

On the east side of the Columbia, in the region enclosed by the large bend in that stream, is a broad area of fertile land, known as the "Big Bend country," which is still only partially settled. That portion of Washington shown north and west of the Columbia, and east of the Cascades, depends largely upon irrigation. Many thousands of acres are being brought under the plow by the construction of long and expensive irrigating canals, for the purpose of supplying water to settlers at low rates.

One thing is especially noticeable—the commanding position occupied by Portland, at the head of deep-water nav-

igation on the Columbia and Willamette. The reason why it has become the metropolis of the Northwest is plainly apparent, since all the natural routes of transportation lead to it. It is now a terminal point of the Northern Pacific and Union Pacific, and in four months will be the terminus of the Southern Pacific, since the latter company has purchased the Oregon & California road, and is building north to form a junction with it. Only twenty miles of the road and a tunnel now remain uncompleted. There are many more points, not brought out, which such a careful examination as the view merits will reveal.

SLUICE BOX BILL.

Now partner, now here! You're always a leader!
And kickin' an' growlin' 'bout times bein' hard,

You're always a huntin' for cards to break even,
Now listen a while to the text of your part,

I know that the world's full of trials and troubles,
And we have our share, as a matter of course,

But kickin' and whinin' just makes 'em seem double,
And makes a poor prospect look twenty times worse.

I know that our leader looks kinder lonesome,
The shaft in the flour sack's nester' lead-rock,

While a pay-streak of purple crops out of the boom,
And the great powder-can will require a new stack.

You say you're not stuck on my style as a miner,
For all my opinions ye don't give a dang,

I'm sorry I ain't got the scum down down—
You're gettin' too high for my elegant lung.

You can't see the good of wing-slavin' and dinkin'
And workin' in water up over your knees;

Whenever we sink, the damned lead-rock is
pitchin'

Down hill at an angle of forty degrees,
Now an expert, that seems enough for to travel
Along on the creek bed, and then call the turn

On what's on the lead-rock, clear under the gravel,
Wants a head long enough to cut out of a churn.

When any young tender-foot goes into whinin',
And thinks it's a picnic, he's damned badly wild

He'll find that there's a mixture of lead-powder com-
binin'

With bowlder and gravel, mixed in with the gold,
That the world has its hardships and woes,
stands to reason,
But the darkest old hour comes just before dawn—
From the backs of our legends, there must be a
reason
Of fearful good times for us two before long.

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LOW G. HARR.