

mill, saw mill, furniture factory, are Milwaukee, New Era, Viola, Canby, Clear Creek, Needy, Zion and Sandy.

The foregoing pages contain but a brief outline of what can be seen and done at "The City at the Falls," and in the highly prosperous and rapidly de-

veloping country surrounding it. To the manufacturer, it possesses attractions unrivaled by any other on the coast,

while to the business man, the orchard-ist, the farmer and the dairyman, it offers opportunities not to be lightly passed over. H. L. WELLS.

### HAWICK AND ST. ANDREWS.

Sweet Teviot! On thy silver tide  
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more;  
No longer steel-clad warriors ride  
Along thy wild and wilderèd shore;  
Where'er thou wind'st by dale or hill,  
All, all is peaceful, all is still.

WE were flitting about Northern England and Southern Scotland for three or four months, grand right and left, up and down the middle, saluting corners, till, having chassied from the German ocean to the Irish sea, and back again from the Irish sea to the German ocean, at Berwick, on Tweed, we made a glide—I might say "Boston dip"—into Scottish Roxborough, to the manufacturing town of Hawick, on the silver Teviot, among the Cheviot hills, quite content to lay aside our wandering and unanchored life, and, for a week or so, lie by for repairs. More than once had we thought of Emery Ann's "You can't play tag continual, without a goal to run to," and how frequently we, with Mrs. Whitney, found, as she tells us in her "Sights and Insights," "the necessity of little halts—little breaks in the fierce impulse of foreign travel." The wheels heat with constant motion.

Between three and four miles from Hawick, lies Branksome tower, the scene

of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." It is a most beguiling walk or drive, along the banks of the Teviot, even at the time of year we were there, the middle of January, with its silver waters glistening in the sunlight, and almost as purely white as the snow on its borders. The intervening distance, as well as that between the town and Melrose, is full of the localities described in that midnight ride of William of Deloraine, to the grave of Michael Scott, at the abbey.

Sir Michael Scott, the famous wizard, flourished during the thirteenth century, but by poetical anachronism, is placed in the poem at a later era. He was a man of much learning, chiefly acquired in foreign countries, and passed among his contemporaries for a skillful magician. His magic books were long believed to be in existence, but could not be opened without danger from the fiends, who were thereby invoked. Michael Scott was much embarrassed by a spirit, for whom he was under the necessity of