

Abroad.

BY P. W. GEER.

I have become accustomed to saying goodbye on this trip, but it was not without a feeling of sorrow that I turned my back upon the Wetmore home in Buffalo, where I enjoyed such a delightful stay of three days. Dr. Wetmore expects to be in Oregon this fall, where I expect to meet him again. I am only sorry that he and Mrs. Wetmore could not have accompanied me on my homeward journey, and especially on that delightful voyage across Lake Erie by moonlight.

Traveling by rail in the summer season often becomes monotonous and disagreeable, while the traveler becomes tired, hot, and dusty. What a rest it is to change to the cool, pure air of a sea voyage, on fresh, sparkling water. I had sailed on the ocean, I had traveled by steamboat on the old Columbia, I had floated on the placid waters of the Hudson, and I had a splendid voyage on the Long Island Sound and Narraganset Bay; but the ride that moonlight night on Lake Erie was no less enjoyable. It was different from all these others.

Just at dark, when the sun was still painting the small streak of clouds on the Western horizon, and the silvery moon was peeping up over the city from the West, the great floating palace steamed away from the moorings at the Buffalo Wharf, and, with the aid of two little steam tugs, floated out past the great elevators into the lake. It took two tugs, one at the stern and one at the bow, to float us safely out the narrow passage beyond the little light-house, and then, like toys, the little boats blew a farewell whistle, and steamed back to the great electric city, which at that time looked like a holiday instead of a holy day (so called), was just closing. The great wealth of white lights in all their brilliancy, with the full moon just rising above, made a very pretty display.

I went to the upper deck, and, seated at the stern, I watched the apparently receding city, while the moon threw a silvery light over the path of the vessel, which could be traced for miles. The people on board were principally from Cleveland, where they had left the night before, after their day's work had ended. Saturday night had been spent upon the water, Sunday had been devoted to viewing Buffalo and the Niagara Falls, and now they were on board the great traveling hotel and would reach their places of business early Monday morning, ready and willing to work after their splendid outing. How much better than to spend a Sunday in prayer and soberness in some holy, sanctified place, breathing foul air and disease, then going

to work with dyspepsia and headache Monday morning!

In the cabin below sweet music was coming from the instruments in the hands of the orchestra, and all the passengers seemed to be happy. Time passed quickly, and at eleven o'clock the music stopped and people began to retire for the night. By midnight all was quiet, save the deep thud of the engines, which seemed to lull one to sleep; and a peaceful sleep too, compared with the broken rest on a railroad train.

It was a pleasing sight in the morning to see the sun rise on the blue waters in the east, while the moon was apparently dipping into the waters on the western horizon. Bright and early we steamed into port at Cleveland, and no sooner were we anchored to the wharf than a stream of human freight was leaving the vessel. I was too busy to notice the city from a distance, and the first view I had of Cleveland was a very unsatisfactory one from the river below, which flows from the south, and cuts the town in twain. The banks of the stream are very high and at frequent intervals immense viaducts span the river and the low lands below. I followed up the river a few blocks and then ascended a long flight of stairs to the bridge above, when I could see that a beautiful city surrounded me, while below was a dirty hole filled with sooty buildings and smoking chimneys, with railroad trains running in all directions, and in the narrow river steamboats were plowing along.

Empty street cars were running to and fro, and on the street corners immense crowds of people were gathered, even at that early hour, and I wondered if the citizens of Cleveland had never seen electric cars before. There were very few people riding in the cars, while a great many were looking on. I ventured up to one man who seemed to be amazed, and tried to engage him in conversation. He remarked that those people riding in the cars were running a great risk. I told him that it did appear dangerous to those who were not accustomed to seeing electric cars, but out in Oregon we were used to such things and people never thought of danger. "Are these the first electric cars you ever saw?" said I. No answer came, and when I looked around the man was ten paces away, and he had such a disgusted look on his face that I could see it on the back of his head as he walked away. I didn't know what was the matter, but as I walked towards the public square I heard a group of men talking about the strike, and I soon learned that the motormen and conductors had struck, and dynamite had been used freely the day before. I was just preparing for a trip out Euclid Avenue to view the city and parks,

but decided to be content with walking about the business section.

