THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN, PORTLAND, JANUARY 1, 1905.

Elizabeth in Her New Oregon Home

SHE PAINTS A GLORIOUS PICTURE OF THE WILD WOODS OF HER ADOPTED STATE

was forced to take rather an unnious leave of you, Dame Drudgery having jarred my nerves by sending in a hurry call from the domain of pots and kettles. It is now 3 P. M., that half-way station between dinner and sup-

While I rest and rejoice I want to tell nething more about our walks. Tom and I have a couple of light, tough cedar alpenstocks, which we regard as very helpful in hill climbing; and I like them for another reason (though you needn't mention it). In the end of each is a very sharp spike, which I have secretly thought would be of service if I should chance to meet one of the furry folk of the forest, and find it necessary to engage him in single-handed combat. When Di Vernon joined me on these

excursions, it seemed but courteous to offer her one of them. She carried it twice; on its third presentation she re-"If it won't hurt your feelings. marked: Mrs. Graham, I'd rather not take that Pole indeed! my nice, smooth, pole." sand-papered, cedar alpenstock! Bather chagrined, I asked, "Why? Don't you "No; I don't care much for it. You see, I'm accustomed to the hills; have climbed them from childhood, and I really have no use for it."

I had observed that she carried it like a music-roll-under her arm. "Til venture to say," she added, "that

you never have seen a native of the hills walking with one of these poles; only newcomers carry them. Though humbled by this "plain talk to

plain people," I had my own reasons for clinging to my "pole," and so I clung. I find, however, that I carry it less like a fingstaff, and note a growing tendency to trail it

The walks here are all so interesting that we often have difficulty in deciding which to take. We sometimes leave it to the dogs, If they scamper away across the sodden, spongy meadow, we know they are bound for the canyon, and we cheerfully follow.

Near the stream we enter a narrow inding path, padded with brown, wet leaves, bordered by willow, maple, ash and alder trees; while crowding among these grow smaller trees-wild cherry, Indian peach, chittam vine bark and hazel, elder, wild syrings, currant and blackberry bushes. The wild rose, too, with an infinite variety of other shrubs that love to haunt the banks of the deer-

Jenp. This difficult path is made even mor difficult in places by curving boughs of vine maple, and the palm-like branches of young firs. We must needs advance prouchingly here, hoisting the green, sagsing roof above our heads, learning through its showery protests that sagging is not its only defect.

Soon after escaping from this troublesome tangle, we enter the dusky atmosphere of the big trees. This canyon, Nell, is a wild and ceric region, a ver-Itable "ghoui haunted woodland of wier." Just the place for hobgoblins and spooks. I avoid hugging the trees lest a withered arm with bony hand should reach round and elutch me.

So far, we have seen nothing more awe some than solemn brown owls perched high among the firs, silent and meditative as cowled monks. Occasionally at our approach one slips noiselessiy away, ugh oftener he sits motionless, staring down with tragic eyes.

Here, there and everywhere among these towering trees lie fallen ones. like attitude-thrice to the holly and Some have tumbled head first into the thrice to the well, invoking the spirit in canyon, their mighty roots, with tons tones more awful than those of the ghost of earth, reared high in air, a hanging in "Hamlet," using both verses of the garden where green mosses grow, with charm to make all sure. Again we waittrailing vines and

MONG THE POINTED FIRS-My should come "slowly stalking dark- sure-patting down the edges that the A mong THE POINTED FIRS-My should come 'slowly stalking dark-bear Nell: In my last letter I browed warriors with bossy shields and descration might not be noted, and oh, beineted to take rather an unheimeted heads with red eyes rolling silently," I'll blanch not, only stand with spiked pole uplifted and await the tried! Heavy as a fleece of wool, so onslaught. As for those very thin, dim ghosts of

Ardven, with robes of flying mist, I'll fear them as little "as the rising breeze that whirls the gray beard of the thistie."

Oh, I'm warlike when under the spell of Ossian! Having once surrendered to the mood

inspired by the wild scenery of my be-loved Oregon hills, I should feel little surprise if, at the next turn of our winding trail, we came face to face with "the fair maids of Woody Morven, with hair like the mist on Cromla. when it curls in the breeze and shines in the sun."

tail fern thickets surrounding us prayer rug is ever going to suffer much should appear "the branching heads of dark-brown hinds, flying from stern hunters with bows of bended yew and the panting gray dogs-long bounded sons of the chase." Di as a devotee of Scott thinks the stage

setting calls for kilted Highlanders, with plumed bonnets and tasseled horns, for red-faced monks and jolly friars, for winding bugles, baying hounds, screaming bagpipes and all that sort of thing.

And she is right and I am right. If you need further proof, Nell, you have but to reread your Scott and Ossian, then come to the Lewis and Clark Fair and see-Scotland.

Farther up the canyon at the right of our path is a deep cleft in the hills, and there in a most romantic spot a spring of pure, sparkling water gushes from mosay rocks half hidden by ferns and buck-

We always make a detour through this picturesque glen to drink of this water from cups fashioned of leaves.» We could, of course, bring with us a more satisfactory drinking cup, but that would savor too much of civilization-a thing we cannot brook.

