M'LOUGHLIN AND OLD OREGON

"Dr. McLoughlin at Home," From Mrs. Eva Emery Dye's Chronicle.

ELOISE was at the door stitching as usual. Little Cecelia on a cricket at her feet was untangling the many-colored skeins of silk.

In the doctor's room they were discussing the Russian question. Now and then she could distinguish a phrase—"along the coast," "ten leagues," "a lease," "ten thousand otter skins." Somehow, half-dreamily putting two and two together, Eloise understood that the company had leased the Russian strip over which they fought five years ago. She knew that scores of new Canadians had come to man the new posts on the Russian strip.

"Now, daughter, you and Rae shall take your bridal trip." Dr. McLoughlin came out on the veranda and laid his hand on the thick, glossy braids of Eloise.

"Where? To Canada?" asked Eloise, with a quick glance toward her husband, who, pulling at the grape vines, seemed absorbed in thought.

"Worse yet, to rainy Stikine," said Rae, looking away from his wife.

"Tut, tut, tut, my son. Don't quarrel with your promotion," said Dr. McLoughlin. "The most dangerous post in the service is the most important just now."

"I am satisfied," explained Rae, "but Eloise—I hate to expose her." It was the old fear—a white woman in an Indian country.

"William," said Eloise, rising like a queen, "do you not think I shall be safe if you are there? Do not hesitate if my father thinks it best. Perhaps you can do more than any other toward reducing that district to order. They send only the most trusted men to posts like that."

"Spoken like McLoughlin's daughter," said Douglas, coming through the door. "These Hudson's Bay girls inherit heroic blood." The words were both a compliment to Eloise and a tribute to his own brave wife, who at that moment approached from the other end of the long veranda.

So during that Winter preparations were made for the trip in the early Spring. Arrangements for the lease were yet to be perfected, so an opportunity offered for Rae and Eloise to accompany Douglas to Sitka before settling to the dangers of dreary Stikine. Rae carefully completed his accounts to hand over to Dugald McTavish, his successor in the head clerkship. Douglas looked after sundries for the new forts. Mrs. Douglas assisted Eloise in overhauling her boxes of London dresses preparatory to meeting the Russian grandees at Sitka Castle.

How did they dress when Eloise was young? Vandyck puffs and wing bretelles, everything just as it is now, was in fashion 60 years ago. Noah's ark, a massive cedar chest bound with copper and lined with zinc, was hauled out of a capacious closet of the Governor's residence. Noah's ark came from over the sea, packed full of carefully folded and perfumed dresses of made-up silk from the hands of London dressmakers. Everything lovely was in that old cedar chest—"silken hose and satin shoon," Indian shawls and Canton crepes, brocades and French embroidery, old-time ruffs and stomachers and caps, velvet cloaks and Parisian bonnets, odds and ends of chemisettes and under-sleeves, silken-fringed bretelles, and even the tie of her father's old peruke that he used to wear in the dance at Montreal. Ten or twelve breadths were in the skirts of those dresses; neat-fitting bodices ran down to a point; all sorts of bell sleeves flared like the cups of convolvuli. If there was anything the fur magnates were proud of it was their daughters, and they had the money wherewith to gratify that pride.

All Winter the axe of the Iroquois chopper rang in the woods; all Winter the little sawmill hummed. Roderick Finlayson had been put in charge of the new gristmill. At the end of the week, Saturday night, he walked home to the fort, five miles, in the heavy Winter rain. It was late. The gate was locked. The new clerk beat on the wall. Bruce looked out.

"Ye're brakin' the rooles a-coomin' this time o' nicht," said the crusty old gatekeeper, letting him in. The quick ear of Dr. McLoughlin caught the sound. Finlayson was summoned.

"Why are you out contrary to regulations? Are you not aware that clerks must be inside the fort at 10 o'clock? I am afraid we shall have to discipline you young gentlemen from the East."

Finlayson explained, some accident at the mill. "And," he added, "after my work was done I had to walk five miles, sir."

"Yes, yes, I know all about that," said the doctor. Finlayson was only 18. When Dr. McLoughlin saw the boy, cold, wet and hungry, whose only crime was zeal in doing his duty, he spoke kindly, and, turning to Douglas, said: "You had better let him have a horse, James." Finlayson bowed his thanks and walked away. "A horse," cried Dr. McLoughlin after him, "a horse; but mind ye, no saddle; ye must furnish your own saddle."

Monday morning Finlayson selected a spirited horse and bought a good saddle with Mexican spurs and gay trappings. Saturday night came again. The dashing cavalier, seeing the gate open, reined his prancing steed within the palisade. "Who the devil is that daring to break the rules of the establishment by coming into the square in that fashion?" roared Dr. McLoughlin, levelling his spectacles.

"Roderick Finlayson, at your honor's service," answered the gay young clerk, reining up before the Governor.

