

## THE OLD FOOT LOG.

Its mates have fallen, one by one—  
 Their shade no more the wild birds greet—  
 Across the stream still running on  
 Between the fields of growing wheat,  
 O'er it the pathway wanders down,  
 Through hollows deep, round wooded hill;  
 No rule to follow but its own,  
 It bends as winds the rippling rill.  
 I stand and gaze about to-day,  
 At woodland haze, at changing sky;  
 The memories of the far away,  
 With shadowy years come hurrying by.  
 I muse upon the friends—a host—  
 Who lie within the churchyard low;  
 The feet that once so nimbly crossed  
 Have feeble grown and very slow.



Here, merry children ran and played,  
 Where butterflies danced in the air,  
 A fairy garden ne'er to fade,  
 With flowers blooming everywhere.

Here grew the violet's modest cup  
 Low in the fern, a sweet surprise.  
 Methinks I see her looking up,  
 Their hue within her gentle eyes.

The long, long years have fled away;  
 I hear once more a quiet voice,  
 As wandering by this narrow way  
 She bade my sorrowing soul rejoice.

She sleeps with violets on her bed,  
 Their hearts die out in fragrance there;  
 And yet, above, so softly spread,  
 In beauty waves the maiden-hair.

Take but a blossom and a spray,  
 Else might this day seem but a dream,  
 To vanish with the mists away,  
 To die with murmurs of the stream.

Ah! Life may lead through desert ways,  
 And, lacking joy, all sorrow prove;  
 Yet still, when done are earthly days,  
 'Twere worth it all to only—love.

ROSE WILCOX.

## QUINAULT LAKE, IN THE OLYMPIC MOUNTAINS, WASH.

It is a most delightful trip from the ocean, up the Quinault river to the lake of the same name, a distance of about thirty miles. For the first eight miles there is no perceptible fall in the stream, and it averages in width about 500 feet. The water is of a beautiful hue and bordered with a fine growth of overhanging trees. The river at the present season of the year is literally full of salmon, which play and skip about around the travelers' canoe, sometimes splashing the water into their very faces. At the upper end of this first section of river the Indians have built a weir across, to impede the progress of the salmon up stream.

The trip to the lake is made in Chinook canoes of about a ton capacity—in fact that is the only way it can be made from the weir to the mouth of the lake. The water is so swift and full of bowlders that no little skill is required to pilot a craft safely through such menacing dangers. The down trip, however, is the most hazardous, as the canoe is more at the mercy of the swift waters; but a touch on a rock and a "spill" is unavoidable. Usually a canoe is manned by an Indian and his clutchman—the siwash sitting in the stern and the clutchman in the bow—both using poles as means of propulsion. At intervals the current is so rapid that they are compelled to disembark and drag the canoe through the rushing waters after them.

Between the weir and the lake there are jams of timber at three different places where it is necessary for all to alight, and the canoe is dragged and the freight *toted* around a portage of four or five hundred feet, varying the pleasures of a nowise monotonous trip. It is about a two days' journey from the fish traps to the lake, but the variety and picturesqueness of the scenery and the attending excitement make it seem not half so long. About thirty miles above its mouth the river widens into a beautiful lake two and a half miles wide by five miles long. On either side the steep mountains, cut with falls and cataracts and covered with timber, come to the water's edge, while above the lake there is a valley two miles wide extending on either side of a cold and sparkling crystal stream that laughs its way over a bed of white and glistening pebbles, a distance of eight to ten miles, where the river forks, and surrounding a bald sugar loaf peak that stands at the head of the valley, quickly divides itself into a thousand mountain rills that have their origin but a short distance above. Oh, what a panorama! The lake, the river, the valley! The rising sun creeping from behind the hills, sheds its mellow light, tinging the deep shadows cast on the waters by the surrounding mountains, in beautiful contrast to the reflections of the setting sun the night before upon the icy crest and everlasting snows of the Olympic range, but a few miles in the background. Neither Mount Olympus nor Constance can be seen from the lake, yet the picture is complete in splendor and their grandeur could add but little to its impressiveness.

Where the river leaves the lake the orifice is not large enough, in case of a sudden freshet, to carry off the water; and at times, during the spring rains, the water rises quite rapidly, backing several miles up the river, inundating (at rare periods, however) a large area of bottom land above the lake. One instance, where it is said to have risen sixteen feet in three hours, furnished me with rather an amusing incident. A man whom a neighbor had furnished with a "grub stake," wrote to his benefactor the day before this freshet: "I have erected a cabin on the bank of the lake and am now clearing off a spot for a garden. I have found God's country at last, and expect to end my days right here. Send more flour and bacon." The surprise of the benefactor can be better imagined than told, when, the next day after receiving the letter, he met his man, armed, cap-a-pie, with his skillet, frying pan, coffee pot and camp equipage, "hoofing it" down the beach. "Well," said he, "what's up?" "Why, the d—d lake's up, and I don't propose to stay in a country where the water rises so fast you can't climb a tree ahead of it"—and he never went back. I opine, however, that the loneliness of the situation had something to do with his exit, as all the valley is now taken up and prized very highly by the squatters.

The hunters claim that the lake is fed by subterranean streams, and when the timber is removed from the surrounding mountains, cascades and waterfalls, vying in beauty with those on the Columbia river, will be disclosed. This, if true, will in some measure account for the sudden rises in the lake. In it are found every variety of salmon and trout known to the sportsman. Speckled trout, weighing from four to five pounds and measuring from sixteen to twenty inches, are not uncommon; but the lake has a specialty of its own—a salmon weighing from five to fifteen pounds, much resembling a Chinook in shape and color of its flesh, but equally delicate and palatable as the brook trout. When transportation facilities are furnished the salmon industry will be of no mean importance.

The country around the lake is covered with a dense growth of spruce, cedar and fir, and in the matter of game, as well as fish, is a sportsman's paradise. During the winter months hunting for sea otter along the beach is not carried on, and the hunters generally move up to the lake for land game. Here they find elk, deer, bear, fisher, mink, land otter, beaver and other game in great numbers; but the settlers on every side of the Olympic range, from Gray's harbor to the Straits of Fuca and from Puget