

chose for their farming operations lower French prairie, a beautiful and fruitful region. Settlement commenced in what is now Marion county and thus farming was inaugurated. F. X. Mathien, of Butteville, some years ago owned—and may own yet—the first land ever sowed to wheat in this county. It was first sowed about 1830 and was farmed continuously for forty-eight years with good average returns; the forty-ninth year it rested for the first time, and was summer-fallowed. It was sown again the fiftieth year and produced thirty-five bushels per acre. Fifty years ago the first installment of Protestant missionaries came, in the persons of Rev. Jason Lee and his colleagues, who established a Methodist mission sixty miles above the mouth of the Willamette, at the head of French prairie, so called from the character of the early settlers. They afterward moved ten miles south, to Salem, and laid the foundation for Willamette University.

Marion county began to have civilized men as inhabitants a half century ago, but they were not permanent American settlers nor a reliable population. True, the mission laid the ground work for Americans to build upon and proved a valuable aid to settlement and progress in after years. But another decade commenced before the hills and prairies of Champoege county, as this was then called, were permanently occupied by Americans. Then a work began that will go on for all time. It is interesting to watch the growth and development of any region. Different men who came here in early times have left their character and impress on the country. Daniel Waldo will be known by the Waldo hills, where he was the first settler. So others have given their names to portions of the country they first occupied. The pioneers were, many of them, more than commonly able. Many noble men and unselfish and devoted women came in the forties, and the green sod that covers their earthly mold is not fresher and brighter, when May recalls the world to life, than is their memory to those who knew them. Waldo was bluff and honest, gifted with good sense, and therefore prosperous. In early days many counseled with him, and his house was the gathering place in times of doubt and supposed danger. He was a plain farmer, and having brought with him stock that increased rapidly he always was forehanded. No matter what prices were current he asked his own figure, and that was what he believed to be the fair and reasonable worth of the article. He was often below others in his charges in the speculative times of the gold era. Once a neighbor bantered him to sell his fat steers. "Sixty dollars," said Uncle Dan. "Too much," said the trader. "You needn't take 'em," said Waldo, and he rode off. A few days later the trader rode up again and said "I guess, Mr. Waldo, I'll take your steers." "You can have them for sixty-five dollars." "Too much," he said again. "You needn't take 'em," said Uncle Dan. A few days more and he was ready with the sixty-five dollars, but Waldo coolly named seventy; the same brief words passed. The fourth time he came they were sev-

enty-five, and the cattle buyer planked down the dust in haste before the old gentleman could have a chance for another rise. They were well worth seventy-five dollars at the outset, but the sharp fellow played a losing game in trying to play Dan. Waldo for a grouse. The old man thought sixty was enough and would have taken it. Children of pioneers—who are themselves now honored as early comers—are fond of talking of the early times when they lived on plain, but wholesome, fare, and wore home-made garments; they went visiting twelve or fifteen miles to find their nearest neighbors, and have a good time together talking of "back in the states. They had plenty of stock range and good pasture. One man tells how he located his claim on the Santiam so as to command all the range between there and the mountains. He was a little mistaken in his calculations, as the region he thought he had corralled and fenced in for his own use is now settled by hundreds and contains some thriving towns, all that, too, in the life time of the land grabber himself. The writer drove an ox team southward three hundred miles or more, thirty-five years ago, when there were no towns and few settlers who farmed much land, no steamboats, no mail stage, and not even in imagination was there prospect of the iron horse. The world moved on and here we are!

The capital city of Oregon is a gem set among hills and prairies and bordered by the silver flow of the Willamette, which enterprising folks threaten to span with a free bridge that will cost fifty thousand dollars. Every acre is fenced, golden harvests gleam in the mid-summer sun, and yellow grain waves in billows before the sway of the ocean breeze. Standing on a summit but a mile away we look over this capital city with its pinnacles and spires, and wonder what genius of fable waved his wand over the wilderness we saw in 1851, to convert this prairie into beautiful homes and erect free schools and churches, and magnificent structures built by county and state that rival edifices in older climes and in the greatest cities of the land. Truly it was a wand of prosperity, wielded manfully by a free people! Marion county sits by the river's side of the "Waters of Peace;" stands erect on its fertile plains and glorious hills; she pushes her strong arm into the ranges where are rich and yielding valleys and productive foot hills, and wins prosperity for all alike; she stands in mid-summer heats where great Mount Horeb overlooks the winding Elk Horn valley, and waits for coming time when the veins of quartz that hold in trust their stores of gold and silver that cluster in these ranges shall yield their treasures for the common wealth. From the snowy crown of Jefferson, robed in eternal white, she looks abroad over a diversified landscape that is all her own, and rejoices that the "native races" are no more. The lodge of the Calipooia and the Molalla are gone forever, the antlered elk no more guards his flock by Willamette's tide, but the land is full of dwellings and homes; the Indian's canoe is no more, but the steamer parts the river's flow and the world's commerce waits its coming. Over the