

THE HOUSEHOLD PAGE.

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM THE LADIES SOLICITED FOR THIS DEPARTMENT. TELL YOUR VALUABLE RECEIPTS, HOW YOU MAKE FANCY ARTICLES AND ABOUT THE DESIGNS AND CARE OF YOUR "ROSE GARDEN."

Stem the grapes, wash and put them into a preserving kettle with enough water to keep them from burning. Cook slowly until tender enough to rub through a colander. Reject the seeds and skins, measure the pulp which has gone through the colander and allow to three pints of it 1 pound of brown sugar, half a pint of cider vinegar, an even teaspoonful of cayenne pepper and a tablespoonful each of salt, black pepper, ground cinnamon, cloves and allspice. Put over the fire and cook until reduced to one-half the first quantity, and very thick. Skim, set aside to cool, then bottle and seal.

Mixed Pickles.

Make a mixture of string beans cut into inch lengths, tiny cucumbers, small peeled white onions, cauliflower cut into small flowers, sliced green tomatoes and four long red peppers. Pack these vegetables in layers in a crock, covering each layer with one of salt. Proceed in this way until all the vegetables are used then cover with cold water and lay a weighted board on top of this to keep the contents of the crock from floating. Leave for several days, then drain and wash the pickles in fresh, cold water and leave in fresh water for twenty-four hours. Cook together a gallon of vinegar three tablespoonfuls of ground mustard, one and one-half cups of brown sugar, two teaspoonfuls of turmeric and one teaspoonful each of white mustard seed, celery seed, whole cloves, whole black peppers and ground horse-radish and three blades of mace broken into bits. Drain the pickles and drop them into the boiling vinegar, rejecting any that seem soft. Simmer for five minutes, then take out and put into a crock, pouring the scalding vinegar over them. Stand for two days, drain off the vinegar, return it to the fire, adding to it a teaspoonful of curry powder. Boil up and pour again over the pickles in jars and fill these to overflowing with the vinegar. Seal and keep in a dark place.

Removing Color Stains.

The despair of the home laundress is the garment which has become stained by a color which has run out of another one when they were all washed together or when a moist garment has been worn over another and imparted its color.

Curried Tomatoes.

Cut large green tomatoes into thick slices. Cook one sliced onion in one-third of a cupful of butter for three minutes; add one scant teaspoonful of curry powder, lay in the tomatoes and fry both sides until tender. When done drain and season to taste with pepper and salt.

MRS. THOMAS SHUTE DEAD.

Aged Resident of Maple Lane Passes Away. Mrs. Thomas Shute died Saturday morning at the home of her son-in-law, George A. Brown, of Maple Lane, after an illness of three weeks. She injured her hip through a fall about three years ago and has not been able to walk since that time. The funeral was held Monday from the residence, and the interment was in Mountain View cemetery.



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A. ROBERTSON The 7th Street Grocer

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THE INDIAN GIRL CUCOCOOKEE ALEEMOO

SINGING BIRD OF MORNING

COMPILED AND CORRECTED BY WM. PHILLIPS, AUTHOR OF NIRVA, THE ORPHAN GIRL; THE ONWARD WAVE, SPIRIT MINNIE'S STORY, ETC.

(Continued.)

Finally I made my selection near the head of Willamette Valley. A cold mountain stream ran on the south. Timbered and open hills were on the east. The north was an open plain of rolling hills, while the west was a smooth and slight incline to the water. Several, however, the hills forming rivulets which kept the grasses green during the heat of Summer. On the south were several groves of maple, white cedar and fir trees commingled on the same ground.

It was near one of these groves beside a crystal fountain I built my log cabin, prepared it for comfort as best I could, and began to lay the foundation of a farm. Acres of the new sod were turned over, using an ox team and a rude plow for the purpose, split rails were hauled out on a huge sled with which to enclose the plowing; grains and grasses and other field crops were sown, stacks of several kinds were added to the farm. A few fruit trees, the scions for which were brought from the East, some strawberry and a few flowering plants were added, that, although alone, I might at least have a taste of civilization.

I had not long occupied my cabin before other settlers began to come in, and numbers of good families lived near by, or from three to five miles of my cabin, close neighbors for those days in this country.

At the time I located my land claim there lived on the opposite bank of the stream that flowed near my south boundary an Indian family of the Calapooia tribe composed of husband and wife and two children. They were to be removed to the reservation, had sought permission to remain and care for themselves near the graves of their fathers. Their tents were constructed of the green bark of the white cedar, which bark can be peeled from the trees in the summer time in whole sheets from eight to twelve feet long. These sheets were that prepared for siding as well as for roofing and make a comfortable as well as a neat dwelling. The main tent-sitting and bed room-was about sixteen feet square by ten feet in height, and the ground beneath the tent was made smooth and almost free from grass, then covered closely with a large layer of green moss from beneath the forest trees, and being laid on the uncovered soil soon took root and became a living green of soft carpet. There were some evergreens conveniently placed inside this room, and a wild woodbine nearby was trained to grow over the boughs of an alder tree which stood near the house.