Oh, Nell, if only you could see this crystal spring and its wild environment! I'm sure it would suggest to you, as to us, the "fairy well haunted by the White Lady." One has but to imagine that overshadowing buckthorn to be holly-which it so closely resembles-and the illusion

is complete. Standing there one day I said to DI: " ave a mind to call up an apparition, in you think you can look on it and live."

"Proceed! I'll brace myself." Stepping forward, bowing solemnly to holly and spring, I repeated the wellknown incantation:

> Thrice to the holly brake, Chrice to the well,

I bid thee awake, White Maid of Avenei! Do you think that golden-girdled spirit

appeared? Not she. Nothing at all came "The Lady seems not to be at home. Di."

"No wonder. You forgot a very important part of the spell. Now watch me, whereupon that intrepid damsel stalked through the oozy moss to the very edge of the fountain, where, with clasped hands

and "red eyes folling" wildly about the gien, she muttered: "It is the place, the season and the hour!" Then, gravely removing the rubber boot

from her right foot, balancing herself on the left, she bowed as impressively as could be expected from one in that stork-

how beautiful it was, Nell! Nature couldn't make a loveller thing if she deep and so soft, as luxurious as

Persian prayer-rug. Now you are saying: "Elizabeth doesn't know a blessed thing about a Persian prayer-rug!" You are mistaken, Haven't I read that beautiful poem of Mr. Ald-

rich's, describing his? Beginning-Made smooth some centuries apo By praying Eastern devotees. Hurred by those dasky, naked feet. And somewhat worn by shuffling i In Ispahan.

Now what do you think? And that's not all. I once saw one with my own eyes at the World's Fair in Chicago, guarded by a red-turbaned, saffron-tinted gentleman, of countenance so sinister. I thought And even less surprise, if through the as I looked at him: "My Yellow Peril, no wear and tear through your devotional exercises!" Now see how far afield I am! I honestly believe an incredulous friend is a sharper trial than a thankless child! So much time and space eaten up just to prove to you that I am today, perhaps, the greatest living authority on the sub

ject of Persian prayer-rugs! Space badly needed, too, to tell of the infinite variety of lichens which abound in this wonderland of ours, such strange and curious ones.

We one day found a perfect little bracket shelf, just the color of old lvory. Its outer surface all written over by a fine tracery of sepla-tinted hieroglyphics. We half feared as we pried and pulled it from the tree that we were carrying off a love sonnet in secret cipher left" there by some forest-haunting Orlando of the hills for his Rosalind. This was Df's find. Not long ago I saw it in her dining-room, fastened to the wall, holding a

little squatty brown and yellow jug, from which tralied two or three pretty nas-turtium vines, with their flaming blossoms. I couldn't help exclaiming: "How artistic! "Yes," she laughingly answered; 'house decoration 'as seen in the hills. Charming effect produced through nuture's handicraft, combined with a 39cent mustard pot."

The spirit of simplicity is a great magician; so says the good and wise Mr. Charles Wagner. Another time we took from an old

stump a most striking fac-simile of the bust of Shakespeare. It was of plastic, Good-by. God bless us, every one bust of Shakespeare. It was of plastic, material, much like paraffine wax, only

THE "Settler's Handbook to Oregon" has just been published. The author, Mr. Wallis Nash, has brought to his task the fruit of 25 years' experience in Oregon and the knowledge of the questions which those who contemplate moving to Oregon feel it needful to have answered before coming to a decision. The book is packed full of information

with a description of the six great districts into which the state naturally falls and deals with their geographical features, naming and placing all the counties, giving their special features, possi-

valuable part of

tinted and exquisite. As this was my discovery. I brought it home, gave it a background of black velvet, then show-ing it to Tom, asked, "Who is it?" "Shakespeare." he answered unbeiltatingly at the first glance. When shown Bert, he gave the same reply. So you

see we have no need of art stores here in the hills. I hate to spoil this story by giving its sequel, and yet I must, to be honest. A ouple of weeks later, while dusting so little ornaments on the top of a book case, through a cluster of chrysanthe-mums I discovered the Bard of Avon, his face all screwed up, making most hideous faces seemingly at me.

At me! Nell, who brought him in ou of the wet, gave him a velvet back and a warm corner to sit in. Such base gratitude!

Upon closer inspection I found his fag shrunken and dried like that of a mumm One eye gone, the other bulging, mouth twisted ears drawn back. My, oh, but he was a sight! Deslocated, you see, by th dry atmosphere. For such ghastlinese cremation seemed the only cure. The black bler was lifted, carried to the fire place and gently laid upon the red-ho As the eager blaze reached for him, he turned his head a little in my direction, acowling revengefully, while down his withered cheek stole a big tear-I thought it a tear, though it may have been his other eye. Then the wreathing flames closed about him, and the obsequies

Yours will be next in order, if I don't stop this rambling talk, and I will stop right now, by wishing you a happy Christmas and a glad New Year. I came near forgetting it, it is hard to realize the near ness of the holiday season, when one lives in the woods, hearing no Christmas talk, seeing none of the flutter and excitement of it, and the weather so far

from Christmasy. For several days dense fors have en veloped the land. Today even the hills are blotted out and the fog creeping nigher has built a high wall of gray around yard and orchard, one we CRI neither see through nor over. We feel like castaways on some lonely island with the vague sea about us.