"Dismount, sir!" cried the Governor in a tone of thunder. "Do you suppose the court is a parade ground? Do you suppose we want half-broken colts in the presence of these women and children? This is a private square, sir, and not a public horse-yard. Baptiste, take the horse. Young man, you may walk hereafter." So poor Finlayson had to wade through the mud the rest of the Winter.

Discipline was strict at Fort Vancouver. In the semi-military life idleness was unknown. For weeks the Canadian voyageurs, laid up for the Winter, thwacked with the flails in the barns, threshing out the harvest of Canadian peas. All Winter the plows followed the furrows. "Mind ye make them straight," said the doctor. The straightest furrows ever drawn at Fort Vancouver were by the unerring eye of the Iroquois, perfect as a surveyor's line. Spades dug in the ditches. When nothing else offered, decayed pickets in the palisade were pulled out and replaced with fresh ones from the forest.

XIV.

At Old Champoeg.

1838.

WINTER rains followed the departure of the brigade to California—the still, steady rain of Oregon, that falls straight down. The grass revives, buds swell, moss runs rampant. One morning Dr. McLoughlin watched the sun swinging his chariot of light above Mount Hood. "'Tis like the suns of Napoleon, propitious," he said. "Charlefoux!"

"Oui, oui, sire," answered the guide.

"Let us get to Champoeg before the next rain."

"Oui, oui, sire."

Sometimes in Summer Dr. McLoughlin took Madame to visit Champoeg and the mission. His fleet of canoes brought beds, bedding, tea, coffee, sugar, bread, cakes and wine, a numerous suite, and a cook. He camped beside the mission, and took a lively interest in its work. "The doctor's urbanity, intelligence and excellence of character made his visits very agreeable," say the old chronicles.

Today he sped with only his Iroquois. At the falls of the Willamette, where the blue sea tide came up to the foaming cataract, he made a portage. Dr. McLoughlin had a house there, two of them, holding the claim to the site of a future city that he dreamed of. Forty miles from the Columbia the shrill "Roull, roulant, ma boule roulant," rang over French Prairie.

Wherever the Frenchman's heel has danced, from polar snows to San Diego, the Frenchman's oar has cut each lake and stream to this favorite song of the forest:

Roull, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule.

The deep, rich, orotund "roll, rolling" from the chests of the canoemen rang an endless round that 60 years ago made Oregon waters vocal. The moon had risen over the tree tops. The deep, swift river slid like a dream between her umbrageous banks. The gentle dip of the oars broke the water into a million diamonds, trailing behind in a wake of silver. As they neared the landing at Champoeg, the song was answered from the shore—even the tiniest child could sing "Roull, roulant." The voyageurs gave a last repeat to the ever-repeating chorus as they leaped into the water and dragged the boats upon the shore. Many a night in the marshy muskegs of the North had they presented their shoulders to carry Dr. McLoughlin dry-shod to shore.

While Charlefoux pitched the tents Dr. McLoughlin strode rapidly up the bank toward the mossy-roofed houses of old Champoeg. The barns loomed duskily. From every parchment window there came a glow of firelight, sparkles danced over the chimney tops like fireflies in the dark. There was a smell of southern-wood and sweet marjoram as the Governor climbed the stiles and crossed the pole-picketed gardens. The long-horned Spanish cattle were lowing around the well sweeps in the neighboring corrals.

"Felicite," the doctor called. He had halted in the mossy porch of a double loghouse. Etienne Lucier's charming daughter sprang out with a glad laugh. The Governor kissed her on the cheek. "That's a good girl. Tell your mother to bring on the gingerbread," he said, as she led him into an immense room with a huge fireplace occupying the entire opposite end.

It was a sight for gods and red men when the pompous Governor, six feet three in his moccasins, entered the low-raftered room and threw off his ample blue cloth cloak on a leathern chair before the fire. His obsequious vassals, the father and sons, bowed down to the chair-tops, quite overcome by the honor of his visit. The children curtsied from their corners. If King George himself had entered, the good dame could not have felt more flattered. A horde of slaves were summoned. The heavy fir table was loaded with fruits of the hoe and the hunt, hams of venison and wheaten cakes. Of nothing were the Canadians more proud than of their wives' skill in breadmaking. Under the tuition of the Methodist mission, the women of Champoeg vied with one another in this useful art. Nearly every time the bateaux went down to Fort Vancouver some Canadian carried to Dr. McLoughlin a sample of his wife's baking, neatly browned and rolled in a towel. And to every one the encouraging Governor said: "Bless me! Bless me! The best bread this side of London"—a compliment the proud housewife stored ever after in her heart.

"'Ee eat no more tan te sparrow," urged the host, pressing upon the distinguished guest the madame's choicest dried huckleberries. The slaves in their buckskin dresses peeped and peered until their dusky mistress "shooed" them back into the shadow.

