

Willamette valley is certainly an important one, and Salem, as its chief mart and the second city of the state, controls superior opportunities. The surpassing richness of the valley surrounds it, and for miles in every direction all industrial and social interests look to Salem as their Mecca. The fact that it is the capital of so rich and growing a commonwealth as Oregon, gives it additional prominence at home and abroad. The general appearance of the city—its plan, its tasteful and elegant homes, its business streets, etc.—reminds one of a cultured New England city, but in public and private enterprise it is thoroughly imbued with western vigor. The people are wide awake and progressive in business and genial in social intercourse. The institutions of the city and county are such as an intelligent and prosperous community enjoy and support. The public schools are in an excellent condition throughout the county, and

private educational institutions are located at a number of places besides Salem. Church privileges are abundant, and a healthy tone pervades all ranks of society.

The scenic attractions of the region are varied and of a grandeur rarely excelled. It would not be possible to compass within the limits of a magazine article all the advantages which a city like Salem possesses, or to touch, even briefly, all the merits that would be of interest to the reader who is searching for specific knowledge of an exhaustive character. But a general view is given of the locality and the achievements of its people. A county with a population of twenty thousand souls and a property valuation of \$15,000,000.00 upon which there is only about \$2,345,000.00 indebtedness, having for its chief city the capital of the state, would seem to offer unusually strong inducements to the industrious home seeker.

MY HERO'S GRAVE.*

He sleeps where the wild hell of battle
Swept over tall Mission's proud crest;
He sleeps, where the hot breath of cannon,
Had withered the bravest and best.

Ay! dreamless he sleeps where he perished,
Alone in the soft southern air,
On that fell western slope, when grim carnage
Held court and high carnival there.

Uncoffin'd, unknown, 'neath the daisies,
Apart from all conflict and pain,
No wild, thrilling call of the bugles
Will 'wake him to battle again.

You ask, was he friend, or a foeman?
I know not—'t was only a grave,
O'ergrown with the rank weeds of summer,
Perch'd high o'er the Tennessee's wave.

What boots it to whom his allegiance,
Or under which banner he fought?
My hero, thy name, grave and station
Alike have been almost forgot.

Perchance where the pine trees are sighing
Above some lone desolate home,
A sad soul is pleading in anguish—
"Dear God, will he never come?"

Or away in the fair sunny southland,
The palm fronds are whispering low,
"Take heart, O, thou sad one, thy darling
Has died with his face to the foe!"

No marble will tell of his glory,
His manhood, his rank, or his years;
So I weave him this crown of green laurels,
And pay my sad tribute with tears.

CORPORAL JOE.

* In the summer of 1888 a skeleton was found amid the briars and weeds on the western slope of Mission ridge, where it had laid undisturbed through the winters and summers of the twenty-five years since that most sanguinary battle was fought.—C. J.