And yet we know somewhere beyond this grayness Christmas bells are ringing and Christmas carols singing, for Mr. Watkins' Farmers' Almanac tells us so. You'll keep the day with festal cheer, and be tonight in a whirl of festivity We'll have the biggest, crackliest, snappleat Tule log we can find, and the bright est blaze a Rochester burner can produce-and then what? Why, just let me tell you. Three brand-new books a dozen Philistines and as many Little Journeys, sent us some weeks ago by a blessed saint and kept by us as a special treat for the holiday season. Oh, my! I can hardly wait till night. Just to think of those new books with uncut pages gives me a kindly "peace on earth, good will

ELIZABETH.

Settler's Handbook to Oregon Information in Exact Form an Intending Settler Most Desires

> money or \$735 and takes two years for the money or \$735 and takes two yes balance at 6 per cent. He has 4 gin. How shall he expend this? Suppose he buys: Six cows at \$30 Five 2-year-olds at \$15 Five yearilage at \$15 Five yearilage at \$12.50 Five years at \$40 Team of horses Two dogen chickens \$1263 180.00 75.00 00.00 123.00 200.00 200.00 200.00 8.00

Total He mu A wagon Harness \$174.50

> This leaves him a margin of \$223 for fur-nishing and food. He must have his hay crop cut by one of his neighbors until he can buy a mower of his own. Mr. Nash's book answers every rea-

Death's Harvest During the Past year

Dean Hole (Roches-

Dr. William Latham Dr. Hermann Baar Victor Benke Sit Henry Stephenson Edna Dow Cheyney

NECROLOGY OF 1904 BEARS THE NAMES OF 262 MEN AND WOMEN HIGH IN THEIR CALLINGS

Philanthropy-10.

tion-14.

Science-22;

zel Sir Frederick Bate- Neils Finsen

Jean Leon Gerome Robert Gordon Joseff Hoffman Hardle

Art-IS.

Literature-26.

Buell

Journa

The Stage-14.

Music-10.

which occupies so large a place in

the song and story of Sanford Uni-

versity is about to be relegated, as far

as the present and coming Stanford man

Mayfield, the theme of the college poet,

of the undergraduate worshiper of

Hermann E. von Holst Canon Ainger Sir Edwin Arnold Guy Whetmore Cary Julian Sturgis "Grace Greenwood" Maurus Jokal Theophile Gautter

Theophile Gautter

Cella Logan Connelly

William McLennan W. Davenport Adat John Foster Kirk Mrs Isabella B. Bishop

"Dan" Daly Nellie Farren John Coleman Maris Laurent "Milt" G Barlow Isadow Bush

Antoinette Sterling Gerard F. Cobb

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man

W 1TH war and assassination to as-Monsignor Guidi Bishop Riding (Southwell) George C. Lorimes Bishop Verhaegen Dr. B. F. DeCosta sist him, accident and suicide and illness to further his ends, Death has in 1904 reaped a notable harvest. As months have passed that made up the year which has just closed, first one Col. A. E. W. Gold-amid Theodore Herzi Louis Fleischmann Benjamin Perkins James B. Colgate nation and then another has seen called behind the scenes some figure which had stood well to the center of her stage; now this profession and now that craft has seen its work laid by forever as some foremost disciple has passed across into the Great Beyond. From the deaths Dean Francis Way-iand Lord Braybrook Prof. C. Beecher James Warren San-James Warren Sanin January of those venerable Generals, Longstreet and Gordon, and that of Prin-Bonaparte, who had linked the era derland Dr. Leinuel Moss Prof. C. W. Shields Prof. George Firis President Thomas N. Dr. Samuel Curtiss Drown, Prof. W. M. Paxton of the first Napoleon with present-day history, on through the weeks to the deaths of Cardinal Mocenni and President Brown, of Lehigh University, and "Val" Ferdinand von Mann- Benjamin F. Ever-Prinsep, the artist, in the twelvemonth's Perdinand von Mann-Benjamin F. Even licher hatt Emil A. de Schwein- Rufes Blanchard Itz Sir Henry Sleveking Henri Penotin Sir Henry Thompson Henry M. Stanley Etienne Jules Marcy F. M. MacMahon Dr. Isaac Roberts Prof. Anton Drasche Dr. R. A. Philippi Jacob H. Studer Joseph Weissarks ad Sir John Simon closing days, a roll of well-known names has been forming which now totals at 35 There is real loss in the passing of such

nen as: Henry M. Stanley

Mainy m. Stanley Lafondio Hearn William Vernon-Harcourt Count von Waldersee. Pierre Waldeck-Rousseau Antonin Dvorak, George Frederick Watts Mause Inder