Reverence fails to express the depth of feeling these Champoeg settlers entertained for the indulgent Hudson's Bay Govrnor. He, together with the gentlemen at the fort, constituted the nobless of the forest, linking the red men with the London nobles. No less was it a bond of kinship than Dr. McLoughlin was a Canadian and spoke provincial French. Almost fabulous tales were told of his power, his wealth, his benevolence. Some to this day regard him a saint not yet canonized on the books of the clergy. This was partly Dr. McLoughlin's natural philanthropy, partly his habit of reading prayers to his people and lecturing on their morals.

"Eh? begosh! Eef mon 'ave more nor one wife de hol doctor will 'ang eem," whispered the voyageurs.

McLoughlin donned his bright chintz dressing-gown. His feet were on the fender. His clean-cut face looked almost classic in the firelight as he watched the hurrying slaves clearing out the room for a dance. Indian slavery was no exotic in Oregon; it had grown into Champoeg with its Indian wives and aboriginal traditions. Back of every manse their cabins straggled like quarters of the blacks in Georgia. Every Autumn still the Klamaths came over the Calapootas, bringing their captives to trade for ponies and three-point blankets. Five blankets would purchase a boy, 15 a girl. Beads, blankets and guns would buy a wife, some captive princess from Rogue River or the Shasta land. Even as they jostled one another in futile haste to move tables and settees, up the black path through the onion bed came the toot-a-toot-toot of Andee's squeaking fiddle. Never a voyageaur was there who could not make his own fiddle and draw from it, too, the good old tunes his father brought from France when the fleur-de-lis flew over Quebec. In short order, neighbors of every complexion were treading the night away in honor of the guest. The fire burned low and the moon was pale when the Governor was escorted back to his camp. The dark boats tied to the shore rocked idly on the glassy Willamette.

The bell in its frame on Father Blanchet's new chapel rang in the Sabbath. In every direction the habitants were wending their moccasined steps to the house of worship. Last night's dancers brought their numerous children packed three and four in a bunch on horseback. Graceful young halfbreeds on their Cayuse ponies came loping in with a long and easy swing. Some sweethearts sat in pairs upon the sturdy little steeds. Everywhere the gayest garbs brightened the picturesque prairie.

White-headed Dr. McLoughlin, in his blue-cloth cloak adorned with double rows of silver-gilt buttons, stood on the steps with a hearty handshake for each father and son and a cordial kiss for each wife and daughter. No wonder he stole their hearts away, this gallant Governor of early Oregon! Among those weather-beaten faces were some of the first white men that ever crossed the continent; faithful Canadians, who in 1792 paddled and poled that homespun old baronet, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, from Montreal to the Fraser; men who came with Lewis and Clark; and Astor's trappers, who had drifted into the old Northwest before the War of 1812. In the fur service they had grown gray. Now with their native wives and halfbreed children they had come to a halt in the incomparable valley whose fruitful acres invited repose.

They seated themselves quietly on the rough benches, the men on one side, the women on the other, devoutly kneeling and crossing themselves as Father Blanchet went through the Catholic service. There was a rattling of beads as toil-stiffened fingers counted the rosary. Weather-cracked voices joined in the canticles learned long ago on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

Liberal as he was in religious matters, Dr. McLoughlin felt a peculiar home feeling in that rude little church with its tawdry pictures of the saints and its candles before the Virgin. It carried him back to his native hamlet at Riviere du Loup among the maples of Canada. These old servants were indeed his brethren. He loved them as he loved the memory of his mother and the pictures of childhood. After mass the children lingered for a word of recognition, the old men loitered to consult about private affairs and recount losses and trials to the patriarchal Governor, who took a personal interest in every one of them. Whatever he told them to do, that they did. Obedience is one of the first virtues of the French Canadians, learned long ago at the foot of Mother Church. If they were industrious he praised them, and let them have whatever they needed from the stores at Fort Vancouver. If they were shiftless and wanted the harvest season in horse-racing and idle games, he came down with denunciation and frightened them back into rectitude. Hearts stool still like a whipped school boy's when they heard Dr. McLoughlin's loud voice bidding them, "Go to work! Go to work! Go to work!" There were no written laws; the Governor settled their disputes arbitrarily. Whatever he said, that was law in the Valley Willamette.

They were a careless, thoughtless, happy people, these Canadian farmers of old Champoeg, quiet, simple-hearted, free from fear and envy, temperate—for the Governor allowed no ale in the valley—honest, for there was nothing to steal. Free from cares of church and state, no political issue troubled them, no church schism. There were few books and less English. Their great galas were weddings. A wedding lasted a week at old Champoeg. Everybody far and near came and danced, danced till they wore out their moccasins, then pulled them off and danced in their stockings.

"Don't 'e recollect I danced at your wedding," was the open sesame to almost any favor. Long Winter evenings were spent around the ample hearths, while the rain went drip, drip outside, recounting over and over their boyhood days in Montreal, dog-sled tours to Athabasca, and canoe-brigades on the Saskatchewan. Covering the fire, for coals were precious and not to be lost, they retired to sleep without locks on their doors or ambition in their hearts.

