

For the Torch of Reason.

Notes From My Travels.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH DAVENPORT.

As it will take too much time to give you a graphic description of our journey, I will only give some of the most interesting points.

May 28.—We left our home in Silverton at 8 a. m.; destination, New York. We arrived in Portland at the home of our friends, Mr. and Mrs. McKinney, at half-past eleven, where we remained until next day visiting friends.

May 29.—After seeing our daughter, Alice, off, on her way to Seattle and Olympia on a visit, we filled our lunch basket preparatory for the long journey across the continent. At 5 o'clock we started for the train, which was to leave the depot at half-past five, and came near being left, but as "a miss is as good as a mile," we hit it that time and were soon comfortably seated in the car. In front of us sat Mrs. Crosby and little girl, friends from Salem, who were on their way to The Dalles. We had a very pleasant visit until 9 o'clock, then retired.

May 30.—We arose this morning at half-past three, being determined to see all the country available from the cars. As the Chinaman said, when he bought the largest boots he could find, "he wanted to get his money's worth in leather," so we want to get ours in sightseeing. The country between Portland and Spokane is familiar to many of our friends. We traveled through it nearly all the way in the night and saw but very little agricultural land, but thousands of acres of bald hills and plains, dry and timberless, even too dry for stock. With irrigation, many poor, homeless people could be comfortably situated, but without, it is almost worthless, except now and then a small stock ranch, with a little cabin, and, from the surroundings, we judged them to be bachelors' domiciles. We arrived at Spokane at 9:30 a. m. Mr. Davenport's brother, John, brother Joseph and Lincoln Davenport, were at the station awaiting our arrival. They escorted us to their home, where we had an enjoyable visit. It being rainy, we did not get out until 3 o'clock to take in the city. When we did, we were filled with admiration as scene after scene met our gaze. I think it one of the most picturesque and beautiful cities I have ever seen in Oregon or Washington; the view every way we turn is most enchanting. It seems almost impossible that such magnificent homes could be built up in so short a time, and so many of them. Mining and mining investments are its chief avenues of wealth.

May 31.—After a refreshing night's rest and a delightful visit,

we again resumed our journey. Mr. Davenport, with his brothers, went to the station on foot. Lincoln took me in his buggy, starting early enough to show me more of this beautiful city of art and nature. At half-past eleven we boarded the Great Northern and on we sped, with an ever-changing and varied landscape before our vision. Today we see more verdure, more of the wilderness. On either side of the road are gulches, dead logs and hills bedecked with tall pines, tamarac and underbrush, with now and then a little wayside station, until we reach the boundary between Washington and Idaho, which is near a station called Newport. Soon after passing this place, we see off to the left the beautiful Pend O'Reille Lake, and we travel some distance along the river. Out in that lonely-looking, desert country, Idaho, we pass an ancient-looking house with a dilapidated porch which has been converted into a school house, judging from a sweet-faced girl of about eighteen years and little boys and girls, about ten in number, gathered around her, all anxious to see the train as it passed, seemingly the only object of interest to break the monotony of their sweet, young lives. My husband remarked as we looked upon that little group of somebody's pride: "Who knows but one of those little girls may be the mother of a president some day." Well, to make this story short, we find as we travel through Washington, Idaho, Montana and part of North Dakota very little agricultural land; principally stock countries, judging from what we see from the road. As the facilities of Minnesota and the Eastern states that we pass through to reach New York are already familiar to the general public it is little use to give them space. Much of this scenery was passed in the night and nothing transpired to break the even tenor of our journey as we passed on to Chicago.

June 3.—We arrived in Chicago at 7 a. m., stayed there until 10:30 a. m. and took a long walk to see the city. It being Sunday, business houses were closed, but we took in as much of the exterior as possible. One of the grand sights I saw while there was Lake Michigan.

Leaving Chicago, we passed through Fort Wayne, Ind. This city has about forty thousand inhabitants. The railroad track lays over the ground where the old horse canal used to be. At one time this city was an old fort and a cannon is mounted as a monument on the spot where the old fort stood. We arrived in Buffalo that night.

June 4.—At 9 o'clock a. m. we took the motor bound for the falls. In about an hour and a half from the time we left the city we stood gazing upon that awe-inspiring scenery. You would say as you

look upon this great flood of water as it pours over the precipice: "There is nothing in nature so enchanting, so magnificent as this." Upon our arrival we were met by a guide and were taken around in his carriage and shown all of the places of interest. We saw the Grand rapids where Captain Webb lost his life in trying to swim across; something any sane man would never have undertaken. Time will not allow me to go into the details of this never-to-be-forgotten visit. At half past five we started for New York City again. At 7 o'clock in the evening we passed Dansville, New York, a little city, ever fresh and sad in our memory; a monument to our darling boy, who nine years ago was an invalid inmate in that well known Sanatorium.

June 5.—After traveling all night from Buffalo we reached New York City at 7 o'clock; then took the cars back to Roseville, N. J.; reached that place at 7:30 and struck out on foot to find Homer's home. We had no trouble in finding his house and met Master Homer driving a pheasant out of the street into the yard. He said to his grandpa: "Why, hello! Is this you?" Grandpa stooped, and put his arms around him and exclaimed: "Do you know me?" "Yes, it's grandpa." He had not seen him for two years; pretty good for our little man. We had a glorious visit with Homer and wife.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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