George Frederick Waits Maurus Jokat William C. Whitney George Frisble Hoar Scarce a land but has heard the cold awish of the scythe of the grim reaper announcing the erasure from the roster of the living of some name now ancient in history, now new though hoforable in the doings of today. In this country there have been 12 such deaths with 90 Joseff Hoffman Erskine Nicol Bichard S. Green-ough Fram von Lenbach Caesar Decock Milon Robert Crannel Minor Frederick Godall "Val" Prinsep Hardie Brastus Dow Palmer Maam Herbelin Vasil Verestchagin George Frederick General di Cesnola Caesar Decock Robert Crannell Minor Frederick Goodall "Val" Prinsep in the doings of today. In this country there have been 122 such deaths, with 60 in England and an even score in Germany. France has lost 16, Russia and Austria 19 each, and Italy 4. One finds three Jap-anesse names on the long roll, three Span-ish, three Belgian and three Danish; while in Canada and the United States of Colombia Versenals and Part Elimbeth Wormley Latimer Karl Emil Franzes Sir Leslie Stephen Richard Voorhess Rialey "Adirondack" Murof Colombia, Venezuela and Peru, Tur-key and Poland, South Africa and the ray Samuel Smiles Edgar Fawcett

mian Islands, at least one of the coun-y's foremost citizens has been carried bis last, long rest.

Augustus C. Bue Laurence Hutton Anton Chekhov Monarchs of Title and of Dollars. Loss has come to every walk of life. Colonel Prentiss Ingraham Lafcadio Herne Mrs. Kate Chopin

If one consider royalty and nobility, there is Duke Frederick of Anhalt, who, with 70 titles following his name, headed the house which comes first in Europe's Al-manac de Gotha; or the Duke of Cam-bridge, a grandson of George III of Eng-land; or Isabella of Spalo, who reigned 35 years and then spent 36 in exile. Spain, too, has lost the Infanta Maria, the sister Parke Godwin Clement Scott Hippolyte Marinoni Charles Williams Nikolai Mikhailovski Henry Austin Clapp Adolph Schwarzmann H. J. Middleton Lewis Etsei Charles B. Spahr Maurtes Phillips John Hollinshead of the present monarch of the peninaula, who ruled six months in her own right before the coming of Alfoneo. Murad V of Turkey is yet another of the illed dead, though he ruled scarce three drunk-en months before his 28 years of impris-Robert Taber Frederic W. Sanger Laura Joyce Bell Wilson Barrett Mamie Gilroy "Dan" Leno

en months before his 28 years of impris-onment were thrust upon him. What men of affairs have died? Levi Z. Leiter, of Chleago; W. J. Lemp, of St. Louis; Edward W. Clark, of Philadel-phia; Henry W. Oliver, of Philadel-phia; Henry W. Oliver, of Philadel-phia; Henry W. Oliver, of Philadel-ghanes J. Belden, of Syracuse; W. R. Grace and Ashbel P. Fitch, of New York, and more than a dozen others, though these seven names alone represented \$25,009,000 and the widest of commercial and public intervets. "Dan" Leno Isadore Rush Francesca Janauschek Mrs G. H. Gilbert Edouard Lassen Louisa Pyne and public interests.

From various fields of diplomacy and politics death has called Paul Kruger, Postmaster-General Payne, Senators Quay and West, 'Golden Rule'' Jones of Toledo, Mayor Robert McLane of Baltimore, President Candamo of Peru, the more, President Candamo of Peru, the Russians de Pleske and von Plehve, and eight former Governors of aovereign states of this Republic-Bushell and Nash of Ohio, Pattison of Pennsylvania, Lewis of Wisconsin, Cornell of New York, Kin-kead of Alaska, Lounsbury of Connecti-cut, and Thompson of South Carolina. The Protestant Episoopal Church has been deprived since January of the serv-less of Blehops Huntington and Dudley; the Church of England of Dean Hole and Bishop Machray, Prelate of all Canada. is concerned, to the dusky dimness of the ban of the faculty and the shrine Bacchus is no more. The village of May-30.00 25.00 gelization is complete, and the flow of Bishop Machray, Prelate of all Canada. The oldest pricet in the Roman Catholic faith in America, Archbishop Elder, died in November, and John A. Seiss, "the Grand Old Man of Latheranism," in June. the essence of the hop, the snow-topped ambrosia, the cure-all of all undergraduate ills has ceased, and since New Year's day, the bar and the clubrooms, with the great circular carved tables, around

So might one run through the death roll. Not a vocation through which men help to do the world's work but would be found the poorer-Generals Thomas and Ruggles in the Army; Vice-Admirals which so much of Stanford lore and history centers, have been deserted.

Chevalier August Wiegand Rudolph Hennig Dr Ernest Jedliska Emmia Babnigg Pan Antonin Dvorak Edouard Hanslich ter) Bishop H. N. Churton (Namau) Archbishop Elder Cardinal Mocenni

Miscellancous-8.

George Francis Train J. Malcolm Forbest A. Cass Canfield Paul Aumont Samuel M. Pine Frederic E. Nesmith William Renshaw. George L. Watson

William Renshaw George L Watson By this counting the military and navy professions—as, indeed, was to have been expected in a year marked by its wars and insurrections—have lost the greatest number of notable figures: 35. The other two main branches of the public service, diplomacy and politics, have together lost 25, with life's other callings follow-ing in order: Literature 35, science 32, af-fairs 30, art 18, the church 16, education and the drama, law and nobility, 14 each; journalism 12, music and philanthropy 10

journalism 12, music and philanthropy 10 each, and 8 others "scattering." July and August combined must stand as the most fatal months in 1994, 39 of the world's greatest ones dying in the former month, and il in the latter. The joint record of January and February, the period of the twelve-month to stand next, includes St names. The month of June seems to have been "safest," with but 11 deaths.