In a solitary cabin across the river from Champoeg there dwelt a lonely Tennesseean. He had come from California with a herd of Spanish horses only to find French Prairie blazoned with his name:

"BEWARE OF EWING YOUNG THE BANDIT."

In wrath he tore the placards down. "Who dares," he cried, "who dares insult an honest man!"

The timid Canadians avoided the tainted stranger. Their doors were shut. In need of clothing, he sent a pack of beaver down to Fort Vancouver. Dr. McLoughlin declined the beaver, but sent a gift of food and clothes to the supposed bandit. In a towering rage Ewing Young hired Indians and a canoe and journeyed to Fort Vancouver.

"Before you arrived, sire," exclaimed Dr. McLoughlin in the hot, explosive interview, "before you arrived I had warnings of you. Our schooner 'Cadboro' returning from Monterey brought word from the Governor of California that Ewing Young, journeying to this country, was chief of a gang of banditti—horse-thieves, sir; that is the word he used. As head of a great company trading to California, what can I do in face of such a charge and from such a source?"

"Do?" cried Young, white with rage, "why, give a fellow-man a chance. Demand the proof. I myself will probe this thing to the bottom, if I have to go to Monterey to do it."

In view of this indignation and this stout denial, Dr. McLoughlin himself began to be half convinced of Ewing Young's innocence. Letters of inquiry in time brought back a retraction of the charge. "Not Ewing Young himself, but some of his followers," the Spanish Governor explained.

Nevertheless the outraged Tennesseean could not forget the insult. At his ranch in the valley he continued to nurse his wrath and his herds of horses. Hate, hate, hate of the Hudson's Bay Company and distrust of its every move became the keynote of the life of Ewing Young. He talked it to every American that entered the valley; with Jason Lee he wafted a breath of it to Boston and to Congress.

Christmas at Fort Vancouver.

1839.

DECEMBER arrived. Basil's Christmas fires kept up incessant roaring. The rafters of the provision house creaked under the weight of birds picked smooth and white. The high-backed settees took on a knowing air as Dr. McLoughlin walked through the kitchen. The tin and copperware winked on the wall. Even the kitchen had Christmas greens.

Burris set all his Kanakas in a whirl. Some turned the plovers on the spit. Some set the quails on the gridiron. Burris kept an eye on the sun-dial, and every now and then took a sly nip of ale behind the buttery door. With a thump of the rolling-pin he announced the Christmas dinner. Fat goose, cranes, swans, so fat they swam in grease, plum-duff crowned with holly, ducks, showing the rich red after the knife, and baked quails, white to the bone—these the Oregon epicures ate for Christmas dinner in 1839.

The tables were removed, and the Governor in flowing peruke and ruffled waistcoat led the dance with Madame. The hall blazed in greenery. The tall central posts were wound with the holly-leaved Oregon grape, the Christmas candles were wreathed in ivy. A Yule-log of fir beaded with globules of resin snapped and sparkled. Scotch clerks and English kissed the pretty girls beneath the mistletoe, plucking each time a pale gray berry from the bough.

And who were the pretty girls? Eloise, of course, and Catharine—the Canadian Lily. Six weeks Ermatinger duly courted her; and then they were married. From the mouth of the Columbia came the handsome Birnie girls, whose father, James Birnie, a genial, jolly Aberdeen Scotchman, kept the only hostelry from Vancouver to the sea and from Sitka to San Francisco. Old Astoria, renamed Fort George, had been abandoned; but after the Clatsop trouble Dr. McLoughlin had sent Birnie there to keep a lookout for passing ships. Here he cultivated a little garden, did a little Indian trading in salted salmon and sea-otter skins, kept a weather eye out on the bar over which at long intervals a ship came into the river. Astor's old post was burned; only the sacrificed and blackened chimney stood among the ruins that were overrun with brier and honeysuckle. The latchstring of Birnie's log house on the hillside was out to the trapper, the trader, the Indian, and the sailor. More than one old missionary has paid tribute to the housekeeping virtues of his pretty wife, the daughter of a Hudson's Bay trader in the north country. Her blazing hearth, clean-scrubbed fir floor, and neat pine table of snowy whiteness, offered cheer and comfort to all the early wanderers who came "the plains across or the Horn around." Sole Saxon of the forest, Birnie's flag was the first to welcome the incoming ship, and last to wave a farewell from the shore.

Chief Factor Pambrun, the tinas tyee (little chief) that held in check the upper tribes, sent down his fair Maria, the pride of Walla Walla. Pambrun himself was a blond with light thin curls. This in his child developed into peach-bloom red and white, blue eyes, and the midnight hair of her mother rolling in her father's curls. Very well Miss Maria remembered the urbanity of that accomplished Captain Bonneville who came riding so gayly over the mountains and then—rode back again. With his feet under Astor's table in New York City, he told Irving a pretty tale of "Pambrun's attractive wife and her singularly beautiful children."