This family also had a small lot of land in cultivation, say one acre or more, on which was grown potatoes, corn, melons, squashes, etc. The father of this family claimed the English name of Joe, while his wife was known as Molly. The oldest child of this family was a girl and about sixteen years of age. Her parents had given her the proud name of "Cucocookee Aleemoo," or "singing bird of the morning." But being a long name it was, in common conversation, abbreviated to Aleemoo.

Now these Indians had learned to talk some English and the white people to talk some Indian, consequently intelligent conversation was carried on between the two. I questioned the parents where they found such pretty name for their daughter, when Molly, with slight apparent diffidence, answered in this manner: "You see, we Calapooia, have a custom, or rather we believe it to be a sacred duty to name our first born in harmony with the most interesting event that appears to us at the hour of its birth. And when Cucocookee Aleemoo was born, in this house, on this spot of earth, it was such beautiful morning. The maple leaves were full grown, and the wild flowers were giving us their beauty and loading the winds with their pleasant odors. And the birds, how strange it appeared, seemed delighted to hover over our house. Sometimes on wing, sometimes on the boughs among the green leaves, each giving us his most pleasant notes, seemingly, to honor the occasion. Consequently we gave her the name as white people would say, "Singing Bird of Morning." The speaking in an undertone to Joe, "And she has been our singing bird all these years." Aleemoo was in the room and heard all that had been said. And at the mention of being her parents' Singing Bird, a blush came over her beautiful face and she left the room.

Time passed on and I busied myself in improving my farm, and in getting acquainted with my neighbors. But one fair day as I was cultivating my earlier plants I saw Molly and Aleemoo approaching my cabin. I laid down my hoe and met them at the gate and invited them inside the premises. They seemed a little embarrassed at first but soon were themselves again. And Molly began, "We wash your shirt, we wash your blanket, you help Joe make fence, you help Joe plow ground." There was a proposition to exchange work, and although I could wash my own garments I agreed to exchange. Then a suggestion was made, "When you work for Joe you take dinner at my house."

I could not say no to the offer of a warm dinner, as I probably should have, for should I return home, cold lunch would be my fare; besides a change, sometimes cooked by woman's hands, would be a treat. My garments were washed and returned all neatly done up. And again the next week and for weeks and months to come, Molly and Aleemoo coming together each time to return my garments and to take them away. But a day came at length when Joe, having cleared off a little more land, wished to plow and fence the same. Consequently I took my team and plow and was at Joe's ranch at an early hour turning over the rich bottom soil. The dinner hour came, the team was led to water, then turned on some luxuriant grasses near by to graze awhile, when Joe and I repaired to the house, hungry if not tired, and ready for our meal, which was spread on a good sized table had made of boards split from square blocks of cedar wood. A white cloth, which Molly had secured in some way and kept for such occasions, but probably never used by Molly herself, was on the table. Plates for four

were laid, some common knives and forks, cups, saucers and tea spoons. In the middle of the table was a large platter piled with potatoes and cabbage cooked with smoked bear meat, a dish of gravy, some biscuit fried in a sugar bowl with sugar and a pot of green tea.

Now Molly had learned to bake bread while working for white people, also the use of luxuries-tea, sugar, coffee, etc., and to live in imitation of white people seemed to be an inspiration of the Indian.

In those days the settlers here, some of them, would make one trip each autumn season with ox teams to the Columbia river one hundred miles away to buy clothing and groceries of the Hudson Bay Company, for which in exchange they gave furs, butter and cheese, dried venison, hams and tallow.

Aleemoo was seated at the head of the table, Joe and Molly on either side, while I was placed facing the girl. To say that I relished that dinner would not be telling the whole truth. It was good, though cooked by dusky hands. And though dusky as these people were that prepared the dinner, I strongly felt a human relationship that is well worthy to be remembered.

My work with Joe soon came to a close, and I rather reluctantly left good dinners for bachelor's fare. But among my own work at home and as these people were that prepared for my cabin, close neighbors for those days in this country. At the time I located my land claim there lived on the opposite bank of the stream that flowed near my south boundary an Indian family of the Calapooia tribe composed of husband and wife and two children. They were to be removed to the reservation, had sought permission to remain and care for themselves near the graves of their fathers. Their tents were constructed of the green bark of the white cedar, which bark can be peeled from the trees in the summer time in whole sheets from eight to twelve feet long.