The Matter of "Mere Years."

The oldest of these who now have gone to join the "mighty dead" was the Rev-erend Byron Alden, the "Nestor of Meth-odism," who, in May, had passed his 97th milestone, Not subs, has passed his with milestone, Not quite a year younger was Dr. R. A. Philippi, Germany's famous naturalist, while Cardinal Celesia, the old-est member of the Sacred College, and Admiral Sir Henry Keppel, who bore the affectionate title of the "Grand Old Man of Engind's Fietd." Sara and of that of England's Fleet," were each of them of England's Fleet," were each of them 36. Four others in their minstles were: Samuel Smiles and the Earl of Devon (92); William Weightman, the largest in-dividual real estate holder in the United States (91), and James Warren Sundes land (31), who had founded the first of the world's colleges intended exclusively for women.

At the other end of the roll fall two names whose bearers were yet in their twenties: Richard Voorbees Risley, the

twenties: Hichard Voornees Histey, the author, and the pretty little Infanta of Spain. Maria de Las Mercedes, Of all the ages between these extremes, nine of those on the death roll were in their thirties, 14 in their forties, and 41 in their filtes. The eightes, with 4, stand near to this last, and the period between 60 and 80 seems to be most fatal; 71 of the year's dead were in their sixtles, and 73 were in the decade opened by the Biblical three score and ten

The average age at death was 67 years and 4 months. . . .

Aristotle has written that the balance of the world is inevitably and invariably maintained. Emerson declares compensa-tions to be as certain as losses. Yet, an-iest and maker philosophy to the con-

tions to be as certain as losses. Yet, an-cient and modern philosophy to the con-trary notwithstanding, one who reads the names of those who died during the year which closed yesterday cannot but won-der who are the men and women who

are to fill the places left vacant. WARRUCK JAMES PRICE

The Passing of "Charlie's" Stanford Grads. Mourn the Loss of Their Old Club at Mayfield

-HE historic village of Mayfield, | fee Club was to the wits in Garrick's time, the little back room at lie's" has been to the cleverest Many of ists of the Cardinal School. the / polcest blics of Stanford Gpigram were first launched upon the student world at "Charlie's." The walls of the little back room are covered with table tops completely

filled with carved initials and names Occasionally there's a deep indentation in the wood, which marks the spot where some misguided, unfortunate where some misguided, unfortunate freshman attempted to prematurely perpetuate his name. Rash youth He suffered many a sousing in the tub be-fore his guilt was washed away and his tormentors were assured that the unwritten law freshman can carve his name at Charlie's' was suffi-ciently impressed upon his brain. The walls above the tables are cov-

ered with frescoes, drawn mainly by student artists, although several of the drawings are signed by the names of popular illustrators, who are well known from coast to coast. particularly Stanford literature. Stanford verse, teems with references Mayfield Stanford's poet laureate, Charlie Field, '05, sings of Mayfield in many a happy lilt. who was with us here is now no

ncise and condensed form. It opens

ern both prices and values. Next comes what is possibly the most

bilities and industries. Following is taken up the farm and what is now being done in farming in Oregon, prevailing prices of land in each

district and the points which should gov-

fine young firs-promising scions of a save the hurrying waters of Deerleap. lordly race. Across these other unfortunates have fallen rampant, while the ground, half buried in woodland have brought hither me good steel blade debris.

otherwise disfigured by flerce winds; and many fire sufferers also. Their jagged trunks, painted in motley colors, are left in shapes both fantastic and wonderful. Strange resemblances to a spiked pole? Anyway, come to think man and beast; suggestive of the skill about it, I don't want her to appear, for of some wandering wood carver.

The dullest fancy must see in this burnt wood exhibit the sculptured majesty of King Lear and the picturesqueposed Huguenot Lovers; also our ly posed Huguenot Lovers; also our soldier's monument, where, poised upon good here. Wonder what kind of perfume a broken column, stands a fine military figure in full uniform, even to hat, (aniffing costatically) "wood violet, epaulettes and sword. Belleving him guess Plano, as I'm allve! An upright, to be a cavalry officer, we have named him General Forrest.

And, Nell, through a vista of trees may be seen emerging from the oppo- isn't she? Has a lot of servants, though, site wood a lady of most aristocratic bearing, wearing a picture hat with sweeping plumes of black, and a long Gloaming.

I shall not expect you to believe the half of this, unless you yourself have strayed into her leafy courts for an

screened from our path by naked the brain of her visitors; has learned to a rain of gray moss is falling, giving placid indifference. an agreeable touch of desolation to our surroundings.

For your sake, I am willing to admit that forest statuary seen through so tire.

