

year, with only ordinary care. The exceptionally pleasing exterior of the dwellings is only an index of their interior, where culture and refinement abound. There is a sentiment of broad, human sympathy pervading the community. One of the most potent influences promoting the progress of the picturesque

capital city of Oregon is the attractive appearance of the dwellings, parks, streets, etc., outside of their mere business aspect. Sentiment very often controls the actions of men, and an appreciation of the beautiful in nature or art is one of the best features of our civilization.



RESIDENCE OF O. A. KRAUSSE, SALEM, OR.

ATLANTIS.

When the long twilight waned above the rim
Of the earth and sky, a voice within me cried,
"Yonder thy way lies, o'er yon opal tide!
Forth to the west, before thine eyes grow dim!"
So forth I fared, unwearied, till the slim
Boughs of an unknown island I descried,
Penciled against the horizon, waving wide,
And many hued like wings of cherubim.

Ay! there it was, the dream of many a year,
The vision vanishing through dark and day,
The lost isle veiled in world-old mystery,
Sought and not found, green while the earth turns gray.
Strange odors drifted down to welcome me,
And whispering in strange tongues the waves drew near.

All hushed it lies. The jealous seas seclude
Its splendor for themselves, in wreaths and rings
Of liquid light; no wandering echo brings
The slenderest sound, save when, while still winds brood
Over the tide that ebbs out sunset-hued,
High in the rose-hung rocks, a strange bird sings,
Decrescent in the sweet diminishings
Of gradual light o'er each shore solitude.

The sunrise kisses its unpastured hills,
The sunset throbs above its valleys deep,
The pensive twilight folds its daffodils;
The pearly pillars, its foundations, glow
With shafts of light, what time the moon lies low,
Upon the dawn's gold threshold fallen asleep.

M. C. GILLINGTON.