The chief factor's daughter had seldom passed beyond the stockade of Walla Walla except to the neighboring mission, where she became the favorite pupil of Mrs. Whitman. The good Chief Factor Pambrun himself was a great friend to Dr. Whitman—more than once he called the Indians to task for some act of discourtesy to the devoted missionary. There was a young American at Whitman's, Cornelius Rogers, an enthusiastic missionary, and the finest Indian linguist in the upper country, who madly lost his heart to the curly-haired daughter of the chief factor. Maria was a beautiful singer. Rogers taught her music. Her visits to the mission became events in his life—she seemed a child of joy and beauty. The pensive, studious young missionary watched her from afar as she rode with her father after the fox-hounds, like Christine of Colville, like Eloise of Fort Vancouver.

This feudal life of the Hudson's Bay Company reproduced in the western wilds the feudal age of Europe. The chief of nearly every post had a beautiful daughter who sat behind her casement window, harp in hand, and sang the songs of France. Many of the chief factors took pride in the education and companionship of their children, the nearest links to the Saxon world from which they came. The sons were sent abroad to be educated; some of them are influential chief factors in the North today. The girls were sent to Red River or Montreal. Even Maria had once started for Montreal. It was during one of her father's long absences that the fur traders were sometimes obliged to make. An uncle sent for the little girl to come to Montreal for her education. For her child's good, Mrs. Pambrun consigned her weeping little daughter to the care of the eastbound brigade. Somewhere in the north country, on Rainy Lake, Lake of the Woods, or contiguous waters, the little girl lay sleeping in the bottom of the canoe. Suddenly she heard a well-known voice, her father's voice, crying his orders. Up popped the curly head. The westbound brigade was flying past them toward the sunset. "Papa," she screamed.

"Why, Maria, is that you?" exclaimed the astonished chief factor. "Where in the world are you going?"

"They are sending me to school at Montreal."

"I guess not. Come," said the chief factor, holding out his arms. With one leap the lovely child cleared the intervening space and nestled her head on her father's bosom with a little cry of joy. From that hour they had never been separated.

Poesy and song found its way into those old forts; it was no rare thing to find a chief factor's daughter far better instructed than many an Enid or Elaine of Tennysonian song. The clerks went wild over these beautiful girls, so fair in contrast with their dusky surroundings. Cornelius Rogers, the missionary, went to the chief factor.

"Marry her?—Marry my daughter?" ejaculated the chief factor. "With all my heart, young man, with all my heart. I shall be proud to call you my son-in-law."

But Maria's blue eyes flashed. "Father, I do not care to marry, and when I do I prefer a Hudson's Bay man."

"Do not urge your suit now—time will do wonders," said the chief factor to the impatient American. But that Rogers should marry his daughter became the chief wish of the factor's life. He discussed it with Dr. Whitman, he consulted Dr. McLoughlin; he made a will bequeathing a thousand pounds sterling to Cornelius Rogers.

Every autumn of her life Maria Pambrun had walked the ramparts of Fort Walla Walla, watching for the Montreal express. Somehow, in her romantic little heart, she believed that a knight would come out of that north from some castle beside a distant sea, and then—then—Day after day she sat there and dreamed, beading the moccasins in her lap. Along the northern wall rolled the wild Columbia, sucking in the lesser Walla Walla in its mighty sweep to the sea. Eastward, the Blue Mountains purpled in the sun. The bunchgrass prairies were covered with horses. Close around the fort lay the ever drifting, shifting, changing sands of the peninsula, darkening the sky in summer and sweeping in gales at night. And now, with such dreams in her head, she had come down to Christmas at Fort Vancouver.

At this Christmas festivity, Douglas and his wife Nella, Rae and Eloise, Maria and the clerks, and the Birnie girls and Victoire, the daughter of La Bonte from the valley, all whirled in the dance together. Dr. Barclay lifted his eyes to the unexpected beauty of Maria Pambrun "in her kirtle green and a rosebud in her hair." She danced with David McLoughlin. David's long black locks had a careless grace; he had his father's fine, straight nose, and his mother's squarest mouth; there was a ring on his finger and a sword at his belt. Dr. Barclay's eyes followed the pair with a strange surprise, and David—cared for no one yet.

"Ah, I beg your pardon." It was unusual for David to do an awkward thing, but he trod on Bruce's toes, and Bruce had corns. Snuff-box in hand, the old Scotch warder reposed from the care of the flags, the guns, the garden, and the gate, sleepily watching the weaving dancers and thinking—of Waterloo, perhaps. Burris, portly and rubicund, resplendent in a huge roll of colored neckerchief and horn spectacles astride his nose, slipped out again—to take a nip of ale behind the buttery door.