The farther up the canyon we go the most like night there, and still as have made even the wood nymphs about awaiting the arrival of our lady strike for tall timber.

head piercing dark clouds, with squally thin, dry, scaly stuff. winds in their skirts," and see gray Here, in the rainy season, they are mists rolling stormily through the swathed in it, as completely hidden as if hills. That picture, with the roar of slipped into cases of -I was going to say the mountain stream, is like a page plush, but that's too smooth and shiny from Ossian. The pool of memory is for this intricate moss; fashioned of milstirred. Half unconsciously we listen lions of tiny, twisted, curving ferns, it for the trembling harp-strings and looks more like curied astrakhan or tuneful voices of "aged bards with some rich fut. gray hair on the breeze," for the horn

even ed. Nothing was seen. heard ctically "By my knightly word, this is strange!" sum of money which he brings to Oregon, exclaimed the petitioner, drawing on her the proportion which it is safe to spend still others are stretched prone upon boot. "Though I bethink me now I should on buying land, and how much to reserve or, lacking that, should at least have usual terms of purchase, how much he

Here, too, are trees left headless and waved a builrush or hazel wand " "If you'd like to try again, Di, and think | cost of lumber, of building, of implements, a cedar-"

> lure a wood maiden from her haunts with dairy wages, of hop and fruit-picking and now we have the freedom of her drawingroom, and can stare around to our heart's

> content." content." "My! Sumptuous, isn't it? Got a lot of beautiful things, hasa't she? The Lady goats, hogs, horses. Cost, prices and profits. she uses? Sweet fern? Hemlock? No," too!" (A stump with a high back). Brushing the top with her fingers-"Not a

speck of dust on it. Nice housekeeper, I suppose.'

Silly! Yes, Neil, we know it is, but we black cloak bordered with silvery gray enjoy being silly, where there are none fur. As she stands in a twilighty to frown upon our imbecility. Mother place, she is known as Our Lady of the Nature doesn't mind us; she knows that we are just a couple of tired mortais from out the work-a-day world, who have

somewhere seen the strange carvings hour's forgetfulness of the fever called living: knows, too, that the air of her This art gallery of Nature's is half great sanitarium is apt slightly to affect branches of young oaks, through which expect nonsense, and to accept it with

> But even the sanest could hardly stand in this deep, narrow ravine and not think of a city drawing-room in gala-day at-

shostly a drop curtain may, from its Across the lower end hangs a leafy shostly a drop curtain may, from its vagueness, possibly receive an extra firsh of siamour.

upper one banked high with firs and hemdenser and darker the woods. In that lock; a charming background for the time of rain and mist it was often alpeted with thick green moss, which exdeath, unless the dogs got on track of tends up the side walls, forming an efsome wild thing and set the echoes fly- fective dado; logs and stumps upholing. In that case, the yelping and stered in same material-massive divana yowilng of Shady, the hound must and hassocks-scattered sonveniently guests-the merry foresters.

When I speak of mossy logs, Nell, you Sometimes through a small clearing mustn't think they are like ours at we catch a glimpse of "High Cromia's home, splotched here and there with that

of the hunter and the clash of steely carpet, about a square yard, just to see if she could turn it when she cleaned If from out the tall pointed firs house, carefully replacing it-you may be

Advice to the settler how to expend the for equipping and stocking his farm. The can borrow and on what conditions, the

tools and stock of all kinds; generally of "Good gracious! Do you think I'd try to the outfit of the farm, rates of farm and packing; then the possibilities of farms of divers sorts and sizes; diversified farm-ing; proportions of crops and methods desirable; the profils of the farm; on what

they depend. Then come chapters on the The orchard. Prices of existing or

The oremard, Prices of existing or-chards. Cost of creating an orchard. Cost of preparation and planting. Returns. The fruit districts. The dairy. Cost and yield of cows. The creamery. Condensed milk factory. Cheesemaking. The silo, its construction and cost Extent and value of the indus Hops.

try. Preparation, planting and cultiva-tion of the hoppard. Cost of growing, picking, packing and marketing. Becent And take it away from the robber so hold While he and his mate fly around you and scold. It's fun at the time, but it never could be Irrigation. Importance and relation to As nice as the fun of the Christmas tree

the incoming settler. Location and con-ditions of irrigable lands. Existing and One time I remember my bad cousin Jim Dared Charley and me to climb out on sed enterprises. proposed enterprises. Transportation. Bailroads, in existence and suggested, and probable extensions. Electric roads. Wagon and county roads. Tumber. Extent and yields of Oregon timber lands. Products of 1906 and future of the industry. Elements of value to the owner of small tracts. Fisheries. Biver, ocean and estuary

fisheries. Public school system. State university. Agricultural college. Other universities, academies and institutions. Fraternal societies. The Grange in Oregon. Churches. Amusements on the farm. Hunting and

fishing. Tables of lands and assessed valuations in every county. The towns and cities of the state. Population and industries. Portland. The Lewis and Clark Exposi-tion. The Press of Oregon. Conclusions. Appendix. Condensed weather reports from the United States Weather Burnun for various points in fishing.

Bureau for various points in Oregon.

