

## THE PACIFIC FROM GRAY'S HARBOR.

The surf, like some great, hungry lion, roars,  
And flings his angry mane unto the breeze,  
And now he laps the beach unceasingly,  
Then laz'ly stretches forth his prey to seize.

I wander by the ocean's brink and gaze  
Upon its multifarious changes,  
Many changes see it take, and follow  
Where the dreamer's rhyméd fancy ranges.

It touches where quaint, flowery Yeddo blooms,  
Where jeweled idols reign and paraquets are seen,  
It passes where lush, mellow fruits hang low—  
From icy fields to fields forever green.

Now kindly thoughts of kinship I would launch  
To every port where washes that calm sea;  
From that way, yet, on favoring wings shall come  
Commerce, with its freight of long prosperity.

Yon white-winged ships, like birds of promise, fly  
Into the harbor and brood in safety there;  
Then, with spread pinions, take their course seaward,  
Keeping their way along the ambient air.

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Like one great beryl as a jewel set  
Within its golden rim of sunset skies, the ocean,  
From pole to pole, from continent to continent,  
Moves with unceasing motion.

I watch it come, and think and dream and dream  
Of that fair time of promise yet to be;  
I watch it go in palpitating tides,  
And know it leads out to infinity.

GENIE CLARK POMEROY.

## A TENDERFOOT LOOSE IN OREGON.

He was a thin, sallow-faced man, with a large, drooping mustache, a square jaw, bright, restless eyes fringed by thick, black brows. He placed his smoothly-brushed silk hat on the rack, and occupied the place at table opposite me. I was sitting at the dining table of the Reveré house, in Albany, and had taken this brief inventory in the casual glance that is exchanged by experienced travelers, then returned to my fruit and quite forgot the fellow's presence.

The trig, little waitress entered, bearing my smoking dinner; while she was still hovering about the table, performing her duties, the man opposite remarked—

"I always pick out the hotels that employ lady waiters, especially pretty ladies."

I looked up just in time to receive the wink which accompanied the sentiment. From his conceited smirk and from the sugared intonation of his voice I knew that here was one of those pests to society—a lady killer. The gentleman beside me and also the portly, absorbed gentleman at the head of the table looked up with glances of mild interest, then retired behind expressions of disgust to their occupations.

Belated guests arrived and soon our table was surrounded. Several suggestive coughs issued from the man opposite, but there appeared to be no sympathetic spirits in the party. At length he addressed me—

"Are you in the picture business, too?"

I informed him "No," without any attempt at studied civility.

"Perhaps some of the other gentlemen are," he persevered.

A few shakes from as many heads were the only replies he received, but even those encouraged him, for he continued—

"Those are my samples in the office; I tell you"—effusively, he had found a listener at his right—"the picture business is the thing there's money in. You'd be surprised to know the amount of orders I take. You're a traveling man, I suppose?"

The party at his right nodded.

"Us traveling men should be more sociable," continued the picture agent. "What's life without sociability?"

By dint of a tenacity which I was forced to admire the fellow raised quite a conversational breeze. He was in love with his profession. The expression "traveling man" had for him a fascination, and he used it frequently as he related exploits in which he had participated while on the road.

"Oh, us traveling men get on to all the snaps that's going," he declared, and then related with considerable *esprit* an experience of his on the Southern Pacific road.

"I took the overland at Roseburg," he said. "Sticking on the back of the seat in front of me was a conductor's check. I made a bet with a friend—also a traveling man—that I could use that check as a pass to my destination. I put the thing in my hat. The conductor came through the car, looked at my check and passed on. I won the bet and also the price of the ticket, for here it is, unpunched," and he held aloof the bit of pasteboard.

At the conclusion of this narrative the portly gentleman who occupied the head of the table was regarding him with some attention. This so pleased the fellow that he enquired of the gentleman if the trick had not been well carried.

"Admirably," was the answer. "And is that the ticket in your hand?"