To be the Governor's guest at Christmas was no light honor. Monique and Charlefoux were there in their gayest dress, fine green cloth coats and silver buttons, crimson caps and golden tassels, cutting pirouttes and pigeon wings, stamping in the noisy rigadoon, and heeling it and toeing it on air. Tom McKay alone made no change in dress. With the free, frank manners of the Scot and the grace and affability of the Frenchman, he came in his hunting outfit. Scorning the effeminate foppery of the Canadians, he wore his usual leathern belt, from which depended the powder-flask, the bullet-pouch, and the long scabbard that concealed the sword-like hunting-knife. Tall, dark, powerful, Tom McKay acknowledged no master save McLoughlin. No other man could do what McKay did at Fort Vancouver or on the trail. His name was a terror in the mountains. The Indians believed this Hudson's Bay cousin of theirs bore a charmed life; the whites knew him to be an unerring shot. But with all his fierceness Tom McKay had the gentle heart of a woman.

Past midnight the dance, half Highland with a dash of Indian, ceased, and the dancers disappeared. Old Burris returned in his peaked nightcap and carefully bore away the last brand of the Yule log to light the next year's Christmas fire. And he took a nip of ale behind the buttery door.

From Christmas to New Year's, feudal hospitality reigned at Fort Vancouver. The servants' rations were doubled, and they danced more madly. On New Year's every employe put on his best and mounted the flight of steps to the governor's door. Madame and her daughter stood at the heaped and laden tables, and with gracious air dispensed English candies, cakes, and coffee to the Governor's guests.

Far away in the dim recesses of the Oregon woods an altar was reared that Christmas night. Before a green bower lit with candles and hung with garlands stood the Jesuit Father, De Smet, among the Flatheads. A hundred lodge fires burned, a thousand red men slept. At a signal gun the Indians arose. The midnight mass, the mystery, the swinging censers, the decorated altar, the solemn ceremonial awed the savage heart. Indian voices chanted the Kyrie Eleison and the Te Deum, Indian fingers signed the cross and took the beads. The baptismal rite was read with the rising sun. The neophytes knelt with fluttering hearts. "Receive this white garment," said the smooth-shaven priest. "Receive this burning taper." The red hand received it from the white, robed in a flowing sleeve. One by one the untutored red men retired, proud of the white vestment and deeply impressed with the Black Gown's method of making medicine.

So ended the Oregon Christmas of 1839.

Up to Her Now.

Mrs. Pneer—So sorry you must go! By the way, when are you coming to take dinner with us?

Miss de Muir—I'll come any day you'll ask me.—Chicago Tribune.

The port of New Chwang, at the mouth of the Liao River, is the greatest bean market in the world.

THE AMERICAN GIRL'S ETIQUETTE

BY JEROME K. JEROME

"HOW DOES she do it?" That is what the European girl wants to know. The American girl! She comes over here and, as a British matron, reduced to slang by force of indignation, once exclaimed to me, "you'd think the whole blessed show belonged to her." The European girl is hampered by her relatives; she has to account for her father; to explain away, if possible, her grandfather. The American girl sweeps them aside: "Don't you worry about them," she says to the Lord Chamberlain. "It's awfully good of you, but don't you fuss yourself. I'm looking after my old people. That's my department. What I want you to do is just to listen to what I am saying and then hustle around. I can fill up your time alright myself." Her father may be a soapboiler, her grandmother may have gone out charing. "That's alright," she says to her Ambassador, "they're not coming. You just take my card and tell the King that when he's got a few minutes to spare I'll be pleased to see him." And the extraordinary thing is that a day or two afterwards the invitation arrives. A modern writer has said that "I'm Muriken" is the civis romanus sum of the present-day woman's world. The late King of Saxony did, I believe, on one occasion, make a feeble protest at being asked to receive the daughter of a retail bootmaker. The young lady, nonplussed for the moment, telegraphed to her father

"I am sure he must have seen us."

in Detroit. The answer came back next morning: "Can't call it selling; practically giving them away; see advertisement." The lady was presented as the daughter of an eminent philanthropist. It is due to her to admit that, taking her as a class, the American girl is a distinct gain to European society. Her influence is against convention and in favor of simplicity. One of her greatest charms in the eyes of the European man is that she listens to him. I cannot say whether it does her any good. Maybe she does not remember it all. But while you are talking she does give you her attention. The English woman does not always. She greets you pleasantly enough. "I've so often wanted to meet you"; she says, "must you really go?" It strikes you as sudden; you had no intention of going for hours. But the hint is too plain to be ignored. You are preparing to agree that you really must when looking round, you gather the last remark was not addressed to you but to another gentleman who is shaking hands with her. "Now, perhaps we shall be able to talk for five minutes," she says, "I've so often wanted to say that I shall never forgive you. You have been simply horrid." Again you are confused, until you jump to the conclusion that the latter portion of the speech is probably intended for quite another party with whom at the moment, her back towards you, she is engaged in a whispered conversation. When he is gone she turns again towards you. But the varied expressions that pass across her face while you are discussing with her the morality of the fiscal policy bewilder you. When, explaining your own difficulty in arriving at a conclusion, you remark that Great Britain is an island, she roguishly shakes her head. It is not that she has forgotten her geography, it is that she is conducting a conversation by signs with a lady at the other end of the room. When you observe that the working classes must be fed, she smiles archly while murmuring, "Oh, do you really think so?" You are about to say someting strong on the subject of dumping. Apparently she has disappeared. You find that she is reaching round behind you to tap a new arrival with her fan. Now the American girl looks at you and just listens to you with her eyes fixed on you all the time. You gather that, as far as she is concerned, the rest of the company are passing shadows. She wants to hear what you have to say about the fiscal question; her trouble is lest she may miss a word of it. It may not be so good for one; from a talk with the American girl one comes away with the conviction that one is a brilliant conversationalist who can hold a charming woman spellbound. But while it lasts, the sensation is a pleasant one.

