

A TRANSCONTINENTAL TOUR.

If there be any one who doubts that the wildest dreamer who prognosticates the wonderful future of the Pacific northwest is a genuine prophet, he has but to take a comprehensive view of its many possibilities as seen from a Pullman car window on any of the different transcontinental lines that converge at Portland-on-the-Willamette, and radiate in any direction designated by his transportation papers. True, he can not see the country in detail, as in the old stage-coach days, nor bear away upon skirts or boots as much of the soil of the Webfoot land as he did before stage coaches were. But he can, if a woman (you see I adhere to the pronoun *he* in its generic sense, as did the authors of the Declaration of Independence, of whom I don't believe Thomas Jefferson was the only one, though it has been the custom of the democratic party to say so), he can, if a woman, enjoy the comfort of clean skirts and dry slippers, and if a man, the pleasures of the smoking room at the same time he surveys the scenery and studies the embryo advantages that are more or less tangible according to the peculiar cast or comprehension of his intellect.

Just now it suits my purpose to write of what I see along the line of the Northern Pacific, on the train which pulls out of Portland via Tacoma and Ellensburg at the witching hour of ten p. m., when no scenery at all is visible, save the ubiquitous porter who gets my "section" made into a bed at half past eleven o'clock. Then, about twelve, the conductor rouses me from a first fitful nap to see my ticket; and as I part the curtains to admit the light so I can find the important paper, I look furtively at the boss of the road, who seems obligingly unconscious of my embarrassing situation, as he gazes abstractedly, and quite properly, at the array of lamps that glitter along the aisle like sentinels on parade. If I wasn't a woman I'd be just a little emphatic about this unseasonable disturbance; but women are supposed to smile like Gautamazin, no matter what the provocation, and I suppose I smiled, though it is doubtful, as, the ticket ordeal over, I tried in vain to sleep before the wee small hours of the morning.

"The moon, like a large cheese cut just in half, hung o'er the landscape invitingly," and from the window at my pillow I could see the alternately wooded and treeless landscapes, ever varying in their weird monotony—now don't expostulate, good reader; I know a paradox just as well as you do when I encounter it, but I contend there is no scenery with sameness so universal and at the same time so varied as the ever-changing, yet always similar, panorama that greets the tourist almost anywhere between the coast and Cascade mountains.

The same kinds of evergreen forests march in serrated battalions up the majestic steep slopes of Mounts Hood and St. Helens that climb around the glacial bases, and stalk as far as man and ice will let them toward the summits of Mounts Baker, Adams and Rainier. But it is of the wondrous wealth of these forests, that in this humid climate forever renew themselves in spite of vandal fires that devastate great areas annually, that I wish to speak just now. I have no data at hand to which to refer in the moonlight, so I can not furnish the printer with the usual statistics for the average reader to skip, nor can I estimate, even approximately, the enormous value in dollars and cents of the vast forestry that sweeps the mountain sides where no axman's blows have yet been heard and no fire fiend has yet made havoc. But I turn dreamily away from the moonlight, and with closed eyes ponder long upon the treeless plains which I know we'll encounter upon the morrow. And, as I thus gaze with mental eye, a panorama of the future glides into view, and, lo and behold! the desert has been made to blossom with the wealth of the forest. The skeletons of departed trees have been immortalized by their conversion into beautiful homes and substantial fences, intersected here and there by straight or undulating lines of carriage drives, and railroads stretch away in all directions, double-belted by avenues of living trees waving gracefully in the wind or gazing gravely at the sun.

Ker-chung! What's the matter now? I rise on elbow and look out in the moonlight and see at a glance the cause of the train's disturbance. We have reached the ferry that crosses the broad Columbia, and a thousand silvery stars flash back the scintillations of their glory at the moon, now slightly gibbous, whose calm face disappears behind the smoky breath emitted by our iron horse. A great fish leaps high from the water, flashing his steely sides in the hazy glow of the hour. This fish sets my brain upon a tangent, gliding from forests to fisheries, and, deflecting at long range from the salmon industries of the Columbia and the hatcheries of the Clackamas to the bays and bayous of the Coquille, Yaquina, Coos and Tillamook, to the roaring rivers of Alaska, brings me back again to the piscatorial resources of Puget sound.