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gown with one red ribbon tied in her hair. I pointed to my store room and told them there was but small variety of provisions there, and they must tax their wits in preparing a dinner out of such as they could find. The store was scanned over with evident satisfaction, "coffee, sugar, tea; you like tea, you like coffee?" I told them to use their pleasure and prepare what suited them best. "No you like coffee, sugar in coffee. I make coffee for you."

The fact was, being born in the south and brought up in the west as most all southern people do, I had formed the habit of drinking coffee, and inwardly sanctioned Molly's resolve.

I also pointed to my store of dishes which was small indeed, and to my stock of table linen, which was also small and of inferior quality. My dish cloths being cut from linen salt sacks. Yet I had this satisfaction, my neighbors were but little better off in these luxuries.

Dinner was announced in due time. The table was spread with care, and the provisions so daintily cooked I tried to conceal my surprise and satisfaction at what I saw before me, coming from dusky hands as it did. But the Indian eye caught the situation. It was my place to arrange the seating. Should I place Aleemoo at head of the table? I could not well do otherwise. She was so placed when I was a guest at her table. Joe and Molly occupied side seats near the head of the table, the two smaller children were seated near me. The feast proceeded with all peaceful occurrence, proving that man is man in his innate nature no matter for the color of his skin.

In a few more days Joe's work was done and the family went home to arrive, as we have reason to believe, for a higher plane of civilization. Weeks and months passed into oblivion's night but I was not idle. I had traded for an Indian pony and gave him the name of Dick, as a sort of knockabout horse. Dick seemed to be out of his element unless galloping over the hills, and being rather homesome all the while and wishing to know who my neighbors were, how many, and how they were prospering in the world, I gave Dick full rein every Sabbath day, as the days came regularly around, for in those days we had no church meetings near by to go to pass the time away, or for instruction, and found the country around about me, say within a radius of ten miles, to be more thickly settled than I was aware. The spring season had passed and June's long days were near, the length of which, days gave more time to explore and to become acquainted with the people. Within this area I had some of nature's most noble specimens of humanity. Intelligent and refined men and women were in every cabin. And young men and young women of the fairest promise were in plentiful evidence there. It was my delight to take these Sunday strolls and mingle with the people. But it was on a late autumn day, the frosts of winter had begun to appear, and the ice king had spread his white robes over the summit of the Cascade mountains,

that I lingered longer than usual at Lucella's home. Nor did I say to Dick, "Come, old boy, let us return to our own grazing grounds," until Lucella had given me a solemn promise that if all things went well for one year of time she would go and share my home with me the remainder of our days. Of course this "one year of time" was only a pretense not to appear in too much haste in such matters. The winter season passed with its usual amount of snow and sleet, alternating with warm winds from the south which would start the grass to growing and the wild flowers to bloom, and the spring season returned with all its variegated beauty and sweetness of odors. Molly and Aleemoo made their week's visit as usual, but seemed sometimes to wish to prolong their stay. I could not encourage them to do so. It was on a late day of May I saw Aleemoo coming towards my cabin. But this time her younger sister, aged ten years, was with her. Aleemoo was dressed a little better than on other occasions in that she wore a new gingham gown that her and her mother had gathered and sold wild berries for, and a wild rose was in her hair. The sister was dressed in what appeared to be bleached cotton, colored to a reddish hue with some coloring matter gathered by the Indians from the woods, while her hair hung smoothly over her shoulders. I was in the field with a small field of corn, one side of which bordered on the door yard. I laid my hoe away and met Aleemoo as usual, and as women always have more or less to say on one subject or another or as is often the case, on no subject at all. I placed a short bench by the wall in the shade of the house, while I seated myself on a stool near by. Aleemoo for a while seemed under a spell of diffidence, but soon the spell gave way and business began in earnest. "Was I not homesome?" Was I not tired of a bachelor's life? How nice it would be if some good woman was there to care for the fowls and the pigs while I was away, and to have a nice dinner prepared for me on my return? And one hundred and one other persuasive arguments only a woman's brain could invent. But I was rather dull of comprehension that day which seemed to try Aleemoo's patience just a little, but soon came directly to the purpose of her visit. "Would I not take Cucocookee Aleemoo to be my wife? She promised to devote her life to please me in every possible and just way she could, and hoped I would not lay too much stress on the fact that she was Indian. Here was a dilemma. What should I say? I assured Aleemoo that I appreciated true love, let it come from whom it may, and that a daughter of the forest was no exception. But I sincerely hoped she would excuse me. But really, the truth is, I, there is another that holds my heart. And big tears rolled down her cheeks. A strange spell came over me and I could see the thought waves welling up from the inner depths of her heart. "Ah, me, am I undone forever. Perhaps I hoped too much, yet I loved him so. Must I go home to pine away my days?" A bright shadow fell over her and held her in its embrace until white hairs had crowned her head. Then Aleemoo awoke from her grief and began to apologize for her seeming forwardness-that it was the custom of her people that either party should propose for marriage, and if rejected make no complaint, for it was but the exercise of a right God had given them. "But," and she spoke in earnest tone, "I feel from deep down in my heart that somehow through you, or through your efforts, I shall yet