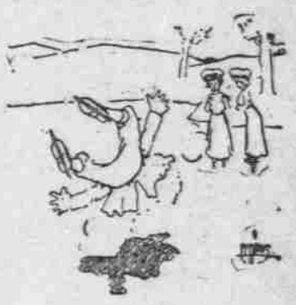
Even the American girl cannot, on all occasions, sweep from her path the cobwebs of Old World etiquette. Two American ladies told me a sad tale of things that had happened to them not long ago in Dresden. An officer of rank and standing invited them to breakfast with him on the ice. Dames and nobles of the plus haut ton would be there. It is a social function that occurs every Sunday morning in Dresden during the skating season. The great lake in the Grosser Garten is covered with all sorts and conditions of people. Prince and commoner circle and recircle round one another. But they do not mix. The girls were pleased. They secured the services of an elderly lady, the widow of an analytical chemist; unfortunately she could not skate. They wrapped her up and put her in a sledge. While they were in the garde robe putting on their skates a German gentleman came up and bowed to them. He was a nice young man of prepossessing appearance and amiable manners. They could not recall to mind his name but remembered having met him—somewhere and on more than one occasion. The American girl is always sociable; they bowed and smiled and said it was a fine day. He replied with volubility and helped them down on the ice. He was really most attentive. They saw their friend, the officer of noble family, and with the assistance of the German gentleman skated towards him. He glided past them. They thought maybe he did not know enough to stop, so they turned and skated after him. They chased him three times round the pond and then, feeling tired, eased up and took counsel together. "I'm sure he must have seen us," said the younger girl. "What does he mean by it?" "Well, I have not come down here to play forfeits," said the other, "added to which I want my breakfast. You wait here a minute, I'll go and have it out with him." He was standing only a dozen yards away. Alone, though not a good performer on the ice, she contrived to cover half the distance dividing them. The officer, perceiving her, with a pleasant smile came to her assistance and greeted her with effusion. "Oh," said the lady, who was feeling indignant, "I thought maybe you had left your glasses at home." "I am sorry," said the officer, "but it is impossible." "What's impossible?" demanded the lady. "That I can be seen speaking to you," declared the officer, "while you are in company with that—that person." "What person?" She

"You have met him at Wiesman's in the Pragerstrasse."

thought maybe he was alluding to the lady in the sledge. The chaperon was not showy, but, what is better, she was good. And anyhow it was the best the girls had been able to do. So far as they were concerned they had no use for a chaperon. The idea had been a thoughtful concession to European prejudice. "The person in the knickerbockers," exclaimed the officer. "Oh, that," exclaimed the lady, relieved; "he just came up and made himself agreeable while we were putting on our skates. We have met him somewhere; but I can't exactly fix him for the moment." "You have met him possibly at Wiesman's in the Pragerstrasse; he is one of the attendants there," said the officer. The American girl is republican in her ideas but she draws the line at hairdressers. In theory it is absurd; the hairdresser is a man and a brother; but we are none of us logical all the way. It made her mad, the thought that she had been seen by all Dresden society skating with a hairdresser. "Well, she said, "I do call that impudence. Why, they wouldn't do that even in Chicago." And she returned to where the hairdresser was illustrating to her friend the Dutch Roll, determined to explain to him, as politely as possible, that although the free and enlightened Westerner has abolished social distinctions, he has not yet abolished them to that extent.