Unlike the great bulk of immigration literature, this handbook avoids glittering generalities and deals with facts and figures only. A fair specimen of practical information is the chapter, "How Far the Settler's Capital Will Go," is this:

Take now the man with \$2000 who pro poses to huy a partly improved farm, to be chiefly used for the stock industry, and who

in willing to place himself a short distance from tewn and railroad. Extracting the first nime of such farms as we find them described in the printed list of an entirely respectable agent in one of the counties on the west side of the William-

lions of tiny, twisted, curving ferns, it looks more like curled astrakhan or some rich fur. We lifted a piece of the White Lady's We lifted a piece of the White Lady's if she could turn it when she cleaned house, carefully replacing it-you may be

nigration bureau except on the subject of mining. The truth and candor of the statements will be apparent to him who seeks a new home in more pleasant en-vironment than marks the Middle West. Not only is the information concerning diversified farming full; it is exact. Therein lies its value.

The Christmas Tree.

The fruit of the Summer is good in its

place-With stone-bruley feet and with tan on your face It's fine to climb up where the robins have

A nice yellow apple all mellow and round,

I never fell out of a Christmas tree.

well

stairs,

found

kid.**

Bess

all-

Royalty and Nobility-14. (According to Tommy.) The trees in our orchard and down by the In Summer time give us our cider and jell; apples and peaches, the quinces and pears. The plums I can pick from my window up-All grow in the Summer; and oh! it's a treat To have all the size juicy fruit you can est. But none of the Summer stuff satisfies me Like that which we pick from the Christmas rad V

Amairs-ou, W. B. Grace William C. Whilney Henry W. Oliver Janies Staats Forbes Ashbei P. Fitch M. Mercler John Lowber Weish Gustavus W. Pach Colonel H. P. Lillh-bridge bridge A. W. Colgute

Politics and Diplomacy-28. Asa S. Bushuell George H. Nash Charles Foster Charles Denby Lord Augustus Loftus Marcus Alonzo Hanna Matthew Stanley M. de Pieske Quay Manuel Candamo Pupuy de Lome "Oom Paul" Kruger Robert E. Patilson Konstartinovitch von G. E. Lounsbury Pichve Dr. Thomas Herran James T. Lewis P. Waldeck-Roussenu George G. Vest G. Cornell John H. Kinkead Henry C. Payne James Lowther, M. P. Alonzo B. Cornell Str William Vernon E. Kent Loomis Harcourt M. Molecu limb No bigger than one of my thumbs; and I did 'Cause Jimmy was calling me "Sinsy-boy The limb-well, you're certain what happened, I guess, And Jim got a whipping: 'cause big sister Str William Harcourt Robert H. McLane Army at Told Jim's pa and ma what happened to Hugh Smith Thomp Army and Navy-30.

I never fell out of a Christmas iree. I never fell out of a Christmas iree. The Christmas tree grows in a night, and it bears Things lots and lots nicer than apples and pearse-ive seen on its branches doll-bables and drums And steam-cars and soldiers and big sugar-plums: Fixe sathered new mittens and picture-books. Right off from the bent-over twig where they grew. Right off from the bent-over twig where they grew. And candles grow lighted there, so you carf Yee advilight the things on the Christmas-tree! Fore daylight the things on the Christmas-tree! Army and Navy--30. John Brown Gordon General Bobrikoff Guillaume Labora dum La General Milo Hascall Gount von Walderses Right off from the bent-over twig where they grew. And candles grow lighted there, so you carf Negel Fore daylight the things on the Christmas-tree! James John Henry Admiral Bir Henry Keppel Rear-Admen-Com. P. Randall (Himore Sir Arthur Palmer Gen. S. D. Oliphant General Davout Brig.-General W. S. General Davout Worth General Davout Worth General Davout Brig Sir Robert Molyneux W General W. H. ThomasCol. Bear-Admiral H. C. en Taylor

The Bench and Bar-14.

Christian N. Boves Edward Shippen Richard C. Dale Abner McKinley U.F. Reeder Budge Rirk Hawes Justice Learned (NewEmanuel M. Fri York) (Chauncey F. Bi Chauncey F. Biach

The Church-16,

Thomas Underwood Robert Machray Dudley Cardinal Celesia Thomas Cardinas Cardinas Curdinas Cardinas Cardinas Curdinas Curdi

The long, white road to Mayfield longer echoes with the shouts and songs Makaroff and Withoft in the navy; Kirk of the home coming. The Mayfield stile and Von Hoist and Edwin Arnold and no longer shakes and trembles with its Samuel Smiles in literature: Parke God-win and John Hollingshead in journal-iam; Mrs. Glibert and Janauschek in the drama: Theodore Hersl and Edna Dow overload of Bould and Jearning, Mayfield is no longer the goal of the dusty-Cheyney in philanthropy. The complete

oblivion.

field has gone dry.

throated and the sourballed. The march of the thirsty has turned to the north, where Menlo Park "convenient to the Quad." is located, and where "Charlie Meyers, the former boniface of the Mayfield Hotel, now holds forth in a new location.