I went to the public square, where is situated the large soldiers' and sailors' monument. I don't like this monument. It cost thousands of dollars, and stands to commemorate something that we would like to forget. Around the statue are life-size figures of Union soldiers killing their Confederate brothers, and the picture seems to teach that it is right and something of which we should be proud. Of course we know that all this really happened, and it is a sad piece of history; but such a statue as this is surely not a pleasant sight to a southern veteran, nor to a young man whose father fought under the Confederate flag. We boast of uniting the North and the South in a friendly feeling and forgetting our "late unpleasantness," but surely such monuments are not conducive to such ends, and I don't like to see them.

I staid but a few hours in Cleveland, and did not see much but the business section of the city. The street car strike was about to become a riot, and I did not care to take part in it by becoming one of the passengers, and in that way taking sides in the matter. I preferred to remain neutral and walk.

That Monday morning was my first introduction into Ohio. My father and his mother were both born there, and I had often longed to be there. Now was my first opportunity. Early in the afternoon a train pulled out over the "Big Four" tracks, and before we had proceeded far to the southward the conductor discovered that I was on board. He asked for my authority, and I produced a scrap of paper. He punched a couple of holes in it, stuck a piece of red cardboard in my hat and marched on, apparently as much satisfied as myself.

We were soon out of the canyon and the limits of the city, and were going towards Kentucky at a rapid rate. I like Ohio very much indeed, especially in the summer, and I think there must have been something wrong with the Oregon pioneers, or they would not have left such a beautiful country to fight Indians across the desert on their six month's trip toward the Golden West. Oregon must have been painted in glowing colors to tempt them so strongly. Of course they were right and made no mistake, for in Oregon they found a better country even than Ohio, but it seems to me they were running great risks. Now that we have railroad communication it is not at all surprising to see people from Ohio, as well as every other state, removing to Oregon and the West.

The ride by train that morning was almost as delightful as the one the night before by boat. The low hills, covered in places with beautiful trees, immense fields of corn

spreading in every direction, with large, well-kept farm-houses and barns, gave evidence of prosperity and contentedness. The forests of Ohio lack only the evergreen trees to be complete. The oak, hickory, and walnut trees are very pretty in summer, but present a dreary appearance in the winter. There are lots of good things about Ohio, and the people may well be proud of their country. Oregon possesses all of the good things and a few more. There are some bad things about Oregon which the Oregonians regret, but Ohio possesses all these bad qualities and some a little worse. Some of my Ohio friends may not agree with me on this question, but it is simply because they haven't seen Oregon. I have seen both. If the Ohio people who have seen Oregon do not agree with me it shows simply a difference in taste for which there is no accounting.

We arrived at Delaware, Ohio, after a few hours' ride and there I changed cars, and in a few moments we were again darting onward, through fields and past beautiful countryhomes. We passed through the little towns of Marysville and Milford Centre, and at 4 o'clock arrived at the little village of Irwin, where I alighted from the train, to find Miss Nellie Van Ness waiting with her horse and phaeton to drive me to her father's home, two miles distant. I had told Miss Van Ness goodbye a month before in "cultured Boston," but a few weeks on the farm did not seem to change her. She is not one of the changeable kind. Her ideas are founded on common sense and her ways on good morals and manners. There is no need for change, and you will find Miss Van Ness the same whether in the city or on the farm.

A few moments' drive along the pike brought us to the Van Ness home, which seemed to be deserted. The ducks had strayed away and had to be followed up the creek and brought back. In a short time the truants were returned and the family re-united, save the son Philip, who is away in the Philippines fighting in the army. Since leaving Oregon I had spent three months traveling about or in large cities, save the one day at the Bliven home in Connecticut, and the prospect of a three days' stay in the quiet, health-promoting country was very pleasant to one who had spent his boyhood days on a farm in the Waldo Hills.

Mr. Van Ness has an ideal farm, which is usually the case with Secularists. His cattle are fat and sleek, his horses are gentle when young and active when old; his pigs grunt contentedly, the ducks have about the proper quack, and the little negro cook is about as black as it is necessary for one of her race to be. Mr. Van Ness is