Had he been a commonplace German hairdresser, he would have understood English, and all might have been easy. But to the classy German hairdresser English is not so necessary, and the American ladies had reached as regards their German only the "improving" stage. In her excitement she confused the subjunctive and the imperative and told him that he "might" go. But he had no wish to go. He assured them, so they gathered, that his intention was to devote the morning to their service. He must have been a stupid man, but it is a type occasionally encountered. Two pretty women had greeted his advances with apparent delight. They were Americans, and the American girl was notoriously unconventional. He knew himself to be a good-looking young fellow. It did not occur to him that in expressing willingness to dispense with his attendance they could be in earnest. There was nothing for it, so it seemed to the girls, but to request the assistance of the officer, who continued to skate round and round them at a distance of about ten yards. So again the elder young lady, seizing her opportunity, made appeal. "I cannot," explained the officer, who, having been looking forward to a morning with two of the prettiest girls in Dresden, was also feeling mad: "I dare not be seen speaking to a hairdresser. You must get rid of him." "But, we can't," said the girl. "We do not know enough German, and he can't or won't understand us. For goodness sake, come and help us. We'll be spending the whole morning with him if you don't." The German officer said he was desolate. Steps would be taken—later on in the week—the result of which would probably be to render that young hairdresser prematurely bald. But meanwhile, beyond skating round and round them, for which they did not even feel they wanted to thank him, the German officer could do nothing for them. They tried being rude to the hairdresser; he mistook it for American chic. They tried joining hands and running away from him, but they were not good skaters, and he thought they were trying to show him the cakewalk. They both fell down and hurt themselves, and it is difficult to be angry with a man, even a hairdresser, when he is doing his best to pick you up and comfort you. The chaperon was worse than useless. She was very cold. She had been promised her breakfast, but saw no signs of it. She could not speak German, and remembered somewhat late in the day that two young ladies had no business to accept breakfast at the hands of German officers; and if they did, at least they might see that they got it. She appeared to be willing to talk about decadence of modern manners to almost any extent, but the subject of the hairdresser and how to get rid of him only bored her.

Their first stroke of luck occurred when the hairdresser, showing them the "dropped three," fell down and temporarily stunned himself. It was not kind of them, but they were desperate. They fled for the bank just anyhow, and, scrambling over the grass, gained the restaurant. The officer, overtaking them



"Showing them the dropped three."

at the door, led them to the table that had been reserved for them, then hastened back to hunt for the chaperon. The girls thought their trouble was over. Had they glanced behind them, their joy would have been shorter lived than even was the case. The hairdresser recovered consciousness in time to see them waddling over the grass. He thought they were running to fetch him brandy. When the officer returned with the chaperon he found the hairdresser sitting opposite to them explaining that he really was not hurt, and suggested that, as they were there, perhaps they would like something to eat and drink. The girls made one last frantic appeal to the man of buckram and pipe clay, but the etiquette of the Saxon Army was inexorable. It transpired that he might kill the hairdresser, but nothing else; he must not speak to him—not even to explain to the poor devil why it was that he was being killed. It did not seem quite worth it. They had some sandwiches and coffee at the hairdresser's expense and went home in a cab; while the chaperon had breakfast with the officer of noble family. The American girl has succeeded in freeing European social intercourse from many of its hidebound conventions. There is still much work for her to do. But I have faith in her.

JEROME K. JEROME.

Trinkets for Delight of Babies

MOTHERS who are on the lookout for new ideas will see unusual possibilities in the nursery tiling which is now shown in all the stores. This consists of blocks of tile about six inches square, on which are pictures and nursery rhymes. These are used for the playroom, nursery, fireplace, or for the walls of the children's bathroom.

The tiles are arranged in position so that the story is told in sequence, and the words are printed so plainly that even the children who are just beginning to read can spell them out. All colors are used for a background, but white and green are the favorites.

An artistic fireplace recently seen in a nursery had white tiling with delft blue Kate Greenway figures to correspond with the blue of the walls. Garden rhymes about "Mary, Mary, quite contrary," were on the tiles.

For the baby's bath there are exquisite conveniences in the way of toilet sets, which come in miniature. A white one, for intance, has robin's egg blue bands edged with gilt, and forget-me-nots sprinkled all over the surface of the bowl and pitcher. Even the dainty soap dish, comb and brush are hand-painted with the small blue blossoms, which signify remembrance.

How to keep the baby's bib on without using pins has always been a problem to both nurse and mother. A new arrangement, called a feeder holder, is prettier and more useful than it sounds. It is made of a strip of three-quarter-inch white satin ribbon, hand-painted with forget-me-nots and laced through brass rings at intervals of an inch. This attaches to the bib and holds it taut in the back.

To offer a china doll to a baby is a direct challenge for him to use it to pound the floor with. Up-to-date mothers buy bisque or cloth dolls and dress them in crocheted jackets, skirts and hats. Tiny bells sewed on the hat or bonnet, or in some invisible place, will delight the baby whose ear is ever alert for musical sounds.

Cashmere instead of cotton sheets are used in the modern nursery. These are of softest white wool, and are hemstitched. Physicians all agree that it is much better for the child to have the lightweight wool next to him instead of cotton.

Little chest protectors made of webbing are now sold in all the stores. They are simply made to slip the head through and are bound with tape. These protectors are invaluable even for Spring wear for children who play out of doors a great deal and who are susceptible to colds

Croesus.

Now that he's ill, he doesn't want
The earth, but in his chair
He's wheeled out twice or thrice a day,
Or more, to take the air.—Puck.

Just Help Himself.

He—If I tried to kiss you, would you call for help?

She—Would you need it?—Smart Set.

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