we've got down to the last level, and I've come up here to sink a shaft fur wheat and sich. I've been minin' fourteen year an' was perty well fixed twic', but stocks knocked the bottom out ov my pan. I've got some ole pards up here, as is done'well, got mar'eed, settled down an' got chicks; an' I ain't got nobody to leave my pleto when I strike it." And the man walked down the aisle in search of a chew of tobacco.

We had by this time passed the fish wheels where the wariness of the salmon is circumvented. We had passed the scene of Phil Sheridan's first fight—his "baptism of fire" and reached a point abreast the ruins of an old block house where in the Fifties a handful of white men had defended themselves against a horde of renegade Indians, and we reflected, what an ample revenge the American people now enjoy having placed the wards of the nation on reservations so large that each Indian is dying of abject loneliness. Think of four hundred Indians trying to find each other on the Umatilla reservation of nearly six hundred thousand acres! Is it any wonder that in prowling around looking for his brother, poor Lo, should stumble over a bottle of whiskey, which a low down white man placed in the brush at three dollars a pint. From the upper Cascades to the Dalles the grandeur of sceneries continues, the strata of varied rocks standing clearly out, showing the terrific labor of subterranean convulsions and upheavals during volcanic eruptions almost equaling a congressional debate on the tariff, between Robeson and Blackburn, with an occasional rock hurled by Wm. D. Kelley. We whirled along over long trestles; we shoot through dark tunnels; we pass under precipices and arrive at The Dalles for supper.

Above The Dalles we witness the surging, angry, foaming rapids, a magnificent and awe-inspiring sight, toned by the smell of salmon which are here caught by the Indians in great numbers.

From the rear platform we obtain the finest view of Mount Hood that we have yet had.

How grandly it looms! How majestic, and cold, and white, and impressive! Stretching wide and towering to the skies, the silent witness of events of which no record exists; of events forged by ages and shaped by centuries—of events notched only in eternity; events the smallest detail of which noted the rise and growth of the prime lineaments or form, acts or purpose, we have not the dimmest shadow or even legend. Who shall mark the hour, the day, the century, or age that old Hood first arose and looked around over all; discerning on one side an ocean, on the other a continent lest to vision only by the earth's round form? Silent Recipient of the sun's first morning kiss of welcome, and last to note the day's farewell! Serene, sentient, Sulpulchre of creative purposes, mighty Monitor of memory's brief span! Who can better tell the story of Inland sea, of the Cascades cleft in twain, of Rainier's rage and fire, of St. Helen's anger and ashes, of Adams' rumbling roar? Calm Co-temporary of all that has been, of all that is, of all that is to be; giving neither hint, nor word, nor notion of its creation, its past, its future; nor telling aught of nations it has seen rise and fall, of things created and gone, of mighty works begun and finished, before man was in the womb—before Kwong Tung Foo captured Portland and laid waste Scappoose, butchered Hogg, and filled Yaqueena B—. Here the conductor ruthlessly shook us, and in a voice leader than Stilton cheese, yelled in our ear, "Say, my friend, you can't sleep out on the platform; besides you'll get full of sand!" Sure enough, no one could accuse me of not having sand. I was sandy with soil and soiled with sand. But to judge of the soil from the rear platform of a car would be as unfair as a Hillbarn horse race. So we sought our berth and went to sleep with a clear conscience within, a pair of red blankets and a snowing-glam-eater from the Snow over us.

Just before dawn we awoke to witness the manner of ferrying a train across the Snake River where it joins the Columbia. Down an incline we gently crept without jar or shake, not a sleeper disturbed, not a dream broken, and in five minutes eight cars were aboard the "Frederick Billings." The fifteen minutes used in crossing to Ainsworth allowed us time to examine the "Billings." She is the largest and most powerful ferryboat in the Pacific Northwest. She has a tonnage of 1,256, with immense power—10-inch cylinders, with 8 feet stroke. The machinery was built by Smith Bros. & Watson, and is the largest ever put together in Oregon. She is controlled by Gates' latest improved steering gear, operated