

## CHIEF HOMILY AND BRIDE.

One of the prominent figures still remaining to remind us of former days and far different scenes from the peaceful ones that now surround us is Chief Homily, now living on the Umatilla reservation, that fine body of agricultural land near Pendleton, Oregon, that is to be placed on the market the first of April and sold to white settlers. Homily belonged to that faction of the united tribes of Cayuses and Umatillas not responsible for the massacre of Dr. Whitman; nor was he actively engaged in the war of 1855, though many of the young men of the Cayuse and Umatilla tribes joined the Walla Walla in their battles with the Oregon volunteers. He is a fine looking and well-preserved Indian of about seventy-five years of age, and has recently



CHIEF HOMILY AND BRIDE.

(Photo by E. G. Cummings.)

signified his continued interest in mundane affairs, as well as his opinion that marriage is not a failure, by taking a bride; not a garrulous old squaw, an experienced camas digger and salmon drier, but a young, and, judged by Indian standards, handsome maiden of some seventeen summers. It is more than probable that he is, like Solomon of old, wise enough to value domestic harmony higher than a good dinner, and has selected his bride with the eye of one who learns wisdom from experience. He is well to do in this world's goods, has a good home and plenty of cattle and ponies, and need not worry much about camas and salmon.

## STATE FLOWERS.

The adoption of the *Eschscholtzia Californica*, or yellow poppy, as the floral emblem of California, illustrated in its natural colors in THE WEST SHORE of January 24, has created considerable interest in the subject of state flowers for other states of the Pacific coast. The following letters have been received on the subject from Montana and Washington. Let us hear from the lovers of flowers in Oregon and Idaho, as well as from others in the states already represented. THE WEST SHORE invites the widest discussion on this subject, and later will print engravings of the favorite flowers and give its readers an opportunity to vote on the question.

SHELTON, WASHINGTON.

EDITOR THE WEST SHORE—

The selection of a state flower for Washington is a matter which admits consideration in two lights; first, in regard to its usefulness, and last, for its elegance. The flower combining these virtues in the most adequate proportions should be universally accepted as a state flower. The present principal industry of Washington being agriculture, I venture to suggest the adoption of that unassuming and elegant little flower, the clover, the properties of which the farmer knows well how to appreciate.

HARRY COX.

CHENEY, WASHINGTON.

EDITOR THE WEST SHORE—

As an amateur botanist I have tried to learn all I can about our native flowers. I have cultivated twenty different kinds, including annuals, herbaceous, perennials and bulbous plants. Therefore, I feel that I ought to be entitled to suggest a flower suitable for an emblem for the state of Washington. There are several that seem to me suitable, but I will only speak of my first choice at present. Of all the flowers of Eastern Washington *Clarkia* seems to me the best adapted for the purposes mentioned. There are several species. The only species common in Eastern Washington is *C. pulchella*; its form and color are pleasing, and it is easily cultivated. There are few flowers better for a mass of color than *Clarkia*, and the fact that it was named in honor of an explorer well known in the history of this country is a point in its favor. I will not attempt to give all the points in favor of my favorite, but will wait to hear what others will have to say for or against it.

FLORA WILD.

SEHOHE, WASHINGTON.

EDITOR THE WEST SHORE—

Clover—red, white and dappled; on the lawns, beneath the hedges, down the meadows, deep in the dark forests, on the sunny hillsides, and even far up the mountains—everywhere, everywhere in Washington, in all seasons of the year, the clover puts up its three delicate leaves to the rain or sun or cloud. It is just as luxuriant, as deeply green, as daintily rimmed round with silver when its lot is cast at the poor man's stoop as when it is carefully nurtured on the rich man's lawn. It is even a trifle happier, I think, down under the willows in the pasture where the brook flows, singing, through the reeds, than it is under the spray of the marble fountain. And how beautiful, how beautiful are its blossoms, with their tiny, snow-white or rose-colored spikes filled with the sweets that the bees love! Free, generous, simple clover! What could be more appropriate for a state flower? The "three little leaves extended" closely resemble the shamrock of old Ireland; and we all know that sometimes God puts a fourth leaf in that good luck may walk with the one who finds it. The new state should be represented by no proud flower that grows in high or rare places, and by no shy one that hides its blushing face in lonely, sequestered nooks; but by some flower that grows everywhere; that lifts up a happy face to every fate, and springs up again, hopeful, when a rude foot has crushed it; that gives its beauty freely and generously to every heart that would love it. Like the gold dandelion, it has been unnoticed, unappreciated, unloved, too long a time. It is always so, I know, with modesty. The rose has a dozen admirers where the violet has one. But next time your eye falls upon a little clover leaf, with its broken rim of silver, take it up with a careful hand and let its delicate beauty steal upon you; and think—think—how beautiful is its bee-loved blossom.

ELLA HIGGINSON.

VIRGINIA CITY, MONTANA.

EDITOR THE WEST SHORE—

I have just read your request in reference to the adoption of a floral emblem by the states of the northwest. The idea pleases me. Montana has a beautiful, aromatic flower which is called, locally, "the mountain lily." It blossoms about the first week in June, and continues to blossom for three months. As soon as the first make their appearance, I will send you a specimen, and, now, claim for it the honor of its adoption as the floral emblem of Montana.

IDA STEFFENS.

TWIN BRIDGES, MONTANA.

EDITOR THE WEST SHORE—

In your especially beautiful and interesting number of January 24 I saw an engraving of the California state flower, and your readers are invited to propose state flowers for our other western states. I, among many others, perhaps, speak for Montana. When I read your notice, the other side of the house, who is an enthusiastic botanist and has haunted Montana valleys and mountains several years, cried out, "*Lewisia rediviva*," just as I exclaimed, "bitter root." Why did that flower occur to us both? Simply because, although our valleys and foothills are bedecked, in the season, with lovely wild flowers, none is more beautiful, more typical of our state, or more representative in character, than the hardy, rose-colored bitter root blossom. They say the Indians eat a part of the root, and our botanist has experimented on the taste of the thing. I hope all the state will choose a flower and let it be known at the state headquarters at the Columbian exposition. As for our bitter root, the specific *rediviva* name is given it because of its tenacity of life. That is a Montana characteristic.

## MONTANA'S FLOWER.

Fair Montana! Land of mountains,  
Where vast herds of cattle roam,  
Where are hid thy gold and silver—  
Land of fertile valley home!

Thou art fitly represented  
By the *rediviva's* bloom,  
Sprung from root that lives tho' trodden,  
Lives where others find their doom.

*Rediviva!* Mountain floweret!  
Month of roses sees thy birth;  
Brightly decking vale and foothills,  
Truly thou art "gem of earth."

Thou hast christened range of mountains,  
Thou art valley's lovely dower;  
Let thy dainty, rose-tint blossom  
Be Montana's own state flower.

F. A. REYNOLDS.