

backism and setting her on the broad highway that leads to Prosperity. Let every man, woman and child help the good work along. Oregon has been in the mire long enough, and much of it still clings to her clothing in the form of the usury law, mortgage tax law, short-sighted ideas of economy and the control of public enterprises by men who have no comprehension of what they are undertaking. This must be removed, and Oregon, with spotless robes and buoyant footsteps, will speed to the goal.

It is painfully interesting to hear the comments of men, who, with pitiful self deception, deem themselves enterprising, upon the nature of the display Oregon should make at Chicago. At the Industrial Exposition in Portland the Oregon Board of Immigration has arranged a very creditable display of agricultural products for an exhibition of that kind. It is one of the most attractive and valuable features of the fair, but the remark of a gentleman prominent in placing it there that "this is what we ought to have at the World's Fair" is simply ridiculous. It may be a prominent feature of a fair on the scale of this one, but the entire exhibition of which it is but a part would itself be lost in Chicago. It would be but a side show. It seems almost impossible to arouse such men to the faintest comprehension of the magnitude of the fair, for which a site of 1,000 acres has been selected.

Oregon might as well not be represented there at all as to spend even \$50,000 dollars upon a display to which no one but the judges and committees would pay the least attention. She might secure the first prize for wheat, prunes, cherries, timber and grass, and yet, so far as the general public is concerned, be unnoticed, while some other states that might not get the first premium for anything would attract the multitude and receive the resultant benefit. The ability of Oregon to show unsurpassed products of many kinds is undoubted; but the problem to be solved is how to induce the people to single them out from the inconceivable mass of the world's products and attractions that will be gathered there, and pay them a visit. This is the kernel to be extracted. Oregon must do something to make her display a special center of attraction. It must be novel, interesting and so different from others that it can be advertised as such and a special desire to see it be created in the minds of the countless thousands who will throng the grounds of Washington and Jackson parks. What shall it be? WEST SNORE calls for ideas.

It is the duty of the Oregon Board of Commerce to call an Oregon World's Fair Convention immediately, so that a proper organization may be effected and proper arrangements made to secure the necessary legislation by the legislature in January next. This matter is too important to be delayed or trifled with. The legislature will not meet again for two years, and what is not done now can never be done. Delay is not only dangerous, but shows the board recreant to its trust. The attention of the president of the board is earnestly called to this matter. Shall we organize an exhibit association now and be prepared to go before the legislature with a tangible, practical organization, or shall we let the matter go by default, and nothing be accomplished? The press of the state is aroused upon this subject, and it demands immediate and vigorous action by the persons occupying the positions that will render their action effective. Let us have an exhibit association formed at once.

INDIAN FISH TRAP.

The chief item of food of all Indians living along the streams of the Pacific coast is the salmon that swarm into the rivers in countless thousands. These are caught in numerous ways and dried for winter use. One of the most effective methods is that used by the natives living along the Quinault river, a beautiful stream flowing into the Pacific from the Olympic mountains, in Washington. This device is an improvement upon their more crude appliances made possibly by their acquisition of the knowledge and inventions of the white man, and consists of a wier built across the stream to prevent the salmon from ascending, and a trap for catching a portion of the immense numbers thus collected below the obstruction. The wier is made by driving posts about six inches square into the bed of the river across the stream at intervals of about six feet, and bracing them solidly from below and then setting in cross pieces about three inches square at the top and bottom, thus forming supports for the wicker work, which consists of frames about 2x6 feet in size, made of willow poles about two inches in diameter, upon which is woven a net work of willow branches, with meshes of sufficient size to let the water through without interruption and the same time small enough to detain the salmon below.

The river at this point is from two to four feet deep and the wier is from six to eight feet high. The net work is built in sections so when there are no fish running or no fisherman at work they can be easily taken up and stored away, or in case of a break be more readily replaced. The wier is simply to delay the fish and of course renders the stream just below it alive

with them, which is novel and exciting scene of itself. The fish are taken by means of a trap built just below the wier by driving four piles in the shape of a square, fourteen feet apart. The piles are cut off about fourteen feet above the water and capped in and thoroughly braced on the sides above the water. At the top of each pile a pulley is fastened with a line running through it, which is attached to a corresponding corner of a drop net. The drop net is lowered to the bottom of the stream and when full of fish is brought to the surface by means of the ropes and pulleys above described, the whole thing being worked from below by Indians in canoes, and of a truth, the "emptying" of the net is a very thrilling piece of sport.

The wier and trap belong to the Indians in common, each family having its turn of fishing. It is fair to say, however, that the wier is only kept in place when someone is fishing, and the hindrance of the fish ascending to their spawning grounds is not material.

LONG AGO.

Oh, that I again could feel
Fragrant breezes round me steal;
Oh, that I again could be
Down there by the peaceful sea;
Down there where I used to go
In the summers, long ago.
You are gone—my boyhood's mate.
You, who met me at the gate,
Nevermore will say "Come Joe,
Follow me and I will show
Sweetest roses fresh and gay,
Purple pansies, new mown hay,
Lovely apples blushing red,
Big pears larger than your head."
Nevermore will we go through
Fields of clover where the dew
Fell like tiny globes of light
From the blooms of pink and white;
Nevermore at golden noon
Listen to the wild bird's tune
Thrill the very heart of June.

Ah, how happy were we two!
What a merry maiden you,
Romping under azure skies,
With flushed cheeks and laughing eyes;
And I thought your flowing hair,
Had within its silken snare,
Caught the fringes of the pall
That the night throws over all.
I remember how you ran,
With a "Beat me if you can,"
Out to where the ebbing tide
Left the beach so cool and wide;
How you gathered brown sea weeds,
Pearly shells and floating reeds,
And with chubby little hand
Wrote my name upon the sand;
How we watched o'er waters blue
Far off sails fade from our view,
While you cried in glee "I know
They are melting flakes of snow."

Then when happy day was done,
And the slowly sinking sun
Lifted broad, bright bars of gold
From beneath the maples old,
And the pale stars faintly gleamed—
Silver dots to us they seemed—
You would sometimes almost cry
As I said, "Well, Floss, good bye."

You are dead and I am gray;
Coldly pipes the wind to-day,
As I sit and wonder still
If the orchard on the hill
Looks the same, and if the lawn
Is the one we played upon,
And if on your distant grave,
Flowers grow and grasses wave,
And the robins chirp to you
Just the way they used to do.

HERBERT BASHFORD.