Then the wee, small hours, before mentioned, glide into being, and I fall asleep to dream not only of forests and fisheries, but of coal fields, gold beds,

of silver ledges and quartz mountains, galena belts, asbestos veins and telurium "funds;" and also of golden grain and yellow butter, chalk-white eggs and yellow-legged chickens, luscious fruits and creamy cheeses, all of which can be produced in marvelous quantity, and of quality the best, right here upon the broad Northwest Pacific slope, away from the extremes of heat and cold and drouth and inundation, with which less favored portions of this little planet are so often inconvenienced—and, I came near saying, cursed.

Given a great community of self-helpers, among whose members there is no poverty, because every one finds work to do for himself or his neighbor, at compensation suited to his work, and the fabled Arcadia of Barreles will soon be distanced by practical results. Have you and I, good reader, nothing to do to bring about this much-to-be-desired state of affairs in this land of virgin opportunities? I know there are lions in the way, but the enterprising emigrant can avoid their ambushes if he be wary and diligent. These lions' names are land shark, usury and class legislation, and their servants are sloth, ignorance and intemperance; while the innate dishonesty of individuals in all grades of existence adds complexity to the difficulties to be surmounted in every undertaking; but to the wide awake man or woman who seeks a home and a business for which he is willing to render to mother nature an equitable equivalent in intelligent effort there is no other land that equals this.

A light suddenly streams through the slightly parted curtains. I catch a glimpse of the glittering lamps that march steadily down the Pullman aisle; and I unceremoniously return from dreamland as the dusky porter says, "Will the lady want breakfast in the dining car?"

The moon has sailed away among the clouds that hover over Tacoma. The tall masts of a ship hold their yardarms aloft in the gray twilight that struggles through the mist which nestles on the bosom of Puget sound, and the rising sun wrestles serenely with both clouds and mountain ridges as a long, lateral streak of golden glory lights up the fog banks that find refuge among the forests and fisheries and cover the mines and farms of which I have been dreaming. Then follows a long struggle with bath and toilet under much inconvenience, for which there is no reasonable excuse, since it could easily be remedied if the Pullman car rules did not prevent. This trouble over, I cross a vestibule and seek a seat at a perfectly ordered breakfast table under conditions so widely different from the stage coach era of 1872, when my famous friend, Susan B. Anthony, first accompanied me through these almost unbroken solitudes, that I can scarcely imagine this to be the same little planet we traversed with such disadvantage twenty years ago. In one week from now I shall be Miss Anthony's guest at the Riggs house, Washington, D. C., attracted thither, with many scores of other women, called up to national headquarters to rejoice over what has been wrought for women's advancement within twenty years, and devise ways and means to further enhance the progress of men and women along the important road to competence, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

ABIGAIL SCOTT DUNIWAY.

LOVE SONG—UNREST.

Love came not with a rushing wing,
To storm and siege my breast,
But he came as a nameless, little thing,
With trifles to do and say and sing.
Pleasant were they, yet brought unrest;
Pleasant, yet brought unrest.

Amid his voice took serious ring,
And then command expressed;
And, lo! I found that I could not bring
My heart from its mad, mad worshipping
At the shrine of a wild unrest:
The shrine of wild unrest.

Joyous, I weep; saddened, I sing,
O, am I curst or blest?
Troubled am I if to me love clings;
Despairing am I if away love wings:
Then kiss me, love, as I kiss unrest!
Kiss me! I kiss unrest.

J. E. V. COOKE.

NOT USED IN A COMMERCIAL SENSE.

DAUGHTER—George said last night that he was stuck on me.
FATHER (with a frown)—What did the rascal mean by that?
DAUGHTER—That he was very fond of me.
FATHER (evidently relieved)—Oh, I didn't know but George was throwing out hints that he was getting sick of his bargain.