

over its pebbly bed, or a blue lake, rimmed like a royal drinking cup, with a border of crimson and gold. October has lights and shadows that can never be seen in spring or summer. There are things enjoyable in this month not known to the springtime dreamer, or summer saunterer.

During an Oregon autumn the morning air is rich and clear; the radiance of the noonday is as soft as it is in a perfect October day east of the Allegheny mountains. Along the mountains and water courses grow many trees whose foliage flames and blushes like a sunset sea, before they expire and yield to the sere brown and vesture of decay. The bright berries of wild forest vines spangle the trees in luxuriant profusion as they wind their trailing tendrils about the trunks with wreaths of scarlet or beads of puple. Queen Flora, during this month, is on the last mile of her earth's journey, and her ample basket is almost empty of its fragrant gifts. Autumn passes to its death like a magnificent Indian princess, who gaudily decks her raven tresses and hangs her richest jewels from her neck, while she wraps her tawny body in her most gorgeous drapery, as if determined to be a queen in her royalty of dress until death dis-crowned her.

No more fitting place to drink in the rare beauties of the expiring season can be found than the handsome city park, overlooking Portland from the wooded hills on the west. No more appropriate spot can be selected for observation and tranquil contemplation. Amid the cool, refreshing woods one seats himself and yields to pensive reveries. All around a sombre spirit broods over leaf and flower; on every side are the subtle, undefinable touches of the expiring season. Over all rests a mellow radiance; everything is steeped in a golden, hazy exhalation. Here, "October with her

varied robes, 'broidered with dust and dew, calmly sleeps." The yellow paths are untrodden, and across the dim woody aisles the industrious spider has spun her gray, gauzy traceries. Here are seen the scarlet berries of the dogwood, and the deep wine-tinted leaves; there, the bluish-green foliage of the cedar, blended with the russet berries of that evergreen; there the light and deep orange dyes of the leaves of the wild, aromatic cherry and the mountain maple; here peeps forth the fiery crimson of the little maple. Mingled in perfect harmony with all these semi-Tyrian colors, are the deeper and lighter shades of green displayed by the numerous members of the coniferous family. Flocks of small, bright-plumaged birds flit in their arrowy movements from bough to bough, and fugitive glances are caught of the brownish-yellow pine squirrel, that "sylvan harlequin," as he spryly darts from tree to tree. From out the depths of the thicket come the liquid notes of feathered throats, stirring the calm like the echo of a dream. Rural sounds harmoniously blend with the noisy commercial activities, and the distant and subdued roar of city life. Tiny insects sport in the sunlight, and chirp their happy measures beneath the sere and bronzed herbage. From afar is heard the lowing of cows and the plaintive bleating of the flocks. Anon the breeze sweeps past, toys caressingly with leaf and branch, softly frets the tops of lofty firs, pauses in its course, dies away, and again moves on in its viewless wanderings, sighing, singing and whispering to the pensive woods in its many mysterious tongues. Human life is symbolized here in every phase and aspect of nature. Fading foliage, withering flowers, the steps of decay visible in all the vegetable world; the very touch of the air and the softly bending heavens seem to speak warningly of the winter of death not far away.