

and myself were two murderers we heard of as we passed through Drayton." "We were looking for a duck's nest, when you observed our mysterious movements," said Bert.

"Oh, I did!" cried Clara, pathetically.

"I surely thought you were the men; Well, the long deferred lunch was made two of you, and dressed as they were a most hospitable "spread," and the said to be, and—and you came so cautiously through the bushes over there." travelers remained over night, and left next day, with a cordial invitation to

"No wonder we looked suspicious," "come again." The young lawyer did laughed the man. "Let me introduce come again, and finally took his jailer myself as Professor Woodard—wait, back to Buffalo with him, to keep him here is my card. My companion is my straight. He often calls his energetic nephew, Mr. Norris, a lawyer in Buffalo. This is a scientific trip, on my part, little wife his detective, and jokes her about her first case; and when he goes and Bert came along for fun. Eh, Bert?" too far, she sings—

he added, as that young man and Tom came up the steps, with faces full of fun. Mr. Norris was introduced, and explanations followed.

"I'll lock you up in de smoke-house cellar, Wid de key trown in de well."

F. A. REYNOLDS.

THE CASCADE LOCKS.

THE Columbia river is unique among the streams of the United States. Draining an area of nearly two hundred and fifty thousand square miles, greater than that drained by the Penobscott, Kennebec, Connecticut, Hudson, Susquehanna, Delaware and Potomac combined, fed by the rains of a vast region in winter, and the melting snows of seven great mountain ranges in summer, and carrying at all times an enormous volume of water, its channel is so seriously obstructed, in many places, as to render its continuous navigation utterly impossible without the expenditure of much money upon its improvement. This stream is the natural commercial highway for a large and fertile region, whose products of cereals, cattle, lumber, coal and the precious metals, reach annually many millions of dollars in value. One item alone—that of fifteen million bushels of wheat, with but a small percentage of the land under actual cultivation—shows of what it is capable when rates of transportation shall be offered which will not eat up the profits of the producers.

Between the Cascade mountains, on the west, and the Blue, Bitter Root and Cœur d'Alene mountains, on the east, lies an agricultural area of vast extent, which has, during the past ten years, been converted, in a large measure, from a pastoral to an agricultural region. Cities, towns, villages, farms, mills and factories have sprung up, and in spite of the almost prohibitive rates of trans-