> Municipal jealousy was the cause of Mayfield's sudden enlistment among the ranks of the pure and undefiled. Palo Alto, emerging from the rich soil of the Santa Clara Valley, like a mushroom in the night, had grown and flourished, "sans wine, sans song," and in conse quence the village of Mayfield had great-ly suffered. The merchants of the se-questered little village saw their cusom departing and excepting the rich flow tom departing and excepting the rich box of silver over the Mayfield bar, nous of the merchants prospered. For several years they waited patiently for a turn in the tide, but the commercial stars held their places in the firmament and all was

ebb with no signs of flow. When this be-came painfully apparent to the buistness men, they met together and after a few sternuous sessions, determined that Mayfield should reform. At the next election, Professor A B

At the next election, Professor A. B. Clark, head of the art department of Stanford University, was elected Mayor, a dry Council was seated, and the genial dispensers of liquid refreshment were given warning that after January I neither the juice of the vine nor the brew of the hop would have a commercial value in the open market of Mayfold. Shortly after the presiding genius of the Martfield Hotel and out and the gradua ld Hotel sold out, and the exodu

to Menio began. Although such action on the part of the citizens of Mayfield had long been earnestly desired by the faculty of Stanford University, they took no official part in the cleaning-up process. Shortly after-ward, however, President David Starr

Jordan, addressed the citizens and con Jordan, addressed the clusters and the gratulated them upon their action. Disregarding the ethical point of view, there is no doubt but that a large ma-jority of the Stanford students and alumni will feel a pang of real regret at

the passing of the traditionary meeting piace of the "goodfellows" of Stanford. The little back room at "Charllera" teems with recollections of by-gone collegiate heroes. On the tables are carved names of those who have led many formia, who have edited the college pa-pers, and who have led the student body. Around those tables have been planned

the maddest pranks of student life in Stanford's history. It was here that the naughty faculty.

satirizing verses to the popular "Son of a Gambolier" song were first con-ceived by one of Stanford's now mostceived by one of biantord's now most-famous graduates, and who suffered a year's absence from the "Guad" in con-sequence. Here it was that that nebu-lous organization, the "Iota Gamma Phi," held its intellectual revels, a true "feast of reason and flow of soul," and here it was, in the dying days of Mayfield's popularity, that the bur-lesque, happy-go-lucky "Kappa Beta Phi's" were organized. What the Cof-

"Ho Across the river he has wandered far;

wonder if upon the other short We'll meet again at the Mayfield

bar." But the little back room and the long black bar is deserted now. The tables are empty, and where in former days the yellow gleams of light flickered down in a sickly raidance over the singing throng now only a soft, unruf-fied silence lies, like a dark, mourning real. But we doubt not that when the pall. But we doubt not that when the great chimes of the chapel sonorously toil forth the dividing hour, the carica-tures step down from their high places upon the wall and again fil the room with ghostly revelry, toasting each other with deep, spectral glasses phantom beer. KARL A. BICKEL. phantom beer.

Progressional.

Lionel Strachen in New York Times. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching unto war, With the flag of progress With the hag of progress Going on before. As your royal master Bids ye stab and shoot, So, to spread the Gospel, Must ye burn and loot.

Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching unto war, With the flag of progress Going on before

Count on Christian can(n)ons If ye would prevail; At the sacred ord(i)nance Buddha's host shall quail, On, ye true believers; Put them into flight; Charity dispensing. Mixed with dynamite. Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.

Smiles the patient Cosmack: "Ah, not 'eye for eye': Rather would I kill thee, Brother Samural. For my faith enjoineth: 'Lowly he, and meek; Gantly to thy rifle Lay the other cheek."" Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.

See, a humble mission, Full of grace and gin, Pleading with the Lama, Conquers all his sin, By St. George's mercy, And the shrapnel shell Blows him up to Heaven: Saves his soul from hell Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.

Onward, then, ye chaplains! Join the foot and horse; shout from high field pulpits: "Evil yields to force! Glory, laud, and honor To our King above; Carnage, Thou convertest Hatred into love!" Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.

ometimes in the parlor, sometimes in the hall, Sometimes in the dining-room-best place of The Christmas-tree grows with its wonderful fruit. And sometimes it has a pine-box for a root? The funny thing is that I oftentimes find Right there what for weeks I had had on my And always, on Christmas, who wants to see Had better look under the Christmas-tree. --Strickland W. Gillian in Leslie's Weekly. James Scovel The Thoughtful Giraffe.

E: 103.0

The absurd and long-legged giraffe Said: "Here is a thought makes me laugh. If we giraffes should Wear stockings, how could Old Santa Claus even fill half?"

Royariy and Auonity - r. cess Mathilde Isabella II of Spain naparte Infanta Maria of Duke of Cam-Spain Princess Mary of it Joachim Murat Baden cess Sophia of King George of Sax-Princess Mainlide Bonaparte The Duke of Cam-bridge Princess Sophia of Lippe Frederick of Anhalt Former Sultan Mu-rad W ick of Mechionburg Strelits Princess of Saxe-Weimar Men of Affairs-20.

list follows:

Whitaker Wright James J. Belden W. D. Bishop Morton McMichael Morton elemente Edward W. Clark Samuel R. Callaway Levi Z. Leiter John Field William Weightman William J. Lemp

Politics and Diplomacy-28.