see happy days. Then let us be friends in the future as we have been friends in the past. In fact we cannot well be otherwise, and I feel further that when she shall come, what name did you say? 'Lucella.' When Lucella shall come, we, too shall be friends."

I assured Aleemoo that Lucella would be happy of her friendship. Time passed without any violation of the ordinary routine of daily life until Lucella's limit of "one year" had drawn near. The dear girl was prepared for the occasion. A few friends were invited, and Lucella, so clad in garments of her own make, a few wild flowers in her hair, pale and slightly trembling, gave me her hand as my wife. Congratulations and a sumptuous dinner followed, after which Lucella mounted her horse, one her father had given her, and rode to the home I had so long been preparing for both her and myself.

A few friends had gathered to welcome us home, and a supper was prepared for the occasion, after which the young people began to come in in twos and fours until our house was full of people. I scarcely knew where they came from, but from the hills near and far. The violin was put in tune and disconcerted sweet music followed by dancing feet until the beams of day began to break, at which time each guest started for his home.

The next day after our arrival it seemed the proper thing to do to introduce Lucella to the surroundings of our home, and to the stock of the farm generally. Lucella must feed the geese but the feathered brutes were shy of adults and Lucella, as she shied away until I assured them of my presence that Lucella was but the other half of myself, which they seemed to understand, then quietly partook of their feed without other than much gibbering. The pigs also were a little shy at first, but a hog is but a hog at heart and will take his feed no matter whose hands bear it to him, so with the horses and with the cows, each seemed to require an introduction to insure good manners on their part towards their new master. But Dick, after loping ten miles by side of Lucella's pony, seemed to consider himself well introduced to both rider and horse and acted accordingly.

Lucella was rather pleased than otherwise with this shyness on the part of the stock of the farm. "Now I will have the pleasure of taming them." How strange what work little hands can do. Lucella kept busy adjusting things in and about the house, a little here and a little there until a transformation in the general appearance of our home had been made, so much so a stranger might not have known a bachelor ever lived there. (To be continued.)

Letter List.

List of letter of the Oregon City Post Office for the week ending, September 25: Woman's list-Bieroff, Miss Edith; Baldwin, Mrs. M. S.; Hill, Eunice; Men's list-Almer, Wilbert; Amo John J. (3); Anderson, Thomas H.; Kleebe, Albert G.; Lewis, D.

Had a Close Call.

Mrs. Ada L. Bloom, the widely known proprietor of the Croon Hotel, Vaughn, Miss., says: "For several months I suffered with a severe cough, and consumption seemed to have its grip on me, when a friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery. I began taking it, and three bottles effected a complete cure." The fame of this life saving cough and cold remedy, and lung and throat healer is world wide. Sold at Howell & Jones' drug store. 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

Advertisement for E. W. Mellen & Company. Features include: 'It's Going to Be a COLD, COLD WINTER ACCORDING TO INDIAN PROPHECY', 'Your Good Supply of Dry Wood will not keep You Warm Unless you have one of our MATCHLESS HEATERS', 'They are still going at Sale Prices \$2.00 and UP', 'Don't Forget-- That SOFT, WARM MATTRESS ALL WOOL for \$6.25 Your Dreams will be sweeter still on a fluffy SILK FLOSS at \$10.50 Wool Top Mattresses \$2.75', 'PILLOWS That will Cure Your Headache At, Per Pair, \$3.00 The other kind at Per Pair \$1.50 QUILTS and BLANKETS built just right for the biting nights that are close at hand', and 'You'll feel the need of Winter Comforts, Easy Chairs, Soft Beds and all the things that make a Cozy Home, you'll feel the need of them a month later. Hadn't you better order them now, while the price is way down? Think of the Cozy Corner by the fireside---All you need to make it complete is one of our TASTY COUCHES upholstered in velvour---PRICE \$12.50. DO YOU KNOW you can get a Handsome Upholstered ROCKER for \$4.50? This is the time of the year that your money will BUY THE MOST of the things that make home happy'. E. W. Mellen & Company, Opposite Court House.